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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Memoir of Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. 1
A Ballad of Sir John Franklin, 5
To England, 8
Paris in 1814, on the Fall of Napoleon. By an Eye-witness, 9
Anecdote of William Holmes, Esq. M.P. 15
Some Notions of the Ancients, 17
The Life of an Architect,—My "Apprenticehood," &c.—A Mingled Yarn,—A Pair of Odd Fish,—Early Reminiscences, Artistic, Theatrical, and Literary,—Visit to Italy, by an Architect, 25, 177, 291, 364, 479, 625
Summer Excursions through the Salzkammergut, in Upper Austria, with Visits to Salzburg and the Baths of Bad Gastein, 37, 202
The Scrapes and Escapes of Tom Baggs, 48
A Visit to the Blue and White Niles, 57
Jack Sepoy, 77
The Father of the French Drama, 89
Alfred the Great, 99
Marie de Medicis, 103
The Case of M. Libri, 107
Filia Dolorosa, 116
Coronation of the Emperor of Hayti, 117
To Eva, Daughter of Fergus More, 120
New Novels of the Season, 121
Agatha Beaufort, 121
Adam Greame, 121
Kelly O'Dwyer, 123
Mary Seaham, 124
Amy Paul, 125
Woman's Love, 126
Memoir of Francis Lord Jeffrey, 127
Woman's Life, 132
Unsuccessful Great Men :—No. VI. Montcalm, 133
Canadian Life,—Jeanie Burns, 143
Amateur Demagogues: a True Account of a Foolish Frolic, 153
Rats, oh! 161
Three Days at Napata, the Ancient Capital of Ethiopia, 185
The Canadian Herd-boy, 192
A Race for an Heiress, 193
Memoirs of Count de la Marck, 213, 337, 426, 554, 655
Nine O'Clock! 222
The Retort, } by M. A. B. 234
Enigma, } 374
The Saddlebags; or, The Bridle Roads of Spain, 235, 281, 351, 502, 587
The Right Hon. Henry Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, 241
Tours with Old Travellers, 250
Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, 256
Reminiscences of a Man of the World,—The Man of the World in the South of Europe, 257, 436, 544, 673

4

PAGE
Popular French Authoresses of the Seventeenth Century,—Madame Dunoyer, ... 273
The Cornish Capitalist's hint for an Exchange, ... 280
Canadian Sketches, ... 300, 381
A Family Trip to the Sea-side, ... 310
The Valetudinarian in Italy, ... 319
Dr. Burgess on Climate of Italy, ... 319
My Portrait, Mary Russell Mitford, ... 327
Writers and Cadets, ... 328
Lines to Miss Mitford, ... 336
Literature:

Gilfillan's Literary Portraits, 346;—Sutherland's Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Straits, 347;—Constance Tyrrell, 348;—Blondelle, a Story of the Day, 348;—The Belle of the Village, 349;—The Lost Inheritance, 350.

Quentin Metzis, ... 375
Harmony of the Universe, } by Eta, . . 380
Sabbath Stillness in the Country, } by Eta, . . 460
Princess Orsini, ... 390
The Loves of a Chancery Lawyer, ... 399
Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America. . . . 405
An Irish Pattern, by Loftus Bushe Fox, ... 410
A Peasant's Wedding in the Ortenau, ... 421
Camillus and Wellington, ... 434
Corners of my Library,—City Poets and Pageants,—Elkanah Settle, 444, 497
Lord Hardinge, ... 452
How we talked about the Burmese War, ... 461
Autobiography of Alexandre Dumas, ... 471
The Out-Posts of England,—(The Channel Islands), . . . 487, 633
Port Wine and Port Wine-drinkers, ... 515
The Reading-room of the British Museum, ... 527
Out of Town, ... 532
In Memoriâ, by Julia Day, ... 553
Miss Sinclair's "Beatrice," 567
Mrs. Trollope's "Uncle Walter," 568
Remains of Pagan Saxondom, ... 570
Daniel Webster, with a Portrait, ... 571
The Tomb of Glory, ... 575
"Esmond" and "Basil," 576
Julia, ... 586
The Heiress of Rhuddlan. A Legend of Wales, . . . 599
Adventures of a First Season, ... 609
A Day at Mayence, ... 619
Lines on Brazil, ... 624
Field-Preaching, ... 644
The Father of the English Drama, ... 645
The Pledge of Love, ... 654
A Thought, ... 680
How Great Britain estranged America, ... 681
Encouragement to Trade, ... 684

Ar Alison

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

MEMOIR OF SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., whom our Ministers have lately honoured themselves by honouring, is the son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, Prebendary of Sarum, Rector of Roddington, and Vicar of High Ercall, in the County of Salop. The mother of the historian of the French Revolution was Dorothea, whose maiden surname was Gregory, and who was a lineal descendant of James Gregory the celebrated mathematician, Sir Isaac Newton's contemporary.

Sir Archibald Alison is now in his sixty-first year, having been born on the 29th day of January, 1792, at Kenley in Shropshire.

Though southron by birth, he was destined to make Scotland the scene of his professional and literary career. He was educated for the Scotch bar; and on the 8th of December, 1814, passed Advocate at Edinburgh.

In February, 1823, he was appointed Advocate-depute and King's Counsel; and on the 19th of December, 1834, he was promoted to the station of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, the highest judicial office in Scotland next to the Bench: he has continued to hold this station to the present time.

Sir Archibald Alison's professional reputation is not limited to Scotland. He is the author of a work on the criminal law of that country (published in 1831), which not only shows a full mastery of the technical details and local minutiæ of the subject, but also displays a comprehensive knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence, and a keen insight into the workings of human nature. English writers on criminal law, and especially on the law of evidence, have gladly used extracts from its pages. Though, we suspect, that out of the numerous young English barristers who study in their "Roscoe," the advice of "an eminent writer on the criminal law of Scotland" about testing the credibility of accomplices, and other similar points, but very few suspect that the Alison, whom they there find quoted, is the same person as the renowned historian of Europe during the period of the French Revolution.

It is in this latter character that Sir Archibald Alison has acquired his high eminence in England, in Anglo-Saxon America, and, indeed, in every part of the globe where the English language is spoken. This great historical work is the fruit of the assiduous labours of twenty-one years. Its success has been proportionate to the honourable toil which was bestowed upon its composition. The old maxim that

"Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit,"

is emphatically true of history. Historical romances may be dashed off with a rapid pen, but works that really deserve the name of histories, must be slowly moulded out of the hived wisdom of many a studious year.

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The "History of Europe during the French Revolution," first appeared in successive volumes between April, 1833, and June, 1842. Since the completion of the work, eight more large editions have been called for in this country, and the sale across the Atlantic of the American reprints has been even larger.

Such success is, in this instance, decisive proof of merits. Not that the popularity of an historical work is always a test of its excellence. A history may be written, like Lamartine's "History of the Girondins," in a flowery, brilliant style;—it may be filled with startling but strong paradoxes;—it may abound in poetical descriptions and in scenes of dramatic excitement;—it may thus fascinate thousands of readers; and yet, from its writer's carelessness about facts, and rashness in theories, it may be worthless as a history, and only entitled to take its station among the creations of the novelist. But the popularity of Alison's History cannot be said to have been acquired by any meretricious ornaments of style, or any system of appealing to the imagination and the passions, instead of the reason. He can describe graphically, and can exhibit character vividly when occasion requires; but the general qualities of his history are an austere gravity in its reflections on facts, and an almost painful conscientiousness as to the completeness and accuracy with which the facts themselves are stated. We believe that its volumes are very seldom taken up for amusement, but that they are justly prized as never-failing store-houses of instruction.

Indeed the principal charge made against this history is an accusation of being too elaborate and too prolix. Sir Archibald Alison may well adopt the defence made by two other great modern English historians to similar complaints. When Arnold was blamed for the length of his volumes, his answer was, "I am convinced by a tolerably large experience, that most readers find it almost impossible to impress on their memories a mere abridgment of history. The number of names and events crowded into a small space is overwhelming to them, and the absence of details in the narrative makes it impossible to communicate to it much of interest. Neither characters nor events can be developed with that particularity which is the best help to memory, because it attracts and engages us, and impresses images on the mind as well as facts." And Sir Francis Palgrave, in the preface to his recent "History of Normandy and England," justly says on the same point:—"Not merely are meagre abridgments devoid of interest, but under the existing circumstances of society they become snares for the conscience, seducing men to content themselves with a perfunctory notion of history, and, when occasion calls, to act upon imperfect knowledge."

Besides his "Opus Magnum," Sir Archibald Alison has enriched our literature with a life of the great Duke of Marlborough, which is one of the most delightful and instructive pieces of historical biography in our language. From the greater unity and comparative brevity of its subject, this work is a more agreeable one than the "History of Europe," while, at the same time, it gives clear and full information respecting the events of a very memorable period in our annals. The first edition of it was published in 1847; but a second edition has recently appeared, with such ample additions and numerous improvements, as to make it almost a new work. We extract from it a portion of Sir Archibald's admirable parallel of the Duke of Marlborough with the Duke of Wellington.

"Though similar in many respects, so far as the general conduct of their campaigns is concerned, from the necessity under which both laboured of husbanding the blood of their soldiers, the military qualities of England's two chiefs were essentially different, and each possessed some points in which he was superior to the other. By nature Wellington was more daring than Marlborough, and though soon constrained by necessity to adopt a cautious system, he continued, throughout all his career, to incline more to a hazardous policy than his great predecessor. The intrepid advance and fight at Assaye, the crossing of the Douro and movement on Talavera in 1809, the advance to Madrid and Burgos in 1812, the actions before Bayonne in 1813, the desperate stand made at Waterloo in 1815—place this beyond a doubt. Marlborough never hazarded so much on the success of a single enterprise: he ever aimed at compassing his objects by skill and combination, rather than risking them on the chance of arms. Wellington was a mixture of Turenne and Eugene: Marlborough was the perfection of the Turenne school alone. No man could fight more ably and gallantly than Marlborough: his talent and rapidity of eye in tactics were at least equal to his skill in strategy and previous combination. But he was not partial to such desperate passages-at-arms, and never resorted to them but from necessity, or when encouraged by a happy opportunity for striking a blow. The proof of this is decisive. Marlborough, during ten campaigns, fought only five pitched battles. Wellington, in seven, fought fifteen, in every one of which he proved victorious.

"Marlborough's consummate generalship, throughout his whole career, kept him out of disaster. It was said, with justice, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor laid siege to a town which he did not take. He took about twenty fortified places of the first order, generally in presence of an enemy's army superior to his own. Wellington's more desperate circumstances frequently involved him in peril, and on some occasions caused serious losses to his army; but they were the price at which he purchased his transcendent successes. Wellington's bolder strategy gained for him advantages which the more circumspect measures of his predecessor never could have attained. Marlborough would never, with scarcely any artillery, have hazarded the attack on Burgos, nor incurred the perilous chances of the retreat from that town; but he never would have delivered the south of the Peninsula in a single campaign, by throwing himself, with forty thousand men, upon the communications, in the north, of a hundred and fifty thousand. It is hard to say which was the greatest general, if their merits in the field alone are considered; but Wellington's successes were the more vital to his country, for they delivered it from the greater peril; and they were more honourable to himself, for they were achieved against greater odds. And his fame in future times will be proportionally brighter; for the final overthrow of Napoleon, and the destruction of the revolutionary power, in a single battle, present an object of surpassing interest, to which there is nothing in history perhaps parallel, and which, to the latest generation, will fascinate the minds of men.

"Marlborough laid great stress on cavalry in war; his chief successes in the field were owing to the skilful use made of a powerful reserve body of horse in the decisive point, and at the decisive moment. It was thus that he overthrew the French centre at Blenheim, by the charge of six thousand cavalry headed by himself in person, in the interval between that village and Oberglau; struck the decisive blow at Ramilies by the charge of a reserve of twenty squadrons drawn from the rear of the right; and broke through the formidable intrenchments at Malplaquet, by instantly following up the irruption of Lord Orkney into the centre of the lines by a vigorous charge of thirty squadrons of cavalry in at the opening. The proportion of horse to infantry was much greater in his armies than it has since been in the British service; it was never under eighty, and at last as high as a hundred and sixty squadrons, which, at the usual rate of a hundred and fifty to a squadron, must, when complete, have mustered twelve and twenty-four thousand sabres. This was from a fourth to a fifth of their amount at each time. His horse, in great part composed of the steady German dragoons, was in general of the very best description. Wellington's victories were, for the most part, less owing to the action of cavalry; but that was because the country which was the theatre of war—Portugal, Spain, and the south of France—was commonly too rocky or mountainous to admit of the use of horse on an extended scale, and he had not nearly so large a body of cavalry at his disposal. Where they could be rendered available, he made the best use of this powerful arm, as was shown in Le Marchant's noble charge at Salamanca, Bock's with the heavy Germans next day, and Ponsonby's, Vivian's, and Somerset's at Waterloo.

"Marlborough was more fortunate than Wellington, perhaps more so than any general of modern times, in sieges. He took nearly all the strongest places in Europe in presence of an enemy's army, always equal, generally superior to his own: he never once laid siege to a fortress that he did not subdue. His reduction of Lille, with its noble garrison of fifteen thousand men, in presence of Vendôme at the head of a hundred and twenty thousand, was the most wonderful achievement of the kind which modern Europe had witnessed. Wellington was less fortunate in this branch of warfare. He made three successful sieges, those of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and San Sebastian; but he sustained three bloody repulses, at Badajos in 1811, Burgos in 1812, and San Sebastian in the first siege in 1813. But in justice to Wellington, the essential difference between his situation and that of Marlborough in this respect must be considered. The latter carried on the war in Flanders close to the strongholds of Austria and Holland, at no great distance from the arsenals of England, and with the facilities of water-carriage in general for bringing up his battering-trains. His troops, trained by experience in the long war which terminated with the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, had become as expert as their enemies in all the branches of the military art.

"Wellington carried on the war at a great distance from the resources of Great Britain, with little aid from the inefficient or distracted councils of Portugal or Spain, in a mountainous country where water-communication could only penetrate, a short way into the interior, in presence of an enemy's force always double, often triple, his own, and with troops whom a century of domestic peace, bought by Marlborough's victories, had caused so completely to forget the practical details of war, that even some of the best of the general officers, when they embarked for the Peninsula, had to be told what a ravelin and a counterscarp were. He was compelled by the pressure of time, and the approach of forces greatly superior to his own, to make assaults as his last chance, when the breaches were scarcely practicable, and the parapets and defences around them had not even been knocked away. The attacks on Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were not regular sieges; they were sudden assaults on strong places by a sort of *coup-de-main*, under circumstances where methodical approaches were impossible. Whoever weighs these circumstances, so far from wondering at the chequered fortune of Wellington in sieges, will rather be surprised that he was successful at all."

Sir Archibald Alison is a man of strong political opinions, which are freely expressed throughout his historical works. But, without pronouncing here any judgment as to the soundness or unsoundness of the Alisonian politics, we may remark that even those who differ from his politics most widely, still find Alison's histories of very great value. This arises from the scrupulous fairness and fulness with which he invariably states the facts. He not only is free from the direct crimes of the *suppressio veri*, and the *suggestio falsi*, but he never uses that fallaciously artistic grouping and colouring, which some writers practise, and by which they succeed in making their whole scenes convey unfair impressions, though there is no one point of detail, which, if taken separately, can be convicted of incorrectness.

Besides the works which we have mentioned, Sir Archibald Alison has written a treatise on the "Principles of Population," which was published at Edinburgh in 1839; and, during the last year, three volumes of Essays have appeared, consisting chiefly of reprinted contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine," a periodical, of which he has long been a strong support and a brilliant ornament. In June of this year her Majesty, by the advice of her Ministers, raised him to the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom.

He is understood to be now engaged in a continuation of his History of Europe from 1815 to the present time. We heartily wish him health and leisure to complete his labours, and many long years to enjoy their renown.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around."—COLERIDGE.

"O, WHITHER sail you, Sir John Franklin?
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
Half England is wrong, if he is right;
Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?
Cried the little Esquimaux.
Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too:—
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new!

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled:

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were staid, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes—
We cannot rule the year:
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'Twice ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid;
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice is strong as death:—
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope—
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High over the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down, with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?—
And there, and there, again?
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra! hurra! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity!
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me.
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done—
The truth is founded, the secret won—
We passed the Northern Sea!"

TO ENGLAND.

"Lear and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale
Before thy Shakspeare gave it deathless fame:
The times have changed, the moral is the same.
So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale
Spread her young banner, till its sway became
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame
Are close upon thee: prophets raise their wail.
When the rude Cossack with an outstretched hand
Points his long spear across the narrow sea—
'Lo! there is England!' when thy destiny
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost stand
Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land,—
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!"

PARIS IN 1814, ON THE FALL OF NAPOLEON.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Although considerably weakened by the disasters of the Russian campaign in 1812, by the lost battles of 1813 in Germany, and by the protracted warfare in the Peninsula, attended by repeated defeats, the French armies still maintained their deserved reputation for intrepidity and professional prowess, and the prestige of Napoleon had lost nothing of its magic influence. His name alone was still a host in itself, and inspired the allies with an awe they would not have felt had they been acquainted with the pent-up feelings of the inhabitants of France. In spite, then, of the invasion of his empire, by the united forces of all Europe, on its northern, southern and eastern boundaries, in spite of the daily breaking up of some portion of his political fabric, so accustomed had men become to behold his almost fabulous fortunes ever on the ascendant, few could be brought to believe that they were about to be closed in discomfiture and ruin.

It was the 30th of March, at four in the morning, the day after that in which the deluded inhabitants of Paris had been lulled into fancied security by a lying proclamation of Joseph Bonaparte, the titular King of Spain, recently arrived after his disgraceful flight from Vittoria, and appointed the Emperor's Lieutenant in the capital, when they were startled from their slumbers by sounds which told but too plainly that "grim-visaged War" had reached their cherished hearths, that for the first time for three centuries past Paris was beleaguered by a foreign foe. The day of retribution was at last come, the day in which France was to expiate years of unjust aggressions; when her capital also, like Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Moscow, Lisbon, Madrid, all of which, with many more, she had visited in her wrath and rapaciously mulcted and despoiled, was now, in its turn, to undergo the direful pains and penalties of a conquered city.

Napoleon had been out-marched and cut off from his capital, and every one felt, as if by instinct, and as he himself must have done, that Paris, once lost, his empire had passed away. The struggle before the walls was long and bloody. The little army under Marshals Marmont and Mortier did its duty gallantly during that eventful day, fighting desperately against fearful odds, till five in the afternoon, when, to save the "Capital of Civilization" from being taken by storm, or entered by force of arms, Marmont, the senior in command, in accordance with a resolution of the municipal authorities of Paris, signed a capitulation, by which that city was to be delivered up to the allies on the following morning. Ere the capitulation, however, had been entered into or even thought of, Joseph had decamped, together with the Empress Maria Louisa, her infant son, the imperial ministers and the great officers of state, and taken refuge at Blois.

Few of the Parisians slept that night. The excitement produced by the deadly contest of the day was succeeded by apprehensions for the morrow, when Paris, that Paris so idolized by Frenchmen, the centre of arts, taste, fashion, of all worldly enjoyments and pleasures, was to be given up into the hands of men whom they designated as "barbarians." The *barbarians*, however, kept their faith to the letter, and, though flushed with success and in possession of several entrances to the city, not one allied soldier crossed the *Barrière*. The town remained perfectly tranquil, as if stunned by the unthought-of, the incredible, the "impossible" fact, that it had become the captive of despised enemies; and the few National Guards, which had been most reluctantly called out in January by Napoleon (for he disliked and mistrusted the institution), were sufficient to maintain order in the absence of all other police. On the heights of Montmartre gleamed the watch-fires of the allies, and from thence proceeded during the night sounds of triumph and revelry, to the dismay of the bewildered Parisians.

For a lengthened period the public mind of France had been undergoing a remarkable change. The undisguised despotism of the Imperial Government; the constant action of an inquisitorial police; the total subjection of the press and the deprivation of all civil liberty; the absence of parliamentary discussion; the collapsed state of trade and commerce, and the drain upon the agricultural population by repeated and cruelly enacted conscriptions, were so many causes that successively tended to dissipate, even among the corrupt and the servile, the illusions hitherto entertained on behalf of Bonaparte. Then the interminable Spanish war, commenced by him in treachery, carried on with ruthless barbarity, and closing in defeat; the loss amid the snows of Russia of the most numerous and finest army of modern times; finally, the invasion of the French territory, hitherto unpolluted by the presence of an enemy, contributed greatly to lessen his influence over the nation, as these latter events proved that he had ceased to command success. Nevertheless, the machinery of his arbitrary government worked so well as to repress any attempt at a public expression of the universal feeling. In the Legislative Assembly were found, indeed, some few enlightened and patriotic men, who ventured to make one effort in favour of the country, to hint at the necessity for peace. Their resolution, although embodied in an address couched in timidly cautious terms, was received with insult and contempt. These "legislators," alas! had for years remained utterly mute, in the way of remonstrance or appeal. So long as success attended Napoleon, so long as the cannon of the *Invalides* continued announcing some conquest or some victory, they were not backward in their applause and adulations; they could see no injustice in his aggressions and usurpations, and acquiesced in all his nefarious acts. But now that the thunderbolt recoiled upon themselves, these inert men began to entertain scruples. They apprehended, instinctively, that their master was wilfully working out his own ruin, and thus endangering the possession of the good things they themselves enjoyed. It was too late for such a body to presume at becoming the spokesmen of the nation, or the defenders of her outraged freedom. And well he made them understand as much. In his gross language he told them, contemptuously, that "they should wash their dirty linen at home, and not in public," and added, "that he alone had a right to speak, for he alone was the *representative of the whole people.*"

This insolent rebuke the poor legislators perhaps deserved, but it had, nevertheless, the effect of alienating the public mind from their ruler. The nation began to examine and to scrutinize into what it had gained by seconding the insatiable ambition of an individual who arrogantly trampled on all its liberties, spurned at advice in a most critical moment, and insultingly sent to the right-about the pitiful semblance of a national representation that yet remained.

Still the public mind was quite in an unsettled state as to what form of [illegible] was to supersede that of the empire, if it should fall. A

Republic was certainly not thought of. Republicanism, it was felt, had been effectually crushed under fourteen years of military despotism, and its advocates, few in number, had no rallying point from whence to direct their aims, if so disposed. The elements for a second Republic were to arise at a later period, and then only as an ungrateful requital for the enjoyment during four-and-thirty years of free and liberal institutions, under enlightened and patriotic monarchs. Some there were who imagined that Napoleon's empire might be continued under his son and the regency of the Empress; but it was more generally thought, that, Napoleon once overthrown, and his own personal influence no longer exercised, there remained but little chance for the perpetuation of his race on a usurped throne. On the other hand, for some time past a feeling had gone abroad, and was gaining ground, that a return to legitimate monarchy would be the only means of closing the abyss of woes formed by the Revolution, of restoring peace and prosperity, and of reconciling France with outraged Europe. This feeling was not confined to the breasts of those who eagerly yearned for the restoration of the House of Bourbon, it had occurred to thinking men of all shades of opinion as "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Bonaparte himself had a presentiment that such aspirations in favour of the Bourbons were in embryo, and sought to awe them into terror, for on retaking Troyes, in Champagne, from the Russians, a few weeks only before the fall of Paris, he ordered three or four old French officers, who on the first entrance of the Allies into that town had appeared in the streets wearing the badge of the order of St. Louis, to be immediately shot. Apart from the natural causes for alarm in a beleaguered city, the anticipations entertained by those who were friendly to a Restoration were ardent enough during the night of the 30th of March. No preconcerted plan of any importance had been, or could have been, entered into, but each individually was resolved to seize the best opportunity for expressing and acting upon his own settled opinion.

The sun rose in splendour on the never-to-be-forgotten 31st of March. At early dawn, a few light troops and Cossacks showed themselves in the streets, staring about and stared at in their turn; their wild, uncouth appearance amusing the gaping Parisians, all on tip-toe to witness the grand entrance of the Allied Sovereigns and their armies. At about ten o'clock were seen, coming from the Porte St. Martin, along the Boulevards, riding abreast, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Austrian Generalissimo Prince of Schwartzenberg, and the British Ambassador, the Earl of Cathcart, representing the four great powers of Europe, united in one common cause. A numerous and brilliant staff attended them, and then followed an immense army. For successive hours the armed hosts poured along those Boulevards: the soldiers all bearing green boughs in their caps and helmets, marched on in deep silence, and uttered no shouts of triumph or defiance. From the monarch to the private soldier, all seemed impressed with an undefined awe: as if they felt that they were only the humble instruments of Providence, in effecting some vast change in the destinies of the civilized world.

And now, as the imposing mass moved on, were to be seen numerous groups of men, some on foot, others on horseback, displaying white cockades, and shouting "Vive le Roi;" whilst from balconies, windows, and open carriages, ladies decorated with white favours, re-echoed the loyal cry. No marked notice of these demonstrations appeared to be taken by the allies. But what seemed to give the Royalists encouragement, was an accidental circumstance unconnected with this display. The Allied armies, composed of many different nations, had during the campaign, in order to an easy recognition of each other, agreed to wear a white scarf on the left arm. This badge was now interpreted as a sign favourable to the Royalist cause. At the most it could only be looked upon as a token of friendly intentions; but the chord had been struck, the impulse given, and after twenty-five years of proscription, the ancient cry of "Vive le Roi," again rung through the capital of France.

All that day the enthusiasm for the Bourbons was manifest; it spread and increased, and with the rapidity attendant on any impetus given to public feeling, it was speedily known that a general meeting of Royalists would be held that same night. In the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, a few doors from the present site of the British Embassy, resided a widow lady of great wealth. Madame de Morfontaine was the daughter of M. Lepelletier de St. Fargeau, a member of the National Convention, and a regicide. Dining one day at a *restaurateur's* in the Palais Royal, M. Lepelletier was accidentally met by a *garde du corps*, who, stung with indignation at the sight of one who had voted the King's death, stabbed him to the heart. Upon this event, the National Convention passed a decree, by which the daughter of the murdered regicide was adopted as *La fille de la Nation*, and endowed with an ample fortune, although she inherited a considerable one from her father. Some years afterwards she married a M. de Witt, son of the Ambassador of the Dutch Republic, who died a few months after. She then married a cousin of her own, M. Lepelletier de Morfontaine, and a second time was left a widow. Now, this lady, daughter of a regicide, the child by adoption of a Republic, and wife by her first marriage of an hereditary Republican, was nevertheless a most decided and confirmed Royalist, and her hotel was fixed upon for the general rendezvous of that party. In its vast and elegant apartments was congregated a numerous assemblage of men of all classes and degrees. A memorial to the Emperor Alexander was drawn up on the spot, and handed about for signature by the fair hostess herself, beseeching his majesty to proclaim the restoration of the royal family of France. This memorial, we believe, was never sent. As might have been expected, great excitement prevailed in the motley assembly, and no little confusion. In the course of the evening, some one having hinted that the municipal council was then sitting at the Hotel de Ville, with the intent perhaps of thwarting the wishes of the Royalists, wild cries of "*A cheval!*" "*Aux armes!*" "*Vive le Roi!*" arose from a score or two of young men, who hastily rushed out of the hotel in anger and alarm, and the assembly broke up in the greatest disorder. It has been surmised that the unfounded rumour which caused the alarm and sudden dispersion of the company assembled at Madame De Morfontaine's house, was circulated by a secret agent of Talleyrand, who was by no means desirous of any interference with the plans he had concocted to bring about the Restoration, so as to suit his own purposes. In fact, no decided result could be expected to ensue from any unorganised manifestation in favour of royalty, however general and sincere.

The restoration required to be effected in a more ostensible and official manner. The Municipal Council of Paris took the lead in the movement, by a proclamation disclaiming all further allegiance to Napoleon, and recording a unanimous vote for the return of the King. A Provisional Executive was appointed to act during the interregnum, and Talleyrand named its president, who forthwith convened the Senate in solemn assembly.

Napoleon, although overpowered, was still to be dreaded. He might, in despair, yet continue the fruitless struggle. His advanced posts were within twelve miles of Paris when the capitulation was signed. Notwithstanding the proclamation of the Allied Sovereigns, purporting that they would treat no more with Napoleon or any of his family, and calling upon the nation to adopt a government of its choice, a momentary cloud of alarm seemed to overshadow the rising hopes of the emancipated French people. But the impulse given by the capital, and sanctioned by the public bodies, produced its due effect. The little army that had fought the last battle was the first to tender its submission to the Provisional Government, and to rally round the standard of the *Fleur de lis.* This example was soon followed by the marshals and generals who surrounded Bonaparte, and among these none was more peremptory than Marshal Ney in pressing upon him the necessity of an immediate and unconditional abdication; but they all honourably stipulated for the safety of his person, and for a suitable provision being made for his future maintenance. At length, on the 6th April, Napoleon signed the act of abdication, and departed for the residence so injudiciously assigned to him in the Island of Elba. When this became known, confidence returned, and the Parisians now looked forward with eager impatience for the arrival of some member of the Royal Family. The nearest at hand was Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, the King's brother, who had entered France from the eastward, and was hastily journeying towards Paris.

Whilst the inhabitants of Paris were for the most part indulging in anticipation and hope—some few, no doubt, suffering from apprehension or regret — but all influenced by great excitement, a private and melancholy scene was being enacted in a magnificent hotel in one of the *fauxbourgs:* a sad but characteristic episode of that eventful period. Without a friend or relative near him—unattended save by one of those mortal ministering angels a Sister of Charity—lay on a couch of torture and anguish, one who but lately had been a high-spirited officer of dragoons. In the engagement of the 30th March, he had been twice wounded. Besides a severe sabre cut which he had received on the shoulder, a bullet had struck him on the head, laying open the brain, and this latter wound left him in a hopeless state. Better for him had he died on the battle-field. The father of this young officer, a nobleman of ancient race, was a pitiable instance of the debasement into which the weak may sink through servility, and his case exhibits a striking example of the thorough subjection under which the iron rule of Bonaparte had broken the spirit of the men around him, even to the perversion of the feelings of nature. Though born to a dukedom, with the title of prince, he had accepted with alacrity from Napoleon the inferior dignity of count, and undertaken the humble office of chamberlain. In the exuberance of his zeal, he followed, with all his household, in the train of the Empress Maria Louisa, at Blois, having left no one but a porter within his gates. This nobleman had had three sons, all of whom he devoted to the military service; that being the most acceptable method of paying court to his new master. The eldest fell in Spain, the second in *Russia.* On this latter occasion, Napoleon was considerate enough to notice the bereaved father, and, with something of feeling, said to him, "*Ah! Monsieur de* ——, *votre fils est mort; au moins, c'est avec gloire*."—"*Sire*," was the ready rejoinder of the fawning courtier, holding by the hand a lad of eighteen, "*je vous en amène un autre*." Bonaparte himself could not reply to this, and passed on. The *autre* was his last son, his only child, and it was that son who now lingered out the last hours of his young life in solitude and agony, without a relative or friend to soothe his dying moments. Almost unconscious of what passed around him, he scarcely listened to the kind words of the Sister of Charity by his side, and heard but imperfectly the pious orisons which, on bended knees, she offered up for her young charge to the throne of mercy. On a sudden, a distant sound, becoming more distinct as it neared his dwelling, seemed to arouse him to a sense of external things. A smile came over his pallid features, his eyes opened with a faint gleam of joy. "A drum! the trumpet!" shouted he; "ah, *vive l'Empereur!*" and before his attendant could restrain him, he leapt up from his couch, and, with one bound, reached the window. There for a moment he stood aghast, as if transfixed with amazement, then, wildly raising both his hands to his head, he tore his hair in frenzy, and uttering a piercing shriek, fell upon the floor a senseless corpse. The sight of a division of Prussian troops marching in triumph through the capital of his country had produced this fatal crisis.

The cause of the Restoration received a most signal service at this conjuncture, in a publication emanating from one of the brightest lights of the age. This production — the first and most glorious fruit of the now emancipated press — was Chateaubriand's celebrated pamphlet, "*De Bonaparte et des Bourbons;* and in spite of some excusable tendency to exaggeration — written as it was on the impulse of a thrilling moment — it deserves to be remembered as the outburst of a free and loyal heart, whose yearnings had been long suppressed. The timely appearance of this publication produced a wonderful effect on the public mind, and its reasonings and revelations served as well to unveil the monstrous tyranny of the Imperial Government, as to display to the mortified vanity of the French, the abject degradation into which they had so inertly sunk, from their prostrate submission to its decrees.

Nothing was now talked of but the expected arrival of the Comte d'Artois. Bonaparte appeared to be completely forgotten. It seemed indeed, as if he had never existed. The feeling of irritation inseparable from the presence of foreign troops considerably declined, and was fast fading away; thanks to the admirable conduct, the forbearance, and the discipline they observed, and the courteous behaviour of the officers, most of whom spoke French with fluency, and increased the impression in their favour. Above all, the tokens of unfeigned good will towards the French nation expressed and made manifest by the Allied Sovereigns, especially by the Emperor of Russia, added largely to the hopeful anticipations for the fûture. Thus the most undisguised satisfaction seemed to animate all classes of the community. Carnot himself, a stern republican, actually declared that "the whole nation was in a perfect delirium of joy." Such, then, was the state of Paris on the morning of the 12th April, 1814, which dawned with seeming auspicious brilliancy on the return to his native land, after three and twenty years of exile, of an amiable and well-intentioned Prince, destined, alas! in a few more years, to experience in his own sovereign person the vicissitudes of revolution.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM HOLMES, Esq., M.P.

Sir,

In the last number of your Miscellany, in the articled entitled, "Memoirs of a Man of the World," there is much misrepresentation of matters affecting the character of a very old friend of mine. After an interval of nearly fifty-seven years, I dare say I am the only living authority competent to correct the errors, and to give the circumstances they affect to describe their true character and complexion. Billy Holmes, as the writer of the article calls him, was one of my earliest college friends; we were in the same class; and the student who actually proposed the bet referred to was not Holmes, but my chum, who, in the ambition to establish a reputation for a strong head, by a feather-spring impulse, before the bet could have been taken by any one, almost sacrificed his life, and certainly impaired his constitution, and defeated the distinction to which natural talents, of a very high order and highly cultivated, must have led. The event occurred at a supper given by two of our class-fellows,—at which there was no excess committed except by my chum,—Holmes and he sat next each other; Holmes said to him (I am sure more as an observation without meaning, than as a stimulant to provoke him to drink), "You are not helping yourself," or, "You are not drinking anything." The reply was, "I'll hold you a supper for the present company, that I'll drink more than you to-night;" and, without waiting for an answer to his challenge, he emptied what remained in a bottle of rum (not whiskey!!) into a tumbler, swallowed it at one gulp, threw himself back in his chair, and in a few minutes was fixed in the stiffness of death; and in that attitude he remained, hardly breathing, from twelve o'clock to nine the next morning. Holmes rushed to the college gate in the hope of persuading the gate-porter to give him egress, but he could not open. The keys had been, as usual, sent to the provost, under whose pillow they were always deposited as soon as the clock struck twelve. Holmes made his way by a corridor to the provost's house, and with that promptitude which the circumstances demanded, and that fearlessness which characterized him, insisted on being conducted to the provost's bed-chamber, an awful intrusion, had it not been the chamber of the kind-hearted Murray. He at once gave the keys, and Holmes proceeded to Kildare Place, where Doctor Perceval resided. He knocked repeatedly at the hall door, until a servant reluctantly put his head through an open window, told him Doctor Perceval was in bed, and that his place would be the forfeit if he ventured to disturb him at that hour. "Tell him," said Holmes, "that a gentleman is dying in the college." "I dare not; he hears you himself." "Where does he sleep?" "In that room," pointing with his thumb, thrown back, to the adjoining window. Holmes wanted no other messenger than a missile, which he found at hand in a heap of paving stones, which were generally piled up in the area in front of the houses in the wide part of Kildare Street, where Dr. Perceval's house was situate. The first or second discharge, aimed at the Doctor's window, brought him to the hall door, and, with his accustomed humanity, to the college, where he remained during the remainder of the night, trying all the means that his consummate skill could suggest to restore animation, but without any perceptible effect. The corpse-like form remained unmoved and immovable. At length, at nine o'clock in the morning, Doctor Perceval said, "I can do no more," and was preparing to withdraw. The late Doctor Whitby Stokes, then a junior fellow and a medical student, who had watched the process with intense anxiety, said, "If you can do no good, I can do no harm." He thrust a poker into the fire, and when he thought it sufficiently heated for his purpose, he applied it to the back of his neck, and seared it from ear to ear. Almost immediately every limb became convulsed, and the eyes, till then fixed as in death, rolled wildly,—I shall never forget that scene! To Doctor Stokes, and to his memory, the memory of a man of the most exalted benevolence, and the kindest heart, it is due to add that he attended the patient in our chambers for five or six weeks, visiting him twice or thrice every day until the cure was as complete as it could be, and in the end refused any fee, saying that he was not a physician, that he had not completed his studies, and that he was but a quack; and when pressed by my chum, who was a fellow commoner, and of very ample means, and quite sensible of the debt he owed, he suggested as a reward that the patient should give him a copy of Ayscough's Shakspeare, which had been reprinted in Dublin, and which I dare say is still in the possession of his son, the very eminent physician, with a Latin testimonial of his skill and attention, and of his own gratitude.

Of Holmes, the hero of my narrative, it may be amusing to add a characteristic anecdote connected with it. All the company except ——, whose life still was in peril, and perhaps appeared to have been sufficiently punished for his excess, was called before the board, but Holmes alone was punished by rustication, mainly, as Holmes believed, through the influence of the vice-provost; and he placed himself in a position to retaliate,—choosing for his exile a lodging in the neighbourhood of Dublin, on the side of a road by which Dr. F——, the vice-provost, passed and repassed every week-day from and to his country residence, mounted on a remarkable grey horse, and, with his horse, forming a very noticeable combination. Holmes watched him night and morning. The doctor was punctual to a moment, and he never passed without finding Holmes at the gate, who seized the bridle, and pressed him with the most hospitable earnestness to alight and take some cake and wine. Whether they were forthcoming or not, I cannot say. Such was the interference with the doctor's punctuality, that he was obliged to choose another way on his avocations; and I need hardly add, that Holmes had resolved never to return to collegiate discipline before he brought his Christian virtues thus into practical operation.

I have reason to believe that the circumstances which first introduced Holmes to Parliament, and procured him a seat in the House of Commons, would reflect credit on himself and his patron (I believe, General C. J.).

In what I have stated, I can truly say that I was "pars magna,' of most an eye-witness; and I have said nothing which I do not implicitly believe.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A. Z.

The Editor of "Bentley's Miscellany."

SOME NOTIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

It is a favourite idea at the present day, as it has probably been at all times, that mankind is steadily progressing in enlightenment, and that we are more learned, more scientific, more advanced in arts and manufactures—in a word, more highly civilized than the world has hitherto seen; and we look back through the dim vista of ages, and see imperfectly at the end what we complacently term a race of people vastly inferior to us. Yet the marvellous discoveries of Dr. Layard and Colonel Rawlinson show to what a high degree of perfection all the arts of peace and of war had reached when Isaiah poured out his glowing prophecies, and we learn elsewhere that Egypt was not less advanced in humanization when the father of the Hebrew nation led his herds to drink of the waters of the Nile; at that time, too, the hundred-gated Thebes was in all its glory—a time when, as has been happily expressed, the Mede and the Persian were still warring with the panther and the wolf in the valleys of the Caucasus, when the oracles were dumb at Delphi and Dodona, and the marble slumbered in the quarry of Pentelicus; when not an oar had dipped in the haven of Carthage, and the Tiber was flowing through broad lagoons at the foot of solitary hills.

The more general diffusion of sound information in every department, and the thoroughly practical character of the age, constitute, however, a main difference between ourselves and our predecessors, and a natural consequence has been the gradual eradication of myths and superstitions, which are ever the offspring of ignorance.

It is, however, to more ancient times that we must look for fictions, and if we turn to the Greeks and Romans we shall find a very bountiful crop. We are largely indebted to Pliny for our knowledge of the views entertained by the ancients on a great variety of subjects, more especially those relating to his favourite study—the World and all things connected therewith: and it is interesting to see how here and there a gleam of truthful observation lights up, like the sparkle of a gem among a heap of sand.

Ethiopia seems to have been a favourite field for the imagination to develope all sorts of strange and wonderful objects. "No wonder," says Pliny, "that about the coasts thereof there be found both men and beasts of strange and monstrous shapes, considering the agilitie of the sun's fierie heat, so strong and powerful in those countries, which is able to frame bodies artificially of sundry proportions, and to imprint and grave in them divers forms. Certes, reported it is, that far within the country eastward there are a kinde of people without having any nose at all upon their face, having their visage all plain and flat. Others, again, without any upper lip, and some tonguelesse. Moreover, there is a kind of them that want a mouth framed apart from their nostrils; and at one and the same hole, and no more, taketh in breath, receiveth drink by drawing it in with an oaten straw; yea, and after the same manner feed themselves with the grains of oats."

Now it is very possible that these ideas had their origin in one and the same thing, namely, the flattened nose and widely dilated nostrils of some of the Negro tribes. Seen at a distance, a person of fervid imagination, and looking out for marvels, may have really thought there was no nose, and others might have confounded the nostrils with the mouth, and so have spread the illusion last mentioned. Less easy, however, is it to account for some other of their fanciful creations. For instance, that wonderful people "that inhabit towards the Pole Articke, and not far from that climate that is under the very rising of the north-east wind, and about that famous cave, or whole, out of which that wind is said to issue, which place they call Gesclithron (that is, the Cloister or Key of the Earth)—the Arimaspians, by report, do dwell, who are known by this marke of having one eie only in the midst of their forehead; and these maintain a war, ordinarily about the mettall mines of gold, especially with griffons, a kind of wild beasts that flye, and use to fetch gold out of the veins of those mines." If report speaks truly, there are Arimaspians and griffons at the present day to be found in California and in Australia; for whilst they have only an eye to gold, the atrocities and debaucheries committed by the godless crew who haunt some of these gold mines, could not have been exceeded even in the fables of old.

There were few organs or members of the body that were not either multiplied or diminished by the ancients; as for example, the inhabitants of "a certaine mountain named Milus," who not only had the extremely liberal allowance of eight toes to each foot, but whose feet were turned so that the heels were in front; rather awkward perhaps, unless they ran backwards. But not only did they multiply organs, but, in certain cases, favoured nations were gifted with power of life and death, killing, like Medusa, with a look.

"Such like there be among the Triballians and Illyrians, who with their very eiesight can witch, yea, and kil those whom they look wistly upon any long time, especially if they be angered, and their eies bewray their anger. This also is in them more notable and to be observed, that in either eie they have two sights or apples. Philarchus witnesseth that in Pontus also the whole race of the Thibians and many others besides, have the same quality, and doe the like: and known they are," saith he, "by these markes. In one of their eies they have two sights; in the other the print or resemblance of a horse." He reports besides of these men, that "they will never sinke or drowne in the water, be they charged never so much with weighty and heavy apparel." Now this is principally sand, but now for a gem. The same writer (Isogonus) affirmeth, moreover, that "in Albanie there be a sort of people borne with eies like owls, whereof the sight is fire red; who from their childhood are grey-headed, and can see better by night than day." Perfectly true, oh Pliny! in every point; and these Albinos (as they are called) are to be found among all nations, as also in the brute creation. It is an unnatural condition, arising from the absence of colouring-matter throughout the body, and the want of the dark pigment which in ordinary eyes absorbs the excess of light and prevents reflections within the globe, compels them to avoid all glare, and they are never so comfortable as when, owl-like, flitting about in the gloom of the evening. There is a family at present earning their subsistence by exhibiting their snow-white locks and pink eyes in the streets of London, and there are few fairs in which a lady or gentleman of this description is not to be found cheek by jowl with the pig-faced lady, who by the way is generally a shaved bear in a fashionable bonnet and polka mantle.

The satisfaction with which Pliny and other writers describe the most improbable marvels and the coquetry they show in admitting the truth of other things which are really facts, reminds us of a certain elderly lady who, dearly loving a dish of chat, never lost an opportunity of partaking of this luxury. Sitting on a bench on the esplanade at Weymouth, warming her feet in the sun, she addressed a rough looking old tar who was lounging near, and after asking his age, whether he had fought under Nelson, if he was married, the number of his children, and whether they had been vaccinated, she proceeded to generalities.

"You must have seen some wonderful things in your travels, Mister Sailor?"

"Yes, marm. I've seed a few."

"I suppose you are familiar with the wonders of the deep?"

The old boy looked at her, as if taking the measure of her faith, turned his quid, and replied—

"I be-lieve you, marm. Why, I've knowed it blow so hard that it blew the very teeth out of a handsaw, and I've seed fishes as big—aye, as big as from here to that 'ere flagstaff (rather more than a quarter of a mile)."

"Dear me! Have you indeed! I suppose those are the Leviathans that Solomon—no, David, mentions. And, pray, what do those monsters feed upon?"

"Why, little fishes, to be sure, marm."

"But do they eat them raw?"

The sailor gave a slight cough, hitched up his waistband, and replied,

"Raw, marm! No; every tenth big fish carries a kettle on his tail to bile 'em in."

"La! Do they indeed? And now tell me what else you've seen."

"Why, I've seed oysters a-growin' on trees"—(alluding to the mangrove trees in India, which dip their branches deep into the water and are covered with shell-fish in consequence; presenting a singular appearance when left bare by the ebbing of the tide).

Up got the old lady, gave a flourish with her parasol and a toss of her head, as she with an injured air replied—

"Well, Mister Sailor! I suppose you take me for a fool; but it is not very civil of you, I think, to attempt to impose on me in *that* manner. I wish you good morning, sir;" and away she sailed with virtuous indignation.

At the present day the power of serpent-charming in India and Arabia is supposed to be hereditary in certain families; all members of whom have a sovereign power over the snake-world; so the ancients attributed marvellous properties of the same description to certain nations. Crates, of Pergamus, saith that "in Hellespont about Parium, there was a kind of men that if one were stung with a serpent, with touching only, will ease the paine: and if they doe but lay their hands upon the wound, are wont to draw forth all the venome out of the bodie; and Varro testifieth, that even at this day there be some there who warish and cure the stinging of serpents with their spittle. The Marsians in Italy at this present continue with the like naturall vertue against serpents, whom being reputed for to have descended from Lady Circe's son, the people in this regard do highly esteem, and are verilie persuaded that they have in them the same facultie by kind."

To serpents themselves was attributed a most convenient power of discrimination between their countrymen and foreigners; for "in Syria there be snakes and specially along the banks of Euphrates that will not touch the Syrians lying along asleep: nay, if a man that leans upon them be stung or bitten by them, he shall find no hurt or mischief thereby. But to men of all other nations whatsoever they are most spightfully bent; them they will with great greedinesse eagerly assail, and fly upon them, yea, and kill them with great pain and anguish; and therefore it is that the Sirians destroy them not."

Saint Patrick enjoys the reputation of having charmed all the reptiles out of the Emerald Isle; but one huge fellow is said to have given him so much trouble that he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem to get rid of him. It is more than probable that this legend had its origin in a superstition rife amongst the ancients, which is amusingly described by Lucian. Ion is made to say, "I was a boy about fourteen when somebody came and told my father that his vine-dresser, Midas, one of our stoutest and most laborious servants, lay in a deplorable condition about the time of full market, bit by a viper, and his legs were beginning to mortify. It seems whilst he was industriously at work, tying his vines to their trellices, the reptile crawled up to him, bit him by the great toe, and instantly slipped away and retired into a hole. In a word, the poor fellow now lay there crying out, and ready to expire with pain. While the man was stating these particulars, we saw the poor Midas borne on a plank by two of his fellow labourers. He was swelled all over, discoloured black and blue, apparently gangrenous, and panting for breath. One of the standers-by, seeing my father much concerned at this accident said to him, 'Take heart, I will go and fetch in a moment a Babylonian—one of those who pass under the name of Chaldeans. He shall presently set the man on his legs again.' To be brief, the Babylonian came and recovered Midas. This he positively did by means of a charm which drew the venom out of the body, and a scrap that he had broke off the tomb-stone of a virgin lately deceased, which he tied about the bad foot. Besides this, however, I know several other facts of this Babylonian which may with truth be called supernatural. One morning early he came to our estate, and, after having walked thrice round the field with a torch in his hand and purified it with sulphur, he pronounced seven sacred names out of an old book, strange to us, with a loud voice, and thereby immediately drove all the snakes and reptiles and every other species of vermin, whatsoever they were out of our enclosure. Attracted by the force of his conjuration, as if drawn by a rope, there came about him innumerable asps, serpents, vipers, efts, adders, darters, cowsuckers, and toads. One old dragon staid behind, probably because, from extreme age and decrepitude, he was no longer able to creep out of his cave, and therefore did not obey the mandate. 'Ye are not all here,' said the magician. He then nodded to one of the youngest serpents to come forward, and dispatched him to the old dragon, who, not long after, came. Being now all collected, the Babylonian blowed upon them, and immediately, by one puff of his breath, they were all burnt to ashes!"

These Chaldeans, or Hyperboreans, seem to have been famous for sorcery even from the time of Moses. Cleodemus, the friend of the same Ion whom we have just quoted, is made to say, that after a long struggle he yielded to conviction that there were magicians, "on seeing a certain foreigner (he gave himself out for an Hyperborean) fly in the air. What could I do, since I saw him in broad daylight travelling through the air, walking on the water, and with an easy pace promenading in the fire."

Eucrates favours his friends with a remarkable example of his own experiences in the wonderful. "It was during the vintage, about noon, having dismissed the labourers from their work, I rambled all alone in the wood, absorbed in profound thought, about some particular affairs." Whilst thus engaged he heard the barking of dogs and a noise of thunder and beheld a woman of half a stadium—about three hundred feet in height — advancing towards him. This was the goddess Hecate. Presently she stamped upon the ground, it opened, she leaped into it, and disappeared. However, this was a chance not to be lost by such a shrewd fellow as Eucrates, who says he "plucked up courage, and stooping down looked into the abyss, holding with my arm round a tree that grew near, to prevent my falling in, in case I should be seized with giddiness. And now I saw all that is to be seen in Tartarus—the fiery billows of Phlegethon, the Stygian Lake, Cerberus, the souls of the departed, so distinctly that I recognised among them several of my acquaintance. My father I could not mistake, because he was dressed precisely in the same garments in which we buried him."

His friend Ion pertinently asks, "What were the souls doing?"

"What were they doing? They were lying according to their families and guilds upon flowery beds of asphodel, and passing the time agreeably with their friends and relatives."

This was satisfactory; but his friend pressed him still further by asking—

"Did you not see Socrates and Plato among the dead?"

"Socrates? Yes; though not clearly. I only conjectured it to be *him* by his shining pate and protuberance of belly. But Plato I could not discern; for I should be sorry to tell my friends anything more than the bare truth"—which was very considerate on his part.

With the ancients the harmless innocent chameleon had the misfortune to possess above all other animals an evil reputation, and certainly no creature was ever more maligned or more cruelly used. "There is not a creature in the world (says Pliny) thought more fearfull than it: which is the reason of that mutabilitie whereby it turneth into such varietie of colours. Howbeit of exceeding great power against all the sorts of hawkes or birds of prey, for, by report, let them fly and soar never so high over the chameleon, there is an attractive virtue that will fetch them down, so as they shall fall upon the chameleon and yield themselves willingly as a prey to be torne, mangled, and devoured by other beasts." The "attractive virtue" may exist, but the result happens to be just the other way; for if either party is torn and devoured, it is the poor chameleon; for to a *gourmet* of an eagle, or a hawk with a delicate stomach, a nicer little treat could scarcely be found. Democritus ascertained "That if one burn the head and throat of the chamelion in a fire made of oken wood, there will immediately arise tempests of rainy stones and thunder together, and the liver will do as much if it burne upon the tiles of a house."

Pretty well this, Master Chameleon, but your wonderful powers are by no means at an end yet; and you really must be a terrible fellow, for it seems that if you are brought into a house where a lady is about to increase her family, she is sure to die! However, you have some redeeming qualities, for it seems "that the right eie of this beast, if it be pulled out of the head whilst it is alive, taketh away the pearl, pin, and web in man or woman's eies; so it be applied thereto with goat's milk. The chamelion's tongue pulled out of the head whilst the chamelion is quicke, promiseth good successe in judiciall trials. The heart bound within black wooll of the first shearing is a most soveraigne remedie against quartan agues. The right foorfoot hanged fast to the left arm, within the skin of a hyæna, is singular against the perils and dangers by theeves and robbers, as also to skar away hobgoblins and night-spirits. But the left foot they use to torrifie in an oven, with the herb called also chamelion, and with some convenient ointment or liquor to make in certain trosches, whereof if a man do carry any in a box of wood about him *he shall go invisible!*" Every atom of the reptile's body seems to have been gifted with marvellous powers, but the tail was perhaps the most highly endowed of all. In fact, we never fully appreciated the value of that appendage until we became aware of what might be done with it in the following way. "The like wonders they report of the chamelion's taile, namely, how it will stay any violent streame of river; stop the course and inundations of waters, and, withall, bring sleep and mortifie serpents. The same being aromatized or spiced with cedar and myrrh, and tied fast to a branch of the date tree, growing double or forked, will divide the waters that be smitten therewith, so as a man may see whatsoever is in the bottom."

After that, we think our little scaly friends, the chameleons, at the Zoological Gardens, are deserving of at least a bow for the honour and credit of the race.

The next observation we especially address to the manufacturers of cutlery at Sheffield, as it nearly concerns their interests. Nasally speaking, male goats have ever enjoyed a considerable reputation for being "strong," and no man can gainsay it; but their blood was formerly supposed to be stronger still. For "verily," says Pliny, "the bloud of a buck goat is so strong that there is not anything in the world wil either sharpen the edg of any yron tools sooner, or harden the same when it is keen than it. And as for the ruggedness of any blade, it will take it away more effectually and polish it better than the very file!" But it seems to have been used for another purpose. "Drusus, sometime a tribune of the commons in Rome, drank goats' bloud to make himselfe look pale and wan in the face, at what time as he meant to charge Q. Cæpio his enemy with giving him poison." As it doubtless disagreed exceedingly with him, he was probably rendered as pale as his heart could desire.

When travelling in Scotland a year or two ago, an island in Loch Lomond was pointed out to us as being the "location," as brother Jonathan would say, to which ladies too fond of Bacchus were sent, and kept in retirement until they had overcome their bibbing propensities. Mighty useful, no doubt, is a little discipline, when timely applied. The Romans, it appears, were in the habit of applying much severer discipline to cases of this description. We read that, "Egnatius Mecennius killed his own wife with a cudgell, for that he tooke her drinking wine out of a tun" (oh fie! Mrs. Mecennius!); and Fabius Pictor, in his Annals, reports, "that a certain Romane dame, a woman of good worship, was by her owne kinsfolke famished and pined to death for opening a cupboard wherein the keis of the wine sellar lay!"

If we may judge from the statement of Erasmus, kissing, or as Sam

Slick has it, "saluting" was in great vogue among our ancestors in England. Says he, with watering mouth, "Sunt hic nymphæ divinis vultibus, blandæ, faciles. Est præterea mos nunquam satis laudandus; sive quo venias omnium osculis exciperis—sive discedas aliquo, osculis dimitteris; redis, redduntur suavia; venitur ad te, propinantur suavia: disceditur ab te, dividuntur basia; occurritur alicubi, basiatur affatim: denique quocumque te moveas suaviorum plena sunt omnia."

This highly exciting amusement was in favour with the Romans; but alas! for the frailty of human nature—on very different grounds—for ladies were saluted (we blush to write it) to ascertain *if their breath smelt of temetum!* which was the slang term for wine, answering to Mr. Richard Swiveller's expression, "the rosy." From this word *temulentia*, the Latin for being "in one's cups," or "happy," arose.

Whilst speaking of good things, we should like to know how many of our readers are aware who was the illustrious inventor of the famed Perigord Pie? In days of yore it seems to have been a very vexed question who this benefactor was. Let us hear what Pliny says. "Our countrimen and citizens of Rome, believe me, are wiser nowadaies, who know, forsooth, how to make a dainty dish of their liver. For in those geese that are kept up and cram'd fat in coup, the liver grows to be exceeding great; and when it is taken forth of the belly it waxeth bigger still if it be steeped in milk and suet mede together. Good cause therefore it is that there be some question and controversie about the first inventor of this great, good, and singular commoditie to mankind. Whether it were Scipio Metellus, or M. Sestius. But to leave that still undecided, this is certainly known, that Messalinus Cotta, son to that Messala the orator, found out the secret to broile and fry the flat broad feet of geese, and together with cocks' combs, to make a savoury dish thereof."

An ancient notion, which has held its ground with remarkable tenacity, is that of the existence of a race of men with tails—not pig-tails,—but genuine caudal appendages of liberal dimensions. We can well understand how formerly, when human and comparative anatomy were little understood, such a belief should have existed; but it is curious how, ever and anon, the same idea keeps starting up in enthusiastic minds. The late Lord Monboddo was a firm believer, and the very plausible reason assigned by his lordship for the absence of tails in people generally was, that nurses and mothers pinched them off when the infants were born. However, he shrewdly observed, that "he believed, if the truth were known, many more people have tails than is imagined." The immense dimensions of the breeches of the Dutch boors has been supposed to have reference to these ornaments, which are imagined by the Monboddos to lie *perdu* in the ample folds of those vestments.

We certainly little imagined, when smiling at these eccentricities of the old Scotch judge, that in the year of grace 1852, a statement would appear before the scientific world, backed by all the weight of a communication to the Parisian Academy of Sciences, that in that fruitful land of marvels, the interior of Africa, there actually does exist a race of bashaws—men with real tails, which

"They can switch,
As a gentleman switches his cane."

A Mons. Castelnau has made this startling revelation on the authority of a slave named Mahommah, who *told him that* he with his tribe, the

Haoustas, after crossing some lofty mountains, arrived at a spot where a band of the Niam Niams (as these tailed gentry are called) were sleeping in the sun. Creeping silently towards them, they massacred every one, and, on examining the bodies, each was found to have a tail at least a foot in length by an inch in diameter, smooth and glossy. Other bands were afterwards met and slain—all similarly furnished. One of these parties was occupied in eating human flesh, and the heads of three men suspended to stakes were roasting in a fire, round which the party were seated.

This grill of the human heads is a masterly touch, but we regret that Mohammah does not inform us of the effect of pleasure or of fear upon the tails; whether a cheerful Niam wagged his, or a desponding Niam hung his. But after all, we fear that Mohammah was, as the Persians say, "laughing at the beard" of Monsieur Castelnau, when he fitted him with this narrative, which we regard as a pleasant fiction, if intended in reality to be applied to human beings.

One of the most popular poetic ideas has been happily expressed by Orlando Gibbons in his beautiful madrigal:

"The silver swan who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat,
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more."

Plato, who mingled the keenest observation with the most profound reasoning, puts into the mouth of Socrates an allusion to this myth, not less graceful than happy. It is in the Phædo, that admirable and touching narrative of the death of Socrates, who, in a last striking conversation immediately before his death, thus comforts his sorrowing friend.

"Simmias, with difficulty indeed could I persuade other men that I do not consider my present condition a calamity, since I am not able to persuade even you; but you are afraid lest I should be more morose now than during the former part of my life. As it seems I appear to you to be inferior to swans with respect to divination, who when they perceive that they must needs die, though they have been used to sing before, sing then more than ever, rejoicing that they are about to depart to that deity whose servants they are. But men, through their own fear of death, belie the swans too, and say that they, lamenting their death, sing their last song through grief, and they do not consider that no bird sings when it is hungry or cold, or is afflicted with any other pain, not even the nightingale or swallows or hoopoes, which, they say, sing, lamenting through grief. But neither do these birds appear to me to sing through sorrow, nor yet do swans; but in my opinion, belonging to Apollo, they are prophetic, and foreseeing the blessings of Hades, they sing and rejoice on that day more excellently than at any preceding time!"

There is equal truth and elegance in these remarks, for though the song of the swan is imaginary, yet the above reasoning is perfectly just. The song of birds is melody poured forth in love, in triumph, but never in sorrow. The cuckoo and the nightingale, the blackbird and lark, bid welcome to the spring with their pleasant roundelays; and we see

"The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen."

THE LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

MY "APPRENTICEHOOD," ETC.—A MINGLED YARN.

> He speaks like master *Prentice;* one that is
> The child of a profession he is vow'd to,
> And servant to the study he hath taken.
>
> BEN JONSON.

THE architect to whom I was "articled" deserved a far higher repute than circumstances enabled him to achieve, for he was naturally gifted with pure artistic feeling, had cultivated the practical not less than the more imaginative properties of his profession to an accomplished issue, but met with few opportunities at all worthy of his ability. His office was in London, but his practice lay chiefly far away in the country, and I saw little of building operations beyond those which related to the copying of "working drawings" and specifications, or the arithmetical computations of estimates. Presuming that I possessed the same opportunities which had formerly advantaged himself, I was content to regard the knowledge of architectural detail and the principles of design as matters chiefly dependent on my own unaided industry, though I was a little disappointed at finding that my chance of becoming a "Sir Christopher" was limited to the occasional intervals of *leisure,* which might occur in the office and to the application of my evenings after I had fulfilled my daily official duties. No instructions, not even as to the course of my *artist*-study, were ever given; while the miscellaneous and unsystematized character of the mere office-business left me uninformed as to the introductory knowledge necessary to its full apprehension. I expected to find a tutor: I found only an employer. I thought I had to learn *great* things: I found I had to act small ones. I had dreamed of columnar splendours, arcaded magnificence, of firmamental domes, of "heaven-directed spires:" I found economic contrivance and a parsimonious minimum of decoration; for cupolas, plain flat ceilings; for steeples nothing more elevated than chimney-tops. My imaginative aspirations were at once crushed into a humiliated obedience to low, but imperative, necessities. My Martin-like visions of "gorgeous temples," mediating between the yearning rocks of earth and the sympathizing clouds of heaven, were "melted down" into exceedingly minute facts, illustrated by a serviceable dining-room, 24 by 16, and a conveniently attached butler's pantry, 12 by 10. I found that the business of an architect was to get a living,—not to make a name; and that, instead of being systematically instructed how to do the former, I was to find it out myself, as others had done before me. I found, in short, that I had paid my premium for the *opportunity* of self-instruction,—for the advantage of the "run of the office,"—for the privilege of serving my master and picking up such information as might lie in my way. It was for me to conclude that my master was himself an example in point, proving the all-sufficiency of the system; and, with this impression, established in my mind as an unassailable truth, I went to work accordingly. I became a "child to the profession I was vowed to," and a "servant," not only to my master, but "to the study I had taken."

The study of architectural details and the trial-flights of my fancy in design, were therefore the positive recreations of my office hours and the employment of my evenings, when, by the light of a late burning lamp (furnished with oil from a shop in those dense purlieus which have since given place to Regent's-street) I covered quires of drawing cartridge paper with designs, the execution of which is likely to be postponed until Time has gone his round, and brought back the republican graces of Athens and the imperial splendours of Rome. Sheet after sheet was glued together to give length to my elevations, till I won, from my indulgent and encouraging master, the acknowledgment that I was "building palaces by the yard." My dramatic tendencies led me to a succession of ever improving designs for theatres, which should at once emulate the internal splendours of that of Drury Lane, and the external grandeur of Vespasian's Colosseum. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was then the grand modern church model, and I took it as my starting point on which to improve with transeptal porticoes, a rich columniated apse, and a steeple which even presumed to rival that of Sir Christopher's Bow Church, Cheapside. As Regent-street, like an *Alexandrine* or "wounded snake" "dragged its slow length along," I continued to show what, in my own modest opinion, Mr. Nash ought to have done; and it is, of course, only in pity to the fame of that renowned Georgian architect, that I subsequently consigned my laboured designs to the flames. The fanciful performances of the eccentric Soane, and the classic severities of Smirke started me on the tacks of a graver originality and a more free adaptation of Greek example than was exhibited by these masters. The river front of Somerset House was the most suggestive of a gorgeous river palace, and indeed I held, and have still continued to hold, in most respectful regard, the works (both literary and practical) of Sir William Chambers, as the best "first studies" for the young architect.

Gothic architecture was then as entombed a thing as Egyptian or Hindu; indeed more so than the former; for if the ghost of Cleopatra had arisen in Piccadilly, it would have found a most unexpected welcome in the façade of Bullock's museum. A be-Grecianed Italian was at that time the order of the day, under the conflicting opposition between Smirke's heavy Doric and Nash's slender Palladian. The doubtful results of this contest, as shown in the buildings of the day, left me to fall back on a vague conception of that rich and pictorial Venetia-Roman which, more especially under the genius of Barry, has since so nobly developed itself. The bold block-cornice and spacious sculptured frieze were indicated in more than one of the boyish attempts which subsequently turned up among my store of waste paper; and other faint ideas of a mind more prone to conceive than capable to execute, have found the confirmation of their not being utterly worthless, in subsequent performances by men of more vigorous thought and practical power.

Such, then, were my professional pastimes; while working drawings of joinery, and interminable practice in cross-multiplication, made up the main occupation of my office duties. My ideas, however, became gradually more and more subdued to the material in which they worked, and which they might thereafter have to work in; and as I had unalterably wedded myself to the profession "for better or worse," I strove to make the best of the "worser half." I learned to depress my eyes from the gorgeous ceiling, where plaster Cupids stuck like butterflies amid festoons of fruit and flowers, to examine whether the floor was laid "straight-joint" or "folding," "face-nailed" or "dowelled." I glanced from the rich architrave and pedimented entablature, to see whether the door was hung on "four-inch iron butt hinges" or on "brass patent risers." The visible and expressive grace no longer monopolized my whole attention: I sought the concealed and constructive means; and prided myself on seeing the fact of common "two-and-a-half" deal through the deception of the painter's "wainscot-graining." The unqualified charms with which, as a wooer, I had invested architectural study, were deteriorated by the discovery of a thousand common-place essentials necessary to architectural practice. Even so had the angelicisms of Miss Emma faded under the subsequent apprehension of those most unromantic means which were indispensable to the possession of her "hand,"—a very proper expression by the way, as applied to many a young lady, who parts, "for a consideration," with that portion of her personal property, while she still keeps her heart, such as it is, to herself. Sir Christopher and St. Paul's became "all very fine talking" for an occasional half hour,—a luxury for thought, when there was nothing else to do; but practical business purposed more than this, and Nicholson's "Perpetual Price Book" and "Builder's Guide" were much more to the purpose. My singular love for the pencil and the unusual aptitude for drawing, which had been supposed to constitute my especial qualifications for the profession, seemed, for the time at least, to be rather impediments to my practical success; and I sometimes sighed to think that I had not adopted the more unequivocally *fine* art of painting or sculpture. At least I might have followed in the wake of Canaletto, and gratified my love for Sir Christopher by the scenic exhibition of his august masterpiece, eloquent with light and shadow, and finding an echo-like repetition in the mirror of the Thames. Could I, indeed, have seen London under the influence of a Venetian sky and climate, clear in the native colour of its stone and brick, and dashed with the broad effects of an Italian sun, 'tis more than probable the canvas and easel would have occupied the place which has been held by the cartridge-sheet and drawing-board; but coal fires and a murky atmosphere have so besooted and obscured the pictorial of our matchless metropolis, that a truthful representation of appearances would positively belie the substantial facts. It is true, Canaletto came to England; and I learn that he here painted "some very fine pictures." Another writer says he came to London "to invest part of his wealth in our funds." A timely knowledge of the latter circumstance would, at all events, have been encouraging to me as an aspiring architectural painter; but I doubt if he had been born a Londoner instead of a Venetian, whether Canaletto would have sought riches in the line he adopted.

I have little more to say in respect to the progress of my professional studies during my five years' apprenticeship. My master was uniformly kind to me; and in very truth I can conscientiously say he had never any reason to be much otherwise. My occasional holiday recreations were willingly ceded, as not undeserved. In performing my office duties I learned to write and to cypher, and to make such working drawings as were necessary for buildings of small pretension; but if I had not, by my own concurrent and unaided study, acquainted myself with the art of design and the science of construction, I might now have been left to record the monotonous progress of a drudge in an architect's office, instead of to presume on the impertinence of writing the "Life of an Architect." There were then but few noted men in the profession, and the public was carelessly trustful in its confidence. There were no London Architectural Institutes nor provincial Societies; nothing, in short, adequate to maintain the academic importance of the profession, excepting the lectureship in Somerset House, and provision for the travelling expenses of an occasional student-medalist. Soane was the lecturer; but his executed works were no exemplifications of great principles. Smirke and Nash were his fellow-labourers in the board of works, and the present accomplished professor Cockerell, with perhaps some half dozen others, were silently advancing themselves to that repute which they now, with many more, so richly enjoy. Engaged as they were in buildings of importance, their pupils must needs have been in the way of great advantages; but still, I apprehend, the general intimation afforded to the young student amounted simply to this,—"I will give you the opportunity of learning; but you must teach yourself." What my own system as a professional master has since been, will appear in due time; but I may anticipate my history so far as to say that it has been very different from that to which I was myself subject.

Soon after my articles were signed I left the parental roof, and became the sole tenant of a small "two pair floor," in the neighbourhood of the office. This first lift into the position of self-managing manhood was attended with emotions of a pleasurable nervousness. It was something to find myself thus suddenly the sole lord, for the time being, of all I saw around me. The furniture, though scanty, was yet so cleverly scattered as "to make up a show," and I contemplated with modest pride my cloth-covered mahogany table, four deal painted cane-bottomed chairs, a carpet very neatly darned, a hearth-rug of comparative splendour, a very green fender with a dazzling brass rim, and some printed window-curtains, rather faded, but cheerfully heightened in effect by a smart pink edging. The coal-scuttle and hearth-brush were positively ornamental. A couple of book-shelves hung on one side the chimney-breast, and in a lock-up closet on the other side, were shelves for my store of house-keeping, including a tin tea-caddy "full daintilye bedight" with yellow birds choking themselves with large scarlet berries. My bed-room was two-thirds occupied by a very roomy bed; and the remaining space, not taken up by the chest of drawers, wash-hand-stand, and chair, prevented any chance of a slovenly disregard for economic stowage. Observers, of large imagining, deemed my *suite* of the smallest; but I had already something studied "The Wheel of Fortune," and could say, with Penruddock, "'Tis large enough for *my* ambition." At all events it was large enough for twelve shillings a week, and twelve shillings a week was money enough for a young gentleman who had to find everything but his clothing for sixty pounds a year.

I say I contemplated all this with "*modest* pride," for there still appeared a sort of presumption, in my being the sole occupant of anything, after having been for more than fifteen years the mere participator in the conveniences of others. In fact, I scarcely at first felt myself so great a man as when I was one of many at my former home, where I not only shared the family benefits, but also took into my distinct individuality a sense of the general family importance. I had there no hesitation in ordering Jane or Hannah to bring up my boots, or to take down my coat and brush it; but I was not now by any means so established in my ideas of right and power as to order about the poor maid-of-all-work; and, if I rang my bell to indicate a want, I ran half down the stairs to call out to her what it was. My requests were gently made, my thanks were fervently uttered. If poor Charlotte was not strictly pretty, she had an expression that was beauty's equivalent; and when her look and manner evinced surprise at my considerateness, as a thing to which she had evidently not been accustomed, I saw the first symptoms of the selfish indifference which I might myself expect to meet with in my future dealings with the world.

I shall never forget my beginning as a lodger. At five in the afternoon, I went to my new home for the evening. My two chops and half pint of porter were placed upon the table, and I was left—to dine—for the first time, alone! I felt, that the impudent independence, with which I had quitted my old home in the morning, was a mistake. The transition was too sudden. The social cheerfulness of the family party arose in my imagination to reprove my confidence in heroic isolation. I found then, what has been since proved to me over and over again, that I was not born to be a hero. There was no sound, save the crackling of the fire-wood in the grate. Stick after stick burned out, till the last fell, with a few dying sparks, into the fender, and the unignited coals looked with sulky malice upon me, as who should say, "Where are you *now*?" Truly I was all aloft in my glory, like a banished glow-worm in the unillumined lantern of a deserted light-house! Never was a half-pint of porter more essential to a melancholy young gentleman; nor was ever good company more welcome to me than the necessarily prolonged presence of little Charlotte, as she re-lighted a most obstinate shovel-full of coals, and left me (pardon a sad youth's joke) *grate-full* and comforted by her kindness. Then came the relieving employment of unpacking my luggage, stowing away my clothes, shelving my books and arranging my household stores. My fire now beamed with exhilarating cheerfulness; and in due time up came dear little Charlotte again, with the candle and tea-things, and looking so charming in her evening-dress, that a tremulous idea of gallantry crossed my mind, and prompted my tongue to attempt more than was very successfully accomplished. And now, the curtains were drawn, and the kettle sang, as plain as steam could sing, "away with melancholy;" and next, the tea was made, Charlotte making it for me; and then, while I was contemplating some further excuse for detaining her, she made her exit, leaving me to contemplate my bachelor condition, to cut my own bread-and-butter, and, wondrous privilege, to poke my own fire. Then I read a little bit of every book in my library, till the hoarse drone of the old watchman told it was "past eleven o'clock, and a moonlight night." Of course the little maiden had to come again for the tea-things, and again for the kettle; and she appeared once more, to know if I wanted supper; and once again, on her way to bed, to ask if I wanted anything more: so that, although her "visits" were really "like those of angels," they were neither "few nor far between;" and I went to bed, not quite so fully occupied with thoughts of Miss E. S. as I had hitherto been. Still, I dreamt of her; but I thought she was a maid-of-all-work. I could not bear to see her engaged in such employment, and, taking the tea-tray from her, made her an offer on the spot. To my delight and astonishment, she put her arm round my waist! The emotion occasioned was too intense for sleep. I awoke. *There was an arm underneath me!* Dreaming joy was changed to waking horror! I distinctly felt the palpable assurance that, with my left hand, I clasped another which was clammy-cold as death! I remembered how dreams are realities while they last. Surely, I was but dreaming that I was awake? But, no; I saw the moonlight on the wall, and the shadow of the water-jug: I marked the ticking of a clock on the staircase; I heard it strike one! and, a moment after, "the fearful hollow of mine ear" received from the watchman the gratuitous but confirmatory information that it was past that hour, "and a moonshiny morning." It was *no* dream! The arm was still under my trembling body; the cold, clammy hand still answered, though without returning it, the pressure of mine. I could not speak; I could not move; I turned my eyes to the right in search of the appertaining body. I could not see it; for, of course, it was lying dead by the bed-side. Far-fetched, and absurdly extravagant as the idea was, I thought that poor Charlotte, suddenly seized by the grasp of death, had descended from her garret to embrace me and die! A moment more, and I should have died myself; but, with a convulsive struggle, my body moved upwards; and I drew from under it, my right arm, wholly benumbed by the pressure which had arrested the circulation of its blood. No further explanation is necessary. I took some time to recover; for the watchman had long proclaimed it "past two" before I fell into the sleep which lasted till the fully risen day.

And, in these, my first lodgings, did I pass the five years of my apprenticeship, as happily as was suitable for one who had more struggles and trials before him than he fully reckoned on. Never was youth more fortunate in his earliest friends, saving perhaps in the too kindly partiality that made me too readily encourage various ideas which the truer judgment of after-comers had to correct. R. W. is gone to his grave; but among the others, J. R. and D. B. and R. M. are still his affectionate correspondents, coming back with the reviving nearness of the ends of a segment which will soon form the circle complete. Was it, that I simply, by happy accident, met with it not? or was there, among young men, less than there now is of filial rebellion, unsympathising selfishness, unmanageable conceit, lounging indolence, practical slang, and of that devil-may-care independence, which receives a superior's anxious interest and substantial benefits as mere dues, looks upon respectful attachment as a weakness, and upon gratitude as an extravagance? It is true, I was the only "articled clerk" in my master's office. The others were "sage, grave men," conscious of the duties owing for their pay, and therefore, perhaps, better companions for me than I might have found in larger offices, where there might have been other "young gentlemen" more sensible of their rank than of their duties to—themselves.

If I had passed a light and pleasant day at the office, I gave my evening at home to architectural study. If the day had been heavy and my head felt bewildered with cross-multiplication, I indulged in the "love and song" of Moore and Byron; or I went to the play with Jack R., who was a Macready-ite, or with Dick W. who was a Kean-ite; but this latter enjoyment was only a monthly indulgence, seeing that the required *3s.6d.*, was only obtainable by a very ingenious system of provident economy. On stated days the small "troop of friends" met, as a Shakspeare club, at my lodgings, where we read a play, having previously apportioned out the characters, that they might be duly conned by the respective readers. On one occasion I went through the entire part of Shakspeare's (not Cibber's) *Richard the Third,* on my legs and without book. On nothing do any of us look back with more satisfaction than on these Shakspearian studies,—for *studies* they were,—not superficial observings. But for the *staminal* essence of the great corrector of all morbid tendencies, Moore might only have refined our sensualism, while Byron might have turned us forth, with turned-down collars, simply as *Manfreds* and *Laras*,—"things of dark imaginings!" By the way, how Shakspeare has anticipated Byron's own character, in that of "the melancholy Jaques," who cherishes more than anything his own especial moodiness; whose delight is to "rail against his mistress, the world, and all his misery;" who "loves melancholy better than laughing;" whose "experience" instead of making him charitable, has only made him sulky; whose invitation to join with him in abuse, *Orlando* thus answers,—"I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults;" and to whom the darling *Rosalind* applies these words, so remarkable for their suitability to the author of "Childe Harold,"—

"Farewell, Monsieur traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."

It is not, after all, the *genius* of Shakspeare, so much as its perfect *healthiness*, which makes his book the very next to the Book of all books for our English youth. If it be true, as Pope says, that "the proper study of mankind is man," then is it certain that the plays of Shakspeare, in their place and due proportion, are among mankind's properest studies; and, if the timid moralist fears the occasional impurities which (owing to the character of his time, or the mischief of interpolation) deface his pages, let him buy a "Bowdler" and hold his peace. Let his children alternate the reading of Shakspeare's plays and Bacon's essays, and observe how well they harmonise. There is no more connexion between the former and any other plays in our literature, than between Cuvier's "Animal Kingdom" and the history of dancing dogs; and therefore I will not justify my Shakspearian tendencies, by reference to the somewhat curious fact, that architects have been peculiarly given to the drama, for I am not aware of any such exclusive attachment as my own, for the one great dramatist. I cannot, however, help alluding to the professional authority for theatrical partiality afforded by Sir Christopher Wren, who performed the part of Neanias in Randolph's "Hey for Honesty,—down with Knavery," translated out of Aristophanes' Plutus; by Inigo Jones, who co-operated with Ben Jonson in his court masques; by Sir John Vanbrugh, who was not more successful as an architect than as a play-wright; to the late S. Beazley who, having been the architect of the English Opera House, furnished its manager with many dramatic pieces of considerable merit. Occasionally, as in the case of Jones and C. Mathews, Jun., architects have turned actors; and in the course of these memoirs, should my modesty allow it, some reference as to my own vain aspirations as an actor and author may possibly be made,—in the spirit, at least, of honest confession.

But I must not omit the concurrent course of my family history during the period of my apprenticeship, including a little of the time before and after it. It will be remembered, that on arriving in London with my new father, I found a ready-made brother and sister. The latter thrived bloomingly in the development of a plump little form, a complexion of nature's choicest red and white, a head of wondrously beautiful hair, a constitution apparently defying ailment, and with spirits to match. She had feelings as readily productive of tears as smiles, a sturdiness of frame not incompatible with grace, and a pair of legs which prompted old Captain R. to remark, as he saw her one day tripping across a very muddy road with her drapery somewhat more than usually exalted,—"damme, that girl don't stand upon trifles." Her brother was of very different aspect, and his sickly appearance was too prophetic of the termination which constituted her first woe, for she lost her mother while she was an infant. I went one Sunday to the family home, and slept there. The poor invalid boy was too weak to walk up to his bed. As I had often done before, I carried him upstairs on my back, and slept in the same room with him. In the morning I had dressed; and slowly getting out of bed, he began to dress also. "Don't shut the door," said he, "I shall be down presently." My mother, a few minutes afterwards, went into his room on her way down stairs, and found him lying dead by the side of his bed! He was, at least, all the brother I had; and I felt his death keenly as his father and sister did. Beneath a stone in Kennington Churchyard lie the remains of as good a boy as was ever lent by Heaven for a short-lived example of,—

"a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

Before this, my mother had "presented," as the saying is, two daughters to her husband, and sisters to me; and in due time came two more, finally followed by a son, making the after-dinner well polished mahogany full of active reflections. Still, I continued to regard the "ready-made sister" as sister "number one," and boxed her ears occasionally, more in accordance with the habit of insulted brotherhood than of deferential gallantry. This period, however, passed as she proceeded in her teens, and a more respectful, but still brotherly, regard supervened. She was visited, during her holidays, by a school-fellow, some years older than herself, and who had just now left Miss B.'s "establishment" to begin the walk of incipient womanhood. The passion for my first love was utterly defunct, and an interval of philosophy (Shakspearian and Baconian) had, as I fancied, placed my heart and mind in a tolerably secure position. But the charms of the fair Helen stole imperceptibly upon me, like a bright yet mild spring morning on a sombre valley; and my breath soon began to flutter with emotions thick as the notes of birds awakening to their matin song. Leaping over the sweet but tedious degrees of progress, I come to the subsequent period when my heart's condition was confirmed, as again that of a lover. Sister "number one" was perhaps a little in the way; but without her, there might have been *no* way, and I was therefore too grateful for the aid she afforded. Ever supremely modest as a lover, I presumed not on the possibility of reciprocation; and when on one occasion my fair one even plucked a rose, and gave it me with the words, "take this nosegay, gentle youth," I regarded them as a mere quotation, rather intimating her knowledge of the popular lyrists of the day, than as having any reference to sympathetic response. The *honour* of the compliment was, if not enough for me, quite as much as I dared reckon on; and I will venture to say, that, when my friend W. S. H. rose under the sword with which Queen Victoria invested him with his knighthood, he felt not a symptom of the pride with which I accepted a moss rose from the hands of peerless

Helen, and cherished in my thoughts the echo of those words which gave me an everlasting title to "gentleness" as the "ribbon in my cap of youth." Shortly after this, my father-in-law took her with myself and sister to the play. She sat in the front seat; I, on the seat immediately behind her. My right arm rested along the division or elbow of the box. I leaned forward, as if the better to see. She leaned back as if to admit of my better seeing. I remained fixed as an easy chair to her. She was all but in my arms and on my bosom for three short (how short!) hours. As I had then no very distinct perception of the play, it is not likely I can now recollect what it was. Perhaps even Macready was before me; perhaps not. It is only certain that I had not felt love's intensity till now. On our way home, my words to her were as a solution of tones in warm sighs. She did not actually sigh herself, but there was a gentle breathing very like what I desired to hear. I resolved that I would meditate during the night, on what was to be done on the morrow.

I went to bed; determined; and "addressed me" to sleep: but

> "My slumbers—if I slumber'd—were not sleep,
> But a continuance of enduring thought."

The next day I returned to my *professional studies*, and practised my pencil by tracing her profile and figure, in all sorts of positions, making it appear, that I was designing a bas-relief for a temple frieze. My evening in my lodging was devoted to a letter to her guardian-brother, (for she was an orphan) asking his permission to be her suitor! If the proceeding was pre-eminently foolish, it was surely honourable, and might have been courteously regarded; but I soon received a very unmistakable letter, saying, that the writer had "a most decided objection to any such connexion!" I resolved on seeing her no more, and struggled manfully with love for a twelvemonth or more, till I learned that she had been sent, or was about to be sent, from London to some relatives in Shropshire. I had subdued myself to reason, when, one day, walking along Bond-street, I passed her in company with an old maiden cousin. Our eyes met for an instant. The expression of hers was *not* that of compliance with her brother's decree; but still it was too brief to allow of my translating it into any mark of encouragement. She was, a moment after, lost in the crowd, and I, in my own bewilderment. I never saw her more.

About the time of my apprenticeship's termination, I met two men—both now of distinguished name and repute in the world of literature; one a poet, the other, son of a poet. Both had been rivals in admiration of her; and in the published works of the poet is now to be seen a page of verses "To Helen." From these gentlemen I gathered that she was "to be pitied,"—no matter why. Years after, I learned that she was married, to one of that extensive class which comes under the description of the "Heaven-knows-whom." Then I heard that she had borne children, and was dead. Subsequently, my mother met the wife of her guardian-brother. The latter (the wife) knew nothing of me, and nothing, of course, was suggested by my mother's name, which was then not mine. "Pray," said my mother, "what became of your husband's sister Helen?" "Oh," said the other, with an expression of indignant reproof, "they sacrificed that poor girl to the over-care of their pride; they should have given her to ———."

To *me*, as I live!

And *is* there to be a recognised meeting in heaven of all who have loved on earth?—of spirits free to restored alliance, and yet exempt from the jealousies of mortality?—an exquisite communion more near than brotherhood, and yet pure as the embracings of twin-infancy?—an apprehension of joy which combines individual intensity with love "broad and general as the casing air?"—a state of existant and eternal being, whose self is the love of everything but self?—which loves the more what was loved in life, and loves every other soul in heaven for loving it? That this is to be, the soul of man vaguely perceives, the eloquence of nature illustrates, and the word of revelation declares. Then, Helen, we shall meet again!

It will be observed that the quotation at the head of this chapter has but a very limited application to its varied contents, unless a portion of the title, "A Mingled Yarn," be admitted as adequately prophetic of it. Various matters, which took their origin during my "apprenticehood," may have, hereafter, to be separately dealt with. When my indentures were delivered up to me, I was pretty generally informed in the leading details of Greek and Roman architecture, and in the forms of practical business; but I had yet to learn, how far more extended than I imagined, was the architectural world. I had yet to inform myself on the æsthetics of architecture as a fine art; on the principles of design as an expressive means; and on the mode of emulating the spirit of the "antique," instead of servilely imitating its forms. I had still to be awakened to an apprehension of architecture as the many-languaged history of the great religions or superstitions of the civilised quarters of the earth; to say nothing of the amount of my ignorance in respect to a thousand practical acquirements, which, in the absence of systematised education, cannot be achieved; which perhaps cannot be systematically taught; and which never are thoroughly considered by young men, until that period of compulsory attention, when opportunity for remunerative application may arrive. That more may be done, than came within my then knowledge of official apprenticeship, I am now convinced; but, at the same time, the parent who expects his son to be turned out an architect immediately at the end of his five years' service, must have reason to congratulate himself on a singular amount of cooperation between the personal direction of the tutor, great practical opportunities, and the pupil's unwearying industry. Even then, the peculiar mannerisms of his master may remain hostile to the play of his own genius. He may have learned, at best, to be an inferior repetition of his instructor, and has yet to learn to be *himself*. For my own part, at least, I was but an abstract duodecimo of my master. I designed after his fashion, wrought after his practice, and wrote so like him that I might have risked hanging, by a forgery that must have been successful. The various buildings of the metropolis kept me something awake to variety of style and character; and a trip through the Netherlands, in company with my kind father-in-law, during my apprenticeship, did much to arouse my enthusiasm and stimulate my fancy. The Gothic cathedrals and quaint municipal or domestic architecture of Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels, spoke to me with persuasive eloquence; and I filled my portfolio with interesting and instructive memoranda of things, which I should now be looking upon with pleasure, if the abominable Custom-house officers at Dover had not so perplexed me, by their mode of doing their "duties" and enforcing the payment of mine, that, when I opened my carpet bag to reveal the treasures of my industry, I found the portfolio in which my sketches were *not!* They were irrecoverably lost.

Of course, from Brussels we went to Waterloo; a spot so interestingly associated with my courier-gallop on a pony, shortly after the 18th of June, 1815, as detailed in the opening chapter of these memoirs. Architecturally speaking, the ruined chateau of Hougomont suggested to my mind, that fire and cannon-balls are not so successful in producing a picturesque result as time and weather. Morally speaking, the field of Waterloo is not so productive of satisfaction as might be, since I never met with a Frenchman who did not claim the victory, virtually, at least. In vain did my father-in-law argue with one, on the strength of the facts, that "Wellington got to Paris, and Napoleon did *not* get to Brussels." It is only to be lamented that the victors, whoever they may be, do not manifest a more practical belief in the often talked of interference of Heaven. We had for our guide the man whom Buonaparte (as we were informed) strapped to a horse and compelled to act as his local pilot, laughing at him for bobbing his head about as the bullets went through his whiskers, and reminding the terrified fellow that he was *destined*, in spite of his dodging, either to die before the battle was over, or to get drunk afterwards with the gold Napoleon presented to him.

On another occasion of holiday relaxation I visited Oxford, Blenheim, Stowe, and several of our great cathedrals. This was, in serious truth, an important architectural tour; and the result of much travel and experience since, is a confirmed opinion that, for collegiate, palatial, and ecclesiastical example, there is no country, the architecture of which, in respect to its strictly critical merits, is superior to what may be found in England.

After the close of my apprenticeship, I still remained for some time in London: for a time employed by my old master; occasionally making drawings for a well known architectural author; at times hopeful, at times desponding. Under the influence of my unfavouring stars I once thought of abandoning my loved profession for another; for my father-in-law's circumstances became depressed, while his family necessities increased, and I could ill endure the thought of being a burthen to him. To keep up my architectural inclinations, however, he generously advanced me the means of visiting Cambridge; and I came of age in a cheap inn in that city, on the 26th of August, 1823. Again I fell into hopelessness; shocked my poor mother by going into "cheap and dirty" lodgings; rejected my friends' assistance with all the pride of poverty; tried literature, but could obtain no pay beyond the honour of seeing myself in print in one or two of the magazines, and began to wish, with Hamlet, that "the Almighty had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter." At length I obtained, through the interest of my friend R. M., employment for my pen in writing for a Topographical Dictionary. This cheered me on for another twelvemonth. My father-in-law, with all his family, then retiring to live in an humble way in Devonshire, he kindly took me with him; and, about the same time, some favourable arrangement of my deceased father's affairs (which had been in chancery since his death) seemed likely to be effected. On the strength of this, the money necessary for a year's travel in Italy was proffered me, and I employed my remaining stay in Devonshire by application to the study of the French and

Italian languages. During this period I visited a relative in the north of the county; saw a charming Scotch girl; fell in love of course; of course, was rejected by her, and laughed at by my friends on my return; that is, by all, save *one*, and that was my No. 1 *sister*. She looked interestedly upon me, and I was grateful. She had, moreover, herself become interesting, and I observed it. The merry school-girl was disappearing in the growth of womanhood; and a lady-like quietness, in which the earlier spirits were becoming qualified by a nicely proportioned degree of sedate pride, upbraided me for those brotherly ungallantries which I had, ere then, exhibited towards her. I will say no more at present on this subject, save that when I came to take leave of the family party on my departure for Italy, I felt a regret at leaving her which I had not anticipated.

Hey, then, for Italy! Yet, what right had I to a privilege which Sir Christopher enjoyed not? *He* never visited Italy.

Precisely the right, that all inferior men have, to make the best of a poor job. Precisely the policy which results from a due consideration of the question,—

" How much a dunce, that has been sent to *Rome*,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home? "

My observation had already confirmed me in two impressions; first, in respect to the real value of travel; and, secondly, in regard to the value of mere travel's repute. That a youth of industry and genius must greatly benefit by a student-tour, was obvious to me from an especial example in point. That the affectation of such a tour might afford advantage, even to the most unimprovable dullard that ever had the sanction of the ignorant, was equally certain. Whatever real and substantial good may be gathered, by a student of ability, *during* a continental tour; there can be no doubt of the influence which the simple fact of *having made* such a tour, may have upon the fortunes of one, who might otherwise have been set apart among the incapables.

I had, therefore, every reason for desiring the advantage now put within my reach. Taking myself at the lowest, I had *some* encouragement and not venturing, at the time, to look higher, I have since accomplished an ascent up the ladder, which, though of very moderate elevation, is many steps above the level I dared look up to, when my master resigned to me the indentures of my passed apprenticeship.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE SALZKAMMERGUT, IN UPPER AUSTRIA.*

WITH VISITS TO SALZBURG AND THE BATHS OF BAD GASTEIN.

FROM VIENNA TO LINZ.

One morning in the beginning of June I left my comfortable quarters, the Stadt Frankfurt, in Vienna, early enough to reach Nussdorf (from whence the steamers take their departure), in good time to have my baggage weighed, my passage-money paid, and to get on board without the hurry and bustle attending a more tardy arrival. Fortunately my effects were within the prescribed weight; and, here let me say, the lightness of my travelling accompaniments saved me much trouble and expense throughout my excursion. Seeing many passengers already on board, and recollecting that we should have to pass the night on the river, I descended at once into the cabin with my carpet-bag, which I arranged so as to supply the place of a pillow, and my pea-jacket to keep me warm, and there took possession of a snug corner, placing my effects in due order, and two or three books on the table before me, so as to indicate ownership; and I took good care several times in the course of the day to resume my seat, for the sake of variety, reading, and quiet, and that the world on board might recognise my right to it.

The evening preceding, and during the night, there had been much rain, and the morning was dark, hazy, and unpromising. We feared that we should have to pass a wet and disagreeable day in a crowded cabin; but, towards eight, it began to clear up, and soon after the jolly old sun burst forth, dispersing all the mists, and dispelling all our misgivings.

The first cabin of the steamer Dorothea, in which I took my passage, was tolerably large and well-fitted up: that of the Sophie, I understand, is much more capacious and splendid. I found the service pretty good and reasonable enough when the requirements were confined to the items mentioned on the tariff, the prices of which are therein regulated. Excellent coffee, milk, bread, as at Vienna, and a good *table d'hôte*, at half-past one at a moderate price (I forget how much). Besides which, one could have at any hour beefsteak and potatoes, or an excellent German dish, *Snitzel mit kartoffeln* (veal cutlet with potatoes), likewise stewed beef, which resembled our *beef à la mode*, and portions of various made dishes, which smelt good, and which the natives on board appeared to eat with great relish. But let the passenger, if he be an economist, beware of calling for any article, especially of luxury, not on the list. A young Triestene friend, travelling with me, asked for a small glass of sherry or Madeira; he was charged 24 kreuzers for his glass of wine, and 12 kreuzers for two very small biscuits. I thought proper to indulge in a *petit verre*; they brought me rum not too old, and it cost me 12 kreuzers.

As to the scenery on both sides of the Danube, I will not pretend to describe it, nor to particularise the different objects which attract the observation of the passenger. Every tourist who wishes really to enjoy a voyage on such a magnificent river, should go to the expense of a panorama, which is to be bought very cheap at Vienna; for it is almost impossible to follow the description given in any book, of the various interesting objects which soon begin to present themselves rapidly to one's view at every turn on the river, both to the right and to the left. On the panorama there is not only the name of every remarkable edifice, whether palace, castle, church, or monastery, but also a small outline or sketch, so accurately delineated as to enable the beholder instantly to recognise and identify the place and name, without troubling with questions those around him.

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* A few copies of this Visit to the beautiful country of the Salzkammergut have been circulated.—Ed.

For my part I prefer the passage on the Danube to that on the Rhine. Although there may not be seen any of those strikingly romantic windings, nor any of those beautiful openings bursting on the view, which several well-known parts of the Rhine present, yet on the whole the eye is more gratified, and the interest kept more alive, during the day on the Danube. For some miles after leaving Nussdoff, the borders on both sides are flat but not unprofitable, judging from the cultivation; soon after the heights begin to appear, and accompany us the remainder of the day. The most remarkable charm in the Austrian scenery is the exquisitely beautiful verdure of field and of forest. From the verge of the banks on each side of the river, there intervenes a verdant valley, extending to the base of those magnificent hills, or mountains rather, and those, clothed to their summits with the everlasting pine, wearing the same charming livery of Nature. Instead of the castle in ruin, or the rugged inaccessible hold of some former brigand chief, which in times gone by excited our interest on the Rhine, we have here on every commanding elevation some fine church or stately monastery, or some castle which appears habitable and inhabited by some lordly possessor. Several of the religious edifices are quite princely, particular that on the left, called the Mölk, which brought to my recollection some engravings I had seen of the Escurial. I was informed by a gentleman on board that, vast as was the establishment, it was completely filled, and that its occupants, the brothers, devoted themselves to the instruction and the good of all around.

Every Englishman in passing will regard with particular interest the castle of Durrenstein on the right, in which our Lion Richard was some time a prisoner; his deliverance forms such a pretty and romantic incident in our history, that it seems scarcely worth while to throw doubts on the authenticity of the legend, as some historians have done; but, at all events, we may still believe it, if we like, in spite of the prosaic conclusions of matter-of-fact writers, for if it cannot be proved, it cannot be disproved at this distance of time.

The day passed rapidly and pleasantly; the weather was fine and the passengers sociable. I recollect being called on deck from below by my friend to view the most beautiful spectacle of a wide and perfect circle, tinged at the inner extremity by the prismatic colours surrounding at some distance the sun, then enthroned in his meridian glory. I recollect also a trifling circumstance of a perfectly mundane character, and scarcely worth mentioning, but to show that our enjoyment of the dilemmas of those around us, which they say we are all more or less prone to feel, may sometimes be testified *mal-à-propos*. An infirm old gentleman, whom I had observed in the morning an object of great care and attention to his family, had occasion to go into a certain cabinet on board, the door of which fastened itself in the interior, by a contrivance very clever and ingenious for the initiated, but very puzzling and difficult to re-open by those unskilled in the understanding of locks, as the poor bungling inmate proved to be; and the consequence was, that he was kept, or rather kept himself, prisoner for some time, nor could the bawling explanation of the steward and others on the outside, enable him to discover the secret-spring. This made some noise on board, and a young man sitting near me on deck inquiring the cause and being informed, rubbed his hands with gleeful satisfaction, laughing heartily, and exclaiming, "What a droll thing, how diverting!" A few moments after he was called by one of his family to come below, and to assist his father out of his durance vile. I shall not easily forget the sudden elongation of our young man's countenance. I conclude the poor captive was released after a time, for I saw the door wide open in the morning.

The night proved dark and foggy, and we were obliged to anchor some hours, it being dangerous to pass the rapids of Werbil and Strudel, near Grain, without good and sufficient light to steer the vessel through them. I understand, at this part of the river, the scenery is very interesting and romantic, and I regretted the obscurity which enveloped every object in one universal thick and misty mantle of night. Here let me make a digression to caution my reader from addressing or asking a question of the man at the wheel; for the smallest distraction on his part from his fixed attention to the course of the stream, might cause a deviation, and run the vessel on one of the many shoals which render the steerage on this river so difficult, and oblige the helmsman to vary his course every moment.

In the night, profiting by my foresight, I enjoyed some hours of sleep in my snug corner. We arrived about eight o'clock at Linz, and each, accompanied by a porter, directed his steps to the hotel which he had decided to patronise.

Instigated by the earnest persuasion of the steward, my friend and I went to the Rothen Krebs (Red Crab), on the banks of the river, which, although a second-rate hotel, we found comfortable enough, but somewhat dear. I rather think that the bottle of wine I saw the steward enjoying with a friend in the afternon, was a bonus for recommending two of his passengers to the hotel, and for which, we doubtless paid in some shape in our reckoning. I was told by a fellow traveller who had gone to the Erzherzog Carl (Archduke Charles), that the charges were very high, but the situation very agreeable, and the accommodation first rate. The Goldene Löwe (the Golden Lion) was most favourably spoken of by others as very comfortable, clean, and moderate. Should it be my good fortune to revisit Linz, I shall make a point of going there.

One day in my opinion is quite enough for Linz, its charming situation on the banks of the Danube being its chief attraction, although it is certainly a fine town and a lively one. There are some fortifications on a new principle, the invention of the Prince Maximilian d'Este, well worth visiting I was afterwards told. In the afternoon my friend and I made an excursion to a place called the Maddalena, on the other side of the river, to which we were conveyed by a carriage on the tramroad, and where we found an excellent cup of coffee, and a superb view of the Danube, winding a long way through the charming and extensive valley beneath. I advise the tourist to vary the day by a similar trip, and to go to bed early after paying his bill (which we did not), for the train starts at six in the morning for Gmunden, and he has need of repose after passing the last night on the river.

FROM LINZ TO GMUNDEN AND ISCHL.

CONTRARY to our strict injunctions to be called early, the porter knocked at each of our doors in the morning to tell us that we must be quick to save the first train. The consequence was, that we had but just time to pay our bills without examining them, much to the satisfaction of the head-waiter, and hurry off to the station, which was at some distance. The second bell had just been rung when we arrived, and weighing and paying being accomplished, we took our places in the carriage, already on the move. My seat was comfortable enough, and the motion on the rails that uniform shaky rumbling to which we are all now accustomed; but, instead of tearing on in the train of the hissing, spouting, infernal monster in front, we followed two jaded hacks in a slow jog trot through a long, straight, uninteresting avenue of firs. I amused myself by examining the bill I had just paid at the hotel, and it proved clearly enough, that the waiter had remembered to forget his promise to have us called early and in good time, for I perceived that I had been charged for what I had not had, and overcharged for what I had had; this manœuvre of obliging strangers to pay their bills in the hurry of departure, is often employed in many other places besides Linz by the cunning head-waiters, who put all the excess above the *bonâ fide* account into their own pockets.

Sometime before reaching Lambach, we came in view of the renowned Traunstein, the first mountain that salutes us on entering the Salzkammergut. The well known profile of Louis XVI. is at once to be recognised, the head as it were reclining on its rocky pillow, and looking up into the heavens. The features are perfectly delineated, and certainly bear a striking resemblance to the portraits preserved of that unfortunate monarch; although a good friend of mine from our North, who lives in the neighbourhood, and had passed that way frequently, told me that he had never been able to discover how or in what manner the likeness was to be traced.

My friend and I had taken our places only as far as Lambach, that we might pay our respects to the first Lion of the Salzkammergut, the celebrated Traunfalls. After fortifying ourselves with a good breakfast, of most excellent coffee and accompaniments, at that comfortable inn close to the station, we took the landlord's (disinterested of course) advice in the shape of one of his open vehicles, with two horses, and proceeded to the Falls. Should any reader follow our example, which, for reasons hereafter given, I advise him not to do, let him request the landlord not to give the sleepy or rather sleeping coachman; for the one who drove us swerved so continually, almost at right angles, over his horses, then to the right and then to the left, that we feared he would fall headlong from his seat; and, so strong was the propensity, like that of the fat boy's in the immortal Pickwick, to fall asleep, that not all my pokes (some of them pretty hard ones), with my stout walking-stick, could keep him upright on his box. The landlord, who seemed wide-awake to Jarvey's napping inclinations, assured us on our return, that he would never employ him again in the same capacity; but no doubt when next turn was called, he was in readiness, and is most likely at the reader's service at this moment. When at the Falls, we had the mortification of seeing the train pass within a very short distance; and, we afterwards learnt, that at Linz, one can make arrangements to be set down near the Falls, and be taken up by the next train, and taken on to Gmunden without any extra charge; so that, by making a few previous inquiries, we might have saved our three florins, and the risk of being spilt into some ditch by our drowsy driver. I confess I was much disappointed when I first saw those much-talked-of Falls. I had previously seen them represented in the engravings at Vienna and Linz, on such a foaming, roaring, grand scale, that the reality fell far short of my expectations. But although my anticipations may not have been realized, and perhaps after having seen such magnificent waterfalls in other parts of the country, I cannot do justice to the Traunfalls, yet I would gladly revisit them, and I advise all tourists to go and judge for themselves. I retain the recollection of a large volume of water rushing over what we call weirs in England, into the foaming vortex beneath, but the fall was not deep enough to excite those feelings of awe and admiration with which one regards a fine torrent precipitating itself into a profound far below. The water is of a beautiful colour, and the scenery around pretty and picturesque; near the Falls there is a small hotel, comfortable enough in appearance, and where one can while away an intervening half-hour with knife and fork, and no doubt upon some fine and very fresh trout. Some tourists reserve visiting the Falls for an excursion from Gmunden, but I heard several express their regret for having thus lost their time and their money.

The country round Lambach is very charming, and there must be some attraction in the environs to induce so many to make a halt there for a short time. It is at Lambach we have the first view of the Traun, that beautiful river we shall so often see in the course of our route, winding its graceful way through the deep verdant valley beneath, or rushing by us with noisy rapidity when tempted to stroll along its banks.

After leaving Lambach by the afternoon train it began to rain, and we were obliged to draw the curtains; I could, however, see from time to time that the scenery was very picturesque, and the view of the Traun often to be enjoyed. On arriving at Gmunden in the evening, I was convoyed in the rain, and through many a puddle, by a porter to the Goldenen Schiff (Golden Ship), at the head of the lake. The entrance to this hotel struck me as anything but prepossessing; however, every unfavourable impression was at once removed, when the view of that most beautiful lake, as seen from the window of the chamber into which I was shown, presented itself for the first time to my admiring gaze. I am not surprised that many strangers should be tempted to remain some days at Gmunden; the novelty of the scene, the lively quay, and above all that charming lake, are very attractive to a new comer; but, let me forewarn him that, on penetrating into the wonderful country before him, where there are so many interesting objects to be seen, and places to be visited, he will regret having lost his time at Gmunden. One day is quite enough, for should he stay a month, that beautiful Traunsee will still be as beautiful and attractive as ever. I advise him, to ascend the Calvarienberg, that high green eminence behind the town, with its pretty temple or church on the summit, and there feast his eye, as long as he pleases, on that fine expanse of water spread out so far below, surrounded by the gigantic mountains, and, turning round, dwell on that extensive range of hill and dale of such beautiful verdure and variety. Perhaps he will also see, as I did, a nymph dressed in white, with a large pastoral straw-hat and romantic ringlets, sitting on the green turf with two dogs sleeping at her feet, and intently reading some book. I had too much respect for the high place and her atoneliness (if I may so say) to intrude on her meditations, and when I returned from viewing the prospect on the other side of the church, she had altogether disappeared, and who or what she was remains still a mystery; she could not have been Diana, for her dogs were not of the chase, one being a fine Newfoundland, and the other, if I recollect rightly, was of the Pug family.

Certainly the environs of Gmunden are very charming, and no doubt afford many agreeable excursions to those who choose it as a temporary sojourn; but our object is to visit the Salzkammergut. There is nothing in our hotel which should, or can tempt one to remain. Its uncomfortable and intricate interior must have been planned by some crazy architect. There are a few rooms in the front commanding fine views of the lake, and in which one can take one's meals; the dining-room below is a dark, low, common-looking place, from which one is driven in the evening by the vulgar, noisy, smoking, spitting *habitués* who congregate there. Further on I can promise my reader large, light, and well-arranged salons; enlivened by the presence of gay, well-dressed, well-behaved visitors of both sexes, more to his taste I should suppose. However, in that same *salle*, one dines well, as far as regards the gastronomic requisites, for all the articles of food were good, and the *cuisine*, according to my taste, irreproachable. The fish called the Rhine Augen is, in my opinion, very delicious, and is, I believe, peculiar to the lake, and I recommend the white Vöslauer wine to the notice of the stranger. The smiling young landlady seems a very good-natured agreeable person, but that short, stout landlord, with his disagreeable, discontented voice, is a great republican, and with that sinister expression of countenance, one may be sure he has a dexterous hand in helping himself when occasions serve; at all events, he is a good hand at making out a bill, as I can testify. And this reminds me to advise any traveller, who cares about his florins, to pay his dinner-bill *instanter*, according to the prices marked on the carte, in spite of Rosa's objections, who will urge him to leave it for the final reckoning. As to that same Rosa (I mean the good-looking girl, with the white neck and white teeth), if she is still the waitress, don't imagine, that when she leans familiarly on your shoulder, and looks at you with a fixed tender regard, that she is smitten with your appearance; it is to tempt you to prolong your stay, or at all events to order another bottle. She is only labouring in her vocation as a good servant, who has the interest of her master at heart, and swelling their bills in view, when she flatters all new comers with seeming partiality. I met on my route two young Cantabs, one of whom, fascinated by her caressing attentions, appeared deeply smitten, and thought that he had made a conquest, and expressed his intention of returning home *via* Gmunden, purposely to see her again. I trust his companion succeeded in dissuading him from such an absurdity, and that he is now safe in England, dwelling on diviner subjects than on such a divinity as the waiting-girl at Gmunden. On calling for my bill, I was much surprised at the amount charged to me as *speisen* (eating), but it was vain to remonstrate, for it was as possible to separate the particles of food when eaten, as to particularise the different articles thus totalized in one general charge. But I learnt the lesson, always to pay my dinner-bill at the moment whilst the items were fresh in my memory, and thus affording no opportunity for the waiter to score me *ad libitum*.

The hour's sail across the lake, with such scenery on every side, is a great treat for the tourist. The cleanliness, comfort, and convenience of the pretty *Sophie*, will assure him that she is commanded by a countryman, and as soon as he sees the fine, jolly-looking captain, he will pronounce him to be what he is, one of the best and worthiest of good fellows.

The turn round the Traunkirchen is exquisite, and equals anything on the Rhine; and immediately one comes in view of Ebensee, with its fine extensive evaporating buildings, and those lofty mountains towering to the skies. Here one enters into the Salzkammergut. The good captain is amiable to the last moment. Instead of the bluff peremptory command, "stop her," which we are accustomed to hear in the ports of the Channel, two *sostenuto* descending tones, an octave apart, kindly intreats the man below to "stop her." An omnibus is in waiting to take us on to Ischl, and through a most beautiful valley by the side of the Traun, and a range of mountains clothed to their summit with verdure, we pass gently on in two hours to Ischl. When the view of that magnificent amphitheatre of mountains surrounding the valley, in which Ischl is placed, burst on my sight, I said to myself, "all right," and drove up with gleeful anticipation to the Poste hotel.

ST. WOLFGANG.

I SHALL say very little at present of my first impressions at Ischl, having remained there but an hour or two on this my first visit; but a very short interview with Nature, arrayed in such charms as appeared all around, sufficiently assured me of the many enjoyments she had in store for me when more intimately acquainted. I was anxious to proceed as soon as possible to St. Wolfgang, not merely impelled by the curiosity and impatience which most strangers feel on their first arrival to see the celebrated lake of that name, but to rejoin my friend, who had preceded me to visit a family then residing at their chateau, on the borders of the Wolfgang See. However, my impatience was not so great as to induce me to leave Ischl with an empty stomach. A dish of *forrellen* (trout) with salad, and an excellent cotelette with *erbsen* (green peas), washed down with a glass of capital beer, and a *halbe flasche wein*, soon filled up the void, and I mounted into my open carriage, which had been in the interim procured for me by Franz, the head-waiter, and rattled away right merrily to St. Wolfgang.

The first part of the road, after leaving the town on the left bank of the river Ischl, is very pretty and interesting; soon after, on turning over the bridge on the right, you lose sight of the river in a great measure, but still you have a fine verdant valley to pass through, and mountains, varying in form and dimension, on every side. If you wish to know the name of any particular mountain, ask *kutcher* (coachman), for he knows them all. If, by good chance, you have the youngest driver from the Anchor at Ischl, you will have a very intelligent and accommodating fellow. Of course you will have seen by the tariff, that one *spanning* (horse) is much cheaper than two, and is quite sufficient for one or two persons, unless you wish to act Milord, which is very troublesome as well as expensive in this country. On alighting at the White Horse hotel, at the bottom of the steep hill at St. Wolfgang, I found a chamber already prepared for me, and, on sending my card to the *schloss* (castle), my friend soon made his appearance, without his hat, thereby indicating that I must not keep him waiting, but proceed with him without parleying, to be presented to his friends, by whom I was most kindly received.

Every visitor to Ischl well knows the schloss at St. Wolfgang, inhabited during the summer months by its proprietor, Mr. Grohman, the banker at Vienna, and likewise the very beautiful garden, which, from its elevated and commanding situation, was formerly a calvary, and now, by a natural transition, become a paradise, into which all comers are free and welcome to enter; and such is the curiosity and admiration these gardens excite, that I have seen seven or eight carriages (some of them royal) in waiting for the parties they had brought to visit them. Indeed, the hand of Nature and the fine taste of man, have combined to render this spot another Eden. That table-like eminence seems to have been raised up by the one, as a platform from whence to survey her lovely creation around; and that verdant space so tastefully laid out with its diversified walks, shrubberies, &c., all kept in the most perfect order, evidence the horticultural genius of the worthy proprietor. To enjoy fully the enchanting scenery around, there are many rustic seats and chairs placed in bower, grotto, arbour or temple, which seem to rival each other in their attractive invitations to enter, and from each there is a very fine view of the lake, spread out longitudinally as far as the eye can reach. The distant opposite borders, so verdant and picturesque, add much to the beauty of the prospect, and the lofty range of mountains beyond, render the *coup d'œil* perfect. From this garden the famous old Schafberg is seen in all its grandeur, the line of whose summit forms a most interesting feature in the landscape, and on which the eye rests with a longing regard, as the summit of one's ambition to reach. Every visitor to this favoured spot must be struck with the brilliant hues of those beautiful choice flowers, which spread themselves out so luxuriantly throughout the garden, and which owe no doubt their peculiar bloom and fragrance to the tending care of the amiable mistress of the place. There is a particularly fine group of old trees on the verge of that beautiful terrace, which really appear coeval with the soil, but still preserving a most luxuriant foliage, and under the shade of these trees there is a characteristic seat, on which I often rested until very late; one evening I distinctly heard a conversation between two fishermen in their boat far out upon the lake. I was afterwards told that this was not at all remarkable, owing to the purity of the air.

The fine schloss inhabited by the family, was formerly an abbey, belonging, I believe, to the Benedictine order, and was for some days the refuge of the Emperor Leopold, in 1683, when Vienna was besieged by the Turks. In going to the garden you pass through a fine cloister, and the doors you see to the left open to chambers most comfortably, and some of them beautifully fitted up, with fine panneled oak ceilings and wainscoting, and corresponding furniture, the carving on which displays the cunning workmanship of some clever artists of former days, and the taste and splendour of the ancient possessors. The family occupy the story above, consisting of a suite of fine lofty apartments, where I often partook of the hospitality of the estimable owner and his polished and most amiable lady, the happy circle sometimes increased by the presence of their son, a tall, manly-looking-fellow, with his very beautiful wife, a countrywoman of ours, I am proud to say, and who live at a pretty place about a mile from St. Wolfgang.

The little town of St. Wolfgang is a straggling sort of place, and not in character with its environs. The hotel is in a dull, low situation, and not at all alluring in its outward appearance, yet I passed upwards of a week there most comfortably and agreeably. Mine host and his wife were so attentive and obliging, my nice breakfast of such excellent coffee and good etceteras, and for my dinner, fish so fresh and well-dressed, a cotelette worthy of Ude, with capital beer and wine, my clean and comfortable chamber; all these *agrémens* combined, with my contiguity to the schloss, to render me indisposed to depart. Indeed, this said White Horse hotel may be well recommended for a temporary sojourn, and as a point of departure to many objects and places of attraction in the immediate neighbourhood. *Primo,* it is by far the nearest and most convenient spot to start from for the ascent of the Schafberg, which no traveller, possessing vigour or perseverance, will fail to make, if he has any regard for his reputation as an enterprising and courageous tourist, or any earnest desire of enjoying a most wonderful survey of the world he is in. To the infirm or indolent, and to the fair sex, there are facilities offered, which remove at once all difficulties and objections. For eight florins you are conveyed, in an easy chair, to the very summit, and down again to your easy chair in your room. For one person four porters are required, who take their turns two at a time; but, although the ascent in some places is so steep as to require great exertion of their strength, yet those fellows make nothing of it, and heavy as you may be, make light of you. Instead of taking their turns with reluctance, quite the contrary; they resume their places with alacrity, and with an apparent preference of the honour of carrying you to walking unemployed. Yet I should suppose they would rather have the pleasure of taking up that young lady with the slender form, than her husband or brother of sixteen stone. Before deciding upon the ascent some precautions are necessary, with respect to the weather and time of the year; nor should the stranger, however young, agile, and adventurous, attempt it without a guide, for sometimes the fogs arise suddenly, and there would be great danger in being alone, and unacquainted with the paths and turnings, especially in descending. Also in unfavourable weather, supposing the summit gained, there would be nothing else gained to repay one for so much fatigue and exertion, for the world below is enveloped in mist and obscurity, to say nothing of the difficult and slippery descent. In the next place the mind must be made up to remain all the night on the summit, if we would enjoy one of the principal anticipations which urge on those who climb the steep ascent, I mean the setting, and especially the rising of the sun. When all fatigues and difficulties are surmounted, and you have reached the top, it is extremely agreeable to find a resting-place, and especially a shelter for the night, however short the night and rude the shelter. For these comforts, the new arrivals have to thank the landlord of the

White Horse below, who has established himself landlord above, far out of reach of supervisors or licensing magistrates, I should suppose. The hotel he has here constructed is not on a grand scale, but in that substantial hut it is much better to sleep, than making your bed on the cold ground. There are beds for eight, and to ensure one, it is necessary to be provided with a ticket, which is given at the White Horse, and for which you pay 30 kreuzers. Although one always finds on the mountain, coffee, bread, saucisson, cheese, wine, &c., yet I would advise every one to order something substantial, according to his taste, to be carried up by the guide or one of the porters, for one arrives on the summit pretty hungry, and the air there is very keen and appetizing. Sometimes one meets pleasant parties on that high eminence, and of course there can be no other alternative but to become sociable. I met a young Englishman at Ischl, who, from some words which escaped him, had not long before made first acquaintance with his intended wife in that hut; but they say that marriages are made in the heavens. It is only during the three months of July, August, and September, that open house is kept on the mountain, then the landlord descends from his exalted position, and for the remainder of the year the eagles reign lords paramount. Before setting out, it is well to be provided with a stout walking-stick, or a staff well spiked, which they will give you at the hotel, and very useful in mountain excursions. Regard well, also, the solidity of your boots or shoes, and if you take up a good telescope, your enjoyment of the scene below will be much increased. Let your guide also carry an additional light coat, if you happen to have one, for the sharp air on the summit is apt to check the perspiration excited by the laborious ascent. For the young and active, about three hours and a half are sufficient for the ascent, but if not pressed for time, I advise every one to take it easy. It is better to leave St. Wolfgang about three in the afternoon, for then you reach the top in good time to enjoy the sunset. At all the picture shops they sell a small panorama for 10 kreuzers, which will be found very useful, and will enable the spectator to ascertain the name and position of each lake, and also the name of the most conspicuous mountains, among the infinite number which present themselves on all sides to your view. With a good glass, on a clear day, one can see the distant towers of Munich and Ratisbon; but it would be impossible to particularize the numberless attractions of the wonderful panorama around. But the visitor must not let the fatigue of the preceding day prevent him from rising before the dawn commences, for it is the first glimmering approach, and the gradual increase of light which ushers in Aurora, and the receding shades of darkness by degrees withdrawing the veil which covers the face of Nature, which form the wonderful beauty of that most glorious spectacle, and which must impress every rational mind with feelings of awe, and grateful adoration towards the Almighty Creator, who called such a beautiful world out of darkness, and gave it to us for our habitation.

The Church at St. Wolfgang is very interesting in itself, and as so connected with the life of the holy man, the canonized bishop of that name. He was bishop of Ratisbon in the tenth century, who, to escape from the almost idolatrous worship of the people, fled from his bishopric, and took refuge in the then wild country bordering the lake. He erected a chapel, and made himself a cell at Frankenstein, where he lived an anchorite five years. His piety soon attracted pilgrims, of whom there came annually twelve thousand to receive his benediction. Being recognised by a mountaineer, he was prevailed upon to return to Ratisbon, where he died. About a century after his death, they erected a church to his memory, which was destroyed by fire in 1420, and replaced by the present church, the interior of which is very fine, as well as interesting, particularly the altar, a beautiful piece of workmanship by a sculptor in wood, named Michael Packer, a Tyrolean artist, and a scholar of Albert Durer. Besides other altars they show you the missal, the cross and chalice of the saint, and his cell, enclosed with an iron grating. On the Sunday I heard some excellent music, but I could not help remarking the extraordinary plainness of the female peasant part of the congregation, and the premature shrivelled appearance of their tawny skin. Their shapes too were most frightfully disfigured by those hideous brown stuff spencers which they all wear, and which give them the appearance of being hump-backed, or at least of being very round-shouldered. I suppose some chilly fashionable of that class, having desired her milliner to well stuff her spencer to protect her from the cold, was followed by a host of imitators, each rivalling the other in the quantity of padding about the shoulders, and which, even in the summer heat, they do not abandon. However, I must say, that the coquetries of their toilette did not distract their attention from their religious duties, for I never saw a more attentive congregation, and which indeed is the case throughout Austria, as far as I have seen. In the vicinity of St. Wolfgang, there are three other lakes well worth visiting, should the tourist have time and inclination to see all. The Schwarzen See (Black Lake), so called from the dark appearance of its water, and very interesting on account of its solitary and elevated situation, but very fatiguing to ascend, and very disagreeable to descend, especially after wet weather. Next the Attersee, the largest of all the lakes, on the borders of which there is a very good hotel at Weissenbach, where one dines well and sleeps comfortably. Then the Mondsee, across which one sails to visit the town of that name, the church of which is the finest in this country, after the celebrated Dom at Salzburg. An agreeable excursion may be made to these two lakes by leaving St. Wolfgang early in the morning, with a boat and a couple of rowers. In about three quarters of an hour you arrive opposite the rock at Falkenstein, where there is an extraordinary echo, which repeats words and even phrases several times. If you are provided with a pistol, you will be much struck with the report it makes, or with a cornet-à-piston, producing the effect of a concert. Then a most charming sail to the farthest extremity of the lake takes you to Fierberg, where you land, and if hungry will find some excellent fish. A walk of about an hour will bring you to Schærfling, on the borders of the Mondsee, where you take boat to Au, from whence there is a path by the side of the canal to Unterrach, where you embark for the hotel at Weissenbach, before mentioned. If you wish to visit the town of Mondsee, or to loiter at any intervening spot, you can dismiss your boat when you reach Fierberg, and from Schæfling you have a picturesque way to St. Gilgen, and after exploring the beauties of that place, you can return to Ischl by the direct post road, or cross the lake again to St. Wolfgang. There is also a very interesting walk of about an hour and a half, through a silent shady forest, to the rock of Falkenstein, where one sees the hermitage, and the cavern which St. Wolfgang inhabited.

THE SCRAPES AND ESCAPES OF TOM BAGGS.

There is a class of men who seem to be the footballs of Fate, for she kicks them about, now up, now down, in a most unaccountable manner, and yet with no very great apparent detriment to themselves. They always "fall on their feet," like a cat thrown out of a second floor window, and though occasionally a little shaken by their tumble, they are never much hurt, and go on again shortly as fresh and as lively as before. One upset in the hunting field will break one man's neck—another has had fifty in his life, and never been the worse for them—all from a lucky way he has of coming down. So it is, morally, with the men we are writing of: they are ruined in fortune, hopes, reputation or something of the kind, a hundred times in the course of a lifetime, and yet you meet them a few months after each of such disasters looking as happy and flourishing as ever, while you have known many a man hang himself, or jump into a canal, or rush off to California, or do something equally demented, for a less cause than any *one* of the other's hundred mishaps. What is the cause of this difference? Is it temperament? To a great extent. Or education? Perhaps a little so. Or digestion? Immensely so. But yet it is none of these three individually, though they all operate considerably in producing the enviable result.

Probably almost every reader will call to mind one such individual among his acquaintance. The best specimen I ever knew myself, was my old schoolfellow, Tom Baggs.

At school, Tom was never out of a scrape. He had always some new plan for infallible "construing," or for unerring mathematical demonstrations; but somehow or other, when he put them in practice, he never knew his classical lesson at all, and his mathematical exercise invariably "demonstrated" the very reverse of the truth. He had wonderful schemes, too, for procuring unlimited supplies of apples and hard-bake, without the possibility of an inconvenient discovery on the part of our dominie, but the schemes were always fallacious, and ended in heaven knows how many hundred lines of task-work to every one engaged in them, with the addition of a sound birching of poor Tom, the concoctor. Still Tom was never out of spirits. "Here's a pretty go!" he'd say, on the first discovery of any of his nefarious plots; "I'm done for. Of course I shall be expelled. Well, it can't be helped, can it?" And with that comfortable reflection, he submitted patiently to the prescribed punishment, and then set his brain to work on new schemes.

When Tom left school he went to college, where he was rusticated more than once, and every one said, "What a lucky fellow to escape expulsion!" but he managed to pull through for his degree, and the very day after he got it, in a town and gown row, he "pitched in" to the first man he came near, who proved to be the principal of a neighbouring college. He was *recommended* to leave the university forthwith, and he did so; but it was of little consequence, as he had just saved his degree.

What was to be done with a fellow like Tom Baggs? You could n't make him a lawyer or a doctor, to say nothing of a parson. If you gave him a commission in the army, he was safe to be broken in a year for some absurd prank; and if he went into the navy (but he was too old for that) he would have been at the head of a mutiny or the bottom of the sea on his first voyage. After all, the army perhaps was best suited to him, and so Baggs senior, who, *entre nous*, was mortally afraid of his son, got him a commission in the 127th foot.

The first fortnight of Tom's noviciate had hardly passed away, before he was the most popular man in the regiment. He was extremely good-natured, always in high spirits, ever ready for a lark, and as daring a fellow as ever rode a steeple-chase or led a forlorn hope.

The 127th had a grievance. The officers were a set of jolly fellows, with one exception, and that was the lieut.-colonel. The latter was one of those anomalous beings, a straight-laced, psalm-singing soldier; a man who publicly reprimanded his men if they played at football on Sunday afternoon, and positively refused to let the band of the regiment play at any theatre, ball, or race-meeting. This was unendurable to the rest of the officers; they had a fine band, and each one, of course, contributed to its maintenance, and yet the colonel, as commander of the regiment, could forbid it playing at the very places where the officers most wanted it. As soon as Tom heard of this, he resolved to remedy the evil, or perish in the attempt.

Tom's regiment was quartered in one of the quietest old cathedral towns in the south of England; a place, in fact, abounding in clerical gentlemen and serious old ladies addicted to charitable societies for aiding everybody in the world—except their poor neighbours at their very doors. In this same town was also a goodly sprinkling of young damsels, whose natural tastes by no means coincided with those of their seniors, nor were they half so much pleased at the sight of a cassock and a shovel hat, as of a red jacket and a shako. A young curate had occasionally charms for some of them, but he stood no chance when even the newest ensign entered the lists against him. The elderly dames, on the contrary, looked on the military dress as Satan's uniform, and shunned the sight of young officers of every grade almost as religiously as the latter avoided *them*. One exception alone did the devout antiques make in their renunciation of red-coats, and that exception was in favour of the psalm-singing lieut.-colonel of the 127th.

He was considered eligible to figure among deans and canons and prebendaries, on the committees of church-building, colonial-bishop-making, Hindoo-converting, universal protestantizing, and every other sort of societies, to which they were devoting their time, energies, and spare half-crowns; while the rest of the regiment were looked upon as lost sheep.

"Ensign Baggs presents his compliments to Miss Penelope Prue, and humbly begs permission to wait on her, in order to unfold to her comprehensive intellect and all-sympathizing heart, the outlines of a society he wishes to see formed, having for its object the amelioration of the spiritual and moral condition of the benighted inhabitants of the island of Tamarayhoo.

"Ensign Baggs is aware of Miss Prue's reasonable prejudice against men of his profession, but he assures her that she will be doing him deep injustice if she judges him by the ordinary standard, as he trusts that in principles, sentiments, and conduct, he is more free from the vanities and follies of this sinful world than the generality of his age and order."

Such were the contents of a little note forwarded by Tom Baggs one fine morning to an old maiden lady who was the most rampant charity-monger in the town. Having despatched it, Tom lighted a cigar, put a tankard of pale ale and a pocket edition of "Don Juan" before him, and smoked, imbibed, and read, as he awaited the reply. In the course of half an hour, his messenger returned with a most gracious epistle from the lady, who would be delighted to see him, and who, be it whispered, was rather elated at the idea of having a young ensign (she hoped he was handsome) to show off in her train against the gouty lieut.-colonel who was devoted to the councils of her rival in charity-dom—Mrs. Twaddlem.

Tom now prepared to start; but first it was necessary to be most careful in his toilet, as a gay, gaudy attire was out of the question in visiting so saintly a dame. Truth compels me to say that Tom was apt to be rather "slang" in his attire, and, therefore, was rather puzzled to select a sufficiently sober suit from his wardrobe. It was clear that that very large plaid pair of trowsers would never do, nor those with the stripe three inches wide down the leg, nor those with the red cross-bars, nor those of the blue and white chess-board, or bed-tick, pattern. Plain grey for a wonder—never worn yet—they 'll do. Then for a waistcoat; not that with the broad white binding, nor that with the large flap pockets, nor that of sail-cloth, nor that with zig-zag stripes all over it like the conventional lightning of engravings, nor that with the agate buttons, or the cornelian, or the turquoise, or the gold ditto—but the solitary black one will do. A black coat and a plain blue neck-tie added, and Tom looked more like a gentleman and less like a jockey in *mufti* than usual, as he sauntered away to call on Miss Penelope Prue.

On reaching that lady's abode he knocked very mildly and was admitted by a staid servant, who informed him that Miss Prue was at home and expected him. He entered the drawing-room and saw the lady, who rose to receive him.

After a few preliminary remarks and mutual compliments, Miss Prue began the all-important topic.

"You cannot think, Mr. Baggs, how gratified I feel at your selecting me for your confidence in this great scheme of benevolence you are originating. And I am afraid you will almost despise me, when I tell you that I don't quite know the situation of Tamarayhoo."

"Oh, it 's in a dreadful condition I assure you," said Tom.

"Yes—but you don't understand me," responded the lady. "I mean, where is it on the map? in what part of the globe?"

This was a regular poser to poor Tom, who had invented his island but quite forgot where to put it. For the moment he was quite disconcerted; but recovering his self-possession, he replied—

"My dear madam, so far from despising you, I am not even surprised that you should be ignorant of the situation of Tamarayhoo. So utterly and miserably has this wretched island been neglected, that geographers are for the most part unacquainted with its very existence. But I have a friend who lately sailed in the Pacific in his own yacht, for the benefit of his health, and in the course of his cruise he fell in with this most interesting island. His journal, which I will show you, made it known to me; but he keeps the matter secret at present, because he is afraid that a quantity of greedy speculators would make their way there if he published any account of it, and thus the little island would be ruined in its native purity."

"And what sort of people are the inhabitants?

"Oh, the most interesting creatures! They consider parricide at a certain age a duty, and they invariably expose their first-born children to be devoured by alligators!"

"How very shocking!" cried the lady.

"Is n't it!" said Tom; "but fancy the glory of rescuing people from such barbarism! They have good natural propensities, and it is really a fact that they wear trow—— I beg pardon—excuse me—but I mean, they *do* wear the garment usually most neglected by savage nations. I consider that one of the strongest marks of a natural aptitude for civilization. Don't you, madam?"

"Why, really—upon my honour—" said the lady, hesitating, and blushing all the blood she had into her face; "I never thought of it—of them I should say—that is—upon my word your idea is *so very* original, that I scarcely know how to answer:" and she looked down and blushed again. It was fortunate for Tom that she did not look at him, or she would have seen such a ludicrous attempt at gravity on his grinning features, as would have made her detect an impostor at once.

"And how do you propose to commence your scheme for the civilization of these people?" asked the lady, after a pause.

"Why, you see," said Tom, "I am but a poor man, and I know that the preliminary expenses in these matters are heavy, so that I propose first to have a fancy fair to raise sufficient funds to start the thing. Would it not be a glory to this town to have it here?"

"Oh, by all means, certainly," cried Miss Prue, eagerly.

"Would *you* undertake to get it up?" asked Tom, earnestly.

"Of course, I shall be only too delighted," replied the lady. And so, after a little more conversation, Tom had given Miss Prue a *carte blanche* to get up a grand fancy fair in the Town-hall, for raising funds towards meeting the preliminary expenses of an evangelical mission to Tamarayhoo, a benighted island in the Pacific Ocean.

"Why don't you give the *latitude*, Baggs?" asked one of his corps.

"By Jove, I think I'm giving them latitude enough; there's the whole breadth, and length too, of the Pacific Ocean to choose from, and they may put it wherever they please, as long as they don't stick it on the top of another island. Why should I fetter the good people's imaginations? Nobody will like to confess he doesn't know where Tamarayhoo is, and so nobody will ask his neighbour."

To tell the truth, almost every person in the place had been poring over his or her atlas, ever since the large bills announcing the Fancy Fair had been posted, vainly endeavouring to find in it the "benighted island." But, as Tom said, even the geographers had neglected it, and no one could find it. However, they paid their money, and the ladies worked hard to prepare all sorts of pretty things from cradles to pincushions, to sell at the stalls. Mrs. Twaddlem (Miss Prue's rival) was terribly annoyed at Miss P. having bagged an island all to herself, and she had several conversations with Colonel Longjaws on the subject, and even insinuated that she doubted the very existence of Tamarayhoo. But as the colonel told her, he feared that the expression of such a doubt would be libellous, and that the Church punished libellers with white sheets and tapers, &c., she held her peace, and pretended to take more interest than any one in the progress of the preparations.

Tom managed most artfully to keep his own name in the background, so that no one but Miss Prue and his own friends, knew of his connection with the matter. At length the day arrived, and the Town Hall was thrown open, the regimental band was posted inside, and thestalls were gaily decked on each side of the large room. Groups of pretty girls were present in the gayest attire; there is no place like a charity or missionary meeting for dress. Exeter Hall beats the opera by long odds. Every officer of the regiment attended, and talked to the pretty girls aforesaid. The lieut.-colonel had a terrible twinge of the gout to-day, and so he remained at home. Tom Baggs was observed to linger close to Miss Prue's stall, and every young lady wondered at his strange taste.

A little whispering constantly went on between the officers and some of the young ladies, and a keen observer might have suspected some plot or secret being handed about. Tom, too, was seen in earnest conversation with the band-master more than once. At length Tom, standing by Miss Prue, gave a nod to the band.

Drum! drum! drum-drum-drum! &c., and the band was playing the Drum Polka in splendid style. At the same moment, Tom seized Miss Prue round the waist, and shouting out "A Polka! a Polka! make way there!" he scampered down the centre of the large room, at the running step, to Miss Prue's intense horror and alarm, as she found herself whirled along against her will, and yet her legs moving as fast as they could, as if by some diabolical agency. At the same moment, every other officer had started with a young partner, and at least thirty couple were whirling and twirling in the delights of the dance, in a style that would have done Jullien's heart good to behold.

But dire to relate, Miss Penelope Prue's bonnet and *chevelure* were not intended for such rough exercise, and ere they reached the end of the room, the fastenings had given way, both bonnet and "front" were gone, and poor Miss P. stood and shrieked, with her head as bare as an apple. It was a terrible *contretemps*, especially as Tom increased her disaster by his eagerness to aid her, and so stuck the whole apparatus on again, hind before.

However, the dancing went on vigorously, and the young ladies danced with immense spirit, from the very rarity of their opportunities of dancing at all. The news flew through the town of the strange event, and reached the colonel's ears. His first indignation was vented in a peremptory summons to the band to cease playing, and to quit the building. And next he vowed to find out the concoctors of this vile conspiracy. Tom was evidently a doomed man, from the circumstance of his seizing Miss Prue in the manner described; and, indeed, that lady's rage knew no bounds. She told the colonel the whole story about Tom, from beginning to end; and the result was, that, from that cause, and the evident plot to get up a dance with the regimental band to accompany it, against the colonel's oft-repeated orders, Tom was offered the alternative of selling out, or standing a court-martial. He was sick of garrison life; so he chose the former course, and every one looked on him as a "ruined young man."

Poor Tom! he has been ruined a dozen times since then.

Two years after this event, I was on service in India, and I was ordered to join the forces then warring in Scinde. I am not going to trouble the reader with all my marches and journeyings over the great continent. Suffice it that my regiment at length formed part of a force of five thousand men, under the command of a general who, amongst other operations, had to attack the town of Sibi (or Kajjah), a well-garrisoned and well-fortified city. From some unaccountable and still unexplained reason, he detached one native corps only to attack this place.*

This corps, the —— Grenadiers, advanced nobly and fought as our Eastern troops always do fight when gallantly led. Three times were they driven back from the open gates, where they were met by brave men, who fought with the heroism of desperation for their own city, and many and glorious were the deeds of gallantry performed on the occasion. One officer received his death-wound while rallying his sipahis. A horse-artilleryman, whose arm had been severed, and who was dying from loss of blood, shouted with his last breath, to the officer who led the attack, "To the left, sir, look to the left." He was right; for there was the weak point. "To the left!" was the shout taken up by officers and men, and with a terrific charge the breach was forced, and the town was taken, though it cost us sixty men. The light company of the regiment, which had been thus detached for the hard work, had been previously fearfully cut up at Nafushk, and there and here one gallant young lieutenant had distinguished himself beyond all others. Judge my surprise, when in him I recognised my old schoolfellow, Tom Baggs!

The meeting between us was cordial; and it was now for the first time that I learnt that Tom had obtained a cadetship, and joined the Company's service, after quitting the Queen's.

"At all events you 're in luck *now*, Tom," said I.

"As it would seem, my dear fellow," replied Tom; "but take my word for it, I 'll get into some devil's scrape before long, and before I get a button's worth of reward for what you please to term my heroism. But don't fancy I 'm a bit downhearted about *that;* it 's my fate, you know, so I don't care a pin more about it than I used to care for old dominie's birchings at school."

A short time afterwards we were encamped near the town of Rohri in the Beloochee country. Need I tell the reader that the Beloochees are strict followers of the Prophet, and terribly jealous of the sanctity of their mosques? They don't like an unbeliever to enter those places at all; but if they do suffer such a thing, they are very particular in making him pull off his boots—rather awkward if you wear tight Wellingtons, though a matter of no consequence to an Eastern in his loose slippers.

A fair was being held at Rohri, and some of the sipahis and men of our regiment went to see it. Two or three officers also went, and among them Tom Baggs, as a matter of course. At night news reached the camp of a terrible row, in which some of our men had been severely wounded, and one of them had lost an arm. The officers had returned with the exception of Tom, who was nowhere to be found. It was at last ascertained that he was in captivity, having been seized and carried off to prison by a party of furious Beloochees.

The commanding officer at once made preparations to attack and sack the town; but first gave notice that he would refrain from doing so only on condition of the Beloochees giving up their prisoner and also giving up those who had attacked our men. This frightened them and they came and related the whole story—bringing Tom with them, who looked rather unhappy, but considerably amused too, and who whispered as he passed me, in his old schoolboy tone. "Didn't I tell you so? it's all up with me. Well, it can't be helped, can it?"

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* This is *not* fiction.

It then transpired that the sipahis had fallen in with a party of Nautch girls at the fair, and had taken them to dance actually in the mosque itself! Shade of the Prophet, only think of that! Tom had followed at a distance to watch the fun, and instead of stopping the sacrilege, as in duty bound, he had quietly looked on; till utterly forgetting his position, and tired of the monotonous music he was listening to, he rushed in, and seizing one of the girls, and whistling his old friend, "The Drum Polka," he whirled the supple damsel round in polka, as he formerly served Miss Prue at the Fancy Fair, but with far greater ease, and without knocking off her wig.

The Beloochees, mad with the insult to their temple, attacked the revellers, and actually caught Tom and his partner in the midst of their gyrations, and locked them up.

The affair was compromised, as far as the Beloochees and the safety of their town was concerned; but Tom was at once reported at head quarters. He took the only course open to him, of resigning his commission, and bade me farewell soon after, saying,

"Ruined again by that infernal drum polka! Well, it can't be helped; can it? Eh?"

The year 1846 will not soon be effaced from my memory. It was the year of my return to England and Europe, after several years of absence. I shall never forget the pleasures of a drive outside a four-horse coach in the "good old" style, from Weymouth to Southampton, through the beautiful scenery of the New Forest. Alas! the stages are gone from thence now, and the forest itself is being enclosed, and heaven knows what else besides, so that it will doubtless soon vanish like the four-horse teams one cannot help loving, in spite of all their shortcomings and the superior convenience of railways.

It was in this year that I again fell in with Tom Baggs, after losing sight of him for a long time. Frequenting a few such places as Casinos and Cyder Cellars, as a man may be pardoned for doing, after living in Indian forests for years, I stumbled on Tom. He was just the same man in appearance and manner as I had ever known him, and as merry as ever. I asked his history since we had last met. He assured me that six octavo volumes would not contain a bare record of the changes he had gone through. He had fought two duels; been tried for forgery on account of a letter he had written in another man's name "for a lark;" he had married an elderly lady reputed to be very rich, but she turned out not to have a sixpence, though she made him the *amende* by dying in six months after the nuptials; he had been farmer and merchant, and failed in both trades; he had come into a small fortune, and spent it all; he had been to Canada on an ice-importing speculation, and to Jamaica to carry out a new scheme for cultivating sugar at a cheaper rate than the "slave-grown." In everything he had been just on the point of the most brilliant success, and each time had ended in "total ruin;" and yet he was as smiling and as happy as a fellow who had never known a care, and seemed to be just starting in life, with everything before his mental vision *couleur de rose.*

"And what the deuce are you now, Tom?" I inquired.

"Dancing-master, and master of the ceremonies at the 'Junior Almack's,'" he replied.

"Which means that you are nothing, I presume."

"Indeed it doesn't," said Tom, indignantly; "it means that I'm a dancing-master, sir, and I give lessons at one-and-sixpence an hour, sir, and I'm master of the ceremonies at Boram's Rooms in Castle Street, *alias*, 'The Junior Almack's,' sir."

"What the deuce is the meaning of all this?" I asked, seeing that Tom was in earnest.

"It means simply," replied Tom, "that the governor has cast me off, as he declares that I've ruined my own prospects in life just twenty-seven times, and he won't stand it any more. Now that's exceedingly unreasonable on the governor's part—don't you think so?—because of course it's *I* who suffer from my own ruin; and so long as I don't growl why should he? Well, then, as he has cast me off, I am obliged to do something; and so Boram, who's an old friend of mine, has given me an engagement as master of the ceremonies, at his elegant and classical Terpsichorean establishment (see bills), at one pound a week, which being rather a small sum for a man of my imagination (it's *that* that ruins a man) to live on, I add to my income by teaching the polka, *valse à deux temps*, Cellarius, and every other conceivable or inconceivable dance, at the small sum of one-and-six per hour. You know I was always grand at the polka."

"Decidedly so. Witness Miss Penelope Prue and the Nautch girl," said I.

Tom laughed, and begged me to come to Boram's to-morrow night, and he would show me "life behind the scenes." I promised to come, and I took care not to fail.

Boram's was a long, narrow room, with a gallery at the end, in which "the band" was placed. The furniture was of the plainest description,—simply wooden forms covered with red baise down the sides. At the end of the room furthest from the band was a window below the level of one's knees; and peeping down it I perceived that there was a supper-room below on the basement or underground floor. I had gone at a rather early hour, so that I watched the company arrive; but before I did so, I saw Tom Baggs in his new character, and was highly amused at his costume. He wore his hair parted down the middle and frizzled out in the most extraordinary style. He had a coat with extravagantly broad tails, and laid over at the collar with white silk. His shirt was a most elaborate piece of embroidery, and showed a red under-waistcoat being also adorned with mock turquoise studs, about the size of ordinary gooseberries. His trowsers were plaited, *à la Francaise*, at the waist. He wore open work stockings and narrow-toed pumps; and I utterly despair of describing the massiveness of his Mosaic watch-chain, or the brilliancy of his rainbow-coloured waistcoat.

And this is the man who stormed the breach of Sibi! thought I.

The company was decidedly mixed; there were shop-girls, and milliners, and ballet-girls, and something not so respectable as either. There were clerks, and shop-boys, and city men, and west-end men, and foreigners, and guardsmen. The dancing was indubitably excellent, and Tom was the most bland and finished of *maîtres de bal*.

The supper followed and was noisy and riotous, but all in good humour.

The dancing went on again, and a second edition of supper followed. And then they began to depart—and I with them.

"Not yet! my dear friend—not yet!" said Tom; "*our* fun is to begin now." And he made me stay till all were gone but himself and his brother "masters," and three or four ballet-girls who had free tickets, and were "on the establishment," so to say.

We dived again into the supper-room, and hot punch became the order of the day. The young ladies drank it *con gusto*,—so did Tom Baggs. Tom was desperately attentive to a pretty dark-eyed little girl next him; and one of the other "masters" looked savagely on. My attention was turned elsewhere, when I was suddenly recalled to them by a heavy sound as of a man falling, and I beheld the fierce-looking little dancing master sprawling on the floor, and Tom standing up irate and warlike; he had just knocked the other down.

"And so I *will* marry her, you horrible little varmint," he cried, and he flung his arm round the little ballet-girl's waist, and gave her a squeeze fit to annihilate a bear.

This is getting serious, thought I, so I interposed, and at last led Tom away, still vowing to marry the ballet-girl to-morrow. I got him home to his lodgings, which were hard by, and left him.

Next day (or the same day, for the affair took place at four in the morning) I called to see him. To my surprise and disgust I found him out, and a small note left for me, stating that he had gone to get his marriage licence!

It was positively the fact, and he went with it to the little ballet-girl, and told her to prepare for her wedding the next morning.

"But—but"—she said, "you 're dismissed, you know."

"Dismissed!—how?—where?"

"Boram says he shan't allow you to enter his doors again."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Tom. "Well—what then?"

"How are you to keep a wife without your salary, pray?"

"Oh, that 's it, is it? so you 're afraid of my not having enough to live on; you 'd positively rather not marry me, eh? you don't—d—n it!" cried Tom, getting furious; "you *don't* mean to say that *you* have the cursed impudence to refuse *me?*"

"Thank you, sir," said the little one; "but I 'd prefer to marry some one who can keep me like a lady."

Tom stared—looked bewildered—thrust on his hat—tried to feel fierce, but burst into a fit of laughter and left the house. And so he had lived to be rejected by a ballet-girl! Poor Tom!

He came and told me all about it, and I hardly knew whether he was most inclined to laugh or be angry. I left him and promised to see him on the morrow; but I have never seen him since, for he left his lodgings that night, and was heard no more of in town.

He worked his passage as captain's clerk to Australia—got aid from his father—started as a sheep-farmer—made a great deal of money—went to Sydney, where he drove four-in-hand, and did everything most absurd and extravagant, till he was ruined again! He is now at "the diggings," where he has picked up the sixth largest piece of gold ever found there; in fact he is making money so fast, that I fully anticipate his next "ruin" will be on the largest scale of any that he has yet suffered. Altogether, spite of scrapes and escapes, the happiest man I have ever known is Tom Baggs.

A VISIT TO THE BLUE AND WHITE NILES.*

Khartoum, in Soudan, Wednesday, Jan. 21, 1852.

LITTLE is known in America of the geography and topography of this part of Central Africa. Few English travellers have made these regions the subject of their investigation, their attention having been principally directed toward the countries on the western coast. The Niger, in fact, has been for them a more interesting problem than the Nile. I can recall at present but two works in the English language which throw much light on Southern Nubia and Ethiopia—those of Bruce and Hoskins. Caillaud and Burckhardt have been translated, as well as Warne's late voyage on the White Nile, but the researches of Russegger and Rüppell, who have made important contributions to our knowledge of Eastern Soudan, are still sealed fountains to those unacquainted with the German tongue. A few words, therefore, concerning the character and relative position of the different countries of which I have occasion to speak, may make these sketches of African life and landscapes more intelligible to many readers. Besides, in Khartoum, I meet continually with persons who have made extensive journeys in various parts of Soudan, and have daily occasion of learning new and interesting facts.

As far as Southern Nubia, with the exception of the Oases in the Lybian Desert, the Nile is the only agent of productiveness. Beyond the narrow limits of his bounteous valley, all is red sand and naked rock, from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. On reaching lat. 19°, however, a change takes place in the desert landscapes. Here the tropical rains, which are unknown in Egypt and Northern Nubia, fall every summer, though in diminished quantity. The dry, gravelly plains, nevertheless, exhibit a scattering growth of grass and thorny shrubs, and springs are frequently found among the mountain ranges. As we proceed southward, the vegetation increases in quantity; the grass no longer keeps the level of the plain, but climbs the mountain-sides, and before reaching Khartoum, in lat. 15° 40′ N., we have passed the limit of the Desert. The wide plains stretching from here eastward to the Atbara, and westward beyond Kordofan, are savannas of rank grass, crossed here and there by belts of the thorny mimosa, and differing little in aspect from the plains of California during the dry season. The Arabs who inhabit them are herdsmen and own vast flocks of camels and sheep. The Nile here is no longer the sole river, and loses his title of "The Sea," which he owns in Egypt. The Atbara, which flows down to him from the Abyssinian Alps, has many tributaries of its own; the Blue Nile, between here and Sennaar, receives the large streams of the Rahad and the Dender; and the White Nile, though flowing for the greater part of his known course through an immense plain, boasts the important affluents—the Sobat and the Bahr el-Ghazal. The soil, climate, productions, and character of the scenery of this region are, therefore, very different from Egypt.

Before the conquest of Soudan by Mohammed Ali, little was known of the country between the Ethiopean Nile and the Red Sea, or of

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* We are indebted to the New York "Weekly Tribune" for this interesting narrative.—ED.

Central Africa south of the latitude of Kordofan and Sennaar. The White Nile, it is true, was known to exist, but was considered as a tributary stream. It was extremely difficult and dangerous to proceed beyond Nubia, and then only in company with the yearly caravans which passed between Assouan and Sennaar. Ibrahim Pasha, Ismail Pasha, and Mohammed Bey Defterdar, between the years 1820 and 1825, gradually subjugated and attached to the rule of Egypt the countries of Berber, Shendy, and Sennaar, as far as the mountains of Fazogl, in lat. 11°, on the south-western frontier of Abyssinia, the wild domains of the Shukorees, the Biskarees, the Hallengas, and Hadendoas, extending to the Red Sea, and embracing the sea-port of Sowakin, and the kingdom of Kordofan, west of the Nile, and bounded by the large and powerful negro kingdom of Dar-Fur. The Egyptian possessions in Soudan are nearly as extensive as all Egypt, Nubia not included, and might become even richer and more flourishing under a just and liberal policy of government. The plains on both sides of the Nile might be irrigated to a much greater extent than in Egypt, and many vast tracts of territory given up to the nomadic tribes could readily be reclaimed from the wilderness. The native inhabitants are infinitely more stupid and degraded than the Fellahs of Egypt, but that they are capable of great improvement is shown by the success attending the efforts of the Catholic priests here in educating children. The terrible climate of Soudan will always be a drawback to its physical prosperity, yet even this would be mitigated, in some measure, were the soil under cultivation.

The territory to the east, toward and beyond the Atbara, is still in a great measure unexplored. Burckhardt was the first European who visited it, but his route lay among the mountain-ranges near and parallel to the coast of the Red Sea. The long chain of Djebel Langay, which he crossed, is three to five thousand feet in height, and, like the mountain-spine of the island of Ceylon, never has the same season on both sides at once. When it rains on the eastern slopes, the western are dry, and the contrary. There is another and still higher chain near the coast, but the greater part of this region consists of vast plains, tenanted by the Arab herdsmen, and rising gradually toward the south into the first terraces of the table-land of Abyssinia. The land of the Shukorees and the Hallengas, lying on both sides of the Atbara, is called Belad el Takka. Dr. Reitz, the Austrian Consul, visited it three months ago, in company with the military expedition under Moussa Bey, and travelled for three or four weeks through regions where no European had been before him. His account of the trip has interested me exceedingly, and I make no apology for giving an outline of it.

Leaving the town of Shendy, he travelled eastward for nine days over unbroken plains of grass, abounding with gazelles and hyenas, to a village called Gos Radjeb, on the Atbara River. This belongs to the Shukorees, against whom the expedition was in part directed. He then crossed the river, and travelled for two or three weeks through a broken mountain country, inhabited by the wandering races of the Hallengas and Hadendoas. The mountains, which were from two to three thousand feet in height, were crested with walls of naked porphyry rock, but their lower slopes were covered with grass and bushes, and peopled by myriads of apes. Between the ranges were many broad and beautiful valleys, some of which were inhabited. Here the vegetable and animal world was far richer than on the Nile. The consul was obliged to follow the movements of the expedition, and therefore could not trace out any regular plan of exploration. After seeing just enough to whet his curiosity to penetrate further, Moussa Bey returned to Goz Radjeb. His route then followed the course of the Atbara, for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, to the town of Sofie, on the Abyssinian frontier. The river, which is a clear and beautiful stream, has a narrow border of trees and underwood, and flows in a winding course through a region of low, grassy hills. By using the water for irrigation, the country, which is now entirely uncultivated, might be made very productive. The Shukorees possess immense herds of camels, and a *hegin*, or trained dromedary, which the consul purchased from them, is the strongest and fleetest I have seen in Africa.

Near Sofie the Savannas of grass give place to dense tropical forests, with a rank undergrowth which is often impenetrable. Here, in addition to the lion and leopard, which are common to all Soudan, the expedition saw large herds of the elephant and rhinoceros. The woods were filled with birds of brilliant plumage, and the vegetable world was rich and gorgeous beyond description. The consul remained but a short time here, and then travelled westward to the town of Abou-Harass on the Blue Nile, visiting on the way a curious isolated mountain, called Djebel Attesh. Near Abou-Harass are the ruins of an ancient Christian town, probably dating from the fourth or fifth century, about which time Christianity, previously planted in Abyssinia, began to advance northwards towards Nubia. The consul obtained from the governor of Abou-Harass three iron crosses of a peculiar form, a number of beads which had belonged to a rosary, and a piece of incense —all of which were found in removing the bricks used to build the pasha's palace and other buildings in Khartoum. The room in which I am now writing is paved with the same bricks. These remains are in curious contrast with the pyramids of Meroë and temples of Mesawoorât. The Christian and Egyptian faiths, advancing towards each other, almost met on these far fields.

The former kingdom of Sennaar included the, and between the, two Niles—except the territory of the Shillooks—as far south as lat. 12°. It is bounded by Abyssinia on the east, and by the mountains of the savage Galla tribes, on the south. *Djezeereh* (island) *el Hoye*, as the country between the rivers is called, is for the most part a plain of grass. Towards the south, there are some low ranges of hills, followed by other plains, which extend to the unknown mountain country and abound with elephants and lions. The town of Sennaar, once the capital of this region and the residence of its meks or kings, is now of little importance. Those who have been there, describe it to me as a collection of mud huts, resembling Shendy. The Egyptian rule extends ten days' journey further, to Fazogl, where the fine timber in the mountains and the gold-bearing sands of Kasan occasion the establishment of a military post. Sennaar, as well as Kordofan, Berber, and Dongola, is governed by a bey, appointed by the Pasha of Soudan. It is only two weeks' journey thence to Gondar, the capital of Amhara, the principal Abyssinian kingdom. I am told that it is not difficult for merchants to visit the latter place, but that any one suspected of being a person of consequence is detained there and not allowed to leave again. I have a strong curiosity to see something of Abyssinia, and if

I were sure that I should not be taken for a person of consequence, might make the attempt to reach Gondar.

Kordofan lies west of the White Nile, and consists entirely of great plains of grass and thorns, except in the southern part, where there is a mountain range called Djebel Dyer, inhabited by emigrants from Dongola. It is not more than two hundred miles in breadth, from east to west. Its capital, Obeid, lies in lat. 12° 13' N., and is a mere collection of mud huts. Mr. Peterick, the English vice-consul for Soudan, to whom I had letters and dispatches from Mr. Murray, the English consul-general in Cairo, has taken up his residence in Obeid. The soil of Kordofan is sterile, and the water is considered very unhealthy for foreigners. Capt. Peel gave me such a description of its endless thickets of thorns, its miserable population, and its devastating fevers, that I have no desire to visit it. The governor, Abd-el-Kader Bey, is here at present, and Dr. Reitz intends making a journey through the country in company with him, in the course of a week or two. There is a caravan route of twenty days between Obeid and Dongola, through a wild region called the Beyoodah or Bedjuda. A few degrees further north, it would be a barren desert, but here it is an alternation of *wadys*, or valleys, with ranges of porphyry mountains, affording water, trees, and sufficient grass for the herds of the wandering Arabs. It is inhabited by two tribes—the Kabababish and the Howoweet, who are said to differ strongly from the Arabs east of the Nile, in their appearance and habits. Many of the latter, and especially the natives of Dar Shygheea and Dar Robatat in Southern Nubia, are descended from tribes who originally emigrated from Hedjaez, in Arabia. This fact accounts for their superior intelligence and their remarkable personal beauty. The tribes in the western desert are more allied to the savage tenants of the great Zahara. The caravans on this road are exposed to the danger of attacks from the negroes of Dar-Fur, who frequently waylay small parties, murder the individuals and carry off the camels and goods.

The great kingdom of Dar-Fur offers a rich field for some future explorer. It has never been entered by a European, and the extensive regions it incloses are supposed to furnish the key to the system of rivers and mountain-chains of Central Africa. Through the fear and jealousy of its rulers, no stranger has hitherto been allowed to pass its borders. Of late, however, the relations between the Egyptian rulers in Soudan and the Sultan of Dar-Fur have been quite amicable, and if nothing occurs to disturb this harmony there is some hope that the ban will be removed. Lattif Pasha informed me that he had written to the sultan in behalf of Capt. Peel, who wished to pass through Dar-Fur and reach Bournou. He had as yet received no answer, but an unofficial intimation that the sultan would reply, giving Capt. Peel permission to enter the country and travel in it, but not to pass beyond it. If this should prove to be true, the captain has lost, by his hasty return, a chance to distinguish himself and contribute to the world's knowledge. There is an almost continual war between the Sultans of Bornou and Dar-Fur, and the pasha is of the opinion that it would be impossible to traverse Africa from east to west, in the line of those states.

A circumstance occurred lately, which may help to open Dar-Fur to Europeans. The Sitteh (Lady) Sowakin, the aunt of Sultan Adah, the present monarch of that kingdom, is a zealous Moslem, and lately determined to make a pilgrimage to the grave of the Prophet. She arrived here in August, attended by a large retinue of officers, attendants, and slaves, and after remaining a few days descended the Nile to El Mekheyref, crossed the Desert to Sowakin, on the Red Sea, and sailed thence for Djidda, the port of Mecca. During her stay Lattif Pasha was exceedingly courteous to her, introducing her to his wives, bestowing upon her handsome presents, and furnishing her with boats and camels for her journey. Dr. Reitz availed himself of the occasion to make the people of Dar-Fur better acquainted with Europeans. All the Frank residents assembled at his house, in Christian costume, and proceeded to the residence of the Lady Sowakin. They found her sitting in state, with two black slaves on their hands and knees, motionless before her. On each side stood her officers and interpreters. She was veiled, as well as her female attendants, and all exhibited the greatest surprise and curiosity at the appearance of the Franks. The gifts they laid before her—silks, fine soaps, cosmetics, bon-bons, &c.—she examined with childish delight, and when the consul informed her that the only object of the Europeans in wishing to enter Dar-Fur was to exchange such objects as these for gum and elephant's teeth, she promised to persuade Sultan Adah to open his kingdom to them.

The next day her principal officers visited the consul's house and spent a long time examining its various wonders. The pictures, books and furniture filled them with astonishment, and they went from one object to another, like children, uttering exclamations of surprise and delight. What most startled them was a box of lucifer-matches, which passed beyond their comprehension. They regarded the match with superstitious awe, and seemed to consider that the fire was produced by some kind of magic. Their relation of what they saw so excited the curiosity of the Lady Sowakin that she came the following day, with her women. She was no less astonished than her attendants had been, but was most attracted by the consul's large mirror. She and her women spent half an hour before it, making gestures, and unable to comprehend how they were mimicked by the reflected figures. As she was unacquainted with its properties, she threw back her veil to see whether the image would show her face. The consul was standing behind her, and thus caught sight of her features; she was black, with a strongly-marked but not unpleasant countenance, and about forty-five years of age. He had a breakfast prepared for the ladies, but on reaching the room the attendants all retired, and he was informed that the women of rank in Dar-Fur never eat in the presence of the men. After they had finished the repast, he observed that they had not only partaken heartily of the various European dishes, but had taken with them what they could not eat, so that the table exhibited nothing but empty dishes. When they left, the lady reiterated her promise, and added, that if the consul would visit Dar-Fur, the Sultan would certainly present him with many camel-loads of elephants' teeth, in consideration of his courtesy to her. She is expected here shortly, on her return, and if she performs her promise, Dr. Reitz will be the first to enter the kingdom.

But the Nile is to me a source of greater interest than all the negro kingdoms between here and Timbuctoo. Here, two thousand miles from his mouth, I find his current as broad, as strong, as deep as at Cairo, and am no nearer the mystery of his origin. If I ascend the right of his two branches, I may follow his windings twelve hundred miles further and still find a broad and powerful stream, of whose source even the tribes that dwell in those far regions are ignorant. I am confident that when the hidden fountains shall at last be reached, and the problem of twenty centuries solved, the entire length of the Nile will be found to be not less than four thousand miles, and he will then take his rank with the Mississippi and the Amazon — a sublime trinity of streams! There is, in some respects, a striking resemblance between the Nile and the former river. The Missouri is the true Mississippi, rolling the largest flood and giving his colour to the mingled streams. So of the White Nile, which is broad and turbid, and pollutes the clear blue flood that has usurped his name and dignity. In spite of what geographers may say, and they are still far from being united on the subject, the Blue Nile is not the true Nile. Here, at the point of junction, his volume of water is greater, but he is fresh from the mountains and constantly fed by large, unfailing affluents, whilst the White Nile has rolled for more than a thousand miles on nearly a dead level, through a porous, alluvial soil, in which he loses more water than he brings with him.

The Blue Nile, whose source the honest, long slandered Bruce did actually discover, rises near lat. 11° N. in the mountains of Godjam, on the south-western frontier of Abyssinia. Thence it flows northward into the great lake of Dembea, or Tzana, near its southern extremity. The lake is shallow and muddy, and the river carries his clear flood through it without mixing. He then flows to the south and south-east, under the name of Tzana, along the borders of the kingdom of Shoa, to between lat. 8° and 9°, whence he curves again to the north and finds his way through the mountains of Fazogl to the plains of Sennaar. His entire length cannot be less than eight hundred, and may perhaps reach a thousand miles. The stream is navigable as far as the mountains, about three hundred miles from this place, where it is interrupted by rapids. The Arabic name *El Bahr el-Azrek* means rather "black" than "blue," the term *azrek* being used with reference to objects of a dark, blue-black colour; and besides, it is called *black* in contradistinction to the *Bahr el-Abiad,* the *white* Nile. The boatmen here also frquently speak of the black river as *he*, and the white as *she*. When I asked the reason of this, they replied that it was because the former has a stronger current.

The White Nile has been ascended to lat. 4° N., where its tide is still so full and strong as to leave no doubt that its source is beyond the Equator. How the French traveller D'Abaddie can boast of planting the tricolor at the fountains of the White Nile, in lat. 8° N. is beyond my comprehension. The most satisfactory account of the river is that given by Dr. Knoblecher, which was translated and published in "The Tribune" about a year ago. Werne's book is taken up with peevish comments on D'Arnaud and Sabatier, and the report of the former, as I learn from Dr. Knoblecher himself, is incorrect in many particulars. The great snow-mountain of Kilimandjaro, discovered in 1850 by Dr. Krapf, the German missionary, on his journey inland from Mombas, on the coast of Zanzibar, has been located by geographers in lat. 3° S. It is therefore most probable that the source of the White Nile will be found in the range of mountains, of which Kilimandjaro is the crowning apex. The geographer Berghaus, in a long and laboured article, which I read before leaving America, supposes the Bahr el-Ghazal (which flows into the White Nile from the west, in lat. 9° N.) to be the true Nile, and makes it rise in the great lake N'Yassa, in lat. 13° S. Dr. Knoblecher, however, who examined the Bahr el-Ghazal at its mouth, says it is an unimportant stream, with a scarcely perceptible current. In the Bari country, at the limit of his voyage, the natives gave him to understand that as far as any of them had travelled to the south the White Nile was still broad and navigable. They also spoke of people white like himself, who lived far in that direction. I do not believe in the fable of a white civilized race in the interior of Africa, and consider this rather as referring to the Portuguese settlement on the coast of the Indian Ocean, reports of which would readily be carried inland, from one tribe to another. Dr. Knoblecher is of the opinion that no exploring expedition from this point would be successful; that the traveller must first stop in the Bari country long enough to gain some knowledge of its people, and then, with a company of them as his attendants, make that his starting-point. Be that as it may, if I had sufficient means for the undertaking and this were the proper season for starting, I should make the attempt. I have never yet found any difficulty in going where others have gone before me, and have some ambition to be the pioneer in a new path.

The other morning I rode with the consul to the junction of the two Niles, about a mile and a half to the west of Khartoum. The land all around is low, and the two rivers meet at right angles, but do not mingle their water till they have rolled eight or ten miles in their common bed. The White Nile is a light-brown, muddy colour, the Blue Nile a dark bluish-green. Both rivers are nearly of equal breadth, but the current of the latter is much the stronger. There is a low green island, called Omdurman, in the White Nile, at its junction. The ferry-boat had just brought over a party of merchants from Kordofan, with their packages of gum. A number of large vessels, belonging to the Government, were hauled up on the bank and several Arabs, under the direction of a Turkish ship-builder, were making repairs. We rode a short distance up the White Nile, over a beach which was deeply printed with the enormous foot-prints of a whole herd of hippopotami, and then home through fields of blossoming beans.

I have to-day extricated myself from a maze of uncertainty regarding my further travel. My intention, on leaving Cairo, was to go beyond this, if time and means permitted, and the White Nile was the great point of attraction. There is little to be gained by visiting Kordofan, as I can see Central African life to better advantage here. Sennaar is only interesting as a station on the way to Abyssinia or the mountains of Fazogl, and in the wild regions along the Atbara it is impossible to travel without an armed escort. As it is exceedingly dangerous for a single boat to pass through the extensive negro kingdoms of the Shillooks and the Dinkas, I had hoped to accompany Dr. Knoblecher's expedition some distance up the river, and then take my chance of returning. The boat belonging to the Catholic Mission, however, has not yet arrived from Cairo, and the season is now so far advanced, that he will not be able to leave before next November. At present, however, Lattif Effendi is fitting up two large vessels which will leave in two weeks on a trading voyage, which he intends pushing as far as the Bari country. I could no doubt accompany him if I desired, but as he will not return before some time in June, I should be obliged, in that case, to pass the sickly season in Soudan—a risk scarcely worth the profit, as, with the best possible good-luck, I might barely reach the point attained by Dr. Knoblecher. The consul proposed my going with Lattif Effendi until I should meet the yearly expedition on its return, and then come down the river with it. This would enable me to penetrate to lat. 9°, or perhaps 8°, but after passing the islands of the Shillooks, one sees little except water, grass, and musketoes, until he reaches the land of the Kyks, in lat. 7°. After weighing carefully all the arguments on both sides, I decided to take a small boat and ascend as far as the islands. Here the new and rich animal and vegetable world of the magnificent river begins to unfold, and in many respects it is the impressive portion of his stream.

To-day I have been fortunate in finding a small and fleet *sandal*, with a captain who knows the river. He will take me no further than the island of Aba, somewhere between lat. 12° and 13°, on account of the danger of venturing among the Shillooks without an armed force. The few preparations I need are already made, and to-morrow I shall set sail for my Southern Thule.

NOTES OF MY VOYAGE UP THE WHITE NILE.

On the White Nile, Thursday, Jan. 22, 1852.

My vessel is slowly making her way up the middle of the White Nile. The sun set more than an hour ago, and the evening star is approaching the horizon. There is a superb starlit heaven overhead, and Taurus, Orion, Sirius, and the Southern Cross sparkle in one long, unbroken galaxy of splendour. The breeze is mild and light, and the waves ripple with a pleasant sound against the prow. My sailors sit on the forward deck, singing doleful songs, to which the baying of dogs, and the yells of hyenas make a fit accompaniment. The distant shores of the river are lighted with the fires of the Mohammediyeh Arabs, and we hear the men shouting to each other occasionally. We have just passed their principal village, and are approaching the territories of the Hassaniyehs.

I reached Khartoum at a favourable season for making this voyage. Heretofore it has been very difficult for any European to obtain permission to sail on the White Nile, owing to the trade of the river having been completely monopolized by the Pasha of Soudan, in defiance of the treaty of 1838, which makes it free to merchants of all nations. No later than last winter, Count Dandolo, an Italian traveller who visited these regions, encountered much opposition before he succeeded in obtaining a boat for the Islands of the Shillooks. This year, however, owing to the vigorous efforts of the Austrian consul, the monopoly has been broken down, and the military guard formerly stationed at the confluence of the two rivers no longer exists. I did not even inform the Pasha of my intention to make the voyage until yesterday, when I had taken the boat and completed my preparations. I then paid him a visit of ceremony, in company with the consul. He was very affable, and insisted on our remaining for dinner, although we had invited two friends to help us eat a roasted ram. We urged this in excuse, but he cut us off by exclaiming, "I am ruler here, and my commands dare not be disobeyed;" and immediately sent a servant to order our guests, in his name, to eat the ram themselves. He then dispatched messengers for Abd-el-Kader Bey, governor of Kordofan, and Ruhafa Bey, who were brought to the palace in the same arbitrary manner. Having thus secured his company, he retired for the usual prayers before dinner, leaving us to enjoy the preparatory pipe. Among the manifold dishes served at dinner, were three or four kinds of fish from the White Nile, all of them of excellent flavour. The Pasha continued his discussion of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, taking delight in recommending a sanguinary policy as his only course, and could not enough praise Sultan Mahomoud I. for his execution of forty thousand janissaries in one day.

My boat is of the small kind called *sandal*, carrying two sails, and with a sort of covered coop for cabin. Except the Pasha's dahabiyeh, it was the best vessel in Khartoum, and, as it happened, the only one ready to sail. I have named it the "John Ledyard," in memory of the first American traveller in Africa. The name is none the less appropriate, since Ledyard was buried beside the Nile, on his way to discover its sources. Besides the rais, there are five strong Dongolese sailors, and a black female slave as cook. My effects, including two sheep which the consul gave me as provision for the voyage, were on board early this morning, and the rais and sailors were in readiness. Fat Abou-Balta, the owner of the vessel, who had promised to accompany me as far as the first village on the White Nile, did not make his appearance, and so we pushed off without him. Never was name more wrongly applied than that of Abou-Balta (the "father of hatchets"), for he weighs three hundred pounds, has a face like the full moon, and is the jolliest Turk I ever saw. Dr. Reitz, whose hospitality knows no bounds, sent his dromedaries up the river the day before, and accompanied me with his favourite servants—two ebony boys, with shining countenances and white and scarlet dresses.

The men pushed away from shore with some difficulty, as a violent north-wind drove the boat back, but the sail once unfurled, we shot like an arrow between the gardens of Khartoum and the green shores of the Island of Tuti. Before reaching the confluence of the rivers, a jut of land obliged the sailors again to take to their poles and oars, but a short time sufficed to bring us to the turning-point. Here the colours of the different streams are strongly marked. They are actually blue and white, and meet in an even line, which can be seen extending far down the common tide. We tossed on the agitated line of their junction, but the wind carried us in a few minutes past the Island of Omdurman, which lies opposite. The first American flag that ever floated over the White Nile, fluttered gaily at the mast-head, pointing to the south—to those vast mysterious regions out of which the mighty stream finds its way. A flock of the sacred ibis alighted on the sandy shore of the island, where the tall king-heron, with his crest of stately feathers, watched us as he walked up and down. In front, over the Island of Moussa Bey, a broad mirage united its delusive waters with those of the true river, and lifted the distant shores so high above the horizon, that they seemed floating in the air. The stream, which is narrow at its junction with the Blue Nile, expanded to a breadth of two miles, and the shores ahead of us were so low that we appeared to be at the entrance of a great inland sea. Our course swerved to the eastward, so that we were in the rear of Khartoum, whose minaret was still visible add a family of children, and then their hospitality would be complete. No reproach whatever attaches to the woman, on account of this temporary connection. The Hassaniyeh, in other respects, are not more immoral than other tribes, and these customs appear to be connected in some way with their religious faith.

After passing Tura (the terminus of a short caravan route of four days to Obeid, the capital of Kordofan), a mountain range, some distance from the river, appeared on the right bank. The peaks were broken and conical in form, and their pale violet hue showed with fine effect behind the dark line of the gum forests. With every hour of our progress, the vegetation grew more rank and luxuriant. On the eastern bank the gum gave place to the flowering mimosa, which rose in a dense rampart from the water's edge, and filled the air with the fragrance of its blossoms. Myriads of wild geese, ducks, cranes, storks, herons, and ibises sat on the narrow beaches of sand, or circled in the air with hoarse clang and croaking. Among them I saw more than one specimen of that rare and curious water-bird, whose large horny bill curves upward instead of downward, so that it appears to have been put on the wrong way. As he eats nothing but small fish, which he swallows with his head under water, this is not such a great inconvenience as one would suppose. The bars which occasionally made out into the current served as a resting-place for crocodiles, which now begin to appear in companies of ten or fifteen, and the forests were filled with legions of apes, which leaped chattering down from the branches to look at us. A whole family of them sat on the bank for some time, watching us, and when we frightened them away by our shouts, it was amusing to see a mother pick up her infant ape, and scamper off with it under her arm. The wild fowl were astonishingly tame, and many of them so fat that they seemed scarcely able to fly. Here and there, along the shore, large broods of the young were making their first essays in swimming. The boatmen took great delight in menacing the old birds with pieces of wood, in order to make them dive under water. There were some superb white cranes, with a rosy tinge along the edges of their wings, and I saw two more of the crested king-herons.

After passing the island of Tshebeshi, the river, which still retains its great breadth, is bordered by a swampy growth of reeds. It is filled with numerous low islands, covered with trees, mostly dead, and with waste, white branches, which have drifted down during the inundation. In the forests along the shore many trees have also been killed by the high water of last summer. There are no habitations on this part of the river, but all is wild, and lonely, and magnificent. I have seen no sail since leaving Khartoum, and, as the sun to-night threw his last red rays on the mighty flood, I felt for the first time that I was alone, far in the savage heart of Africa. We dashed along at a most exciting rate of speed, brushing the reeds of the low islands, or dipping into the gloom of the shadows thrown by the unpruned forests. The innumerable swarms of wild birds filled the air with their noise, as they flew to their coverts, or ranged themselves in compact files on the sands. Above all their din, I heard at intervals, from the unseen thickets inland, the prolonged snarling roar of some wild beast. It was too deep-toned and powerful for a leopard, and we all decided that it was a lion. As I was watching the snowy cranes and silvery herons that alighted on the boughs within pistol-shot, my men pointed out a huge hippopotamus, standing in the reeds, but a short distance from the vessel. He was between five and six feet high, but his head, body and legs were of enormous bulk. He looked at us, opened his great jaws, gave his swine-like head a toss in the air, and plunged hastily into the water. At the same instant, an immense crocodile (perhaps twenty feet in length) left his basking-place on the sand and took refuge in the river. Soon afterwards two hippopotami rose in the centre of the stream, and, after snorting the water from their nostrils, entertained us with a peculiar grunting sound, like the lowest rumbling note of a double bass. The concert was continued by others, and I still hear them from time to time. This is Central Africa as I dreamed it—a grand though savage picture, full of life and heat, and with a barbaric splendour even in the forms of Nature.

It is 9 o'clock, and we have passed the island of Hassaniyeh. The fires of the Shillooks are burning brightly on the western bank. The wind blows more briskly than ever, and to-morrow, alas! will bring me to the point beyond which I dare not go.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE SHILLOOKS.

Island of the Shillook Negroes, White Nile, Jan. 24, 1852.

I have just passed the northern point of the island of Aba, on my return to Khartoum. The sails are taken down, and the men are rowing along the lee-side of one of the island-beds of foliage which studs this glorious river. I reached my turning-point, between lat. 12° and 13° N. early this morning, in just forty-eight hours from Khartoum, having sailed in that time upwards of two hundred and fifty miles. Now the gateway to the unknown South is closed, and my face is turned towards the Mediterranean. But I have at least stood in the threshold of that wonderful realm, and in the grand and strange vistas opened before me have realized a portion of my dream.

We sailed nearly all night with a steady north-wind, which towards morning became so strong, that the men were obliged to take in sail and let us scud under bare poles. When I rose, in the grey of early dawn, they were about hoisting the little stern-sheet, which alone sufficed to carry us along at the rate of four miles an hour. We had passed the frontier of Egyptian Soudan soon after sunset, and were now in the negro kingdom of the Shillooks. The scenery had changed considerably since yesterday. The forests were taller and more dense, and the river more thickly studded with islands, the soil of which was entirely concealed by the luxuriant girdle of shrubs and water-plants, in which they lay imbedded. A species of aquatic shrub, with leaves resembling the sensitive plant, and winged, bean-like blossoms of a rich yellow hue, grew on the edge of the shore, with its roots in the water, and its long arms floating on the surface. It formed impenetrable ramparts around the islands and shores, except where the hippopotamus and crocodile had trodden paths into the forests, or the lion and leopard had come down to the river's margin to drink. Behind this floating hem of foliage and blossoms appeared other and larger shrubs, completely matted together with climbing vines, which covered them like a mantle, and hung from their branches dangling streamers of white, and purple, and yellow blossoms. They even stretched to the boughs of the large mimosa, or ambak trees, which grew in the centre of the islands, thus binding all together in rounded masses. Some of the smaller islands resembled floating hills of vegetation, and their slopes and summits of impervious foliage, rolling in the wind, appeared to keep time with the rocking of the waves that upheld them. The profusion of vegetable life reminded me of the Chagres River. If not so rich and gorgeous, it was on a far grander scale. The river had still a breadth of a mile and a half, where his current was free, but where island crowded on island in a vast archipelago of leafy shores, he took a much wider sweep. The waves danced and glistened in the cool northern wind, as we glided around his majestic curves, and I stood on the deck watching the wonderful panorama unfold on either side, with a feeling of exultation, to which I gave free vent. In no other river have I seen landscapes of larger or more imposing character.

All the rich animal world of the region was awake and stirring before the sun. The wild fowls left their roost; the *zikzoks* flew twittering over the waves, calling up their mates, the sleepy crocodiles; the herons stretched their wings against the wind; the monkeys leaped and chattered in the woods, and at last whole herds of hippopotami, sporting near the shore, came up spouting the water from their nostrils, in a manner precisely similar to the grampus. I counted six together, soon after sunrise, near the end of an island. They floundered about in the shallows, popping up their heads every few minutes to look at us, and at last walked out through the reeds and stood upon the shore. Soon afterward, five more appeared on the other side of the river, and since then we have seen them almost constantly, and sometimes within fifty yards. I noticed one which must have been four feet in breadth across the ears, and with a head nearly five feet long. He opened his mouth wide enough to show two round, blunt tusks, or rather grinders, one on each side. They have a great deal of curiosity, and frequently turn about after we have passed, and follow for some time in our wake.

Soon after sunrise the rais observed some Shillooks in the distance, who were sinking their canoes in the river, after which they hastily retreated into the woods. We ran along beside the embowering shores, till we reached the place. The canoes were carefully concealed and some pieces of drift-wood thrown over the spot, as if left there by the river. The rais climbed to the mast-head and called to the people, assuring them that there was no danger, but, though we peered sharply into the thickets, we could find no signs of any human being. The river here turned to the south, disclosing other and richer groups of islands, stretching beyond one another far into the distance. Directly on our left was the northern point of the island of Aba, our destination. As the island is six or eight miles in length, I determined to make the most of my bargain, and so told the rais he must take me to its further end and to the villages of the Shillooks, whom I had come to see. Abou-Hammed is small in body, but has a stout heart. The consul and fat Abou-Balta had given him special instructions to keep me out of danger, yet he could not refuse my demands. We sailed two or three miles along the shore of Aba, looking into the depth of its ambak forests for traces of the Shillooks, who, according to the rais, had a village on the island. On our right extended a chain of smaller islands—bowery masses of leaves and blossoms—and beyond them the wild forests of the western bank. Glorious above description was that world of waves and foliage—of wood, water, and sky.

At last, on rounding one of the coves of Aba, we came upon a flock of sheep, feeding along the shore. A light thread of smoke arose from among some dead, fallen trees, a few paces in the forest, but no person was to be seen. The boat was run to the shore, and we landed and examined the spot. The natives had evidently just left, for the brands were burning, and we saw the prints of their long feet in the ashes. The rais and sailors walked on tiptoe through the woods, looking for the hidden inhabitants. The mimosas, which here grow to the height of fifty feet, met above our heads, and made a roof against the sun. Some large grey apes, startled by our visit, leaped with wonderful dexterity from tree to tree. I found several abandoned fire-places during my walk, and near the shore saw many foot-prints in the soft soil. The forest was quite clear of underwood, but the ground was cumbered with the trunks of dead trees. There were but few flowering plants, and I was too much interested in the search for the Shillooks to examine them.

The rais finally descried the huts of the village at a distance, near the extremity of the island.—We returned to the vessel, and were about putting off in order to proceed thither, when a large body of men, armed with spears, appeared in the forest, coming toward us at a quick pace. The rais, who had already had some intercourse with these people, and knew something of their habits, advanced alone to meet them. I could see through the trees that a consultation was held, but shortly, though with some signs of doubt and hesitation, about a dozen of the savages advanced to within a short distance of the vessel, while the others sat down on the ground, still holding the spears in their hands. The rais now returned to the water's edge, and said that the Shillooks had come with the intention of fighting, but he had informed them that this was a visit from the sultan's son, who came to see them as a friend, and would then return to his father's country. Thereupon they had consented to speak with me, and I might venture to go on shore. I landed again, with Achmet, and walked up with the rais to the spot where the men were seated. The shekh of the island, a tall, handsome man, rose to greet me, by touching the palm of his right hand to mine, and then raising it to his forehead. I made a like salutation, after which he sat down. The vizier (as he called himself), an old man, excessively black in complexion, then advanced, and the other warriors in succession, till all had saluted me.—The conversation was carried on in the Arabic jargon of Soudan, which the shekh and some of his men spoke tolerably well, so that I could understand the most of what was said. "Why don't you bring the sultan's carpet, that he may rest?" said the shekh to one of my sailors. The carpet and pillows were immediately brought, and I stretched myself out in front of the shekh and vizier, who sat upon a fallen tree, while the others squatted upon the ground. The shekh at first took no part in the conversation, but sat looking at me steadily, from under his heavy eyebrows.—My friend, Horace Greeley, will pardon me for saying that in the outlines of this chief's head I found some resemblance to his own, and this fact induced me to trust him.

In the meantime the other warriors had come up and taken their seats around us, each one greeting me before he sat down, with "*ow-wow-wobba!*" (probably a corruption of the Arabic "*mar-habba?*" "how d'ye do?") The vizier, addressing me, said, "Tell us what you want; if you come to fight, we are ready for you." I assured him that I came as a friend, and had no intention of molesting them, but he was not satisfied, and repeated three or four times, drawing a mark between us on the ground, "If you are really friends, we will be friends with you; but if you are not, we are ready to fight you." Achmet at last swore by the prophet Mahomet, and by the wisdom of Allah, that we had come in peace; and the Sultan wished to pay him a visit, and would then return home. At the request of the rais we had come on shore unarmed, but it had not the anticipated effect. "Why have you no arms?" said the shekh; "are you afraid of us?" I told him it was in order to show that I had no hostile intentions, but the people seemed to consider it as a mark of either treachery or fear. I brought some tobacco with me, which I gave to the shekh, but he received it coldly, and said, "Where is the dress which the sultan has brought for me?" This reminded me that I had entirely neglected to provide myself in Khartoum with muslin and calico, for presents. I remedied the deficiency, however, by going on board and taking one of my shirts and a silk handkerchief, as well as some beads and ear-rings for the wives of the two dignitaries. Achmet added a shirt and a pair of Turkish drawers, and brought a fresh supply of tobacco for the warriors. The shekh took the presents with evident gratification, and then came the work of clothing him. He was entirely at a loss how to put on the garments, but Achmet and the rais unwound the cotton cloth from his loins, stuck his legs into the drawers, his arms into the shirt sleeves, and tied the handkerchief about his head. Once clothed, he gave no more attention to his garments, but wore them with as much nonchalance as if he had never worn a scantier costume. The vizier, who had shown manifest ill-humour at being passed by, was quieted by the present of a shirt, which was put upon his shoulders in like manner. He gave me his name as Adjeb-Seedoo ("he pleases his master"), a most appropriate name for a vizier. The shekh's name, Abd-en-noor ("the slave of light"), was none the less befitting, for he was remarkably dark. I was much amused at my servant Ali, who had shown great terror on the first appearance of the savages. The shekh not seeming to understand the use of the beads and ear-rings, Ali pinched his ears very significantly, and took hold of his neck to show how they must be worn.

By this time coffee had been prepared and was brought to them. But they had been so accustomed to inhumanity and deception on the part of the Turks, that they still mistrusted us, and no one would drink, for fear that it contained poison. To quiet them, therefore, I drank a cup first, after which they took it readily, but many of them, who then tasted coffee for the first time, did not seem to relish it. A drove of sheep happening to pass by, the shekh ordered one of the rams to be caught and put on board the vessel for the sultan's dinner.

The men soon began to demand tobacco, clothes, and various other things, and grew so importunate that Achmet became alarmed, and even the rais, who was a man of some courage, seemed a little uneasy. I thought it time to give a change to affairs, and therefore rose and told the shekh I was ready to visit his village. We had intended returning on board and sailing to the place, which was at the southern extremity of the island, about a mile distant, but reflecting that this might occasion mistrust, and that the best way of avoiding danger is to appear unconscious of it, I called Achmet and the rais to accompany me on foot. While these things were transpiring, a number of other Shillooks had arrived, so that there were now upward of fifty. All were armed — the most of them with iron-pointed spears, some with clubs, and some with long poles, having knobs of hard wood on the end. They were all tall, strong, stately men, not more than two or three under six feet in height, while many were three or four inches over that standard. Some had a piece of rough cotton cloth tied around the waist or thrown over the shoulders, but the most of them were entirely naked. Their figures were large and muscular, but not symmetrical, nor was there the least grace in their movements. Their faces resembled a cross between the Negro of Guinea and the North American Indian, having the high cheek-bones, the narrow forehead and the pointed head of the latter, with the flat nose and projecting lips of the former. Their teeth were so long as to appear like tusks, and in most of them one or two front teeth were wanting, which gave their faces a wolfish expression. Their eyes were small and had an inflamed look, which may arise from the damp exhalations of the soil on which they sleep. Every one wore an armlet above the elbow, either a segment of an elephant's tusk, or a thick ring of plaited hippopotamus hide. The most of them had a string of glass beads around the neck, and the shekh wore a necklace of the large white variety, called "pigeon's eggs" by the traders on the White Nile. They have no beards, and their hair was seared or plucked out on the forehead and temples, leaving only a circular crown of crisp wool on the top of the head. Some had rubbed their faces and heads with red ashes, which imparted a livid, ghastly effect to their black skins.

The shekh marched ahead, in his white garments and fluttering head-dress, followed by the warriors, each carrying his long spear erect in his hand. We walked in the midst of them, and I was so careful to avoid all appearance of fear that I never once looked behind, to see whether the vessel was following us. A violent dispute arose among some of the men in front, and, from their frequent glances toward us, it was evident that we were in some way connected with the conversation. I did not feel quite at ease till the matter was referred to the shekh, who decided it in a way that silenced the men, if it did not satisfy them. As we approached the village, good-humour was restored, and their demeanour toward us was thenceforth more friendly. They looked at me with curiosity, but without ill-will, and I could see that my dress interested them much more than my person. Finally we reached the village, which contained perhaps one hundred tokuls of straw, built in a circular form, with conical roofs. They were arranged so as to inclose an open space in the centre, which was evidently intended as a fold for their sheep, as it was further protected by a fence of thorns. Guards were stationed at intervals of about twenty yards, along the side fronting the river, each leaning back against his spear, with his legs crossed. At the principal entrance of the village, opposite which I counted twenty-seven canoes drawn up against the shore, we made a halt, and the shekh ordered a seat to be brought. An *angareb*, the frame of which was covered with a network of hippopotamus thongs, was placed in the shade of a majestic mimosa tree, and the shekh and I took our seats. Another angareb was brought and placed behind us, for our respective viziers. The warriors all laid aside their spears and sat on the ground, forming a semicircle in front of us. A swarm of naked boys, from eight to twelve years of age, crept dodging behind the trees till they reached a convenient place in the rear, where they watched me curiously, but drew back in alarm whenever I turned my head. The village was entirely deserted of its inhabitants, every one having come to behold the strange sultan. The females kept at a distance at first, but gradually a few were so far overcome by their curiosity that they approached near enough for me to observe them closely. They were nude, except a small piece of sheepskin around the loins, and in their forms were not very easy to distinguish from the men, having flat, masculine breasts and narrow hips. They were from five feet eight inches to six feet in height. The rais informed me that the Shillooks frequently sell their women and children, and that a boy or girl can be bought for about twenty measures of dourra.

After undergoing their inspection half an hour, I began to get tired of sitting in state, and had my pipe brought from the boat. I saw by an occasional sidelong glance that the shekh watched me, but I smoked carelessly till the tobacco was finished. Some of the men were already regaling themselves with that I had given them. They had pipes with immense globular bowls of clay, short, thick stems of reed, and mouthpieces made of a variety of wild gourd, with a long, pointed neck. A handful of tobacco was first placed in the bowl and two or three coals laid upon it, after which the orifice was closed with clay. The vizier, Adjéb-Seedoo, who had something of the Yankee in his angular features and the shrewd wrinkles about the corners of his eyes, chewed the tobacco and squirted out the saliva between his teeth in the true Down-East style. I bargained for his pipe at two piasters, and one of the ivory arm-rings at five, but as I had no small silver money (the only coin current among them), did not succeed in getting the former article. I obtained, however, two of the arm-rings of hippopotamus hide. While these things were going on, the shekh, who had been observing me closely, saw the chain of my watch, which he seized. I took out the watch and held it to his ear. He started back in surprise, and told the men what he had heard, imitating its sound in a most amusing manner. They all crowded around to listen, and from their looks and signs seemed to think the case contained some bird or insect. I therefore opened it, and showed them the motion of the balance-wheel and of the hand on the smaller dial of the face. Their astonishment was now changed to awe, and they looked at it silently, without daring to touch it. I profited by this impression to make a move for starting, before their greed for presents should grow into a resolve to rob us by force. I had asked the shekh two or three times to have a cup of water brought for me, but he seemed to pay no attention to the request. Soon, however, one of the men brought a large earthen jar, stopped with clay, and placed it at my feet. Thereupon the shekh turned to me, saying,—"There is plenty of water in the river, and here I give you honey to mix with it." The jar was taken on board, and contained, in fact, nearly a gallon of wild honey, which had a rich aromatic taste, like the odour of the mimosa flowers. The trading-vessels on the White Nile purchase this honey, but as the natives, in their hatred of the Turks, frequently mix with it the juice of poisonous plants, they are obliged to taste it themselves before they can sell it. I did not require this proof at their hands, preferring to trust them unreservedly, at least in my demeanour. Trust always begets a kindred trust, and I am quite sure that my safety among those savages was owing to my having adopted this course of conduct.

I went on board to get the money for the armrings, and after Achmet had paid the men, directed him and the rais to return. Several of the Shillooks followed, offering articles for sale, and the vizier, who had waded out, holding up his new shirt so that it might not be wet, climbed upon the gunwale of the boat and peered into the cabin. I changed my position so as to stand between him and the door, gave him two onions which he saw on deck and had an appetite for, and hurried him away. The shekh and all the warriors had come down to the shore, but without their spears, and were seated on the ground, holding a consultation. By this time, however, the rais was at the helm, and the sailors had begun to shove the bow of my boat into the stream. I called out,—"O Shekh Abd-en-noor!" in a familiar way, and waved my hand as a token of parting. He rose, returned the salute, made a gesture to his men, and they all went slowly back to the village. As we were leaving, the sailors informed me that one of the Shillooks, who had come down to the boat while I was seated with the shekh on shore, took a fancy to the fat, black slave who cooks for them, and expressed his determination to take her. They told him she was one of the Sultan's wives, and that as his majesty was now the shekh's friend, he dare not touch her. "Oh," said the Shillook, "if she is the Sultan's wife, that is enough," and he immediately returned to the shore. I forgave the impertinence of the sailors in passing off such a hideous creature as *one* of my wives, in consideration of the adroitness with which they avoided what might have been a serious difficulty.

The Shillooks have not the appearance of men who are naturally malicious. The selfish impudence with which they demand presents, is common to all savage tribes. But the Turks, and even the European merchants who take part in the annual trading expedition up the river, have dealt with them in such a shameful manner, that they are now mistrustful of all strangers, and hence it is unsafe to venture among them. I attribute the friendly character of my interview with them, as much to good luck as to good management. The rais has since informed me, that if the shekh had not been satisfied with the dress I gave him, he would certainly have attempted to plunder the vessel. He says the Shillooks are in the habit of going down the river as far as the country of the Hassanichs, sinking their boats and concealing themselves in the woods in the day-time, while by night they venture into the villages and rob the people of their dourra, for which they have a great fondness. They cultivate nothing themselves, and their only employment is the chase of the elephant, hippopotamus, and other wild beasts. All the region east of the river abounds with herds of elephants and giraffes, though I have not yet been fortunate enough to get sight of them.

Here is the true land of the lotus, and the Shillooks, if not the *lotophagoi* of the Greeks, are at least the only modern eaters of the plant. I am too late to see it in blossom, and there are, besides, but few specimens of it among these islands; but not far beyond this it appears in great profusion, and both the seeds and roots are eaten by the natives. Dr. Knoblecher, who ate it frequently during his voyage two years ago, informed me that the root resembles the potato in consistence and taste, with a strong flavour of celery. These islands are inhabited only by the hunters and fishers of the tribe, who abandon them in summer, when they are completely covered by the inundation. At lat. 12°, or about fifty miles south of this, both banks of the river are cultivated, and thence, for upwards of two hundred miles, the villages are crowded so close to each other all along the shores, that they almost form two continuous towns, fronting each other. This part of the White Nile is the most thickly populated region in Africa, and perhaps in the world, China alone excepted. The number of the Shillooks is estimated at between two and three millions, or equal to the population of all Egypt.

10 P.M.

As we were leaving, I found that the men had taken down both sails and shipped the oars for our return to Khartoum. The rais had kept his word even too closely for my wish, and was determined to go no farther than the southern end of Aba. I knew there was certain danger in going further, and that I had no right to violate my agreement and peril others as well as myself; but there lay the great river, holding in its lap, to tempt me on, isles of brighter bloom and spreading out shores of yet richer foliage. I am now in the centre of the continent. Beyond me all is strange and unknown, and the Gulf of Guinea is less distant than the Mediterranean, which I left not three months ago.—Why not push on and attempt to grasp the Central African secret? The fact that stronger, braver, and bolder men have failed, is one lure the more. Happily for me, perhaps, my object on commencing the voyage was rest and recreation, not exploration. Were I provided with the necessary means and scientific appliances for making such an attempt useful, it would be impossible to turn back at this point.

I climbed to the mast-head and looked to the south, where the forest archipelago, divided by glittering reaches of water, wove its labyrinth in the distance. I thought I saw—but it may have been fancy—beyond the leafy crown of the farthest isles, the faint blue horizon of that sea of water and grass, where the palm again appears, and the lotus fringes the shores. A few hours of the strong north-wind, now blowing in our faces, would have taken me there, but I gave myself up to Fate and a chibouk, which latter immediately suggested to me, that though I was leaving the gorgeous heart of Africa, I was going back to civilization and home. The men rowed lustily, and, taking to the western side of the river, soon put an island between us and the village. It was about two o'clock when we left, and the wind fell sufficiently before night to allow them to make considerable progress. We swept along, under the lee of the islands, brushing the starry showers of yellow blossoms that trailed in the water, and frightening the ibises and herons from their coverts among the reeds.—The hippopotami snorted all around us, and we had always a convoy of them following in our wake. The sun sank, and a moon, four days old, lighted the solitude of the islands, but the men still rowed vigorously, till we passed the spot where the Shillooks buried their canoes in the morning. They have now deemed it safe to come to anchor in the middle of the stream, though the watch-fires of the savages are still blazing brightly in the distance.

JACK SEPOY.

The strangest part of that strange political phenomenon, the British Empire in India, is the significant fact, that the country is protected against internal tumult and foreign invasion, by an army mainly composed of the people, whose territories we have appropriated, and whose authority we have usurped. We have beaten and subjected the natives of India, and made them beat and subject others for us. We have put arms into the hands of the conquered, and that which might seem to be an element of decay, is in reality the chief pillar of our strength. There is nothing stranger, indeed, than this Sepoy army. Louis Napoleon may dream of conquering England, but we will undertake to say that he never dreams of keeping his new dominions in order with British troops.

It is true that the East India Company have constantly in their pay a few regiments of European infantry of their own, less than half-a-dozen in all; and a few battalions of European artillery. It is true that a large number of Her Majesty's regiments, horse and foot, are sent out to India, to draw the Company's pay, and fight the Company's battles. But the Indian army, by which our empire in the East is upheld, is after all, the *native* army; and it is no small matter, therefore, that the fidelity of "Jack Sepoy" should be uncorruptedly maintained.

Every now and then, however, there comes upon us, flashed as it were by the magic fire-ships, which have brought India and England within a month's journey of each other, some uncomfortable disturbing report of the infidelity of a portion of the native army. Certain Sepoy regiments, if they have not broken out openly into revolt, have shown, it is narrated in the newspapers, evident signs of disaffection. It may be on the borders of some river which they are disinclined to pass, far off on the north-western plains, or it may be down on the south-eastern coast, with the black water before them. Something is required of them, which they like not to do; or something is taken from them which they wish to retain. Some offence is given, by interfering either with their prejudices or their comforts. Then there are low grumblings and mutterings, indications of a coming storm; then the storm itself, an outburst of disaffection; and then, either some compromise on the part of government, or else some measure of severity to crush the young monster, as he escapes from the shell, lest in time he should desolate the land.

And, accompanying these reports of disaffection, we are wont to hear, from time to time, certain laments over the decline of the native army. The Sepoy, it is said, is not what he was. He has fallen from his high estate. He is less loyal and less robust. He is not as willing as he was, in the old days of Coote and Lake, to follow his officers anywhere, to do anything at their bidding. The bond between the white-faced officer, and the dusky soldier, it is said, is loosened. They do not love one another as they did. A new order of things has arisen. As it was in those old days, it never can be again.

Now, all this is partly true and partly false. It is a very important matter; and it is right that it should be understood.

The native army of India is composed of a mixed race of Mahomedans and Hindoos. They are enlisted voluntarily into the service. There is no conscription. There are no recruiting establishments. They come and seek service; present themselves to the legitimate staff of any regiment they may select; are then duly examined, passed or rejected, as the case may be; sworn, put upon the rolls, and sent to drill. The service is esteemed an honourable one: neither Hindoo nor Mahomedan enters the ranks of the Company's army, because he has previously failed in any other trade or profession. When he enters the service of the Company, he has not emphatically "gone for a soldier." He is not, in any sense, a gone man. He is honoured and esteemed; he bears himself highly, he is proud of his profession. His father has been a soldier before him, and he intends that his son shall be one after him. He is well paid; and, if he lives long enough, he is well pensioned. He is as sure, humanly speaking, of his pension, as he is of his pay. There is no need of drums and fifes, and gaudy ribbands, and strong drink, and the lies of recruiting sergeants, to induce him to enlist. If he is inspired with military ardour, it is by the stories which he has heard his veteran father—an old Company's pensioner—tell, under the shadow of a mangoe tree, in his native village; not by the beer and tobacco, and the false promises of the tricky sergeant under a booth at a country fair. So far, everything is in favour of the Sepoy. There are many reasons why he should be true to his employers. In no native service—under no native states—have soldiers ever been so regularly paid and so securely pensioned. The Company's military service is "a certainty" to Hindoo or Mussulman. John Company always keeps faith with Jack Sepoy. Happen what will to the former, the latter always gets his pay.

But then, on the other hand, there are things to be said, there are sets-off to be remembered. The Sepoy soldier has enlisted into the service of an alien master. He eats the salt of a stranger and an usurper. He is lorded over by men of a different colour and a different creed; men speaking another language, and bowing down to another God. There can be little community of interests between them, there can hardly be any sympathy. They are so distinct from one another, the foreign master and the native servant. But it was not always so. In these days men go out to India; but they are Englishmen still. They carry with them English habits and English feelings; and they keep them. A journey to Bengal or Madras, is not now transportation for life. The voyage, indeed, is accomplished with such rapidity, that you meet a friend in the streets, and he tells you that he has just returned from India, though you had not known that he had gone there. It seems but the other day that you met him at the club. But in the old times, men betook themselves to India with little expectation, perhaps with little desire, of ever returning to their native country. They very soon forgot their native land. They forgot all the old ties. They divorced themselves from the habits and the feelings which they had taken out with them. Little by little they Indianised themselves. At Rome, they did as they do at Rome. It was convenient, they thought it was pleasant, to cast off the trammels of Christian morality and the restraints of European civilization; and they allowed themselves to be absorbed, without qualms or compunctions, into the general mass of heathendom which surrounded them.

The charms of European female society were denied to them, so they formed connexions, of more or less permanency, with the dark-faced, supple-limbed women of the country, and reared a dusky race of Zenana-bred children. Thus pursuing unrestrainedly the bent of their inclinations, they learnt of necessity the language of the country; and, in some sort, familiarized themselves with the customs, and looked indulgently on the prejudices of the people. We do not say that this was a state of things to be desired or commended. We only assert that it existed. And we are bound to add that out of this state of things, however objectionable in itself, arose that close and sympathizing connexion between the European officer and the native soldier, which, now that our Indian cantonments are sparkling with English wives and sisters and daughters, we are never likely to see again.

We have said that in these days the Englishman goes out to India, not as a settler, but as a temporary sojourner in the land. He brings his European feelings, habits, associations with him, and they seldom leave him to the last. He finds in almost every cantonment in India a sufficiency of European society to occupy his time and satisfy his tastes. There is no lack of European female society. If he desire to form domestic ties he may choose for himself a wife. The English officer who solaces himself in his exile with the *deliciæ* of the Zenana is a marked man. Such connexions are looked askance at, because they are rare. Instead of a native mistress the officer now-a-days has an English wife. His family engross his time and his affections; or, if he has not yet settled down into the condition of the *pater-familias*, he spends his leisure hours, in no small measure, making morning calls, riding with the ladies, attending dinner-parties, getting up balls, and so on. It is not in this way that the native language is to be learnt; any familiarity with native habits to be attained; or any sympathy with native feelings and prejudices to be imbibed. The young Englishman grows into the middle-aged Englishman; and thence, if he live long enough, into the old Englishman. He is scarcely more a native when he leaves the country for ever than when he first arrives. He gains, in most instances, but a smattering of the language; of the habits and feelings of the people, in all probability, he knows nothing. He has no kindly feeling towards them; he has no sympathy with them. Whether they be the servants of his household, or the Sepoys of his regiment, they are simply "black fellows," nothing else. He has no brotherhood with them. He turns his back on them, and dwells apart.

Now we are very sensible of the great improvement in the moral and social habits of the English in India, which has taken place since the commencement of the present century. We rejoice in it—we love to record it. But we should have gloried in it more if it had not been accompanied by the drawback of which we speak. We are afraid it must be acknowledged that if we have better men in India, we have worse officers. We speak of course with relation to this particular subject—the management of the native army; for in many important respects the Indian officer has advanced professionally, as he has morally, and puts his predecessors to shame. Viewing him we say only in this aspect, as the commander of the native soldier, it is not to be denied that he has undergone a woful depreciation. He is now simply the commander—not at all the associate. He does not know his men as he once did; he does not take the same pride in them. He looks at them only in the concrete, as his regiment, or his company. His regiment or his company is something worth regarding, as it places in his pocket so many rupees a month; but he little cares for the individual men composing the regiment or the company. He no longer loves them as his children, and we fear that they no longer look up to him as a common father. The professional relationship still exists between them. But that is all—there is nothing more.

Jack Sepoy is, in many respects, quite a child. He is docile, but not without occasional fits of obstinacy; and he is easily to be won by kindness. He has naturally great respect for his European officer. He has an inherited faith in the superior wisdom and the superior prowess of the white men, whom he is bound to obey; but he is very tenacious of his rights. On some points, when he has once made up his mind, no argument can persuade and no force can drive him out of the opinions he has formed. He clings to them at all hazard—he may know the consequences—he may know that his contumacy will, perhaps, cost him his life. He only says to himself that it is fate; and he goes on, with dogged resolution, with something of martyr-like courage to the end. In all probability he is right—right at least up to a certain point; or at all events that others are wrong. Jack Sepoy is very tenacious about his pay; and perhaps some changes have been introduced which he does not clearly understand, and which his officers have not taken the trouble to explain to him. He requires at all times gentle handling; and if you deal tenderly with him and carefully explain to him what you are about, there is little fear of his bristling into open disaffection. Whenever we hear that a Sepoy regiment has evinced a mutinous spirit we feel the strongest possible conviction that the European officers of the regiment are not wholly blameless. If nothing else can be said against them, it may be generally assumed that they do not know their men.

Every Sepoy regiment has two sets of commissioned officers. It has native officers and European officers; but the youngest European ensign takes precedence of the oldest *soubahdar*. Outwardly and officially, the powers and responsibilities of these native officers is very limited; but they are more important personages behind the scenes than before, and the loyalty of a regiment very much depends upon them. It is through them that our European officers have generally gained their knowledge of the feelings of the regiment at large and the characters of its individual members. It is expressly enjoined by the rules of the service, that these native officers—veteran soldiers as they are—should be treated with courtesy and respect by their European superiors; and there is an express order to the effect that, when the former attend for purposes of business or ceremony at the houses or in the tents of the latter, a chair should always be offered to the visitor. These visits were formerly more frequent and more protracted than they now are. The European officer used to encourage the native veteran to visit him in his quarters and talk over the affairs of the corps. If there was any cause of discontent among the men of the regiment, he was pretty sure to hear of it. And not seldom the judicious suggestions of the one party, and the friendly feelings of the other, brought about a timely reconciliation, when, but for such intervention, there might have been a dangerous outburst. But all this has very much passed away. These visits are now fewer and shorter than they were, because they are less encouraged. The talk of the old soubahdar is listened to with impatience. In all probability it is imperfectly understood. The gallant veteran is looked upon as a twaddling old "nigger." He is answered abruptly and not to the point. He may have dropped some significant hints—or, perhaps, made some important revelations. But the English officer has his buggy or his palanquin at the door, and he is going out to see the colonel's daughters, who have just arrived from Calcutta or Madras. And so the native officer takes his departure, disappointed—perhaps chagrined—and returns to the lines. He has done his duty. If the Captain Sahib will not listen to him, it is not his fault. How can he help it, if things go wrong? He has done his best to put the gentlemen on their guard.

These old soldiers are not by any means exacting. They are easily flattered and easily pleased. A very little kindness goes a long way with them. A large crop of gratitude is easily raised. It needs only that you should be considerate towards them to ensure their fidelity and affection. It would not be unnatural, if, circumstanced as they are—over-ridden so completely by the white men — some feelings of impatience and irritation should manifest themselves, and that they should regard the pale-faced striplings, who are set over them, with emotions of resentment and contempt. But in reality it is the nature of these men to entertain only feelings of kindness and respect for their European officers. The milk of love, however, may be turned to wormwood, and "that is bitter drinking," as we know to our cost.

Suddenly a mutiny breaks out; and then it is discovered that if the European and native officers had been on closer terms of confidence with each other, all this would not have happened. During Sir Charles Napier's brief tenure of command in India—not much exceeding a year and a half in duration—twenty-eight native commissioned officers were tried by general court-martial. Here is a sample of the charges against them;—

Subadar Davedeen Opudhya, 13th N. I. (Bengal).

Tried by General Court-Martial at Rawul Pindee, 26th October, 1849.

Charge.—Having at Rawul Pindee, on or about the 18th of July, 1849, after having by the report of Havildar Mokhum Pande, Orderly Havildar, come to the knowledge of a mutiny among the men of the Grenadier Company, who had determined not to receive the pay issued to them for May, 1849, unless it were made up to the rate of the Scinde pay, *failed to give information thereof to his commanding officer*, or to take measures for its suppression.

[Two havildars (or native sergeants) were tried at the same time for a similar offence.]

Hewunchul Patuck, Subadar, 22nd N. I. (Bengal).

Tried by General Court-Martial at Rawul Pindee, 20th Dec., 1849.

Charge.—For having at Rawul Pindee, on or about July 12th, after having come to the knowledge of a mutiny among the men of No. 4 Company, ... *failed to give information thereof to his commanding officer.*

Sewdeen Awustee, Subadar, 22nd N. I.

Tried for a similar offence.

[Another Jemadar was subsequently tried for prevaricating in evidence given on the trial of the above, for the purpose of screening the prisoner.]

Jemadar Ram Sing, 22nd N. I.

Charge.—For having at Rawul Pindee, when pay was to be issued to the regiment, purposely ordered the men of the company to disperse from the lines about the time they were required to receive their pay, and having falsely reported to Captain Hunt, commanding the company, when told to assemble the men, that they had dispersed on their own business, and could not then be collected.

[Two havildars were tried at the same time for failing to give information, &c.]

Sheik Madar Buksh, Subadar, 66th N. I. (Bengal).

Tried by Court Martial, February 14th, 1850.

Charge.—For having at Govindgurh . . . . . being present at a mutiny of the Sepoys, *not used his utmost endeavours to suppress the same.*

Gunga Singh, Jemadar, 66th N. I.

Charge.—For having at Govindgurh, on or about the 2nd of February, 1850, when being present and aware that the Sepoys of his company were mutinously arming and accoutring themselves, *failed to give information thereof to his commanding officer.*[*]

The result of the mutiny in the 66th regiment, to which reference is here made, was the disgraceful disbandment of the corps. The cause of the outbreak was, primarily, the reduction of certain allowances to which the Sepoys conceived that they were entitled. The reduction was a necessary one—the result of no caprice on the part of government—but of altered circumstances, which only required to be intelligibly and considerately explained to the Sepoys, to satisfy them of the justice and propriety of the measure. But no attempt was made to afford any satisfactory explanation of a change which affected the comforts, and, as they thought, infringed upon the rights of the native soldiers. The course which ought to have been adopted was plainly this ;—the officers in command of companies should have invited their native officers to their quarters, talked over the contemplated change familiarly with them, explained the circumstances which had rendered it necessary, and suggested to them the propriety of their entering into similar explanations, after returning to their lines, with the men of the companies to which they severally belonged. And this should have been done privately, in anticipation of a public explanation to be made by the commanding officer of the corps to the regiment assembled on parade. Instead of this, the commanding officer of the 66th N. I. left it to the (European) sergeant-major of the regiment to explain the matter to the orderly havildars (native non-commissioned officers), for them in turn to explain the obnoxious arrangement to the Sepoys. The consequence was that when, the order having appeared, the reduction actually took effect, the regiment broke out into overt mutiny. The omission, it must be added, was the more inexcusable, inasmuch as that the commander-in-chief had expressly declared in general orders, that he would " hold commanding officers severally responsible that the orders are fully and clearly explained, and made known to all whom they concern."

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[*] We take these (slightly condensed) from an excellent compilation, by Mr. John Mawson, of Calcutta, entitled " Records of the Indian Command of General Sir Charles Napier," a work from which we shall have occasion to make some further extracts, and to which we gladly express our obligations.

It was not likely that such an omission as this should escape the keen eye of Sir Charles Napier. One of the best orders that he ever issued to the Indian army, was that which related to this unhappy mutiny in the 66th Native Infantry (Bengal). Many of Sir Charles Napier's orders and addresses, whilst in command of the Indian army, were distinguished by bad taste and erroneous judgment—some by bad feeling and questionable justice—but this order was, in our estimation, entirely free from all characteristic Napierian defects. One passage deserves especial commendation:—"Finally," it runs, "the Commander-in-chief will take this opportunity of expressing his fervent hope, that the young European officers of this army, who are full of ability, zeal, and good feeling towards the natives, will see the necessity of endeavouring to associate as much as possible with the native officers, and make them their comrades in every sense of the word. It is thus *alone* that the European officer can expect to acquire a thorough knowledge of what passes in his regiment, and of the feelings which exist among those under his command. It is not through sergeant-majors and orderly havildars, that the Sepoy is to learn the justice, the generosity, and the care for his welfare which is exercised by his government; these things he must learn direct from his European officers. The abolition of the Scinde allowance ought to have been the subject of explanation and discourse of every European officer in the regiment with the men of his company." It is the want of this explanation and discourse with the men, which is sapping the very vitals of the once loyal native army.

In another order, Sir Charles Napier says, "The Sepoy is both a brave and an obedient soldier; and whenever he behaves ill, it is, in a great measure, the fault of his commanding officer." We have so much faith in the truth of this aphorism, that we never hear of a native regiment being in a state of insubordination, or showing the least unwillingness to perform any service required of it, without a very uncomfortable impression on our mind, that the European officers have failed in their duty to the men under their command. At all events, it is very certain that there can be no sudden and unexpected ebullition of discontent, if there is any confidence existing between the European and native officers. We have recently seen it instanced in the public prints, as a proof of the deterioration of the native army, that the 38th Bengal N. I., which only the other day refused to face the black water, and proceed to the Burmese frontier by sea, had, years ago, sailed to Egypt. Certainly, remembering that the 38th was one of Nott's "beautiful regiments" throughout the stirring scenes of the war in Afghanistan—that either in doing or suffering, it had ever been one of the most gallant and the most patient corps ever led into the field by European officers—we were astonished to read of the backwardness it had recently evinced, when called upon to take part in the coming glories of the Burmese war.* We have heard, as yet, no very satisfactory explanation of this last painful instance of the "deterioration of the native army" of India; but we have never heard it spoken of by any old and distinguished officer in this country, without the expression of a belief that, some how or other, it has been the fault of the European officers. "The Sepoy," as Sir Charles Napier has said, "is both a brave and obedient soldier, and whenever he behaves ill, it is, in a great measure, the fault of the commanding officer."

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* It is not, however, to be forgotten that the regiment was not what is called a general service corps. Certain regiments enlist for "general service," and are therefore bound to proceed across the water when ordered. But a regiment, not enlisting for the general service, is no more bound to proceed across the "black-water" than a regiment of British Local Militia to take the field in Spain or Portugal. Still, if this regiment, under one set of officers, was willing to proceed to Egypt, it is strange that it should have resisted the voyage to Rangoon.

A similar opinion, too, has recently been expressed by Lord Ellenborough. Writing to a military journal with reference to a statement in Kaye's "History of the War in Afghanistan," regarding the unwillingness of certain regiments to enter the Khyber Pass, the ex-Governor-General very truthfully remarks,—"Such conduct on the part of soldiers, can hardly take place without some failure on the part of the officer under whose immediate command he is." It is, indeed, generally more a failure than a fault on the part of the European officer—an error of omission rather than of commission. He has other things to think of; his heart is otherwise occupied; he has no room for the Sepoy; he suffers the black fellow to take his chance. Our English officers of the present day case-harden themselves too much with national buckram. They cannot bring themselves to unbend; they are too stiff and conventional. Sir Henry Russell—who died the other day in Berkshire—in one of the letters which he addressed to "The Times," under the signature of "Civis," says, "As commanders of Indian soldiers, and generally as implements of Indian warfare, there seems to be this remarkable distinction between the English and the French, — the English make the best leaders; the French are good leaders, too, *and they are comrades into the bargain*. The English officers never descend from their position; they are officers off the parade as well as on it. The French officers, on the contrary, associate with their soldiers both native and European." And in proof of the good effect which this kind of intercourse had on the native mind, he says that the beggars at Hyderabad used in his time, whenever they asked charity of an European, always to bestow on him the complimentary title of *Bussy;* and that as late as 1820, M. Raymond's tomb there was still periodically illuminated, though he had been dead since 1797. When Sir Henry Russell collected these letters into a little volume, he appended a note to this passage, saying, "An Indian officer of long experience tells me, on reading this letter, that the Sepoys of the subsidiary force at Poonah, which had been commanded by Colonel Wallace, subscribed, on his death, for the support of a lamp at his tomb and a man to keep it; and that every night, at the evening of the grand rounds, fancying that they saw the old colonel on his well-known white horse, they used to turn out and salute him."

What Sir Henry Russell wrote about the high estimation in which Bussy and Raymond were held by the natives of India, and the question as to what English names were so venerated called forth a rejoinder from the "Times." "Did he never," asked the Journalist, "hear stories of Coote? It is but a short time since an old white-bearded Sepoy came to present a memorial to an English officer, who holds one of the highest employments in India. A print of Coote being in the room, the veteran recognized at once that face and figure which had not been seen for more than half a century; and forgetting his salaam to the living, halted, drew himself up, lifted his hand, and with solemn reverence paid his military obeisance to the dead." "My time," replied

Sir Henry Russell "was only just beginning when the companions of Coote were closing theirs. Yet I still remember the old Sepoys, who used to totter up to his picture in the Exchange at Madras and salaam to him, to the neglect of the lofty personages who hung around." And with reference to an anecdote of the closing scene of the General's life, he says, "His troops were then, as was generally the case, heavily in arrear. At one crisis of that struggle, I think, they were a whole year without pay. Though it was then borne, what would be the effect of such an arrear if it were to happen now?" Doubtless the effect would be a general mutiny. The Sepoys love their pay; but they do not love their officers as they did. It is only a personal feeling of affection for those under whom they fight that could teach them forbearance under such provocation as this.

But, although such anecdotes as these are interesting and suggestive, as illustrating the reverence and affection with which the Sepoy often regards the general officer, who leads him to conquest, it is of more consequence that he should be closely knit by such bonds to the officers of his own particular regiment, who dwell with him in peace or war—in the quiet cantonment as in the stirring camp. It was a series of hard fought battles that endeared such men as Coote and Lake to the native soldiery. Neither of them was reared in the Indian army—neither had more than an imperfect knowledge of the language and the customs of the people. It was enough that they fought the same battles and shared the same dangers, and that the soldier was cared for by his chief. But even India has seasons of peace; and the native army is now spread over too large a surface to enable the Sepoy to come so frequently into contact with his chief and to have that close personal interest in him, which existed in the old days of Coote and Lake. The subalterns, captains, and field-officers of his regiment are, however, always with him. It is mainly to the Sepoy's affection for them that we must look for the continued loyalty and good conduct of the native army. If, instead of inspiring this affection and confidence, the European officers only excite, by their apathy and exclusiveness, indignation and mistrust, it is hard to say what in time may be the result of the "deterioration." It is related that the native commissioned officers of one of the regiments that mutinied at Vellore had been put to punishment drill, with muskets on their shoulders, for trifling instances of carelessness or inadvertency on parade. Such too was the disregard of the feelings of the Sepoys generally that a King's officer commanding the station, when applied to by an old commanding officer of a regiment for leave for his Sepoys to attend an annual Hindoo festival, peremptorily refused the request, and when told that it had been the invariable custom to grant it, for the twenty-five years that the applicant had been in the service, replied, "Then I now abolish the said custom in its twenty-sixth year."

Such gross and glaring instances of disregard for the feelings of the Sepoy are not very common. But there is in these days what may be described as an habitual neglect of the *bienséances* which so easily win the heart of the native soldier. Indeed, it is so very, very easy to make Jack Sepoy your friend, that it is a marvel to us that the effort is not more frequently made. People take much more trouble to accomplish a thousand things, which are not half so pleasant when done. The merest boy, the ink of whose commission is hardly yet dry, may win by a few words of broken Hindostanee the gratitude and affection of the oldest native soldier in the service. Let the utterance be as imperfect as it may, Jack Sepoy will know at once whether the words are kindly meant. His heart will understand them, if his head does not. The writer of these pages well remembers how, when, in a remote Indian station, he lay in the extremity of a mortal fever, struggling between life and death, and some cooling grateful drink was sought for him, it was discovered that there were no limes, in or near the place, wherewith to make the accustomed lemonade; and how an old grey-haired jemadar of his detachment hearing this, travelled many, many miles into the interior by night, and next morning presented himself at the bedside with a basket-full of the desired fruit. The old soldier could not have been more constant in his visits to the sick-room, or, seemingly, more solicitous for the recovery of the invalid, if he had been a dear friend or near relative; and yet the sick man, for whom the dark-faced veteran had made that long journey, was a very young officer, imperfectly acquainted with the native languages, who had only recently joined the detachment, and whose only claim to the gratitude of the old jemadar, whom he was set over, was that he had always felt kindly, and, as well as he could, spoken kindly to him, and if fitting words were wanting had always had a friendly smile to bestow. This is a trifling anecdote in itself, but it indicates the willingness of Jack Sepoy to accept with gratitude even the smallest kindnesses, and to give his white-faced officers credit for good intentions, even when imperfectly fulfilled.

Of the conduct of Jack Sepoy in action, we cannot afford to write much in detail. Very different opinions on this subject have been from time to time oracularly delivered; and very different illustrations are adduced in support of these opinions. The truth is, that Jack Sepoy, like all other mortal beings, sometimes makes a mistake. And then those who are wont to speak scornfully of the "black fellows" in general, and the military black fellows in particular, cry out that there is no confidence to be reposed in the native army—that the Sepoy regiments are all well enough in their way to swell out a force to its legitimate dimensions, and to make an imposing appearance in the field—or even to follow the European corps, when the latter have made the way clear for them—but that they can do little or nothing for themselves and by themselves, and that when the crisis arrives they are, in all probability, found wanting. Only the other day, on the far off north-western frontier, our native cavalry was found not to be up to the proper mark—the grand forward feeling was not there when it was required to demonstrate itself—and the regiment disgraced itself in the face of an undisciplined foe. Hence there is an outcry against the native cavalry in general. It is said that this branch of the service is notoriously inefficient, and that there is no hope of making it better. But the native cavalry has done good service in its time—ay, and in very recent times. Sir Charles Napier knows what the 9th Cavalry did for him at Meeanee. No dragoon regiment ever charged the enemy with heartier good will, or wrought more mightily to turn the tide of victory in a great conjuncture. In Afghanistan, their's was a career of blended good and evil—the dark pages in the history of the native cavalry were relieved by brighter and more alluring ones. The Bengal Troopers, who followed Oldfield and Mayne, on the plains before Jellalabad, were never found wanting in the hour of need; nor ever were the native horsemen, whom Pollock led to the re-occupation of Caubul, slow to obey the order to charge, even up the steep hill-sides of those stupendous defiles; and, to cite only two of the earlier instances with which history sparkles, who forgets how our native cavalry cut down the Mahratta horsemen at Assaye (Wellington knows it well), and how Fitzgerald's troopers, at Jetabuedee, a mere handful of brave men, kept a whole army in check?

But Jack Sepoy is not always mounted. When he is, it may be a question whether he would not, in a state of greater physical freedom—with his limbs more at liberty—less of the regulation cut about him altogether—and something more of his own manner of handling horse and harness, arms, and equipments, left to him, do better service in the field. Still these regulation troopers form but a small section of Jack Sepoy's great family. Another member thereof, and a notable one, is Jack Sepoy *Golundauze.* The native gunner is always true to his guns—always faithful to his employers. We do not know an instance of his failure. To the English artilleryman a gun is a gun—simply so much wood and metal—to be fought for and protected to the death, as a mighty instrument of war, the loss of which is in itself disastrous, and over and above this, as something which has an exoteric and symbolical importance not to be estimated with reference to its value as one of the components of the material resources of the war.

Our British artillerymen know well the use of guns in action, and they know what is the dishonour of losing them; but the native *golundauze* have a feeling of personal affection for their guns, loving them as though they were living beings, bound to them by ties of the closest relationship, or perhaps, in some cases, reverencing and worshipping them, as though they were idols, and certainly as such, they are more comely at all times, and more serviceable in the hour of need, than the graven images which the Hindoos habitually adore. But whatever the feeling may be that upholds him, in the hour of extremest danger, the native Indian gunner, whether in our service, or that of the native princes, stands to his gun, with a courage and constancy that cannot be surpassed, and is cut down or bayoneted there, with all the hero's unflinching gallantry, and the martyr's unfailing devotion. Jack Sepoy always looks and acts his best, when you see him beside his guns.

All the greatest generals, who have gone out to India, are eager to acknowledge, that there is not a finer soldier in the world than Jack Sepoy, when he is well-officered. But he must be well-officered. We have only to glance at the general history of India, to know what he has done, from the days when he crossed bayonets with the French troops at Cuddalore and beat them, too, to recent times, when the fiercest Ghiljee and Beloochee warriors went down before Jack Sepoy on the plains of Afghanistan and Scinde. Soldiers, who have fought as these men have fought, are not to be despised in battle. The French writer slandered them when he said, "They feel towards their European officers as the sheep feel towards the bell-wether of the flock, a dread of being in the rear, rather than a desire to be in the van. They follow their officer into the thick of the fight, but with a sort of vague, indefinite idea that he will defend them, that he will fight for them, that he will put the enemy to flight, and extricate them from danger. And since upon an Indian field of battle the result is generally determined at a distance, by the artillery, the Sepoy is not called upon to act, not called upon to charge the enemy, until they are cut up by the grape-shot, in flight and disorder; he is then in his element, brave enough against those who are panic-struck; but whenever he meets an enemy disposed to attack him with vigour, he invariably fails."*

And yet he did not fail, even when he attacked the French infantry in South Arcot, and made three hundred and fifty of their number bite the dust—he did not fail, when Gwalior, Agra, and Ramhora were taken by Jack Sepoy alone—he did not fail when Jack Sepoy, at the first siege of Bhurtpore, planted the British standard on a spot which the European troops had failed to reach. He did not fail when—but it is needless to recite instances with which every reader of Indian history is familiarly acquainted. The feeling of the native soldier towards his European officer is not that which it is described to be by the French writer. It is, to a certain extent, a feeling of reliance upon him, but at the same time it is a feeling of duty and devotion. It is necessary that he should have confidence in his European leader; but at the same time he is eager to support and assist him. He *has* faith in the superior prowess and skill of the European officer who commands him, but it is not the abject faith of prostration and imbecility. He will follow the officer, whom he loves and respects, anywhere—not because he believes that his commander has any natural powers whereby he may defend him from danger, but because it is his delight to prove himself worthy of the good opinion of his leader, and to do his best to support and assist him.

We have nearly reached the limits of our allotted space;—but we must remark, in conclusion, that we believe that there are two circumstances, beyond those on which we have already insisted, which go far to weaken the respect of Jack Sepoy for his European officers—circumstances of which we trust the Parliamentary Committee now sitting will take some notice. One is the *practical* exclusion of the Company's officers from the chief commands at the different presidencies. As long as Jack Sepoy sees the armies invariably commanded by the officers of the Queen's service he will believe that the Company's officers are men of an inferior caste. This is a great evil. Another defect of the present system, is the arrangement whereby the command of regiments often falls, in the mere course of official routine, into the hands of men who have spent nearly all their lives on the *Staff*, and who return in their old age to military duty, in a state of utter ignorance regarding even the most ordinary regimental details. The entire system, indeed, of removal to and from the General Staff, which does so much to weaken regimental ties, and to transfer companies suddenly and repeatedly from the hands of one officer to those of another, and often places them under the command of very young men, is highly detrimental to the efficiency of the service. Our European officers do not, as they once did, look upon their regiments as their homes; but are perpetually longing to escape from them. There is too much absenteeism. Jack Sepoy is left too much to himself. The chances are that when you look at the Army List, you find that more than half the captains—who ought to be the working officers of the regiments—are absent from their corps.

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* De Warren's "L'Inde Anglaise."

THE FATHER OF THE FRENCH DRAMA.*

NATIONAL poetry, more especially that branch which includes all the diversified forms of dramatic composition, is usually referred to as the most faithful index by which to estimate the taste, habits, manners, and other peculiarities of the people, with whom it is identified. The abstract question may be looked upon as settled beyond dispute, but its practical appliance is involved in contradiction. According to many elaborate reasoners, poetry is formed by, and emanates from, national character; while others hold that national character is created by poetry. Sometimes this important agent is set down as an originating cause, and sometimes represented as a reflected consequence. It cannot be both, although alternately described as either, in defiance of the established rules of logic, and the ordinary laws of consistency. But let this point be decided as it may—in all ages and in all countries, poetry has exercised an essential influence on the existing state of society. In opposition to this argument, Malherbe, whose life had been devoted to the art, declared on his death-bed, (as related by his pupil and biographer, Racan), that a poet was a useless excrescence, of no more value in the state than a good player at nine-pins. Edward the First thought differently, and despaired of the conquest of Wales, until he had exterminated the bards, considering them more formidable enemies than his armed opponents. Dean Swift, when advocating popular rights in Ireland, said, "Give me the ballad-singers on my side, and I care little for the laws or the press." The idea was suggested by a similar saying of Cardinal Mazarin. Napoleon, at the summit of despotic power, admitted that a lampoon or a pasquinade was more to be dreaded by the imperial government, than an organized rebellion or an invading army.

Poetry is the oldest of the fine arts, and the first fixed form in which language was perpetuated. Minstrels and singers can trace back a more remote pedigree than historians, philosophers, and men of science. The exact date of the invention of poetry, is uncertain; but, like printing, it came forth in full maturity of perfection, at a very early stage. The Song of Moses, on the safe passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, is considered to be the most ancient piece of poetical composition the world has ever seen, and is not to be exceeded in sublimity. The epic of Homer, now nearly three thousand years old, still maintains supremacy over every subsequent effort of human genius in the same class. It is true, Dr. Johnson says of Milton, "his 'Paradise Lost,' is not the greatest of epic poems, only because it is not the first." The subject selected by Milton is certainly more sublime, more instructive, and contains a more salutary lesson; but it admitted not the rapid succession of incident, the endless exuberance of description, the multiplied diversity of character, which that of the earlier poet enabled him to embrace.

M. Guizot, the celebrated ex-minister of the late King Louis Philippe, has long been before the public as an author, remarkable for profound philosophy of thought, accuracy of research, and clearness of reasoning. These qualities are strikingly exemplified in his notes on Gibbon, in particular, and in his other essays on grave political and polemical subjects. But we were not prepared for a work combining so much conversational ease, brilliancy of anecdote, and variety of lighter material, as we find united in the volume he has just published, which, under the title of "Corneille and his Times," supplies a very agreeable and instructive summary of the rise and progress of French dramatic poetry. The information here comprised could not be otherwise obtained, unless by referring to many authorities, and wandering through a whole library of heavy investigation. Economy of time and trouble constitutes a prominent advantage of all similar treatises, which deal generally with the particular literature of a defined epoch. In the history of the origin and advancement of the classical drama in France, novelty is blended with interest. Except through the impassioned declamation of Mademoiselle Rachel, the modern English public are but little acquainted with the genius of the father and founder of French tragedy, the Shakspeare of France; as Corneille is occasionally, and rather ambitiously designated, by those who mistake power of condensed expression, with command of vigorous and flowing language, for the high imaginative faculty which scorns subservience to settled rules, and of whose exclusive possessor it was truly said—

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* Corneille and his Times. By M. Guizot, 8vo. 1852.

> "Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign;
> And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."

We cannot recognize any uninspired writer but Shakspeare, to whom this comprehensive eulogium may be applied without exaggerated flattery. The versification of Corneille is grand, impressive, and sonorous, full of nerve and meaning, and not always deficient in tenderness and even pathetic feeling; but his spirit was manacled within the narrow fetters of the unities, and made no effort to escape and soar into loftier regions of inspiration. He bowed to the established opinion of the age in which he lived, attempted no reform beyond his strength to accomplish, and made the best use he could of the materials placed within his grasp. In the present day he is little read, and less frequently acted. Theatrical attraction in 1852 lies in a different path. The dramas of Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, Voltaire, and Regnard, stand in gilded bindings on the shelves of many libraries, but, except for occasional reference, to verify a quotation, or to enlighten a solitary student, they are as seldom disturbed as the volumes of Heywood, Marlowe, Shirley, Ford, or Webster. All these are talked of liberally, by learned oracles, who are often as little acquainted with them as are the inattentive listeners they are endeavouring to astonish and mystify by an affectation of superior knowledge and deeper reading. We do not mean to say that the French and English dramatists of the seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth centuries, are entirely pushed aside as useless lumber, but their productions are not generally palatable in the present refined state of literary epicureanism. It is not denied, that almost all educated and travelled persons, in these latter, glowing days, of universal improvement and rapid locomotion, speak or read French, Italian, and German, or, at least say, or think they do; and would consider it a sin against conventional decorum not to bestow rapturous plaudits on a French, Italian, or German play. The approbation is accorded because the commodity is exotic, and therefore of a superior quality. This in most cases is an act of obedience to popular opinion, rather than an impulse of intelligence. We frequently yawn where we affect to admire, and run the risk of applauding in the wrong place, rather than it should be suspected we do not understand. As Hamlet recommends to his mother, we "assume a virtue when we have it not." But whatever may be the cause, it cannot fail to be observed, that an English audience, especially an aristocratic one, appears to be more warmly excited at a second or third class foreign play, expounded (as the modern critics have it) by performers of the same weight of metal, than at the exhibition of one of Shakspeare's finest creations, even when embodied by our ablest native artists. If this is merely homage to all-controlling fashion, the mistake is venial; but if it proceeds from deliberate conviction, it must be deplored as an error in judgment, and a degeneracy in national taste, equally injurious and unaccountable.

The name of the English translator of M. Guizot's volume is not announced in the title-page, but he has no reason to shrink from acknowledging his task. He has executed it well and gracefully, with care and fidelity, retaining the full spirit of the original, undisfigured by that slavish adherence to French idiom, which is the usual, and damaging characteristic of exact translation. We can scarcely bestow higher praise than in saying, it reads throughout like an original work. The author has divided his book into three distinct sections: Poetry in France before the time of Corneille;—the life and writings of Corneille himself;—and lastly, an account of his contemporaries. This arrangement greatly assists the reader, and keeps him clear in his chronological references. By the preface we learn that the first sketch of this publication appeared nearly forty years ago, but has been greatly modified and enlarged, until it has assumed its present more complete and comprehensive shape. M. Guizot says he has made many changes, and was tempted to make many more. "Perhaps," he adds, "I ought to have re-written my work. I did not wish to do so. A book must exist and last out its time as it is. This book is, if I mistake not, a faithful image of the spirit which prevailed, forty years ago, in literature, among the men who cultivated it, and the public who loved it." We do not entirely feel the force of this reasoning, as far as we can understand it. The author says truly, "many years, and such years, develop in the mind entirely new views upon all subjects." We should therefore have thought he would have rejected the opinions of early enthusiasm for those stamped by long and chastening experience. The subject of which he treats is in essence unchanged, and what it always was; but the manner in which it is received now, is of more importance to him than the impression it made formerly, and its perfect coincidence with the tastes of the generation which has faded from the world since the year 1813.

The earliest French dramatists of whom we have any authentic knowledge, appear to have been Jodelle, Hardy, and Mairet. All these are better known by their names than their works, although Hardy, with a muse almost as prolific as that of Lope de Vega, could dash off a comedy of two thousand lines in twenty-four hours. The Spaniard, it was said, made little of writing a three-act play before breakfast. Of Hardy's numerous dramatic offspring, exceeding six hundred in number, only forty-one are now extant. He was considered the father of the

French stage, and reigned supreme in credit, until dethroned by the superior genius of Corneille. But long before his era, even under the rule of the mysteries and moralities, the French language could boast of more than one excellent farce. "Les Morts Vivants" is as old as the sixteenth century. "L'Avocat Patelin" is supposed by Fontenelle to date as far back as the time of Louis the Twelfth,[*] and, according to all circumstantial evidence, is the very earliest production of the French stage. Broadly humorous and farcical, but not in the least obscure or unintelligible, either in language or construction. "L'Avocat Patelin" is very familiar to the English public under the title of "The Village Lawyer," almost a literal translation, even to the "ba-a-ing" of Sheepface, which moves the galleries to a perfect extasy of merriment. "The Village Lawyer" was sent to Colman anonymously, and was first acted at the Haymarket for Edwin's benefit, in 1787. All the actors predicted its failure, considering the humour trivial and dangerous, but it was received with unqualified approbation, and has remained on the stage as a stock farce ever since. It is an odd coincidence that neither the author of the French original nor English translation is correctly known. In "L'Avocat Patelin" occurs for the first time the phrase, "*revenons à nos moutons*," which has since passed into universal adoption as a proverbial saying, expressive of "let us resume our discourse." To create proverbs, and give new words to language, are evidences of very unusual success. "Patelin," an accidental name, like "Tartuffe," has become a generic term for a flatterer or cajoler, as "Tartuffe" is used to signify a religious hypocrite. It has, in addition, a family of descendants, which "Tartuffe" has not produced, such as "Pateliner," "Patelinage," and "Patelineurs." In the unrivalled gallery of theatrical subjects at the Garrick Club, is a scene from the "The Village Lawyer," by Dewilde, exhibiting admirable portraits of Bannister and Parsons, as Scout and Sheepface.

Cardinal Richelieu, who wished to be supreme in everything, in letters as in political power, established the Academy, in the first instance, for the sake of having a learned body to protect and govern. But with progressive strength, they soon rose beyond the necessity of individual patronage, and vindicated their right to be what they became, an integral part of the nation. After a few years they belonged to France, rather than to their original founder, or his more liberal successor, Louis the Fourteenth. M. Guizot remarks justly of the great Cardinal, "He granted to literature an active protection, the influence of which upon the literature of his own time has, perhaps, been exaggerated, but the effect of which upon succeeding generations cannot be disregarded." The letters patent, which gave to the Academy position and permanence, were registered by the Parliament of Paris in 1637. From that date, this erudite body assumed a dictatorship as arbiters and dispensers of literary fame, but always subject to sarcasm and detraction from disappointed applicants, who failed to obtain admission into their ranks.

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[*] In his "Histoire du Théâtre Français," he gives a long extract, which he considers not unworthy of Moliere, and mentions that Pasquier has another. This little comedy was at first written in quaint rhymes, and antiquated style. After some time it was modernized, and converted into prose. In this state it has been attributed to Palaprat, and published with his name, although not included in the entire collection of his dramas, which appeared with those of his friend Brueys. It was certainly in existence before Palaprat was born. Rabelais alludes to Patelin," and he died in 1553, ninety-seven years before the birth of Palaprat.

Like all other public institutions, they were not invariably impartial or judicious in the selection of members. Piron being excluded, revenged himself, by a keen irony in the form of an epitaph :—

"Ci gît Piron, qui ne fût rien ;
Pas même—Académicien."

Pierre Corneille was born at Rouen in 1606. He was intended for the bar, but he fell in love, and so (according to his nephew, Fontenelle) became a poet. His present biographer attaches little importance to this alleged source of his genius. He says, "Love taught him merely to rhyme, and to string rhymes together was a very small matter for Corneille." The extraordinary success of his first dramatic attempt, "Melite," established his name, and determined the colour of his future life. Celebrated now as the first tragic writer of his country, he commenced his career by a succession of six comedies, long since forgotten. "Melite" appeared in 1629, when Corneille was only in his twenty-third year. At this time Shakspeare had been dead nearly thirteen years, and Lope de Vega had retired from the field, exhausted with the labour of eighteen hundred dramas. Speaking of Corneille's pretensions at this early period, M. Guizot observes, "His mind enlarged daily, but he had not yet discovered the great and legitimate use of his increasing powers ; instead of turning his attention to that inexhaustible source, the observation of nature, he wasted his strength in efforts to make the best of the barren field which he had chosen. He daily acquired greater industry, but his art remained stationary at nearly the same point ; and Corneille had as yet succeeded only in showing what he could do in a style of composition in which excellence could be attained by no one." In 1635 appeared his first tragedy, "Medea," which contains more than one indication of the energetic conciseness, and close comprehensive reasoning, which soon became distinguishing features of this celebrated writer. A single passage of intense power and simple expression, in the words of Voltaire, "announced the advent of Corneille." It seems strange, that after this decided movement in advance, he should fall back into comedy, of which "L'Illusion Comique" affords a very inferior specimen. This fall is the more remarkable, as it occurred when his mind must have been busy with the "Cid," which was produced in 1636. That event constituted an era in the dramatic history of France, and fixed the superiority of Corneille on a foundation which has never been undermined. He was then thirty, in the meridian of mental vigour, and this effort of his genius has been held up by many able critics, not only as his master-piece, but as the pride and boast of their national drama. The success of its reception was most enthusiastic ; it entirely occupied the conversation of general society ; passages committed to memory were in everybody's mouth ; and "that is as fine as the Cid" soon became a colloquial expression for anything of unexpected excellence. It was not likely that such a triumph should pass on without exciting the envy and jealousy of a host of distanced competitors, who were unwilling to subside quietly into oblivion, under the extinguishing blaze of a more brilliant light than their own. A petty feeling, unworthy of the abilities or high position of Richelieu, but instigated by literary self-love, induced him to give countenance to this useless cabal. The famous criticism of the French Academy, equally unjust and severe, was suggested by his influence, prepared under his supervision, and suspected to have been composed in part by himself. The servile complaisance of the Academy in this instance must be recorded to their enduring shame.

Corneille was not slow in discovering his own strength, as much from the bitterness his success created, as from innate perception and comparison.* But he was poor, struggling for subsistence as well as fame, and in receipt of a pension from the Cardinal. He dared not vent his indignation openly against the caprices of the power by which he was alternately patronized and persecuted. We are not therefore surprised to find affixed to many of his pieces, dedicatory epistles to Richelieu, his niece the Duchess D'Aiguillon, and other grandees of the court, composed in a strain of fulsome adulation, which Dryden could scarcely have surpassed. A hard condition, too frequently imposed by fortune on indigent genius. For the dedication of "Cinna" to M. de Montauron, Corneille was said to have received the large sum of one thousand pistoles, accompanied, however, with considerable obloquy; so much so, that praises of this kind, furnished upon specific terms, were called thenceforward, dedications *à la Montauron*. "It is always possible," says M. Guizot, "to determine by the nature of the homage which Corneille pays, the amount of the reward he received for it; and the excessive character of his eulogies will never prove anything but the excess of his gratitude." Even on the death of Richelieu, he smothered up his resentment of injuries, under the consciousness of obligation, in these ingeniously turned lines:—

"Qu'on parle mal ou bien du fameux Cardinal,
Ma prose ni mes vers n'en diront jamais rien:
Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal;
Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien."

After the triumph of the "Cid,"—"Horace," "Cinna," "Polyeucte," and "Pompée," followed in rapid succession, and carried the reputation of Corneille to its highest pinnacle. In "Rodogune" and "Heraclius," there was scarcely any perceptible descent, although the plot of the latter is so intricate and involved, that it requires a second and even a third perusal, with undivided attention, before it can be satisfactorily unravelled. In the "Menteur," he far exceeded his earlier efforts in comedy. This superiority arises less from the actual merits of the play, than from the simple fact that it is more natural than the others, and the leading character taken from the scenes of every-day life. At the age of forty-seven, Corneille, beginning to fancy his reputation with the public was on the decline, from the cold reception of "Pertharite," determined to give up writing for the stage. "It is just," he says, "that, after twenty years of labour, I should begin to perceive that I am growing too old to continue in vogue; I take leave of the public before they entirely take leave of me." It would have been well for his literary reputation if this resolve had been irrevocable, but after six years of retirement he returned to his vocation, with diminished powers, and evident symptoms that his lamp of poetic inspiration was burning low. Perhaps he had a more powerful incitement in the pressure of worldly affairs and the want of money, than even in the flattering encouragement of Fouquet. When Boileau congratulated him on the success of his tragedies, and the glory he had gained thereby; "Yes," answered Corneille, "I am satiated with glory, and famished for money." In "Nicomede" and "Sertorius," there are passages still worthy of his name, "Othon" contains one speech which will always continue to be quoted, and even "Agesilas" has a scene which could not easily have been written by any one else. The general inferiority of the last-named play, followed by "Attila," written respectively at the ages of sixty and sixty-two, drew from the satiric pen of Boileau this cutting epigram, which M. Guizot has inserted in a note.

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* Scudéry, Bois-Robert, Claveret, and a host of the small fry of literary pretenders, now forgotten, endeavoured for a time to preserve the balance of public opinion; but Corneille, by the unaided superiority of his talents, was able to vanquish the perverted taste of his age, the competition of his rivals, and the envy of the all-potent minister.

"Après l'Agesilas,—Helas !
Mais apres l'Attila—Holà."

Corneille, unwarned by failure, continued to write up to seventy, to the unavailing regret of his honest admirers, the satisfaction of his enemies, and the detriment of his fame. He reached the almost patriarchal age of seventy-eight, in a state of melancholy despondency, with a total incapacity and aversion to business of every kind, and finally expired on the 1st of October, 1684, having survived the loss of his faculties for nearly a year. Remarkably distinguished in these particulars from Shakspeare, who died suddenly at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, in the full enjoyment of bodily health and intellectual energy, and whose latest productions are ranked among his best. Racine, who succeeded Corneille by the legitimate inheritance of kindred ability, volunteered the office of eulogist, and Voltaire, by a similar right, became the commentator of their illustrious predecessor. If, in some touches of refinement, in a more cultivated style, and minutely delicate strokes of the pencil, they surpassed their model and teacher, let it not be forgotten that the first praise is due to the master who leads, rather than to the scholars, who, through his labours and example, have improved the path to excellence. They derived advantage from his faults while they drew inspiration from his genius, learning at the same time, and from the one source, what to avoid, and how to amend. In the brilliant youth of the disciple, the former achievements of the aged preceptor are frequently and unjustly forgotten. The first hardy pioneer who forces a passage through a mountain, untrod before, has accomplished a feat of greater difficulty than the followers in his train, who have rendered the rugged opening smooth and agreeable.

The private character of Corneille appears to have been honest, simple, and generally unassuming, with certain occasional inequalities of temper, from which human nature is never exempt. His actions are to be found in the history of his works. The lives of poets and scholars are usually barren of incident, separated from the bustling scenes of the world, and removed from the arena of dangerous ambition. Cervantes and Camoens form eminent exceptions. Each were gallant warriors, visiting distant lands, and braving wounds and captivity in the course of military service. Calderon, too, "had been a soldier in his youth," and Lope de Vega, on the loss of his first wife, sought consolation in the perils of the Armada. Corneille created and embellished heroes with his pen, and makes them dilate loftily on the duties of chivalry and the laws of honour, but he had no fiery spark in his own composition, and held it quite unnecessary to illustrate his theory by personal example. When challenged by Scudéry, out of spleen at his superior popularity, he rejected the appeal to arms with philosophic contempt, and replied to the rhodomontades of his angry rival by a sarcasm. "There is no necessity," said he, "for knowing how much nobler or more valiant you may be than myself, in order to judge how far superior the 'Cid" is to the 'Amant Liberal" (one of Scudery's worst comedies).

Corneille reformed much that was rude and defective in the dramatic taste of his country, but he made no effort to break through the trammels of the unities, within which the French stage has been invariably restricted. He acknowledges them as indispensable, in this short but emphatic sentence in his "Essay upon Dramatic Poetry:" "Il faut observer les unités d'action, de lieu, et de jour; personne n'en doute." This rule, so distinctly admitted by Corneille, continued binding on the tender Racine, the fiery Crebillon, and the elegant Voltaire.

"La Motte," says Voltaire, "a man of wit and talent, but attached to paradoxes, has written in our time against the doctrine of the unities, but that literary heresy met with no success; had Shakspeare been equally bigoted to scholastic rules, we should have had no 'Macbeth,' 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' 'Tempest,' or 'Lear.' Dennis, in his celebrated criticism on 'Cato,' which Dr. Johnson gives at full length in his 'Life of Addison,' shows, with unanswerable truth, the absurdity of confining the action of a play to one particular place. Dennis was a snarling, waspish animal, full of crotchets and absurd prejudices, but in this he is right. In 'Cato,' the scene is laid, with scrupulous attention to the unities, in the great hall of Cato's palace at Utica. Here the conspirators meet to lay their plots, and, says Dennis, 'How could they be such fools as to select the most unfitting place in the world to discuss a matter which involved their heads?' But let no one suppose that this absurdity occurs in 'Cato' alone. The tragedies of Corneille and Racine afford examples enough that the authors found themselves compelled to violate the laws of probability and common sense, in order to adhere to those of Aristotle. In 'Cinna,' he and Maximus conspire in the Emperor's cabinet, and there Amelia shouts forth her resolution to assassinate him; and, to make the matter more glaring, Cinna is quite aware of their egregious folly, for he says,

> 'Amis, dans ce palais on peut nous écouter;
> Et nous parlons peut-être avec trop d'imprudence,
> Dans un lieu si mal-propre à notre confidence.'"

Corneille and Racine may be distinguished as the Homer and Virgil of France. The former was deficient in tenderness, in dramatic construction, and in the art of moving the passions; but he surpassed in grandeur, in distinct identity of character, and in the power of saying much in a few words. In refinement, in delineating the passion of love truthfully, and in harmony of versification, Racine is unequalled. Corneille injured his fame by writing too much and too long. He suffers more by comparison with himself, than when viewed in conjunction with any other writer. It is almost impossible to believe that the "Cid" and "Pertharite," or "Surena," could proceed from the same source. Critics of his own nation, headed by Voltaire, have condemned more than twenty of his dramas, and confined his claims to superior excellence, to half a dozen. No foreign reader is likely to verify or refute this censure, as either course would entail the necessity of perusing them to an end. We cannot entirely agree with M. Guizot, in the opinion he has adopted from earlier authorities, that the heroes and heroines of Corneille are Greeks and Romans, Indians or Spaniards, according to the age and country in which they are placed. To us they still appear indigenously Parisian, although less palpably one family than those of Racine and Voltaire.

The French are fond of comparing Corneille and Shakspeare. We are fully alive to the merits of the great foreign writer, and have no wish to depreciate from national partiality; but we cannot see how the comparison can hold good, except in the one point, that each was a master in his art, and looked upon as a foundation-stone, on which the structure of dramatic excellence has been subsequently erected.*

The credit of Corneille rests exclusively on his tragedies, while his comedies are obsolete. That of Shakspeare is so equally poised between the two, that it is difficult to decide from which he has derived the greatest share of his renown. He vibrates from one to the other, like Garrick, when claimed by the contending Muses in Sir Joshua's picture. Corneille confined himself strictly to classic rules. Shakspeare treated them with sovereign disregard. Of Corneille's thirty-two dramas, not more than four or five retain possession of the stage. Of Shakspeare's thirty-six, above three-fourths are in requisition, and seldom fail to prove attractive when adequately represented. The recent success of "King John" at the Princess's Theatre, affords a memorable corroborative instance. The most devoted worshipper of Corneille, if called upon to select a trial specimen of his characteristic excellence, would in all probability pause upon the torrent of reproaches with which Camille overwhelms her brother, thus provoking him to murder, when he returns victorious from the combat with the Curatii in which her lover has been slaughtered. Those who have witnessed Rachel in this agony of passion, will not easily forget the effect she produced, by a most extraordinary union of intellectual intensity, and physical execution. We subjoin the speech entire for the purpose of a distinct parallel.

> "Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
> Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!
> Rome, qui t'a vû naître, et que ton cœur adore!
> Rome, enfin que je haïs parcequ'elle t'honore!
> Puissent tous ses voisins ensemble conjurés,
> Sapper ses fondesmens encore mal assurés;
> Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
> Que l'orient contre-elle a l'occident s'allie;
> Que cent peuples unis des bouts de l'univers,
> Passent pour la detruire, et les monts et les mers;
> Qu'elle même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
> Et de ses propres mains, dechire ses entrailles!
> Que le courroux du Ciel allumé par mes vœux,
> Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un deluge de feux!
> Puisse je de mes yeux y voir tombre ce foudre,
> Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre,
> Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
> Moi seul en être la cause, et mourir de plaisir."

Let us now request our readers to turn to the curse which Lear hurls on his daughter Goneril, and read or recite that tremendous imprecation immediately after the other. Here are two masterly passages from mighty spirits, in the same vein, each illustrating a similar effect of human feeling under circumstances of harrowing excitement. Perhaps it is not necessary to express our individual opinion as to which of the two the palm of superiority should be awarded.

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* The French point to the illustrious name of Pierre Corneille, as affording to the history of their theatre, the mighty landmark which Shakspeare gives to our own.

"Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase:
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live
And be a thwart, disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!"

The final division of M. Guizot's work is occupied by very interesting details respecting Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron, three contemporaries of Corneille, whose productions are little familiar to the generality of readers. Chapelain devoted twenty years of his life to the composition of twelve cantos of a poem on the Maid of Orleans, which met with so little encouragement, that he never published the conclusion. Rotrou possessed the greatest talent of this triumvirate, but the name of Scarron is better known and remembered, from his having been the first husband of Madame de Maintenon; from his constitutional humour, interminable *facetiæ,* and excellent digestion, which bade defiance to physical suffering and poverty; and from his "Roman Comique," and "Virgile Travesti," which may still be looked over and laughed at in spite of their incongruous extravagance. On closing the volume, we feel convinced that our ancestors, two hundred years ago, were more easily amused and instructed than are the present generation: and that the influence of the "Belles Lettres" on society, is rapidly fading before the spread of utilitarian doctrines, and the reiterated discovery of gold diggings. Whether this revolution has improved the social system or increased the happiness of the human family, is a question more easily discussed than decided, and opening too many arguments to be entered on within the limits of a restricted article.

ALFRED THE GREAT.*

HIGH among the sculptured heroes in the Walhalla at Munich stands English Alfred. The Germans claim him as of their race, and take pride in honouring him accordingly. No such memorial has been raised to him in the island which gave him birth,—which he rescued from savage invaders, and which owes to him her centuries of happiness and glory. And now it is to a German pen that we are indebted for the best biography,—for the only good biography that exists of the English King, whom all nations have agreed to designate "Alfred the Great;" and whom our ancient chronicles speak of by the still nobler titles of "Alfred the Truth-teller" and "Alfred, England's Darling."

A creditable effort has been made, within the last few years, to repair the ungrateful neglect of modern England towards the greatest and the best of her ancient rulers. On the 25th of October, 1849, being the thousandth anniversary of the birth-day of Alfred, there was, at the village of Wantage, in Berkshire, the place of his nativity, a gathering of more than twenty thousand homagers to Alfred's memory. It was then and there resolved to publish a Jubilee edition of the writings of the great Anglo-Saxon King, with notes, illustrations, and an historical memoir, as the most fitting testimonial of the affectionate reverence with which he was regarded by those who were then assembled, and as the most efficient means of awakening the same feelings in others. Two numbers of this Jubilee edition have appeared; and there is good reason to believe that, when completed, it will do honour to its conductors. But a separate biography of Alfred will even then be a desirable volume; and, therefore, Mr. Wright (who, as one of our most eminent Anglo-Saxon scholars is a member of the committee for bringing out the Jubilee edition) has done well in translating Dr. Pauli's work, and placing it within the reach of the English reader.

Dr. Pauli tells us in his preface, that he planned and commenced the biography of King Alfred, while he was at Oxford, in the November of the revolutionary year 1848. The work was continued at intervals during the two eventful years that followed. The author's mind was full of anxious reflections on the perilous and troubled state of his German fatherland, and he found consolation in tracing the records of the sufferings and victories of Alfred, and in contemplating the high moral position which he occupies in the organic development of free England.

It would indeed be impossible to find in any history, either ancient, modern, or mediæval, a nobler instance of courage sublimed by sense of duty when all hope seemed lost, than the struggle maintained by Alfred in the early part of his reign against the victorious Danes. Dr. Pauli truly states that the country was saved by Alfred alone.

"After the Danes, setting out from Gloucester, had extended their inroads further south, after the valiant defenders of Cynwith, of whose fate we unfortunately hear nothing more, had captured the Northern Banner, and while the heathens, who were mostly mounted, rode through all the West Saxon districts, compelling the inhabitants to submit to their authority, there was still one man who would not yield, and who withdrew from the sight of his friends as he did from that of his foes; this man was Alfred, the king without a crown, but still the guardian and protector of his kingdom. If in the moment when everything deserted him, he had given up that trust in God in which he had daily and hourly exercised himself through a long series of trials; if, in his despair, he had sought and found death; or if he had still counted upon the pity of the perjured heathens, and, under the most favourable circumstances, died, perhaps, like the last King of the Mercians, a pious pilgrim in Rome, then, with him, had perished also the thought that England must remain true to the Christian faith. The original British inhabitants would never have saved Christianity; nor would the monks, who, after the destruction of their monastries, wandered about separately as fugitives through the country, or settled as hermits in solitary wastes, have produced by their preaching, any impression on the minds of the rude barbarians, who, brought up in the midst of cold and storm, still remained attached to their grand and terrible gods of Asgard and Valhöl. On the spots formerly dedicated by the Saxons to the now extinct worship of Woden, blood-stained sacrifices would once more have been offered up to Odin and to Thor. Now too, that its leaders and teachers had disappeared or lost their power, the Christian population, reduced to a state of submission, would have begun by abandoning themselves to many a remnant of their old superstition, to which their hearts still clung, and gradually giving up the blessings of their conversion, turned once more to the altars of the false gods on which their conquerors sacrificed.

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* The Life of Alfred the Great, by Dr. Pauli.

"But Alfred still lived; and with him the deep-rooted consciousness, that he had been selected by a kind Providence to be the defender of his people, the champion of the doctrines of the cross, and the saviour and upholder of the Saxon race. Animated by this conviction alone, he was enabled to repress every thought that arose in his heart, concerning merely his own safety, and that of those who were nearest and dearest to him by the ties of blood or of fidelity. At the moment of his utmost need, when he saw his country laid waste, and his people deserting him, and bending beneath the yoke, his sure eye pointed out the spot in which he might conceal himself, and whence, with a few followers, he might issue forth to resume the interrupted strife.

"Accompanied by a very few followers, of whom Athelnoth, the Ealdorman of those parts, is the only one mentioned, he sought a refuge in the pathless and unfruitful country of the Sumorsætas, in the midst of marshes, standing water, rushes, and brambles, where, at that period, agriculture had scarcely begun to dispute the possession of the soil with the wilderness. He was followed by his wife and children, and perhaps by his mother-in-law, his sister, and the remaining members of the royal house of Wessex, who patiently suffered with him every privation and every hardship.

"There is one fact which recurs, at intervals, in the history of the world, namely, that the deliverance of a whole kingdom, and the expulsion of foreign conquerors, proceeds from some remote province, from some barbarous and impassable district. On the narrow mountain ridge of the Asturias did Pelayo, the last scion of the Goths and the wonder-encircled hero of Spain, pave the way, immediately after the fall of his people, for the liberation of the peninsula from the Moors, although that liberation was not completely effected for seven centuries afterwards. From the eastern limits of Prussia first resounded the cry to arms which was followed by the expulsion of Napoleon's hosts from Germany. It is a beautiful and cheering fact when, after the lapse of centuries, a grateful people remembers the district whence its preservation from a great danger proceeded, and which was the cradle of its liberty. It is for this reason that, at the present day when Alfred is mentioned in conjunction with his sufferings and his acts, the Englishman still fondly directs the stranger's attention to the remote county of Somerset."

After describing the campaigns in which Alfred reconquered Wessex from the Danes, and made the invaders who retained their settlements in East Anglia and Northumberland acknowledge his supremacy, Dr. Pauli proceeds to consider his mode of government, and how he "retained by an advanced state of civilization, what he had conquered by the sword." This section forms one of the most valuable parts of the work. The German biographer points out well the spirit in which Alfred exerted himself to lay the foundation of a happier and a stronger government for times to come, than he could hope to see established in his own lifetime. Alfred's attention was earnestly directed to two great objects: to improve the administration of justice,—and to educate the rising generation of his subjects. Even in the present age some of his reforms might well be re-introduced. Our country-gentlemen, who love to assume the office of magistrates (but who seldom give themselves the trouble to learn the laws which they venture to administer), might take a salutary warning from Alfred's rebuke to those among his judges, who erred from ignorance of the law. His biographer (quoting almost literally the words of the old chronicler) says of the King:—

> "He was more sincere than any one else in the whole country in his endeavours to pronounce true and equitable decisions, and to confer justice upon the poor and oppressed, as well as the rich and powerful. Therefore he examined every decision which was taken in any one of his district courts as to whether it was just or not. He frequently summoned the judges to his presence, and examined them himself; and he often caused reports on such matters to be made him by some faithful officer of his household. His principal object was to discover whether an injustice had been committed from ignorance or evil intention, from attachment or fear and hatred, or even from mercenary motives. It sometimes happened that the judges admitted their ignorance, but Alfred then earnestly represented to them their folly, and said: 'I wonder at your great rashness that you who have been appointed by God and myself to the office and dignity of wise men should have entirely neglected the endeavours and actions of the wise. Therefore either resign your temporal power or exercise yourselves, as I desire, the more zealously in the study of wisdom.' In this manner many earls and high officers frequently went away and endeavoured in their old age to retrieve what they had neglected in their youth."

It is perhaps in the character of a diffuser of knowledge, and a promoter of education, that Alfred shines most brightly. Such a character is noble in any age, but amid the darkness and barbarism of the ninth century it is peculiarly markworthy. It shows a man in advance of the spirit of his age, and endeavouring to raise his age, instead of merely seeking to lead it. Dr. Pauli well says:—

> "But nothing, at the present day, excites our satisfaction in a higher degree than the accounts we read of what Alfred, inspired by the same noble enthusiasm, and assisted by the same fellow-labourers, effected for the intellectual improvement of laymen. The King's own words, in his celebrated preface, are the clearest evidence on this head. His wish is 'that the whole body of freeborn youth in his kingdom who possess the means, may be obliged to learn as long as they have to attend to no other business, until they can read English writing perfectly, and then let those who are dedicated to learning and the service of the church, be instructed in Latin.' These are golden words, such as were rarely pronounced by a great man in the Middle Ages, and not to be met with again until, at a far later period, they were uttered with similar energy by the Reformers of the Church."

The words which Dr. Pauli here partly quotes, are to be found in Alfred's preface to his translation of the "Pastoral of St. Gregory," addressed by the king to his friend, Bishop Wulfsige. They deserve examining a little more in detail. The original has been frequently printed; it may be found in the notes to Mr. Wright's own "Memoir of Alfred," in the "Biographia Britannica Literaria," vol. i. p. 397. King Alfred reminds the bishop of the superior state of learning that had existed in England, before the Danish invasion. He tells him of his thoughts,—

"How people abroad came hither to this land in search of wisdom and teaching, and how we now must seek wisdom and teaching from abroad, or be utterly destitute." The King then speaks of the ruin of learning in England, and the ignorance in which he found even the clergy, at the commencement of his reign. He then proceeds thus, "To God Almighty be thanks, that we now have any in the station of teachers; therefore I bid thee that thou do, as I believe thou wilt; that, even as thou disposest thy worldly goods as often as thou mayest, even so do thou dispense and spread the wisdom which God has given thee, wherever thou mayest. Think what kind of punishment will come to us, respecting this world, if we have neither cherished wisdom ourselves, nor left it to other men. We have loved only the name of being Christians, and very few the duties."

The King then speaks of the example of his ancestors, who "loved wisdom, and through it obtained weal, and left it to us. Here people may yet see their path, but we cannot follow after them." Then, after alluding to the example of the learned men of other nations, who translated the law of God into their own tongues, he finally proposes to his friend,—"Therefore it seems to me better, if you think so, that we also take some books, which seem most needful for men to understand, and translate them into that language that we can all understand, and cause, as we very easily may with God's help, if we have quiet times, that all the youth that is now in the English nation of freemen, such as have means to maintain themselves, may be put to learning, while they are wanted for no other employment, till at first they can read well what is written in the English tongue. Afterwards let people teach further in the Latin tongue, those to whom they wish to give more learning, and to ordain to higher degree."

It is to be remembered that Alfred himself was chiefly self-educated, and that he had persevered in his studies, amid the vicissitudes and toils of war, amid the pangs of frequently-recurring illness, amid all the harassing cares of his royal office; and that he had done so with no motive of worldly reward or display, but because he loved knowledge much for its own sake, and loved it still more as enabling him to do his duty more completely towards his Creator, and towards his fellow-creatures.

A book, which at all worthily exhibits the life and character of such a man, is a good book in every sense of the word. Dr. Pauli's volume is decidedly so. We could, perhaps, have wished for more animation in some of its pages; but it is accurate, it is earnest; and we believe that it omits no material fact that is known of the career of "The bright star in the history of mankind," as Herder has truly designated King Alfred. Dr. Pauli believes the old Saxon life of Alfred, which bears the name of Bishop Asser, to be genuine, and uses it accordingly. Mr. Wright differs from his author on this point; but Dr. Pauli has the very high authority of Kemble on his side, and we believe him to be right.

MARIE DE MEDICIS.*

Any one, who knows what it is after listening to a solid lecture, or after enduring a long colloquy on business with a worthy man, to enjoy an hour's conversation with a clever and accomplished woman, may form an idea of the pleasure which Miss Pardoe's volumes will give him, after he has burdened his brains with some of the regular historical productions of our learned lords of the creation. Women are incomparably the best biographers; especially when the subject of the biography is a woman. They have a vivacity and a dramatic power surpassing those of the sons of Adam. They appreciate details better than we do; they hunt out more inquisitively, and group more effectively the thousand little nothings, that make up the something (and often the everything) of life, for princesses and queens, as well as for ordinary mortals. They are at least our equals in depicting great catastrophes, when the number of figures on the canvas is small, and when the feelings of individuals, rather than great national impulses, are to be displayed. They beat us out and out in anatomizing the secret springs of action, and in tracing the petty jealousies and vanities, the desires, the hopes, and the fears, that so often have been the originating causes of the most important vicissitudes in the history of states and empires.

Miss Pardoe excels in all these qualifications for a biographer, and she is moreover free from the besetting weakness of some lady-writers of lady-lives, which leads them into violent political disquisitions, not at all required by their subject; and which, we venture to add, are not exactly suited to their capacity.

The life of Marie de Medicis is a subject which could hardly fail of being interesting, even in less skilful hands than those of Miss Pardoe. We first are introduced with her to the gay and dissipated court of Henri Quatre, in whom she found a remarkably faithless husband, even considering the lax morality of the age. The feuds between Queen Marie and Madame de Verneuil, who was Henri's principal favourite after the death of La Belle Gabrielle, fill many an animated page, which is only saddened by reflections on the cruel injustice to which poor Queen Marie was subjected, and the exceeding shabbiness with which the chivalrous Henri could behave, when his selfish passions prompted him. After his death Marie appears as Regent; and then comes the strange story of the rise and fall of her Italian favourites, Concini, afterwards Maréchal d'Ancre, and his wife, who came to France as Leonora Galigaï in the train of Marie de Medicis. After that period the bitter series of persecutions commences, which Queen Marie was destined to undergo from her son, the saturnine Louis XIII., and his favourites De Luynes and Richelieu. An infinite number of episodes are introduced in the narrative, each of which illustrates the character and the career of some of the distinguished personages of the period; and we believe that, independently of the interest which attaches itself to the narrative of the chequered fortunes of Marie de Medicis herself, every part of the book will be found attractive to the desultory reader, as well as to the more regular student.

We select as favourable specimens of Miss Pardoe's powers, part of her description of the great catastrophe in the fortunes of Queen Marie, when Louis XIII. and his favourite De Luynes destroyed the Concinis, and completely overthrew the domination which Marie, as regent, had exercised.

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* Life of Marie de Medicis, by Miss Pardoe.

De Luynes and the young king had arranged everything for the assassination of the maréchal, without the suspicions of their victim, or of the queen-mother having been awakened. Miss Pardoe remarks,

> "There is something singularly appalling in all the circumstances which formed the prelude to this contemplated tragedy. Hitherto the Queen-mother had created dangers for herself—had started at shadows—and distrusted even those who sought to serve her; while her son, silent, saturnine, and inert, had patiently submitted to the indignities and insults which had been heaped upon him, as though he were either unconscious or reckless of their extent; and the Italian adventurer had braved his enemies, and appeared to defy fate itself. Now, however, when the blow was about to be struck; when the ball and the blade were alike ready to do their deadly office, all the principal personages in the bloody drama had suddenly assumed new characters. Marie slept; the boy-King had become the head of a conspiracy; and the Maréchal d'Ancre, enriched and ennobled beyond the wildest dreams of his ambition, was preparing to quit the country of his adoption, and to seek rest and peace in his own land. Another month, perhaps another week, and he would have left France, probably for ever.
>
> "History presents few such anomalies; and it appears scarcely credible that so ill-organized a plot, hatched moreover under the very eyes of those who were to become its victims, and revealed to upwards of a score of persons, many of whom were incited to join it from merely venal motives, should ever have attained its accomplishment. The fiat had, however, gone forth; and the unfortunate Concini, whose tragical fate compels sympathy despite all his faults, entered the court of the Louvre at ten o'clock in the morning of the 24th of April, 1617, there to meet his death.
>
> "An hour or two after dawn one of the gentlemen of the royal bedchamber announced that the King having been indisposed throughout the night, the great gates of the Louvre were to remain closed, and the public excluded, in order that his Majesty might not be disturbed. This order did not, however, affect the Maréchal d'Ancre, as he was no sooner seen to approach, followed by a numerous retinue of gentlemen, and attended by several of his friends, than the bolts were withdrawn, and he was permitted to pass the barrier, which was instantly re-closed, to the exclusion of the greater number of his suite. A man who had been stationed over the gate then waved his hat three times above his head; upon which Vitry, who had until that moment been seated in one of the windows of the guard-room calmly conversing with the officers on duty, immediately rose, and drawing his cloak closely about him, hurried down the staircase, at the foot of which he was joined, as if accidentally, by du Hallier and others of the conspirators, who, apparently engaged in conversation, slowly approached their intended victim. Among the persons who surrounded Concini there chanced to be several who were acquainted with Vitry, and greatly to his annoyance he was compelled to allow the maréchal to pass on while he returned their greetings; in a few instants, however, he again found himself at liberty, when he discovered that amid the crowd he had lost sight of the Italian.
>
> "'Where is he?' he inquired hurriedly of one of his confederates.
>
> "'Yonder;' was the reply; 'he has stopped at the foot of the bridge to read a letter.'
>
> "Vitry bounded towards his prey; and as Concini, absorbed in his occupation, still read on, he felt the grasp of a strong hand upon his arm, and on looking up, he saw the captain of the guard standing at his side. Before he had time to inquire the meaning of this affront, Vitry had already uttered the ominous words: 'I arrest you in the King's name.'
>
> "'Arrest me!' exclaimed the maréchal with astonishment, as he clutched the hilt of his sword.
>
> "'Yes, you;' replied Vitry haughtily; and while he spoke he made a signal which was instantly responded to by the simultaneous report of three pistol-shots. As the sounds ceased Concini dropped upon his knees, and fell against the parapet of the bridge; several weapons were then thrust into his body; and finally Vitry, with wanton and revolting cruelty, gave him so violent a kick that he extended his body

at full length upon the pavement, where it was immediately pilfered of every article of value; among other things diamonds of great price, and notes of hand to a large amount were abstracted from the pockets of his vest.

"A few of his followers endeavoured to interpose; but in a second or two all was over, and they were warned by the bystanders instantly to sheath their swords, and to beware of opposing the orders of the King. They had scarcely had time to obey this bidding when Louis presented himself at the window of a closet joining the guard-room, to which, from its height, he was obliged to be lifted by M. d'Ornano; there, by the advice of those about him, the young King appeared with a smile upon his face; and as the members of the cabal raised a cry of 'Vive le Roi!' he shouted to his captain of the guard: 'I thank you, Vitry; now I am really a King.' Then showing himself, sword in hand, successively at each window of the guard-room, he cried out to the soldiers who were posted beneath: 'To arms! comrades, to arms!'

"Meanwhile Vitry, by the direction of de Luynes, proceeded to the hall occupied by the body-guard of the Queen-mother, and demanded their weapons, which they refused to deliver up without an express order to that effect from their own officers; upon which the latter were commanded in the name of the King to withdraw their men, and to remain in the ante-chamber of their mistress. The royal guards then took possession of all the avenues of the Louvre; and horsemen were dispatched with instructions to traverse the streets of the capital, and to apprise the citizens of the death of Concini. A dense crowd soon collected in the court of the Louvre, and cries of 'Vive le Roi!' resounded on all sides.

"A murder had been committed, and the ovation was one which would only have befitted a victory. Louis XIII. had proclaimed himself a King; and the hand with which he grasped his sceptre was steeped in blood. Louis 'the Just'—we append to his baptismal appellation that which was gravely conferred upon him on this occasion by both clergy and laity—stood, an undisguised assassin and a moral matricide, before the people who were about to be subjected to his rule."

"But it is now time that we should return to the Queen-mother.

"Alarmed by the report of fire-arms within the boundary of the palace, Marie de Medicis, who had not yet completed her toilette, desired Caterina Salveggi to throw open one of the windows, and to demand the cause of so singular and unpardonable an infraction of the law. She was obeyed: and the Italian waiting-woman no sooner perceived de Vitry advancing beneath the apartments of her royal mistress than she inquired of him what had occurred.

"'The Maréchal d'Ancre has been shot,' was the abrupt reply.

"'Shot!' echoed Caterina; 'and by whom?'

"'By myself;' said de Vitry composedly; 'and by the command of the King.'

"'Madam!' exclaimed the terrified attendant, as she rushed to the side of the Queen-mother; 'M. le Maréchal has been killed by order of his Majesty.'

"Marie de Medicis started from her seat; her cheeks were blenched, her lips quivered, and she wrung her hands convulsively, as she gasped out: 'I have reigned seven years. I must now think only of a crown in heaven.'

"Her attendants, stupified with terror, rapidly gathered round her; and ere long she learnt that her guards had been disarmed, and replaced by those of the King. She listened vaguely to each successive report, and paced the room with rapid but uncertain steps. At length she exclaimed vehemently: 'I do not regret that my son should have taken the life of Concini, if he believed it necessary to the safety of his kingdom; but his distrust of myself in concealing such a project from my knowledge is more than I can bear.'

"When the first violence of her emotion had subsided she sank into a seat, and with clasped hands and drooping head, appeared to be absorbed in deep and bitter thought; for at intervals the blood mounted to her brow and burned there for a time; after which she again became as pale as ashes, and as motionless as a corpse. She was still in this attitude when one of her confidential servants imprudently approached her, and inquired how the melancholy event was to be communicated to the Maréchale d'Ancre? 'Perhaps,' he incautiously suggested, 'your Majesty will condescend to acquaint her with it yourself.'

"Marie de Medicis suddenly raised her hand, swept back her dishevelled hair from her face, and fixing her flashing eyes upon the officious gentleman, passionately replied: 'I have other things to attend to at this moment. If no one can tell the maréchale that her husband has been killed, *let them sing it to her*. Let me never again hear the name of those people. I told them long ago that they would do right to return to Italy. Yes;' she continued, more particularly addressing the dowager-Duchess de Guise, the Princess de Conti, and the other ladies who were standing near her; 'they have at last accomplished my ruin: I foresaw it; I warned them; but they would not be convinced. I told Concini that he had no time to lose, but with his habitual self-sufficiency he declared repeatedly that the King became more courteous to him every day. I was not deceived, however; I charged him not to trust to appearances, for that Louis never said all he thought: he disregarded my words; and he has now involved me in his own destruction.'"

Perhaps the person in this tragedy with whom we sympathise the most, is Concini's wife, the Maréchale d'Ancre, to whose dreadful fate Marie de Medicis, absorbed in her own sorrows, was cruelly indifferent. Madame d'Ancre, formerly Leonora Galigaï, was tried and doomed by a packed tribunal to suffer death for treason and sorcery. Miss Pardoe thus relates the closing scenes of her life.

"Whatever might have been her faults while she continued the favourite of fortune, Leonora Galigaï was grand in her adversity; and one of her judges was so much overpowered by his conviction of her innocence, that on recollecting the pledge which he had given to de Luynes to decide upon her guilt, he fainted, and was carried from the court. When accused of treason against the state, the prisoner replied by reminding her accusers of her total estrangement from her husband during the last two years, throughout which period he had been all-powerful with the Queen-mother, and her own consequent loss of influence; and when questioned as to the nature of the sorcery by which she had so long governed her royal mistress, she answered that it was simply the magic exercised by a strong mind over a weak one. To the other charges she responded with equal composure and conclusiveness; and many among them were of so puerile a character that, despite the fearful position in which she was placed, she could not suppress a smile of mingled pity and amusement.

"She was foredoomed, however; and on the 8th of July the sentence was pronounced. It was in truth a frightful one! Both the husband and the wife were declared guilty of *lèse-majesté* divine and human; and she herself was condemned to lose her head, and to be afterwards burned; their house was to be levelled with the ground; their property, not only in France, but also all that they possessed at Rome and Florence, was to be confiscated to the crown; and their son deprived of his rank, and rendered incapable of holding any office in the kingdom.

"When this sentence was declared, the wretched woman, who had never anticipated a more severe fate than exile, exclaimed in a piteous voice: 'Oimè poveretta!' but shortly recovering herself, she resumed the same calm courage which she had previously evinced.

"It is painful to reflect upon the position which the marquise had filled, and to see her thus shaken and withered both in mind and body; abandoned by the protectress, to whom she had clung so long and so confidingly; widowed by violence; separated from her only surviving child: and compelled to drain her cup of bitterness to the very dregs. Not a pang was, however, voluntarily spared to her. She might, in consideration of her rank as the wife of a marshal of France, and out of respect for the Queen-mother, of whom she had not only been the foster-sister, but also the familiar friend, have been conveyed to the place of execution in a covered carriage, and thus have been in some degree screened from the public gaze; but no such delicacy was observed. The condemned cart, with its ghastly faggot for a seat, was her ordained conveyance; but her step did not falter as she ascended the vehicle which had been previously tenanted by the vilest and most degraded criminals. Never had there been seen so dense a crowd in the Place de Grève; and as she glanced hurriedly around, unaware of the popular reaction of feeling, she cowered for an instant panic-struck, and murmured helplessly: 'Oh, what a multitude to gaze upon a miserable woman!'

"Not a word, not a gesture of vengeance or of hate, escaped, however, from the populace. Her deportment had been so dignified, her courage so great, her piety so perfect, that those who were once her bitterest enemies, looked on her through their tears.

"Her head fell—her body was burned—and her ashes were scattered to the wind."

THE CASE OF M. LIBRI.

The case of M. Libri has been before the public piece-meal: some know one fact, some another; but few have had an opportunity of comparing the different parts of this extraordinary procedure. We draw up a brief enumeration, for it can be little more, of the leading points of the persecution, and of the defence. But we shall neither frighten the general reader, nor exhaust our own limited space, by any of those bibliographical descriptions which the pieces of this controversy abound in.

William Libri, of a noble Tuscan family, first became known in 1820 by a mathematical paper. Shortly afterwards, at twenty years of age, he was made professor in the University of Pisa, his own *alma mater*. In 1824, he gained high reputation at Paris, while visiting that city, as well by mathematics as by scholarship, bibliographical attainments, and power of conversation. He was again on a visit at Paris during the Revolution of 1830: and on his return to Italy, the Tuscan Government, looking upon him as a liberal, desired him to leave the country. He returned to France, where he was welcomed, naturalized, and made a member of the Institute in 1833, with several professorial appointments. From 1835 to 1841, he published four volumes of his history of the mathematical sciences in Italy, a work in which the resources of the man of letters, the manuscript hunter, and the bibliographer, come in aid of the mathematician more largely than in any other sustained scientific history, of our century at least, perhaps of any. While thus engaged in science, M. Libri embarked in politics, aided the party of Louis Philippe by his writings, opposed the Jesuits both in their French and Italian schemes, and was more than once marked by opposite journals for a proper object of vengeance, as a monarchist, and as an Austrian traitor to the cause of Italy. He gained the particular enmity of the *Ecole des Chartes*, which opposed him in such a manner, that on his appointment as one commissioner to examine the departmental libraries, he is said to have refused to act, if one single *élève* of that school were appointed to act under commission. This, as we shall see, must be noted.

Some little time before the Revolution of 1848, rumours were set about that M. Libri (who was well-known as a book-buyer, and had sold a large collection at Paris, as well as a great number of manuscripts to Lord Ashburnham) was a systematic robber of the public libraries; not a thief, not a filcher of this and the other volume, but a robber, who had taken to the amount of hundreds of thousands of francs. Anonymous rumours, conveyed to M. Boucly, the *procureur du roi*, produced a report from him to the *garde des sceaux*, stating the result of his inquiries. The existence of such a report, at or before the disturbance in 1848, became known to several, and among others, to M. Terrien, editor of the *National*, and therefore, at the crisis alluded to, one of the most powerful men in France. This man put into M. Libri's hands at the Institute, a note in which, after allusion to the report, he distinctly threatened popular vengeance. His own account of his own words is,—*Epargnez à la société nouvelle des réactions qui lui répugnent; ne venez plus à l'Institut.* M. Libri's account of it, supported by the affidavit of an Italian friend to whom he showed it in going home, is that after the last clause was added, *disparaissez*, and that for *des réactions*, we must read *un de ces actes de vindicte populaire*. To us it seems that the two phrases mean much the same. M. Libri's friends recommended his immediate departure: and he came to England in March. M. Boucly's report was soon published in the *Moniteur*, and M. Libri immediately set himself to reply. By the aid of some of his papers, forwarded by a friend[*] immediately after his hasty flight (which papers we have seen, as we have all documents on which we rely, meaning all we quote and many more), he gave so complete a proof of the negative upon all the insinuations, that no more was heard of this document. He continued his defence in a letter to M. de Falloux. In the meanwhile, his books and other effects were seized at Paris, and a commission of *experts*, as they are called (whether the word be derived in this instance from *expertus*, or from *expers*, the reader must judge for himself), was named to examine them; it was selected from among the *élèves* of the *Ecole des Chartes*, with one exception: and some months afterwards, this one exception was cashiered, M. Libri affirms, for impartiality. These *experts* made their report in April 1850, and (June 22nd) M. Libri was condemned by default.

The *act of accusation*, which was immediately published in several different forms, is a curious document: it resembles a bad article written by a partisan in a strong party review. A large part of it consists in attacks upon M. Libri's presumed line of defence, and upon portions of his pamphlets: but we shall presently see more of it. M. Libri took several of the definite points and replied to them most triumphantly. But it was hardly necessary to make an immediate reply, point by point: for the *bibliographers*, to whom the subject was familiar, and whose special habits were necessary to form a judgment on all the evidence, were convinced of M. Libri's innocence, both in and out of France; while the French Government took care, as far as possible, to prevent any defence being published or introduced into France, the only country in which defence was at all needed. In April last, however, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* ventured to insert an article on the act of accusation, by M. Mérimée: and the poignant wit of this masterly exposure stung very deep. The judges were immediately induced to commence proceedings against both author and editor; and the *experts* made a reply, and M. Mérimée a short rejoinder to it, in the next number. Sentence was passed (no jury being now allowed in such cases) on the 26th of May: the *gérant* was fined two hundred francs, and M. Mérimée one thousand francs, with fifteen days' imprisonment. The judges, in passing sentence, lay stress on M. Mérimée's description of the act of accusation as a romance drawn up for effect: and the stress thus laid is a remarkable testimony to the truth of the description, which those who read the document will not need.

This brief abstract will enable the reader to connect the remarks we shall now proceed to make on the several features of the case. And first, as to the undoubted previous unpopularity of M. Libri. We have alluded to his politics: we must add that in science he would not be a Frenchman, but remained an Italian. One of his great objects was to place Italian discovery, which the French historians had not treated fairly, in its proper rank. This brought him into continual collision with

[*] Some were forwarded to England; others, so soon as it was thought that direct communication was no longer safe, to M. Libri's mother at Florence.

M. Arago at the Institute: and personal enmity was the consequence. Those who know French science, and how little it attends to history and the learning which aids history, will guess what a nuisance must have been the presence of an able scholar and a profound mathematician, with everything that the French ignore at his fingers' ends, carrying the fire of reason and the sword of reference into their most sacred haunts; and, worse still, the small shot of ridicule, against which few Frenchmen have any armour. When they were establishing showers of toads by second-hand citations from old authors, M. Libri went to the originals, and got them a shower of *oxen* upon the same evidence; *maudit Italien!* At the same time we must do the French *savays* the justice to say that M. Libri is a very warm nationalist, and that we will by no means guarantee his having been always in the right. Neither can the insinuations about stealing books be traced *to the Institute:* we suspect that political animosity generated this slander, and a real belief in the minds of bad men that collectors always steal, and that the charge was therefore sure to be true.

Next, we shall take the presumption to be derived from previous conduct. Every one who becomes acquainted with M. Libri soon learns that the restoration of Italian fame is always in his thoughts; and that, though learned in the history of other science, his interest in collecting is that of a propagandist, who would gladly, at his own cost, if he could, furnish every large library with the means of verifying Italian history. We are to believe that this Italian enthusiast, of whom no one asserts that he ever either hoarded money or spent on himself any large portion of the handsome income which his French appointments gave him, robbed the French libraries of their Italian books, and tried to disperse them, for the mere acquisition of their price. For we are to note that M. Libri specially collected Italian books, and the thefts charged are mostly of that kind of literature. He offered his whole collection, books and manuscripts, as a present to the French nation, on condition that they should be *kept together* and called by his name; which was refused. The offer was made to M. Naudet, of the Royal Library: when difficulties arose as to the stipulation, M. Libri complained to M. Guizot, the most influential of the ministry in literature, then, *and now*, his firm friend, and, we need hardly add, a firm believer in his innocence. M. Guizot remembers the whole, and not only certified the fact to the editor of an English journal in 1849, but gave it in evidence to a commission sent from Paris to examine him, as we learn from his own handwriting now before us.

A year after this, the framers of the act of accusation inform us, that the offer never went further than an after-dinner conversation with an *employé* in the library, and suppress entirely the evidence of M. Guizot, while making an assertion which that evidence contradicts. This piece of glaring bad faith shows that the indictment, as we suppose we must call it, was drawn up by men who cared nothing for the character of their country abroad, and relied upon intimidation at home. Honesty being out of the question, and second-best policy only to be considered, this suppression was necessary; for who could believe that M. Libri, whose acuteness is admitted, would venture to place, under his own name, and in a library accessible to all, the fruits of a systematic abstraction from (among others) the very library in which the exposure was to be made. Further, persons employed by M. Libri to arrange his books bear witness to his directing them to put aside all books with a library stamp (and every book-buyer meets with them constantly) that they might be examined, and restored, if they had been unlawfully removed. The papers to which we have referred contained the following correspondence: M. Libri informs the keeper of the Arsenal library that he has become possessed of a certain Diodati Bible bearing the stamp of the library; the answer is, that no such book ever belonged to the library, but that it would be thankfully received *comme pur don;* M. Libri persists in the *restoration*, and the librarian ends by thanking him for his *donation*.

We now come to presumptions furnished by the conduct of the French government and judicature. The publication of M. Boucly's report, a mere collection of surmises and gratuitous charges, was in itself a simple act of foolish spite, intended perhaps to damage M. Guizot, by leading the world to think that he, in whose cabinet it was found, meant to suppress the charge against his friend; but the date of the report itself answered this at once. M. Libri complains of many irregularities of procedure, which, supposing them really to have taken place, would produce little effect upon an English reader. Not so, however, the following. Since his flight to England, he has made application after application to be allowed to return *on bail*, promising to stand his trial if he might be free himself to search the libraries in his own defence; those libraries in which, as since proved, books he was charged with taking were standing at the moment in their places. These applications, repeatedly made by himself, as well as by Mr. Panizzi* and others, in his name, were treated with contempt, though accompanied by medical certificates of a state of health which would not bear imprisonment. He even went so far as to offer to return, if the confinement previous to trial should take place in a *maison de santé*, the regulations of which permit such a degree of intercourse with the external world as made M. Libri think it possible that he might be enabled to superintend his own defence. At a later period, he offered to return, bail or no bail, provided that the obvious irregularities of procedure should be first declared null and void. Nothing, however, would do, except that, after some eighteen months or two years of imprisonment, he should be brought to trial by his unscrupulous persecutors, with such defence as he could construct while shut up, and not allowed to see the libraries. Add to this, that such of his pamphlets as were detected were seized at the custom-houses, and not allowed to enter France; that the Parisian booksellers did not dare to offer for sale such as they received, that the newspapers would not venture to insert any advertisement from him, and that a *juge d'instruction*, hearing that a bookseller had a letter from M. Libri, which he was trying to get inserted in the newspapers, sent for that bookseller, made him give up the letter, and (we find) was perfectly justified by French law in so doing. We do not know which is worst, such a law, or the illegal augmentations of it, which M. Libri calls infractions. But we strongly recommend M. Libri not to accept any offer which may henceforward be made, whether of admission to bail, or of annulment of proceedings. He has struck too hard, and in the right place; and it is perfectly possible that it may enter the heads of his enemies to think that, if he could be enticed to return to France by some show of fairness, his conviction might be secured by the nationality of the jury, if by no worse means. We think we hear a French advocate putting it strongly, but not quite so broadly, that, supposing M. Libri not guilty, the honour of France is compromised in every country in Europe, and that the eyes of their countrymen are upon them. We have heard of a distinguished member of the Institute, who declared that M. Dupin's comparison of the breakwaters at Plymouth and Cherbourg could not be correct, because it would be a disgrace to France. Perhaps there may be better logic in the jury-box than in the Institute: but we should not advise M. Libri to rely upon it.

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* M. Panizzi, and a distinguished literary Frenchman, severally obtained a promise from a magistrate high in office, that if bail were not allowed, M. Libri should be furnished with an early copy of the charges. When this magistrate was reminded of his promise, which had not been kept, he replied, "*Je ne savais pas ce que je promettais.*"

On the day we write this, we observe that the Paris "Own Correspondent" of a literary journal, asks why M. Libri does not stand his trial, since the charge is not political, and it is only in political cases that the French judges show scandalous partiality. Does the correspondent think that such a thing exists as a judge who has a definite range of scandalous partialities? He may rely upon it, and we hope at least M. Libri will rely upon it, that the case is political enough. And as to the *naïve* recommendation, it reminds us of that of Mrs. Bond, who, we happen to know from good authority, did not invite the ducks to come and be killed, but simply assured them that she never showed any scandalous partiality for ducks except when she was hungry.

Of the conduct of the *experts* in the management of their undertaking, we learn something from the declarations made before an English magistrate by M. Libri's servant. This witness declares that during the time he was in prison (where he was detained some days, and then dismissed, without any cause assigned), there came, as he was informed, an individual with the keys of M. Libri's room, who entered that room *alone*, remained there some time, and took away a *carton* of papers. And further, that the *experts* were in the habit of removing parcels of books and papers, and bringing back parcels of books and papers, without any inventory or formality of any kind. That they did this so carelessly, that some books were dropped upon the stairs, which the witness picked up and forwarded to M. Libri in England. That the slips, or *cartes*, on which M. Libri's *catalogue* was made, were carried away, and that a large proportion of them were *lost;* which M. Libri has since ascertained otherwise. The dissatisfaction of M. Chabaille, the only member of this commission who was not of the *Ecole des Chartes*, at these, and other proceedings, led to his dismissal, as before noted. The *experts* may be thankful that they have not succeeded in convincing unprejudiced persons that any stolen books were found on the premises; for the question who put them there would, after their suspicious proceedings, have been one in which their characters would have been as much concerned as that of M. Libri.

When M. Libri married, in 1850, he made over all his property in Paris to Madame Libri, who thereby acquired a right, though it was under seizure, to have it examined and inventoried. Her *experts* declared before the *juge de paix*, that they did not find, when the seals were removed for them by the Commissary of Police, one single document establishing the right of M. Libri to any one book whatsoever. Not one bookseller's, binder's, or auctioneer's bill; not one atom of correspondence relative to the origin of any of the books. All this had been carried to the *greffe*, that is, placed under stricter detention, and, as was found by books, &c. returned from thence, without any inventory, and without any mark by which to know that the papers were truly those which had been seized. Moreover, five out of twelve thousand slips of the catalogue were missing. We have not space for more details on this head. Nothing can be clearer than the determination that M. Libri, if he should make up his mind to go to trial, should find everything which could help him in the hands of *justice* (the word to be pronounced in the French way, because it means the French thing).

There is good reason to believe that the French libraries, what between revolutionary spoliation, excessive carelessness, and the actual depredation which the said carelessness has invited, have suffered immense losses. Every book-buyer knows that, in every country of Europe, France itself included, books with the stamp of French public libraries abound. In 1849, M. Libri obtained from London booksellers, in a few days, eighty-two such volumes, almost all French property; and from Parisian booksellers one hundred and twenty more, together with some hundreds of autograph letters from public places; all which he forwarded to the Minister of Public Instruction, with an invitation to examine how they left their proper places. This invitation the minister thought it best to decline noticing. M. Paul Lacroix, the celebrated bibliographer, best known as *Bibliophile Jacob*, who has interested himself warmly in M. Libri's favour, declares that insinuations of theft are very often made against collectors in France. It is of some consequence to note that this charge against M. Libri is not, then, of an exceptional character, which becomes very grave the instant it ceases to be laughable, like a charge of cowardice against a military man; but it is the common growth of the country in which it was made. Why should M. Libri be thus singled out? He was *not* singled out; but as an obnoxious foreigner, at a moment of political excitement, the favourite mode of assailing book-collectors was carried to greater lengths than usual against him.

One principal argument of the *experts* is of this kind;—such a library has lost such a book; M. Libri sold a copy of that edition; now M. Libri steals books; therefore he stole that book. We are not exaggerating when we say, that a good deal of the *expert* logic is an argument from the tacit assumption that M. Libri is a book-stealer, to the conclusion that, under the circumstances, it must be he, and not another, who stole a particular book.

But the assumption of the general question is not the only mistake. The following new figure of syllogism has been used:—Jack lost a dog; Tom sold a cat; therefore Tom stole Jack's dog. In several cases the editions sold by M. Libri are not those which the library is asserted to have lost. In several cases the library has not lost the book at all. In several cases the lost book has been found in other hands. Without attempting too much of bibliography, we can briefly recal attention to instances from among the facts which are before all the world, and are not denied, and from among those of which we are ourselves cognizant, both as to specific and as to insinuated charges.

1. Books which have never left their libraries are among those which M. Libri is charged with: witness the Petrarch of 1475 and others, found in their places at the Mazarine library by M. Silvestre.

The *experts* answer that they never went to the shelves themselves, but considered as absent every book so reported *après des minutieuses investigations.*

2. Books which libraries never possessed are similarly asserted of, as the *Seneca*, Rome, 1475, which the Mazarine Library never had, though it had, *and has*, the edition of Paris.

3. Books which are in other hands and cannot have passed through those of M. Libri, are imputed to him, as the celebrated book of *Proverbs*,[*] which all the world can see in the King's Library at the British Museum, where it has been for thirty years at least, with the Mazarine stamp upon it in two places.

The *experts* say that the library *had* another copy, as appears by a catalogue made in 1843. But they do not prove, nor even assert, that this catalogue was made *from the books* : and M. Libri will prove that it was made from the *old catalogues.* They affirm that M. Libri had a copy with a stamp effaced. It is very possible; book-buyers constantly buy books with effaced stamps.

We might name another (but we will not) which we have seen, and which M. Libri bought in London, with the Mazarine stamp upon it, taking care to have the seller's attestation to all necessary points: it is one of the books he stands charged with.

4. The *experts,* finding such papers as reports made to the Institute among those of M. Libri, and seeing such as sold in his sales, affirm that such property never was sold before, and that M. Libri must have stolen them. The answer is a reference to French auction catalogues, where such things appear in bundles.

5. The *experts* descend to modes of insinuating which show either the grossest ignorance, or a reliance upon their countrymen for an unlimited supply of that quality, or both. The character of the act of accusation so well appears in one case that, famous as it has become, it is worth while to dwell on it. A book bears the following, in stamped letters "*Bibliothecæ S. Jo in Casalibus*[†] *Placentiæ,*" meaning that the book once belonged to the Convent of St. John of the Canals at Piacenza. The experts first make this S. 10, though who the *holy ten* are they do not say; had it been *eleven*, it would have been more intelligible. But they go on to impute this stamping to M. Libri, with the intention of making it alter the identity of the book, and passing it off as a book *printed* at Piacenza. But fraud, say the *experts*, does not think of everything: at the end of the book there is *Venice.* Poor *experts!* did they not know that every one who has ever handled two dozen old books learns to look at the *end* to see the place of printing? And did they think that that crafty M. Libri knew no better than to stamp the name of a library, by way of altering the place of printing? We do not know how it may be in France; but with us, no school-boy, finding the book-plate of John Smith of Someton pasted into a work, would suspect any one of wanting to conceal the fact that the book was printed at Totherton. And the

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[*] The discovery was a curious one. M. Jubinal, when in England, being at the Museum, thought it *probable*, that if he ordered a number of the books in the library to be brought to him, from among those which M. Libri was charged with, he should find one or more of the copies to be the identical copies which formed the ground of the charge. This his knowledge of the manner in which books had been taken away, in all time, made him think likely: and the result of the research was the discovery of the book of Proverbs in question.

[†] It should be *Canalibus*. The *experts* insist on it that there is *s*, not *n* : which only shows a mistake in the stamping.

poor men, thinking they had a glorious catch, end with *De tels faits ne se discutent pas, ils s'exposent.* They do indeed, they expose themselves much, but their interpreters more. These men are named Lalanne, Bordier, and Bourquelot; and if they were set to support three corners of the throne of Momus, we suspect they might wait many centuries for their Kehama. Their bibliography did so tickle M. Libri and M. Mérimée, particularly the invention of the *holy ten*, that they have dwelt but little upon the nearly equal beauty of the meaning and intent of Piacenza. Accordingly, the *experts*, in their answer, are only too glad to keep to this point, and to say that 10 is a misprint. But it is a misprint which they have allowed to go into all the journals, and into their octavo edition. On looking again at their answer, we see an ambiguity worthy of themselves. They do not distinctly announce a misprint; they only say that the mistake is not found in the *original report* forwarded from Montpellier; perhaps not, but *MM. les experts*, was it not in your manuscript, as furnished to the *procureur ?*

6. After reading the act of accusation, we saw two things on which we thought it necessary to apply to M. Libri for explanation; and, we confess, we were rather afraid we should have to note them (for we could not suppress them), and to give his bare word in answer, which word we should have believed, though we could only have expected our readers to suspend their opinion, in consideration of the many points which have been fully refuted. It is stated that by letters found in his apartments, it appears that M. Libri insisted upon secrecy in his sale of the manuscripts to Lord Ashburnham. M. Libri referred us to the actual announcements of that sale, which (as we then remembered) appeared in the newspapers at the time. And he added, that he made secrecy a condition of the *negotiation*, because, as two negotiations had already failed, one with the British Museum, and one with the Royal Library at Turin, he was desirous that no more *unsuccessful* efforts should be noised about, to depreciate the value of his manuscripts. As soon as the bargain was made, no further secrecy was attempted. If any one should ask, how came M. Libri to be selling his collections at all, we refer them to the failure of his plan for establishing an *Italian Libri collection* in the heart of Paris.

The other point was as follows. The *experts* affirm that they found certain leaves from manuscripts, *paged*, among M. Libri's effects; and that by their paging they were enabled to trace them to the library at Carpentras, and to put them back in their places. M. Libri handed us a letter from M. Laurans, the head of the library, beginning thus: "M. le Comte, ne croyant que personne puisse faire ici les extraits que vous me demandiez, j'ai pris le parti *de vous envoyer les feuillets,* que vous desiriez faire copier dans les manuscripts de Peiresc. Je n'ai pas trouvé tous ceux que vous m'aviez indiqués, mais comme dans ces volumes beaucoup de feuillets manquent, ou sont hors de leur place, j'ai pris le parti de vous envoyer tous les feuillets séparés que j'ai pu ramasser . . . "

M. Laurans has been dead some years; but the *experts* suspect the truth, if they do not know it. They call on M. Mérimée to examine documents purporting to have been written by persons now deceased with the most minute attention; that is, they insinuate that M. Libri uld and would forge such documents. They are right so far as this, t unless they do convict M. Libri of forging the handwriting both of dead and the living, their case is desperate.

None but those who have seen, as we have, the written proofs of it in the hands of M. Libri, abounding both in quantity and quality, can have an idea of the *fear* which prevails in France of giving testimony in favour of a person under the government ban. The noble-minded men who have faced the danger, Guizot, Paul Lacroix, Jubinal, Mérimée, Buloz (the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*), Durand, St. Beuve (of the Institute), and others dangerous to name, are brilliant exceptions. We must add Colonel Pontécoulant, the well-known writer on celestial mechanics, who wished to publish (but, since the prosecution, the *Revue*, &c., did not venture to insert it) the declaration made to him by the librarian at Montpellier, that M. Libri had been in that library, alone, for hours, by day and by night, and that nothing had ever been missed: which declaration the librarian was afraid to make public. In the early days of this accusation, stress was laid upon M. Libri's possession of a work which had once belonged to the Chartreuse at Grenoble, but it soon became known, not only that the work had been sold to Dr. Commarmont of Lyons, but that Sommerard had cited it in print (or rather in copperplate) as being in his possession. Dr. Commarmont, being since in England, testified to Mr. Panizzi and Mr. Holmes, of the Museum, that he, as indeed was well known, had sold the work to M. Libri: but he declined to put it in writing; and the impression on the minds of the two gentlemen is that he dared not.

The immense number of charges and insinuations made defies enumeration: but the ignorance, or malice, or both, displayed in the main parts, renders it unnecessary. The *experts* appear to have known that when a great deal of mud is thrown, some of it has a chance of sticking.

Our space and our patience both begin to fail. But we think we have done enough to show that M. Libri had better quietly pursue his defence here, in England, than trust in French justice, even were it true, to use words already quoted, that it is only in political cases that the judges show scandalous partiality. He is respected by all who *know* him. Had he been such as he is said to be, would he not, in coming among the French, have flattered their national vanity, and blinded them to suspicion by securing popularity? Would he not have given up the dead writers of his own country to secure a living price upon their abstracted writings? Did so acute a man do nothing in science but raise up enemies, while he was, his accusers declare, selling thousands of pounds worth of public property, much of which had been stolen in Paris itself? We should find these questions difficult to answer, even though good grounds of suspicion existed. For the impression which the case will create, and is creating, against the literary and scientific character of France, we are sincerely sorry: we wish we could hope that a firm remonstrance, on the part of those who teach the public to read and to think, would at last abate this glaring scandal. Let them be assured that the verdict of literature throughout Europe will be, in the words of their own Daniels, *De tels faits ne se discutent pas, ils s'exposent.*

⁂ Since the above was sent to press, public attention has been turned to the new convention between the French government and our own, for the surrender of accused persons. There seems much reason to suppose that two clauses, at least, were directly aimed at the case of M. Libri. In discussing the bill for giving power to carry this convention into effect, the English instincts of the House of Lords, previously to the abandonment of the bill, had already dealt death to one of these clauses, and would probably have given a similar fate to the other: and this without any reference to the case of M. Libri.

FILIA DOLOROSA.*

PERHAPS, if we search history through, we shall not find amongst its pages a record of the life of any princess who underwent so many vicissitudes as the Duchess d'Angoulême. The daughter of a king, she was old enough to remember, and to lament the fate of, her illustrious father and mother, and her youthful aunt, hurried to the scaffold by a set of the most Heaven-defying wretches that ever outraged and astounded human nature. Menaced with the same fate, and while detained in the prison of "The Temple," she had to bewail the death of her young brother, too probably dismissed by poison to the other world, to be hereafter a witness against his murderers. Afterwards married to her cousin, she saw the rise, the meteor course, and the declension of Napoleon. Then came a gleam of sunshine, only to be too soon withdrawn. Napoleon's escape from Elba and landing in France compelled the royal family again to seek refuge in a foreign country. From thence she saw the final ruin of that mighty and portentous genius. Some years of comparative tranquillity succeeded, disturbed, however, by the murder of her brother-in-law, the Duc de Berri, and destroyed at length by the second French Revolution. Once more an exile, her anxious interest was once more directed towards France. She had now to watch the career of her cousin of Orleans, "the Napoleon of peace," the astute, sagacious, overreaching, and at last overreached Louis Philippe. She saw *his* downfal. The third revolution had arrived. Shall monarchy be restored?—a question that must have made the heart of the Duchess beat wildly. No. Behold a second republic. Whether her heart sank at that, or caught at a reviving hope, we know not. Had she lived—how many years more than two or three from this time shall we say?—what other change might she not have witnessed?

The lamented Authoress of this work died before she could be gratified by seeing its publication, but she has left us that for which we ought to be grateful, and which does equal honour to her heart and her abilities. It is nothing to say that we find here a more minute and painfully interesting description of the sufferings and indignities so sublimely submitted to by the royal family while confined in the Temple, than is to be found in any former publication; or that the account of the several pseudo-dauphins, whose pretensions remind us so strongly of our Lambert Simnel and Perkyn Warbeck, and the "false Demetrius" of Russia, adds greatly to the attraction of the work. Its real merit and value are to be found in the beautiful exposition it makes of the character of the heroine, the duchess. Purified in the furnace of sorrow and of suffering, we see her, exalted by these, in all the grace and dignity of her life and conversation; we admire the modest magnanimity of her thoughts, we respect and love the beneficence of her acts. We know of very few books indeed which, written by a lady, and relating the saint-like life of a most illustrious lady, could be so likely to captivate the women of England, not because the subject of it is an honour to the sex, but because she furnishes such an instance of virtue, piety, and goodness under the most terrible trials and afflictions, as make her an example which, once seen and studied, must ever be religiously remembered.

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* Filia Dolorosa: Memoir of the Duchess d'Angoulême. By the late Mrs. Romer.

CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

Port-au-Prince, Monday, April 19, 1852.

The coronation of Faustin I. took place yesterday. This is an event which, of course, has been looked forward to with great interest by multitudes. For several weeks past very extensive preparations for it have been visible in all directions. The military force at the Capital had been greatly augmented. The principal nobility of the empire had assembled. The city was full of people. It is supposed that there were from fifteen to twenty thousand strangers at Portau-Prince. An immense tent, capable of holding probably ten thousand persons, had been built upon the Champ de Mars, the decorations of which were not completed as late as Saturday night, the 17th instant. This tent was constructed and ornamented with much taste. The roof of the nave was a curvature, in the form of an arch, the rafters of which were ornamented with rich double hangings, and the sides at the base of the curvature hung with wreaths of tri-coloured (the national colours) tapestry, richly fringed, with a splendid national flag at each post. This was entered from the west by a plank walk, about three rods wide, extending from the point where the imperial carriages and those of the nobility were to stop, and where also was a round tent of considerable magnitude, bearing on the top of the centre-pole a very large silk flag. This tent appeared to serve as a sort of ante-chamber for the imperial family, as also for the courtiers and ladies of honour. This walk, as also the entire nave and the extensive apartments assigned to the senators, representatives, consuls, and commercial gentlemen, together with the musicians' gallery, were all carpeted with blue broadcloth, such as the government uses for military coats. There was still an immense space to be occupied by a portion of the Imperial guards and the populace, who only had the green grass of the Champ de Mars to stand upon. At a considerable distance from the tent were immense bodies of military formed in a hollow square, and thus protecting the whole scene on every side. The eastern half of the nave was elevated about five feet from the ground, and arranged in the form of a Catholic chapel, with a richly ornamented altar at the east end; a *prie-Dieu* (or desk for their Majesties to kneel and pray upon), all covered with gold, except the cushion, stood upon the north side not far from the altar; and upon the south side, still further from the altar, an elevation designed to represent the imperial throne, and which their Majesties were to occupy during a certain portion of the ceremony. The seats placed upon this elevation for the use of their Majesties were two gold-plated arm-chairs, with high backs splendidly ornamented at the top, all in gold work. The chair of the Emperor was a little more elevated than that of the Empress, and was covered with an elevated canopy, ornamented with the imperial eagle and stars, all in gold work. The chair of the Princesse Impériale, as also those of the Emperor's brothers, were of an ordinary kind, and were placed lower than those of their Majesties. Behind the *prie-Dieu* were also two chairs of the ordinary form, but thoroughly plated with gold and cushioned with rich purple.

A circumstance somewhat amusing happened to me the day before the coronation. I was taking a walk in the early part of the day, and took the fancy to go and see the imperial tent. I entered the plank-walk, where I met a friend, with whom I approached the entrance of the nave, when a military officer told me that it was too late to go in, as the workmen had commenced their labour. But after a few moments he said to me, "Go in." I bowed and stepped in. My friend told me afterwards that he overheard this officer say to his comrades, that he had done well to let me go in, for very likely I might be one of the family! He was probably from the mountains and rather green, and judged that, because I was a foreigner, I was very likely a prince and therefore of necessity connected with the imperial family!

A salute at sunset, and fire-works in the evening, announced the approaching festival. All was bustle and preparation. The consuls and other classes specially invited, were requested to be present at six o'clock in the morning. As early as two o'clock the military forces were in movement, and there was little chance for sleeping more. I arrived on the ground at six o'clock and found already a large body of people present. The apartment assigned to the commercial men and to untitled strangers was so full that I feared to enter, on account of the extreme heat. I therefore passed round to the other side of the tent and placed myself near the balustrade in the pit, which was as yet but little occupied. This, however, was a step which I had occasion bitterly to regret afterwards. After standing about an hour, the guards entered and the crowd pressed in upon me so closely that I was in a very serious condition—hardly room to stand, and perhaps a greater difficulty to leave.

After about another hour the clergy entered, with all the pomp and show of their gaudy system. I hoped, for the sake of my legs and back, that I should not be kept standing much longer; but, alas! another hour passed before the arrival of the Emperor. The Empress, with a tiara upon her head, appeared first, under a very highly ornamented canopy. Her dress was of cream-coloured satin, richly ornamented with gold lace, fringe, and other trappings to correspond. The Emperor appeared with the crown upon his head, as if he would show the clergy of Rome that he was not dependent upon them for the privilege of wearing it.

But to return. About 9 o'clock the Emperor appeared. Cries loud and long of "Vive l'Empereur!" and the excitement consequent upon seeing a crown for the first time in my life, made me forget for a short time my fatigue. He walked also under a canopy. He carried the sceptre in his right hand, which was so long that when standing upon the floor the eagle that surrounded the top was higher than his head. In his left hand, also, he carried another sceptre of nearly the same length, but having no eagle upon it. As I am but a simple republican, I suppose I shall not be held responsible for not knowing intuitively the meaning of all these monarchical insignia. I must say that he looked very well, and I am quite sure that a crown sits as well over his chubby and cheerful face, as it would over the long, moustached and dastardly visage that the painters give to Louis Napoleon. The Emperor's dress, or rather (to forget for a moment the crown) that portion of it which covered the lower part of his humanity, was embroidered pumps, apparently of white satin, ornamented with golden stars; a tunic of light-coloured satin, richly adorned with gold lace, tinselled fringe,

&c., and reaching, fringe and all, nearly to his feet; a purple mantle, richly set with golden stars, and surmounted with an ermine cape of great beauty.

Thus attired, the Emperor and Empress mounted the steps to the chapel, and advancing to the altar, placed their crowns upon their *prie-Dieu*, except that the Empress kept the wreath, said to be studded with diamonds, upon her head, after which they seated themselves at their *prie-Dieu*. The services were now fully commenced. These I need not describe, as they were such as are common in Catholic churches on similar occasions. And for myself, not being able any longer to see their Majesties, seated at their *prie-Dieu*, on account of the great number of courtiers that thronged the chapel, I began to think very seriously again of my fatigue, and concluded that I must seek some way of changing my position. Finally, at about 10 o'clock, having already stood four hours constantly, I worked my way through the crowd, and succeeded to get outside of the tent. I now made my way to the other side, and after some effort, succeeded in reaching the merchants' quarters. Here for some time I was labouring in fruitless attempts to see their Majesties, when, at near 11 o'clock, I obtained a seat upon a balustrade, where I obtained a view of their Majesties' heads, they being still seated at their *prie-Dieu*. The service seemed excessively long, and multitudes were desirous of seeing it come to a close, when, to our great relief, at 11 o'clock, they rose from their seats, proceeded to the altar, where the Emperor received his crown from the hands of the Vicar-General, and placed it upon his own head, as also the tiara of the Empress, which he placed upon her head. The Emperor did not seem entirely at his ease with the crown upon his head. It seemed rather heavy, and he occasionally raised his hand to steady it. They were now conducted in state to the throne, where, after being properly seated, the Empress at the right of his Majesty and the Princess still lower, the Imperial mantle spread over the back of the Emperor's chair, the sceptres in his hands, he now received extraordinary cheers, loud and long, of "Vive l'Empereur!" Thus the preliminaries and the great act itself, of the coronation, have been somewhat minutely described. I need not describe in detail the ceremonies which succeeded; their rising up and sitting down, the obeisance of the courtiers, of the masses, the meaning of which was probably poorly understood even by those who chanted them, nor of several other *et ceteras* of less importance, which filled up the time until 12 o'clock, when their Majesties retired.

There were also very many other things, which may be considered as matter of course in such ceremonies, of which I have made no mention, such as the frequent discharge of cannon, the martial music from hundreds of fifes, drums, cymbals, horns and trumpets, brass bands, singing of the choir, as also the music from great numbers of violins accompanied with bass, &c. The Imperial family now entered the Imperial carriage, drawn by eight light-coloured horses, and scattering money among the crowd, they made their way to the Imperial Palace.

Brilliant fireworks, with other demonstrations of great joy, occupied the masses during the evening. We understand there is to be a cessation of business for eight days, accompanied with extraordinary demonstrations of public joy.

TO EVA,

DAUGHTER OF FERGUS MORE, CHIEFTAIN OF GLEN GOIL.

A Literal Translation from the Irish.

[CORMACK FAIL was the favourite bard of O'Cahan, Prince of Desmond. Tradition states that he was a splendid musician, but one of the worst-tempered gentlemen that ever laid a finger upon wire.* His sudden exit from the stage of life would afford presumptive evidence of his being a true brother of the genus *irritabile*, as he was struck dead with a *middiogue*,† by a chief with whom he mooted a question of precedency. Ulick O'Niel settled the disputed point and pugnacious bard together with one home thrust, thus saving the College of Arms some trouble, and, as a fashionable auctioneer would term it, opening the laureateship to general competition.]

I.

You tell me, lady, to forget—
A word so brief is lightly spoken—
My sun of love for aye is set,
As fondest dream is soonest broken.
Call mine mad love! In sober vein
Who ever flung his peace away?
Will heart that owns a hopeless flame,
Let hand thrill lover's roundelay?

II.

'Tis true in Desmond's royal keep,
Clanmore's stout thane has praised my song,
Did this light touch break music's sleep,‡
Who would not join the dancer-throng?
And when beside the Red Chief's bier,
This hand evoked death's parting wail,
What eye withheld the tribute tear,
Cold to the spell of Cormack Fail?

III.

All 's past! The dull monk preaches peace—
The nun responds to abbess sage—
Let miser's grasp his gold embrace,
Age toy with youth, youth fondle age.
Let the sun's radiance beam on night,
The stormy north yield summer's smile,
Then I 'll forget the lustrous light
Of Eva's glance in lone Clangoil!

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* The Irish harp is strung with wire.

† The *middiogue* was the dagger, or rather dirk, used formerly in Ireland. The only specimen of this ancient weapon that the writer ever saw, was one found in a peat-moss by some peasants employed in searching for timber. It was about the length of a carbine bayonet, and hafted with deer-horn.

Half the murders in which the old legends of the country abound are attributed to the *middiogue*, which appears, like the Italian stiletto, to have been the favourite weapon for assassination purposes. A retainer of the author—an old man who was a professed otter killer—used to frighten the servants with deeds of blood perpetrated by this desperate tool. He frequently spoke of one that he had seen when a boy—he was then over ninety—and, as he would have deponed on corporal oath, its keenly tempered blade would, with a school boy's blow, have passed easily through a dollar. The Otter Killer told me the story so frequently, that, had he lived a few years longer, I should have become a true believer at last.

‡ Literal translation from the original.

NEW NOVELS OF THE SEASON.

Agatha Beaufort; or, Family Pride.

We are sorry that no earlier opportunity presented itself of reviewing this novel. We had (and still have) such a pleasurable remembrance of a work by the same authoress, entitled "Pique," that we were curious to see how she had acquitted herself in a second performance. We have done so, and now we give, in brief, the result of our discoveries in the realm to which the authoress has been pleased to conduct us.

We must confess, that it is a very long time since *two* volumes of a novel could operate such an enchantment upon us. Characters forcibly drawn; scenes vigorously and impressively delineated, above all, a plot which, though full of mystery, was also full of interest—how, we thought, is this to end? The writer must perforce approve herself an admirable artist who can educe the probable, or even the possible, out of so tangled a skein; who, out of such various and exciting materials as she has been agitating us withal, can supply us with a conclusion which our sober reason may approve. Our mind misgave us. We felt inclined to say, with Hamlet,

> "Whither would'st thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further;"

and yet, so potent was the spell, that we were constrained to pursue this novel to the end.

Shall we confess that we have been disappointed? If so, let not the authoress of "Agatha Beaufort" be discouraged. She has shown a very rare power of engaging the interest of a reader and of exciting his curiosity, and it remains with herself whether she is to do anything great or no. She must labour; but chiefly she must labour at the construction of a plot; the rest, to her, will be comparatively easy. "Finis coronat opus"—the end crowns the work. But in "Agatha Beaufort" it is not so. We await with some impatience another essay from this lady, when we predict that we shall see something which it will give us happiness indeed to praise.

Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme of Mossgray. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Margaret Maitland."

We have read this work with a great deal of pleasure, which we are happy to acknowledge, and with some pain which we are sorry to be obliged to express. The author has acquired no ordinary amount of popularity by his (or her?) "Margaret Maitland," "Caleb Field," and other works which it has not been our fortune to read; and, no doubt, bearing in mind the talent we have just seen displayed in the novel under our notice, and perfectly willing to believe that the preceding works we have referred to, contained an equal portion of ability, we are not altogether surprised that they should have attracted a great deal of attention.

In "Adam Graeme" we recognise not only considerable talent, but something that looks very like genius. His "Memoirs and Resolutions" strongly interest us, in spite of certain drawbacks, upon which we shall remark presently, and which—we must take leave to observe—would have effectually swamped any other writer of less sterling ability. Of Adam Graeme, Lilias and her daughter of the same name, Mary Buchanan, William and Hope Oswald, and other characters, what are we to say? It is impossible not to listen to them when they speak, or to go along with them when they act, or to sympathize with them when they suffer. For a time they exercise a kind of spell over us; but the power of the enchanter weakens the longer he waves his wand, and at length we awake—and what do we discover?

We discover that, spite of the sun that shines upon them, the dew that falls upon them, the atmosphere that invests them, none of the characters are powerfully, distinctly, or naturally drawn—that they are not genuine, *bonâ fide* transcripts from real life, or idealized representatives of humanity. They interest, but do not affect us, and they interest, not so much for themselves as for what the author sometimes so finely says of them. After reading this novel, and putting our critical cap upon a head somewhat confused by this legerdemain style of literature, we could not forbear exclaiming, "O! for one hour of Jane Austen!"

Had we not a very high opinion of the powers of the author of this work, we should not have thought it worth our while to say what we have done, or to add what is immediately to follow. It is very far from our intention to assert what is as distant from our belief, that this author is incapable of drawing characters with energy and force, with strictness and truth; but he has been misled into a notion—or rather, we suspect, he has misled himself into a conviction—that a work is nothing unless there be a great deal of fine writing in it,—a fatal delusion which, when it enters and clouds the brain of genius, provokes to an attempt at originality of style. Hence it is that, instead of resorting to the "pure well of English undefiled," the experimental enthusiast lowers his bucket into waters which are soon discovered to be the waters of Lethe. The author of this style, or rather, this way of writing, was not the first to introduce it; on the contrary, it has been very generally adopted, and threatens to maintain its footing for some time to come. It is true, the varieties of these outlandish forms of composition are as numerous as their professors: they do not seek to imitate one another, but, whilst there is a general resemblance amongst them, they all agree to write of the commonest, as of the strangest things, in the most uncommon manner imaginable.

It is hard to define or to describe the mode of operation by these writers. It is to be observed, however, that one of its chief peculiarities cannot fail of instant detection. An almost equal degree of prominence is given to every event, great or small. In this particular it reminds us of Pre-Raphaelitism in art, in which a dockleaf is as carefully considered, and is held to be as important to a picture as a drowning Ophelia. In like manner, the varying flushes on the face of a girl of fourteen, are as minutely described as the agony of a deserted and broken-hearted lover. Another trick of this school (a school in utter independence of a master) is to impart life to inanimate objects. A gable-end nods and beckons to you; the creaking hinges of a door are fraught with solemn meanings, and a corner cupboard has a world to say for itself and its old china. "Adam Graeme," speaking of a river, says:—"I like it for its humanity, for all the light and all the darkness, and the winds that touch, and the rains that flood it; for its beginning and for its end. It pleases me to give it life and utterance, and think it human, like myself."

Now, we say, of this species of writing, in the words of Sir Hugh Evans,—"Why, it is affectations," and deeply do we regret that an author, who has spoiled many beautiful thoughts and lovely sentiments by a persistence in it, should ever have sanctioned by his authority such barbarous taste. We implore him, as he values that true reputation which he may easily acquire, to desist from it; to put it away altogether. It is not poetry, it is not passion, but it is puerility. One of these days we may see a great work from the author of "Adam Graeme," if, flinging from him with disdain this paltry disguise, he will but come forth as a man.

THE FORTUNES OF KELLY O'DWYER.

This is not one of those pictures of "rollicking" Irish life with which the writings of the late Mr. Maxwell, and of Mr. Charles Lever have made us familiar. But it is none the worse for that; on the contrary, it is a great thing to say of this author, that he has dared to be original in the face of precedents which seem to have fixed in the English mind a belief that they represent wholly and entirely the Irish character.

Kelly O'Dwyer is an autobiography. The hero is the son of a small farmer, and partly from choice, and partly from a domestic necessity, he leaves his home, and enters into the service of several families in Dublin and its vicinity. Of these, and of their doings, he gives us so minutely particular an account, that we cannot but think he has been recording his own experiences, a belief heightened by the style which, refined by reading and a later experience, still appears to smack of the pedantic village schoolmaster, between whom and Kelly O'Dwyer's father such a Damon and Pythias friendship had been so long maintained.

There are some capital scenes in this novel—scenes the like of which are not to be found in any other Irish writer of fiction. What can be better than the race which the father of Kelly O'Dwyer undertakes against Rose Dillon, in order to gain that audacious young beauty's hand—or the scene at the hotel with Sir Charles Welde, or the eccentricities of the music-mad Mr. Hammerton?

There is something true, unmistakably genuine in Kelly O'Dwyer. There is no reduplication reduplicated of our old friends Major O'Flaherty and Sir Lucius O'Trigger; but we have a Mr. St. George and a Sir Charles Welde; and where, in any other Irish novel do we find a real Irish gentleman,—particularly a *young* Irish gentleman?

There is such an impress of reality on this work; the circumstances and the characters are so new and yet so probable, and the style is so entirely that which a living Kelly O'Dwyer would have employed, that it is hard to determine whether it is a veritable autobiography or not. If the latter, the author has shown no common power of delineating character from a special view of it; and if he has suited his style to his subject, we honour him for having braved the criticism of those (and in our days they are not a few) who were the abomination of Fielding, and who with hyper-snobbish superciliousness condemn every plain picture of life as "low, demmed low."

MARY SEAHAM. By Mrs. Grey, Author of "The Gambler's Wife." London, 1852.

The success of the "Gambler's Wife" was such as to insure a welcome for every subsequent work by the same author. But, whilst success sometimes stimulates to more careful exertion, it as frequently betrays to negligence and haste. We are happy to record of Mrs. Grey that she has not suffered herself to be misled into the belief that she had nothing to do but to take up her pen, write at score, open her ears, and receive a shout of public approbation. She has carefully studied her plot and her characters, and has turned out her work in as high a state of finish as she was capable of.

"Mary Seaham" is the story of a young lady of twenty-one, who, about to enter fashionable life, is warned against the temptations and allurements of the great world by Mr. Temple, the young, interesting, and noble-minded clergyman of her native parish in Wales, whose hand she has just declined, because she never could have thought of loving a man who had inspired her with so much reverence, and of whom she never could have deemed herself worthy.

She proceeds on a visit to her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. De Burgh. Here she is introduced to a fascinating young gentleman, Mr. Eugene Trevor, who had made a transient impression on her heart some few years before. This Trevor soon gains an absolute mastery over the affections of this pure-minded girl, and, to do him justice, he for the first time acknowledges the influence of a fervent and virtuous passion. They are about to be married, when the gentleman urges that there are imperative reasons why the marriage must be delayed for a year. This year is followed by two or three more, during which Mary Seaham has incidentally learned what, if it does not effectually open her eyes, very considerably rarifies the "blear illusion" that had obscured them. At length comes the *eclàircissement*—

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us."

This Eugene Trevor, the polished, the tender-spoken, the alluring, is one of the greatest scoundrels that ever kept low company, rattled a dice-box, or committed forgery. Taking advantage of a brain-fever under which his elder brother was suffering, he had him conveyed to a mad-house, from which, however, he escaped, going no one knew whither, whilst his younger brother induces the father to leave him all the personalty, and to make him guardian of the estate after the old man's death. The elder brother, so grievously wronged, is Mr. Temple, whose warnings had not been sufficiently borne in mind. At length, "fiat justitia ruat *rascal*," and Mrs. Grey pours forth her phial of poetical justice with a will. But we must not reveal the *dénouement*.

This is a very excellent novel, and will, we doubt not, prove a general favourite. It is impossible not to be deeply interested in the fate of so charming a creature as Mary Seaham; and Eustace Trevor, the noble, the generous, the forgiving, is drawn with an earnestness which shows that Mrs. Grey has thrown her whole heart into the character. The old miserly father is capitally delineated. The writing and the tone of the novel are worthy of the subject: in a word, the reading of it will prove not only very pleasant but profitable.

AMY PAUL. A Tale.

This is the story of two girls, Barbara and Amy Paul, who, while yet children, are left orphans under the care of a grandfather. The old gentleman is found murdered one evening in his back parlour, nor is the murderer discovered. The destitute orphans are adopted by a benevolent Mr. Elt, the keeper of a toy-shop near Golden Square, but after a few years are claimed by a rich uncle, who had returned from abroad. Mr. Paul causes his nieces to be well educated, and in due time they join him at an estate he had bought in Ireland. Here Mr. Elt, fond of his adopted children, and having relinquished his shop, finds his way, settling himself in the neighbourhood.

All this occurs before the opening of the story. At its commencement we find, in addition to the nieces, Reuben Leigh a member of Mr. Paul's household. This young man, affianced to Barbara Paul, had, in his infancy, been rescued by Mr. Paul from shipwreck at the imminent hazard of his own life, and had been brought up as his son.

Reuben Leigh having gone on a voyage on his adopted father's business, a new character appears upon the scene. Mr. Simon Burge visits his former friend Mr. Paul. He is no welcome visitor. It is clear there is some mystery. He falls in love with Amy Paul, and compels the uncle to recommend his pretensions. The girl hears enough to assure her that it will be the best thing for her uncle's happiness that she should consent. But the lover encounters a resolved enemy in Barbara, the elder sister, whereupon he tells the sisters plainly that it was their uncle—their dear kind uncle who had educated and tended them as a parent—who had murdered their grandfather. He cannot deny the charge, and his nieces at once leave him. Burge also goes about his business.

On the return of Reuben Leigh, the heart-broken Mr. Paul unfolds the whole case to his adopted son. Burge and Paul had been intimate associates in years gone by, and both were gamesters. During a season of urgent necessity, Burge had instigated Paul to rob Mr. Weld (the grandfather), who was known to carry valuable diamonds about his person. He enters the house of the old man and attempts to do so, but encountering resistance, he strikes an unlucky blow, never designed to be fatal, which deprives his victim of life. Seized with remorse, he flies. On his voyage from his native country, the vessel is wrecked, when, seeing an infant who must inevitably perish unless some greater assistance than the mother can render be afforded, it occurs to the wretched man that, can he but save a life, it will prove a compensation for the life taken away. He succeeds, and has brought up the child, and is penitent, and has since lived a most virtuous life.

His adopted son hears this revelation with pain and astonishment, but (is it because he has lately discovered his rich relations ?) he wastes very little time in a decision upon the case. He abandons the miserable man, seeks and finds prosperity elsewhere, marries his Barbara, and no doubt goes to church, thinking himself (the author is of the same persuasion) a sincere and unstumbling follower of his Divine Master, who preached no such doctrine. We are sure we shall carry the sentiment of the reader along with us when we pronounce this Reuben Leigh a despicable fellow.

But if this author could invent what would in other hands form a most interesting story, he is utterly incapable of working it out. Undoubtedly there are some just thoughts, felicitous illustrations, ingenious and pretty fancies in the book; but all the characters talk and seem to cry out at every sentence " Author! Author!" Each and all indulge in a sort of pragmatical mouthing which is equally ludicrous and offensive. There never were two such girls as Barbara and Amy. The man who could endure their society for half an hour would enjoy the perusal of Kant's philosophy in the Zoological Gardens amongst the macaws. The attempts at humour here and there are innocent twaddle.

WOMAN'S LIFE; OR, THE TRIALS OF CAPRICE. By Emilie Carlen. Author of " The Rose of Tisleton."

All that we have to say to the public with regard to this work is conveyed in the recommendation we offer to that potent judge to read it as soon as possible. Emilie Carlen is the most popular novelist of Sweden, and justly so; our respected friends' (Mary and William Howitt), assertion to the contrary notwithstanding. They are naturally solicitous for the fame of their friend, Frederika Bremer, whose beautiful tales Mrs. Howitt was the first to make us acquainted with, and doubtless they believe that their favourite bears away the palm. Private partialities are proverbially blind; but, were they not so, they must not be suffered to stand in the way and obstruct the progress of superior merit. Let it be shown (but it cannot be shown) that Miss Bremer has ever told such a story as this of " Woman's Life," has ever drawn such characters as Uncle Janne, Helmer, Edith, and Count Hermann, and we will give way without grudging or reluctance. Meanwhile, we assert—and let it be controverted if it can—that "Woman's Life" is the very best novel that was ever written by Swede, whether man or woman. We not only do not fear—we doubt not the decision of the reader.

NOTICE.

" The Memoirs of a Man of the World" will be continued in our next number.

Colvin Smith R.S.A. Robert C. Bell

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Published by Adam & Charles Black, March [illegible]

FRANCIS JEFFREY.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THERE are some men who have done so much for the advancement of particular branches of knowledge, that their names have become inseparably blended with them, and the biography of an individual involves the history of an invention or a science. For instance, a memoir of Euclid must embrace a dissertation on mathematics; and a narrative of the life of Watt is tantamount to a treatise on the steam-engine. In a similar way the name of Francis Jeffrey is associated with an important part of our present literature; and the consideration of his character and career irresistibly leads to reflections on the rise and progress of the reviewing art, and on the strong influence which Reviews now exercise on the intellectual character of the age, both as regards contributors and readers.

Unquestionably there had been reviews before "The Edinburgh" appeared; just as Lord Worcester's and Newcomen's steam-engines had preceded that of Watt. But Lord Cockburn is perfectly right in saying that the production of "'The Edinburgh' was an entire and instant change of everything that the public had been accustomed to in that kind of composition." Perhaps the best testimony to the completeness of that change, and to the right of Jeffrey to be considered the founder of the school of periodical literature, is the "Literary Veteran," Mr. Gillies, an Edinburgh man, and a contemporary of Jeffrey and of his original contributors, but not connected with him—and in fact rather associated with the clique of his local antagonists. Mr. Gillies describes the character of "The Edinburgh Review" as being the most original that had ever appeared among us. He adds:†—

"This may seem paradoxical. But in plain truth the conception of a British review which should not only take its rank in the standard literature of the day, but should live in after years to be referred to with equal pleasure and profit, was so bold and novel that the term original may most justly be applied to it. Up to the year 1802 what pitiful abortions were our so-styled reviews! The object of their authors was to 'give an account of the books;' and the notion that upon every occasion there should be a special drift to contend for, an opportunity caught and improved for benefiting the cause of literature, or politics, or morals, or science, by placing the subject in a new light, seemed never once to have entered into the calculations of our self-complacent editors. We had, it is true, our 'English Review,' our 'Monthly Review,' our 'Critical Review,' our 'British Critic,' and other such trash, of which it is difficult to imagine that the sale could remunerate for the expenses of paper and print, and yet up to the year 1802, the delectable productions above-named were in this department our best! With such charming examples before them, and without any better, did Sydney Smith originate, and Jeffrey with unexampled talents and perseverance uphold and realize, the plan of a critical journal, which should afford a contrast the most determined and *prononcé* to all such precursors, and of which the influence should permanently survive, even in cases where the works that gave rise to its discussions and arguments became no longer attainable, but had drifted away into oblivion."

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* "Life of Lord Jeffrey," by Lord Cockburn.

† Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, vol. i. p. 303.

It is to be remembered also, that the existence of "The Edinburgh" was the direct cause of the existence of the other great periodical, "The Quarterly," which was started in 1809 by Scott, Southey, Giffard and others, with the avowed purpose of counteracting the influence of "The Edinburgh." So also, in 1817, "Blackwood's Magazine" was launched on the same principle, and with the more especial view of forming a local rival to the great organ of the Northern Whigs. The examples thus set, and the favour with which the public was found to regard periodicals of vigour and entertainment, led to the establishment of the numerous other "Reviews," "Magazines," "Miscellanies," &c., that now flourish among us; that give employment to so large a portion of the literary talent of the age; and from which the great majority of our educated classes form their literary opinions almost entirely, and, to a very great extent, their political opinions also.

Sydney Smith had given us in the preface to his works, an amusing sketch of the circumstances which led to the first production of "The Edinburgh Review;" and Lord Cockburn supplies us with a full and clear narrative of its origin and early progress. Sydney Smith unquestionably started the idea: and Brougham, Horner and others of the remarkable circle of highly-gifted young men then gathered together in the Scotch metropolis, cooperated actively with Jeffrey in carrying the witty English clergyman's idea into execution. But Lord Cockburn justly claims for Jeffrey the merit of being the real founder of the new periodical. He truly says, that

> "If the rest who first planned this work had been left to their own inexperience, they would probably have been at a loss how to proceed. But they plainly leant upon Jeffrey, who had not merely been engaged in the study of criticism all his life, but had reduced his study to practice. He had already got several papers published in the existing journals. Some of them, though not specified, are alluded to in his letters, but (so far as I know) only three of them can be authenticated. Two of them are on Whiter's 'Etymologicon Magnum,' which were published in June and July, 1802, in the 'Monthly Review.' He describes these in a letter to his brother (1st August, 1802), as 'too elaborate, but quite sound in argument.' The third was a discussion of 'Thalaba,' which he sent to that journal before the 'Edinburgh Review' was resolved upon, though by some accident it was not published there till November, which was subsequent to the appearance of his article on 'Thalaba' in the Edinburgh. His having written these papers was known to his friends, who, though he was not at first their formal editor, leant mainly on his experience and wisdom."

The first numbers were brought out by the knot of friends who started the work, without any one being recognized as the responsible editor. But Jeffrey did the real editorial labour; and he was soon installed in regular editorial office, which he held for twenty-seven years, when (in June 1829) he resigned that post, on obtaining a legal dignity, which he thought (as we believe erroneously) incompatible with his editorship of a periodical. His biographer, on reaching this part of Jeffrey's life ably reviews the reviewing career of the great reviewer. The list of contributors to "The Edinburgh" during Jeffrey's presidency, which he cites (vol. i. p. 300) is truly splendid; but Lord Cockburn rightly insists on the paramount importance of Jeffrey himself, partly as a regular contributor, but still more as the guiding spirit of the great machine.

> "Jeffrey's value as Editor was incalculable. He had not only to revise and arrange each number after its parts were brought together, but before he got this length, he, like any other person in that situation, had much difficult and delicate work to perform. He had to discover, and to train, authors; to discern what truth and the public mind required; to suggest subjects; to reject, and, more offensive still, to improve, contributions; to keep down absurdities; to infuse spirit; to excite the timid; to repress violence; to soothe jealousies; to quell mutinies; to watch times; and all this in the morning of the reviewing day, before experience had taught editors conciliatory firmness, and contributors reasonable submission. He directed and controlled the elements he presided over with a master's judgment. There was not one of his associates who could have even held these elements together for a single year. The merit of getting so many writers to forego the ordinary jealousies of authors and of parties, and to write invisibly, and without the fame of individual and avowed publication, in the promotion of a work made up of unconnected portions, and assailed by such fierce and various hostility, is due to him entirely. He acquired it by his capacity of discussing almost any subject, in a conciliatory spirit, with almost any author; by the wisdom with which his authority was exercised; by the infusion of his personal kindness into his official intercourse; and his liberal and gentlemanlike demeanour. Inferior to these excellencies, but still important, was his dexterity in revising the writings of others. Without altering the general tone or character of the composition, he had great skill in leaving out defective ideas or words, and in so aiding the original by lively or graceful touches, that reasonable authors were surprised and charmed on seeing how much better they looked than they thought they would."

It is on these grounds, it is on account of the immense importance of the foundation of "The Edinburgh Review," and on account of Jeffrey being its founder, that we can adopt the words, with which Lord Cockburn commences these volumes, and terms "Francis Jeffrey, the greatest of British critics." If we viewed him as a mere writer, we certainly could not apply to him such a very high eulogy, though we fully admit the brilliancy, the good sense, and the pleasingness of many of the "Selected Contributions," which he republished a few years before his death.

Jeffrey's literary labours, though constant and anxious, formed only a small proportion of the mental wear and tear which he throve under for many years. He was in large practice at the Scotch bar; and those who saw him among the leaders of the Parliament House, and noted the conscientious accuracy, with which he had always prepared his legal arguments, and marshalled the facts of his cases, naturally wondered when and how he contrived to accumulate his stores of general knowledge, to elaborate his literary productions, and to give both to his own and to the papers of others in "The Edinburgh," that high polish for which his Review was ever remarkable.* This wonder was increased by the fact that, instead of giving his evenings to solitude and study, he was to be seen continually, the gayest of the gay among the festive circles of Edinburgh. Lord Cockburn's account of Jeffrey's early years gives the clue to this apparent mystery. Jeffrey's literary successes were (as all literary successes must be) the results of hard work. But Jeffrey had done his hard work early. At an age, when he had no admirers to cheer him on; when in fact his boyish efforts to obtain distinction had proved rather mortifying failures, Jeffrey went through a course of intellectual labour, such as few men perform during their whole lives, and of which he reaped the ample benefit in after years.

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* See, Gillies, vol. i. p. 302.

The lists of authors read by him in very early youth (and which Lord Cockburn cites from his journals) are remarkably ample. And he was not a mere reader. He trained himself as a thinker, and as a writer at the same time. Lord Cockburn remarks—

> "To those who only knew him in his maturity, there was nothing more prominent in the character of his intellect than its quickness. He seemed to invent arguments, and to pour out views, and to arrive at conclusions, instinctively. Preparation was a thing with which it was thought that so elastic a spirit did not require to be encumbered. Nevertheless, quick though he undoubtedly was, no slow mind was ever aided by steadier industry. If there be anything valuable in the history of his progress, it seems to me to consist chiefly in the example of meritorious labour which his case exhibits to young men, even of the highest talent. If he had chosen to be idle, no youth would have had a stronger temptation or a better excuse for that habit; because his natural vigour made it easy for him to accomplish far more than his prescribed tasks respectably, without much trouble, and with the additional applause of doing them off hand. But his early passion for distinction was never separated from the conviction, that in order to obtain it, he must work for it.
>
> "Accordingly, from his very boyhood, he was not only a diligent, but a very systematic student; and in particular, he got very early into the invaluable habit of accompanying all his pursuits by collateral composition; never for the sake of display, but solely for his own culture. The steadiness with which this almost daily practice was adhered to, would be sufficiently attested by the mass of his writings which happens to be preserved; though these be obviously only small portions of what he must have executed. There are notes of lectures, essays, translations, abridgments, speeches, criticisms, tales, poems, &c.; not one of them done from accidental or momentary impulse, but all wrought out by perseverance and forethought, with a view to his own improvement. And it is now interesting to observe how very soon he fell into that line of criticism which afterwards was the business of his life. Nearly the whole of his early original prose-writings are of a critical character; and this inclination towards analysis and appreciation was so strong, that almost every one of his compositions closes by a criticism on himself."

It is unquestionably to this early assiduous self-culture in composition that Jeffrey owed the remarkable grace, which distinguishes him as a letter-writer. The second volume of Lord Cockburn's publication consists of selections from Jeffrey's correspondence; and we think that we never met with a better collection of specimens of epistolary skill. We will cite two instances. One is from a letter from Jeffrey to his brother in America on the difference between English and American scenery.

> "Would you like to know what old England is like? and in what it most differs from America? Mostly, I think, in the visible memorials of antiquity with which it is overspread; the superior beauty of its verdure, and the more tasteful and happy state and distribution of its woods. Everything around you here is *historical*, and leads to romantic or interesting recollections. Grey-grown church towers, cathedrals, ruined abbeys, castles of all sizes and descriptions, in all stages of decay, from those that are inhabited to those in whose moats ancient trees are growing, and ivy mantling over their mouldered fragments. Within sight of this house, for instance, there are the remains of the palace of Hunsden, where Queen Elizabeth passed her childhood, and Theobalds, where King James had his hunting-seat, and the Rye-house, where Rumbald's plot was laid, and which is still occupied by a malster—such is the permanency of habits and professions in this ancient country. Then there are two gigantic oak-stumps, with a few fresh branches still, which are said to have been planted by Edward the Third, and massive stone bridges over lazy waters; and churches that look as old as Christianity; and beautiful groups of branchy trees; and a verdure like nothing else in the universe; and all the cottages and lawns fragrant with sweet-briar and violets, and glowing with purple lilacs, and white elders; and antique villages scattering round wide bright greens; with old trees and ponds, and a massive pair of oaken

stocks preserved from the days of Alfred. With you everything is new, and glaring, and angular, and withal rather frail, slight, and perishable; nothing soft and mellow and venerable, or that looks as if it would ever become so. I will not tell you about Scotland after this. It has not these characters of ancient wealth and population, but beauties of another kind which you must come and see."

The same letter contains the following rather satirical description of an English lady:—

"Have you any idea what sort of thing a truly elegant English woman of fashion is? I suspect not; for it is not to be seen almost out of England, and I do not know very well how to describe it. Great quietness, simplicity, and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe; a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit and manners and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good-nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity, and ambition. These are some of the traits, and such, I think, as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless; but she would predominate over you in the long run; and indeed is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world; but not better nor happier; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect. We have plenty of loud, foolish things, good humoured even in the highest society."

His letter to his sister on the death of his first wife, is exquisitely beautiful; and indeed the general effect of these volumes is to give us a very favourable opinion of Jeffrey's personal character. That he was high-principled, honourable, and a staunch friend, we could have easily imagined, before we read Lord Cockburn's work; but we certainly did not expect to find the Francis Jeffrey, who has been called, not inaptly, the Sylla of reviewing, so affectionate, so gentle, so delicately generous, so kindly considerate of the feelings of all around him, as these volumes prove him to have been.

The narrative of Jeffrey's public life, of his advancement by the Whigs to the post of Lord Advocate, of his entrance into Parliament, of his share in the passing of the Reform Bill, and of his final promotion as Lord Jeffrey to the Scotch judicial bench, is ably given by Lord Cockburn; many parts of it will be found to be of general historical interest and value. The only fault that we have to find with Lord Cockburn is, that he has been too sparing of the exercise of his own powers as a writer. A full description of the literary and political celebrities of Edinburgh half a century ago would have found a natural place in the biography of Francis Jeffrey; and Lord Cockburn has tantalized us by showing how admirably he could have written it, had he been so minded. He introduces a few portraits, which are masterpieces. Those, in particular, which he gives of Harry Dundas, and John Clerk of Eldin, are equal to anything of the kind in our language. Altogether, Lord Cockburn's volumes are among the most agreeable and instructive ones that have appeared for a long time past: and the very censure which we have been obliged to pass on him, is to a great extent a compliment. How few biographers are there of whom it can be said that they have given the reader too little, and not far too much of their own.

WOMAN'S LIFE.*

Given the *dramatis personæ*, and the first fifty pages of a novel, to find out the whole plot! In most cases there is not a young lady who is near of age, who could not work out this problem with accuracy. Great then is the relief when we come across a novel in which the beaten track is forgotten, and the hand of genius traces a way of its own, bestowing a freshness and a novelty which cannot fail to delight.

"Woman's Life" abounds with incidents of a probable and natural sort, is filled with characters nicely and even subtly discriminated and is made the vehicle of a high and noble moral, showing the influence and redeeming powers of character. Emilie Carlen has a beautiful and chaste fancy, and writes with a delicacy and purity which are not inconsistent with considerable power.

The heroine Edith is the very creature of caprice, smiling and weeping alternately, coquettish and, till her trials commence, frivolous. Helmer, whom we take to be the abiding character of this novel, is a man of the highest and best character, and as nature points out that one mode of progression is by antagonism, he is enamoured of the capricious fairy who for the largest part of the novel leads him a sad life. Edith's mother, Madame Sternfelt, is opposed to the match, and although she does not prevent it, still she leaves the newly-married couple without her blessing or any portion of her money. And here commences the great interest of the story, which is worked out with tenderness and grace. After many trials purging away the dross of Edith's character, she becomes a mother, and in this new relation of her life, her character is raised and perfected,

> "And Nature then unlocked with her sweet smile
> The icy barrier of" her "heart, and" she
> "Returned unto" her "first humanity."

Uncle Janne is a capital picture. We see his kindly features, and are charmed by his simple truthful manners. The good old man, whose love of Edith is never quenched even in her most capricious days, is rewarded at last and nearly succumbs to his mighty happiness, when he finds Edith an altered and a better character.

Helmer, however, is probably the most finished and, excepting uncle Janne, the best sustained character; in dependence independent, and in his greatest poverty bearing himself with an honorable pride. Of all the mordants employed for fixing character, there is none like adversity; and the greatest of our poets from Shakspeare downwards, have lavished the charms of their genius in illustrating the ennobling effects of this trial-fire upon a well-toned mind. Helmer passes through, not unscathed for he is man, but finally victorious; and he carries with him the best and purest sympathies of the reader.

We have purposely avoided giving even a sketch of the plot that we may not anticipate the interest of the reader. It is not a deep, nor a dark one, but quite effective in its simplicity. It was evidently the object of the author to render mere plot subservient to the exposition of character, in which latter branch of the novelist's art lies the great strength of Emilie Carlen.

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* By Emilie Carlen. 3 vols.

UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πέρας ὡς ἂν ὁ δαίμων βουληθῇ πάντων γίγνεται· ἡ δὲ Προαίρεσις αὐτὴ τὴν τοῦ συμβούλου διάνοιαν δηλοῖ.—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona.*

Careat successibus opto
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.
OVID. *Heroid.*

No. VI.—MONTCALM.

THE French philosopher and poet Chateaubriand, at the close of the eloquent narrative of his "Travels in North America," gives expression to the painful feelings that clung to him, when forced to dwell on the names of Canada and Louisiana, and when the old maps displayed to him the extent of the ancient French dominion in America. He mused sorrowfully on the evil doom by which France lost a trans-Atlantic empire, which might now be to her a source of inexhaustible prosperity. He truly says: "From Acadia and Canada to Louisiana, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi, the territories of New France surrounded what originally formed the confederation of the thirteen United States. The other states, the district of Colombia and Michigan, North-west Missouri, Oregon, and the Arkansas territories, belonged, or would have belonged, to us, as they now belong to the United States, by the cession of the English and Spaniards, our first heirs in Canada and in Louisiana. More than two-thirds of North America would acknowledge the sovereignty of France. . . . We once possessed here vast countries which might have offered a home to the excess of our population, an important market to our commerce, a nursery to our navy. Now, we are forced to confine in our prisons culprits condemned by the tribunals, for want of a spot of ground whereon to place these wretched creatures. We are excluded from the New World, where the human race is recommencing. The English and Spanish languages serve to express the thoughts of many millions of men in Africa, in Asia, in the South Sea Islands, on the continent of the two Americas; and we, disinherited of the conquests of our courage and our genius, hear the language of Racine, of Colbert, and of Louis the Sixteenth, spoken merely in a few hamlets of Louisiana and Canada, under a foreign sway. There it remains, as though but for an evidence of the reverses of our fortune, and the errors of our policy. Thus, then, has France disappeared from North America, like those Indian tribes, with which she sympathized, and some of the wrecks of which I have beheld."*

The Frenchman of the present age, who thus mourns over the glorious dominions in the Western World which might have been his country's, may at least console himself by the reflexion, that it was not through any want of individual heroes among her sons, that France lost those fair lands, and was deprived of so bright a future. England's triumph over her in their struggle for "the magnificent prize of supremacy in America," was caused by the difference between the systems, on which the colonies of these two great European states were founded and ruled. In the government of the French trans-Atlantic possessions the spirit of centralization prevailed in the fullest intensity; while among the English settlers on the eastern coast of North America, the system of local self-government was more vigorously developed than in any other region of the globe. Unquestionably in America, as elsewhere, the communities of Teutonic race showed collectively the superiority of that race over the Celtic in the qualities that are requisite for successful colonization. But if we were to mete out our admiration of the various European settlers in the New World by individual specimens of ability and energy, there is no nation that would have a higher claim to our praise, than that which produced Cartier, Charleroix, Champlain, De Salles, De Courcelles, Frontenac, La Galissoniere, and finally, "the wise and chivalrous" Montcalm, the last and the best of the Paladins of France beyond the western wave.

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* Chateaubriand, vol. iii. p. 468. See, too, Warburton's "Conquest of Canada," vol. i. p. 13.

Montcalm had fallen upon evil days. As he was born in 1712 and died in 1759, the whole of his life, except his early infancy, was comprised in the period of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, the most disgraceful and disastrous period in the history of modern France. Coarse licentiousness, imbecile favouritism, sordid prodigality, and apathetic disregard of duty, stigmatised the court; and the noblesse, who monopolized all military and civil commands, in general but too faithfully imitated the vices of their sovereign. A few brilliant exceptions are discernible; and no name shines more purely than that of Montcalm, the representative of a long line of illustrious ancestry, whose glories, won in happier times, he eclipsed by the high qualities, which he displayed in the darkest season of temptation, difficulty, and distress.

Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm de St. Véran, was born at the château of Candiac, near Nismes, in 1712. He had an elder brother, who was renowned as a youthful prodigy of learning, and who, like many other youthful prodigies, died in childhood of a disease of the brain. The two brothers were educated by Dumas, under whom the future defender of Canada acquired a familiarity with the classics, and a fondness for literature, which distinguished him throughout life; and which would probably have given him celebrity as a writer and a scholar, if the circumstances of his rank and social station had not devoted him, while still young, to a military career.

He soon attracted notice in the French armies both for bravery and intelligence. Ever forward to meet danger, he received three wounds at the battle of Placentia, and afterwards suffered still more severely at the battle of Exilles. In 1746, when this last-mentioned engagement was fought, the Marquis de Montcalm was colonel of a regiment of infantry, and he there received a lesson which he afterwards turned to good account, of how useless the valour of the best troops may prove against fortified lines, though held by a very inferior force, if the defenders are judiciously commanded. His regiment in that campaign formed part of the army of Dauphiné, with which the Comte de Belleisle endeavoured to penetrate into Piedmont. On the 6th of July, Belleisle assaulted the entrenchments, with which the Piedmontese had strengthened the pass of Exilles. The French columns advanced gallantly in three attacks, but were each time driven back with heavy loss; though such was the devoted valour with which the assaults were made, that some of the French soldiers, who had reached the foot of the batteries, sprang into the enemy's lines through the embrasures in the fortification, when the Piedmontese cannons recoiled after a discharge. Enraged at these repulses, the Comte de Belleisle, (to whom a marshal's baton had been promised if he could force his way into Piedmont,) collected the officers of his army, formed them into a single column, and placing himself at their head, with the French colours in his hand, led them on in person to a last desperate charge. Rushing forward through a fire that thinned their ranks at every step, this cohort of French nobility came sword in hand upon their sheltered foes. Though wounded by a musket-ball as he advanced, Belleisle planted the French standard within the Piedmontese lines, and was tearing down the palisades, when he was run through with a bayonet. Unable to force their way forward, and unwilling to retreat, the greater part of his officers were killed around him. Montcalm was one of the few that escaped. He was wounded, and had fallen, but was borne back by some of his surviving comrades to the French position.

On recovering from the effects of this dreadful day, Montcalm returned to active service; and continued to distinguish himself, as he gradually rose in rank in the French armies, in Italy and in Germany. In 1756, he was a field-marshal; and in that year he received the perilous honour of being nominated commander-in-chief of the French forces in North America, and being entrusted with the mission of striving to rescue Canada from the English.

The amplitude of the dominion which the French once held in North America, of New France, as it was termed, has already been described in the words of Chateaubriand. But a single glance at the map is more convincing than the most eloquent and copious description. On looking at the chart of the eastern coast of America below the barren limits of the Arctic circle, the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence fixes the attention. Passing inland along the line of this mighty river in a south-westerly direction, by Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and thence through Lower and Upper Canada, we reach Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, the two first of the remarkable chain of lakes, or rather of inland seas, which belt round the habitable districts of the New World as far as the neighbourhood of the sources of the Mississippi, of the great river that rolls its waters from the precincts of Lake Superior for two thousand five hundred miles from north to south, till, flowing through Louisiana, they fall into the Gulf of Mexico. France claimed to possess, and actually had organized the colonization of the whole of the territories that form the basin of the St. Lawrence and the magnificent valley of the Mississippi.* She had founded the city of New Orleans on the embouchure of the last of these rivers, and the cities of Montreal and Quebec on the most commanding sites of the shore of the St. Lawrence. Round New Orleans she had colonized a district, which she had named after her Grand Monarque, Louisiana: but on the line of the great northern river she had founded the far more important settlements of Canada: and had also colonized Cape Breton and Acadia, which gave the apparent command of the entrance of the St. Lawrence, as her Louisianian settlement gave her that of the Mississippi.

Her wisest statesmen had urged on the Court of Versailles the expediency of forming a line of fortifications throughout the intermediate space between Canada and Louisiana, and also of sending out ten thousand French peasants to form settlements under the shelter of these fortifications along the shores of the most southerly of the great lakes, and along the banks of the Mississippi and its western affluents.[*] This bold and wise project was slighted by the home government; but the able men, who commanded in Canada for France, did much for its realization. French agents penetrated almost every part of the vast wilderness of the North American continent, endeavouring to conciliate the good-will of the native tribes, or at least to direct their enmity against the English. Fortified posts were built wherever there seemed the faintest hope of maintaining them; and the sublime zeal of the French Roman Catholic missionaries was perverted in aid of the unparalleled physical energy and adventurous daring of the Canadian hunters,[†] in order to lay the seeds of French influence throughout the upper half of the New World, and to accumulate overwhelming resources for the invasion and ultimate ruin of the Anglo-Saxon settlements along the eastern coast of the Atlantic.

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* "La vallée du Mississippi est à tout prendre la plus magnifique demeure que Dieu ait jamais preparée pour l'habitation de l'homme."—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

There were two districts over which the French rulers of Canada especially sought to secure their grasp, for the purpose of war against the English colonies. These were the valley of the Ohio, and the territory immediately round Lake Champlain and Lake George. Here, again, the worst map is more emphatic than the best verbal description. It will be seen that the river Ohio (which, before its junction with the river Monongahela, is called the Alleghany) rises near the eastern extremity of Lake Erie; that its course, though winding, is generally in a south-western direction; and that it falls into the Mississippi after flowing nearly one thousand one hundred and fifty miles. The command of the upper line of this river, added to that of the southern coasts of Lakes Erie and Ontario, would have placed the colonies of New York, Pensylvania, and Virginia, completely at the mercy of the French; not, indeed, necessarily as the victims of immediate conquest, but as exposed to such continued inroads and devastations, that their subjection must ultimately have been certain.

Against the more north-easterly of the English colonies, the states of New England, the French organized another system of attack, by seeking to establish themselves along the small lakes called Lakes Champlain and George, which stretch, in a line from north to south from the immediate vicinity of Montreal, nearly to the river Hudson, along the back of the most important New England States. The forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point were considered the keys to the possession of this line of attack. The other line of attack (by the south of the Lakes Erie and Ontario, the upper valley of the Ohio) was principally secured by Fort Oswego at the south-eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, of Fort Niagara near the celebrated waterfall between Ontario and Erie, and Fort Du Quesne (now Pittsburg) on the Ohio, at the point where the Alleghany unites with the Monongahela.

It is obvious that these anticipated paths to the conquest of New England by New France, might be trod in the other direction; and that, if the Anglo-Saxon race gained the ascendancy, Canada might be thus assailed and subdued by these very lines of operation. Moreover the same glorious estuary of the St. Lawrence, that gave the means of receiving into the heart of the Canadian territory the commerce and the armed succours of the mother-country, might also bring home to Canada hostile fleets and armies, if the naval power of France should be humbled by a European rival; though the strong fortress of Louisburg in Cape Breton, at the very entrance of the St. Lawrence, was a powerful protection to Quebec; and the position of Quebec itself was so strong, that it might have been fairly hoped that no hostile armament advancing from the Atlantic could capture it, or could ever penetrate in front of its batteries into the interior of Canada.

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[*] " See Warburton's " Conquest of Canada," vol. ii. p. 24.

The conflict between the English and French races in America had been long and chequered; but the balance of advantage and of resources for further struggles was decidedly against France, when Montcalm received the dangerous dignity of military commander of Canada. When the great war of the Spanish succession was terminated in Europe, some clauses were added to the Treaty of Utrecht, by which Louis the Fourteenth "ceded away for ever, with ignorant indifference, the noble province of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, the inexhaustible fisheries of Newfoundland, and his claims to the vast but almost unknown regions of Hudson's Bay." The forty-three years, that followed 1713, had been partly times of open war; and they had always been times of active real hostility between the French and English in America, even when the two nations were nominally at peace. In the midsummer of 1756, the first year of the Seven Years' War, the English had experienced several disasters, but on the whole they were gaining the mastery over the French in America. Bradshaw's defeat on the 8th of July, 1755, had caused the British arms to recede for a time from the Ohio. But Oswego, the most important post on the line of operations from Canada towards the Mississippi, was in English hands: and, on the line of Lake Champlain and Lake George, Sir William Johnson, at the head of the militia of the New England States, had gained considerable advantages, and had established and garrisoned two forts, named Fort William Henry and Fort Edward. The number of regular European troops collected in the English colonies, far outnumbered those in Canada: and, above all, the difference between the population of Canada, and that of the English colonies, was such as to throw fearful odds into the scale against those whose duty it was to uphold the fleur-de-lys of France against the flag of Old England in the New World. The whole number of the *habitans* of Canada, when Montcalm arrived there, did not amount to sixty thousand. The population of the thirteen English colonies exceeded a million and a quarter. The difference in wealth and resources was even greater.* The French monarchy had transplanted to Canada her corrupted and corrupting feudal institutions. Agriculture languished among the seigneurs and vassal-peasants. All commerce, and nearly all trade were monopolised by companies and individuals, who bought their privileges by bribes to the royal mistresses and favourites at Versailles; and then sought to enrich themselves by practising the most iniquitous frauds and peculations upon the unhappy colonists. There was no self-government. The administrative power of the imperial country intrusively regulated all local business, even of the most trivial character, and "cramped individual energy by the constraining force of centralization."

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* See Warburton, vol. ii. p. 184.

How completely intellectual activity among her colonists was discouraged by France, may be judged of by the fact, that there was not permitted to be a single printing-press in Canada, during the whole period that the province was under French authority.

On the other hand the rival English colonists had thriven under the salutary neglect of the mother country. Entirely self-governed in all local matters, and for many years little interfered with in the management of affairs, which would seem to fall more within the jurisdiction of the imperial power; self-relying, well-educated, laboriously industrious, and energetic in commercial as well as in agricultural pursuits, the Anglo-Americans possessed far superior elements of military strength to those that existed in Canada, though less compactly organized, and far less easy to unite for the systematic operations of a campaign.

Earnest intreaties had been sent from Quebec to Paris for assistance, in what was now felt to be the decisive struggle between the French and English races in America. With all its faults the French court cannot be denied the praise of having generally selected men of eminent ability to fill the stations of high command in its provinces; and it was from his reputation, not only for courage and military skill, but for general intellectual capacity and energy, that Montcalm now received the appointment of commander-in-chief of the French armies in Canada. The Marquis de Vandreuil was at this time, and continued to be, governor-general of the province; the relative positions of him and Montcalm being not dissimilar to those of our own governor-general and commander-in-chief in India at the present time.

Montcalm took with him to America five veteran regiments of the French army, some of which had already been under his command, and all of which he brought to Canada in the highest possible state of equipment and efficiency. He arrived at Quebec at the end of July, and remained there only a few days to refresh his troops, and make himself master of the state of affairs in Canada, and of the position and probable plans of the enemy's forces. At this time the English held Oswego with about fourteen hundred regular troops. Lord Loudon and General Abercromby were at Albany on the Hudson with the main force of more than ten thousand soldiers, partly British and partly provincial. From that point the English army could move either upon Oswego, or upon Lake Champlain. An English force under General Winslow was already in the vicinity of this lake, and threatened the forts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which the French held upon its shores. Montcalm resolved to strike an effective blow upon the English power at one of its two advanced points, before support could be given from Lord Loudon's central but more remote army. Oswego was Montcalm's mark; but he first made a rapid journey to Ticonderoga, improved its defences, and assured it as far as possible from capture, while he concentrated the chief part of the French force upon Oswego. Returning rapidly from Ticonderoga, he collected at Montreal the veteran regiments that he had brought from France, and a considerable force of the Canadian militia. With these he marched to Fort Frontenac, (now Kingston) near the north-eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, and on the 5th of August mustered his European and Canadian troops, and also a large force of confederate Indian warriors.

The co-operation of the native tribes was eagerly sought both by the French and the English in their struggles for ascendancy in America.

The Indians were useless against regular troops in an encounter in a fair field, and it was found impossible to bring them under effective discipline, or to check their ferocious and faithless cruelty. But they were formidable combatants in the irregular warfare, which necessarily formed a main part of a contest carried on amid the primæval wildernesses and forests of North America. The French far surpassed the English in the skill with which they ingratiated themselves with the Red Men of the New World; and Montcalm was peculiarly eminent for the ascendancy which he acquired over the native warriors. The personal description which is given of Montcalm, might at first lead us to suppose that he was less fitted to become popular among the dignified chiefs and braves of the Indian tribes, than among the ranks of his own mercurial countrymen. He is described as "small in stature, rapid in conversation, and of restless mobility."* But his courage, his remarkable power of enduring privations and fatigue, the cheerful readiness with which he set the example of facing every necessary danger, and bearing every hardship, the skill which he showed in concealing his plans from the enemy, the energetic celerity with which he dealt his blows, and the adroitness with which he withdrew from the counter-blows that were aimed at him, soon raised him high in the estimation of his native allies; and no other European general ever was so well-aided by the Red Men, as was Montcalm, not only during the successes of the first years of his command, but also during the reverses and difficulties of the latter portion of his American career.

On the 5th of August, 1756, Montcalm reviewed at Frontenac the force with which he designed to capture Oswego; on the 9th he had placed a division of his army within a mile and a half of the British position without his approach having been discovered; and on the 12th he had his whole force assembled, and opened his lines against a small fort which the British had raised near Oswego, as an advanced work for its defence. On the 13th the small fort was captured, and on the evening of the 14th, Montcalm had battered down part of the walls of Oswego itself: the English commander and many of his men had fallen beneath the superior fire of the besiegers, and the remainder of the garrison surrendered. Two English regiments thus became Montcalm's prisoners; one hundred and twenty cannons, six vessels of war, a large flotilla of barks, which had been collected on the river close to the fort, three chests of gold, and an immense quantity of provisions and military stores, were also the fruits of this enterprise.

The Indian nations had looked on the existence of a European fort at Oswego with peculiar jealousy and ill-will; and in order to secure their friendship, Montcalm had the sagacity to forego the immediate advantage of placing a French garrison at the spot; and caused the remains of the defences to be levelled with the ground.

This splendid success raised high the military reputation of France in the New World: and Montcalm signalized the following year by an equally brilliant achievement. Lord Loudon, the English commander in America, resolved to make the siege of Louisburg, in Cape Breton, the great operation of the campaign of 1757. Montcalm watched in grim expectation, until Loudon, by drawing away the flower of the British forces to this distant enterprise, gave him the opportunity of striking a blow on the advanced posts of English power near Lake George, like that which he had dealt them near Lake Ontario. Colonel Monro held Fort William Henry with a garrison of two thousand men, and General Webb had a force of four thousand more at Fort Edward nearer to the New England States. Montcalm determined to surprise and capture Fort William Henry. He suddenly collected the warriors of thirty-three Indian tribes, and his French veterans, with heavy ordnance and stores for a siege, at Ticonderoga, and thence moved rapidly southward on his intended prey. "It had been a season of scarcity in Canada. But small stores were collected for the army. They must conquer speedily or disband. 'On such an expedition,' said Montcalm to his officers, 'a blanket and a bear-skin are the warrior's couch. Do like me with cheerful good-will. The soldier's allowance is enough for us.'" *

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* Bancroft's "History of the American Revolution," vol. i. p. 271.

Enabled by the zeal of his troops and his Indian allies to drag a flotilla of canoes and boats across the neck of land between Lake Champlain and Lake George, and to traverse unobserved the northern part of the last lake, Montcalm, on the 2nd of August, brought his full force, amounting to eight thousand men, close upon Fort William Henry; and on the 6th the trenches had been dug and the besieging batteries opened. Monro and his garrison resisted for two days bravely: but their ammunition began to fail: Webb refused to march to their assistance, and on the 9th of August they capitulated. Fort William Henry, like Fort Oswego, was levelled to the earth. The news of its fall reached Lord Loudon in Cape Breton, and recalled him from his inefficient operations against Louisburg to defend New York. The downfall of the British power in America was thought by many to be imminent; † and though Montcalm's means were inadequate for following up his success by a regular invasion of the English colonies, he girt their whole landward frontier with flame and desolation. And numerous bands of Canadians and Indians in the French alliance made incessant inroads into the territory of every British settlement, from New Hampshire and Massachusets round to the Carolinas.

But though thus triumphant in the field, Montcalm felt his strength gradually diminishing, and knew too well how inadequate were the resources of Canada, against those which the English in America still possessed against him. Montcalm's enterprizes and the incessant border-warfare called nearly the whole serviceable male population of Canada away from the labours of agriculture. A scarcity of corn and other provisions was the inevitable result. In a dispatch written by Montcalm to the French ministry in February 1758, the victorious general says, "I shudder when I think of provisions. The famine is very great. In spite of all our success, New France needs peace, or sooner or later it must fall; such are the numbers of the English, such the difficulty of our receiving supplies." He was urgent in his entreaties for reinforcements in troops, artillery, and munitions: but the government of Madame de Pompadour (as Sismondi, with just indignation, terms the French government of that time) gave itself no trouble about the fate of Canada; while, on the other hand, the English government had passed, in 1757, into the energetic hands of the elder Pitt, whose favourite project was the destruction of the French power in America, and who employed the vast resources of England fearlessly, unsparingly, and pertinaciously for

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* Bancroft, p. 296. † Ibid., p. 304.

the complete conquest of Canada. Yet for one year more did the genius of Montcalm delay that event; and the year 1758 was marked by the most brilliant, though it was the last of his victories.

Three expeditions were undertaken by the British this year in America. Louisburg was attacked by a formidable armament from England. A force of fifteen thousand regular British troops and five thousand provincials was formed in Philadelphia under General Forbes, and destined to capture Fort Du Quesne, and sweep the French from the valley of the Ohio: while the largest European army yet seen in the New World was collected at Albany, under General Abercrombie, and designed to conquer the French forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and advance by Lake Champlain into Canada. Montcalm knew this to be the most formidable of the blows levelled at his province; and he determined to meet it in person. Abercrombie set his army in motion early in July, and reached the north-western shore of Lake George a little to the south of Ticonderoga. He had fifteen thousand men, more than six thousand of whom were regular British troops. Montcalm had not more than three thousand French soldiers, and about five hundred Canadians. But he remembered the day of Exilles, and fortified a position in front of Ticonderoga with an earthen breastwork and a thick abattis of felled trees. Abercrombie made no attempt to turn his line, but sent the British infantry forward to storm the centre of Montcalm's position, with that prodigality of valour and parsimoniousness of skill, which have too often caused English blood to be lavished like water.

Never was that more cruelly the case than at Ticonderoga on the 8th of July, 1758. As the British regiments struggled amid the felled trees that formed the front of the French position, Montcalm's men, admirably posted behind the breastwork, shot them down by hundreds. Hour after hour did this scene of butchery continue; the obstinate courage of the English only serving to increase the carnage. At last the attacking columns in their confusion fired upon each other; hopeless disorder followed, and finally Abercromby's splendid army fled in utter rout, leaving no less than 1950 killed and wounded, while Montcalm's little force only lost 390.

This victory gave Canada safety for the year along the line of the lakes, but on the other two scenes of warfare, the English were successful. Louisburg and Fort Du Quesne were taken: and it was known that Pitt was resolved to renew the attack on Canada in the next year with still larger forces, led by abler and bolder generals. Abandoned by the French government, Montcalm prepared to do his duty to the last, and in in his own words, "resolved to find a grave under the ruins of the colony."

Though convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle which he was left to maintain, and certain that he must inevitably be crushed sooner or later by the enemy, Montcalm found consolation in the thought, that the conquest of Canada would eventually prove a more injurious blow to England herself than to France.* He had the sagacity to foresee and foretell, that as soon as the English colonists in America were relieved from the pressure of a hostile French power, they would feel themselves independent of English protection, and that their revolt against England would be the speedy result of that feeling. Montcalm made this remarkable prediction only a few days before his own death, and when he knew himself to be a doomed man. Like the prophecy of the dying Hector, the prediction of the falling defender of Canada was speedily and completely realised. The surrender of Cornwallis at New York followed within twenty-two years of the victory of Wolfe at Quebec.

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* See his letter to M. Molé, cited in the Appendix to Warburton, p. 507, vol. ii.

The great events of the Canadian campaign of 1759, the genius, the glory and the death of Wolfe, are too familiar to English readers to need recapitulation here. But the historians of Anglo-Saxon race, who dwell with pride on the achievements of our own general, concur also in merited eulogies on the calm intrepidity and ready skill with which Montcalm encountered his heroic antagonist, and delayed the fall of Canada during many a week of fluctuating warfare.

Of the three English armies which assailed Canada in 1759 two were so far kept in check, that, though they gained advantages, they were unable to reach Quebec, and co-operate in its reduction. And, had the third English army been commanded by an ordinary general, that also would have been baffled by the skilful tactics of Montcalm, and compelled at the approach of winter to retire from the uncaptured walls of the Canadian capital. Even against the genius and gallantry of Wolfe, Montcalm long maintained the advantage, and on the last day of July gave him a severe repulse in an attempt made by the English to storm the French lines at Montmorenci. When at length Wolfe succeeded in placing his army on the heights of Abraham above Quebec, Montcalm led his feeble force to the desperate effort to dislodge the English (by which alone the city could be saved) with as much impetuous valour, as he had previously shown coolness and caution. But the result of the encounter between Wolfe's veterans and "Montcalm's five weak French battalions mingled with disorderly peasantry" (as Wolfe had truly described them) could not be doubtful. Montcalm was struck by a musket-ball early in the action; but he continued to cheer on his men who fought, and to rally those who fled, till he received a second bullet, beneath which he fell mortally wounded. He was borne back into Quebec by his flying army; and his wounds were examined. The surgeon at once pronounced that he had not more than ten or twelve hours to live. "So much the better," he replied, "for I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He gave some military advice to the officers who were near him; and on being questioned further by De Ramsay (who was next in command) about the defence of the city, he replied, "I commend the honour of France to your hands. For myself, my time is very short, and I must devote it to God." He passed accordingly the last hours of his existence in earnest prayer, and in receiving from his chaplain the last offices of religion. At five in the morning of the 14th of September, 1759 (the day after the battle of Quebec), passed away the spirit of Montcalm, a hero, whom France may proudly rank with her St. Louis and her Chevalier Bayard.

CANADIAN LIFE.

JEANIE BURNS.

"Ah, human hearts are strangely cast,
Time softens grief and pain;
Like reeds that shiver in the blast,
They bend to rise again.

"But she in silence bowed her head,
To none her sorrow would impart;
Earth's faithful arms enclose the dead,
And hide for aye her broken heart!"
S. M.

Our man James came to me to request the loan of one of the horses, to attend a funeral. M— was absent on business, and the horses and the man's time were both greatly needed to prepare the land for the fall crops. I demurred; James looked anxious and disappointed; and the loan of the horse was at length granted, but not without a strict injunction that he should return to his work the moment the funeral was over. He did not come back until late that evening. I had just finished my tea, and was nursing my wrath at his staying out the whole day, when the door of the room (we had but one, and that was shared in common with the servants) opened, and the delinquent at last appeared. He hung up the new English saddle, and sat down by the blazing hearth without speaking a word.

"What detained you so long, James? You ought to have had half an acre of land, at least, ploughed to-day."

"Verra true, mistress. It was nae fau't o' mine. I had mista'en the hour. The funeral didna' come in afore sun-down, and I cam' awa' directly it was ower."

"Was it any relation of yours?"

"Na, na, jist a freend, an auld acquaintance, but nane o' mine ain kin. I never felt sare sad in a' my life, as I ha' dune this day. I ha' seen the clods piled on mony a heid, and never felt the saut tear in my e'en. But, puir Jeanie! puir lass. It was a sair sight to see them thrown doon upon her."

My curiosity was excited; I pushed the tea-things from me, and told Bell to give James his supper.

"Naething for me the night, Bell—I canna' eat—my thoughts will a' rin on that puir lass. Sae young—sae bonnie, an' a few months ago as blythe as a lark, an' now a clod o' the earth. Hout we maun all dee when our ain time comes; but, somehow, I canna' think that Jeanie ought to ha' gane sae sune."

"Who is Jeanie Burns? Tell me, James, something about her."

In compliance with my request, the man gave me the following story. I wish I could convey it in his own words, but though I can perfectly understand the Scotch dialect when spoken, I could not write it in its charming simplicity: that honest, truthful brevity, which is so characteristic of this noble people. The smooth tones of the blarney may flatter our vanity, and please us for the moment; but who places any confidence in those by whom it is employed. We know that it is only uttered to cajole and deceive, and when the novelty wears off, the repetition awakens indignation and disgust; but who mistrusts the blunt, straightforward speech of the land of Burns—for good or ill, it strikes home to the heart.

"Jeanie Burns was the daughter of a respectable shoemaker, who gained a comfortable living by his trade in a small town in Ayrshire. Her father, like herself, was an only child, and followed the same vocation, and wrought under the same roof that his father had done before him. The elder Burns had met with many reverses, and now helpless and blind, was entirely dependent upon the charity of his son. Honest Jock had not married until late in life, that he might more comfortably provide for the wants of his aged parent. His mother had been dead for some years. She was a meek, pious woman, and Jock quaintly affirmed, 'That it had pleased the Lord to provide a better inheritance for his dear auld mither than his arm could win, proud and happy as he would have been to have supported her when she was no longer able to work for him.'

"Jock's paternal love was repaid at last; chance threw in his way a cannie young lass, baith guid and bonnie: they were united, and Jeanie was the sole fruit of this marriage. But Jeanie proved a host in herself, and grew up the best natured, the prettiest, and the most industrious lass in the village, and was a general favourite both with young and old. She helped her mother in the house, bound shoes for her father, and attended to all the wants of her dear old grandfather, Saunders Burns; who was so much attached to his little handmaid, that he was never happy when she was absent.

"Happiness is not a flower of long growth in this world; it requires the dew and sunlight of heaven to nourish it, and it soon withers, removed from its native skies. The cholera visited the remote village. It smote the strong man in the pride of his strength, and the matron in the beauty of her prime; while it spared the helpless and the aged, the infant of a few days, and the parent of many years. Both Jeanie's parents fell victims to the fatal disease, and the old blind Saunders and the young Jeanie were left to fight alone a hard battle with poverty and grief. The truly deserving are never entirely forsaken. God may afflict them with many trials, but he watches over them still, and often provides for their wants in a manner truly miraculous. Sympathizing friends gathered round the orphan girl in her hour of need, and obtained for her sufficient employment to enable her to support her old grandfather and herself, and provide for them the common necessaries of life.

"Jeannie was an excellent sempstress, and what between making waistcoats and trousers for the tailors, and binding shoes for the shoemakers, a business that she thoroughly understood, she soon had her little hired room neatly furnished, and her grandfather as clean and spruce as ever. When she led him into the kirk of a Sabbath morning, all the neighbours greeted the dutiful daughter with an approving smile, and the old man looked so serene and happy that Jeanie was fully repaid for her labours of love.

"Her industry and piety often formed the theme of conversation to the young lads of the village. 'What a guid wife Jeanie Burns will mak',' cried one. 'Aye,' said another, 'he need na complain of ill-fortin, who has the luck to get the like o' her.'

"'An' she's sae bonnie,' would Willie Robertson add with a sigh 'I would na' covet the wealth o' the hale world an she were mine.'

"Willie was a fine active young man, who bore an excellent character, and his comrades thought it very likely that Willie was to be the fortunate man.

"Robertson was the youngest son of a farmer in the neighbourhood. He had no land of his own, and he was one of a very large family. From a boy he had assisted his father in working the farm for their common maintenance; but after he took to looking at Jeanie Burns at kirk, instead of minding his prayers, he began to wish that he had a homestead of his own, which he could ask Jeanie and her grandfather to share. "He made his wishes known to his father. The old man was prudent. A marriage with Jeanie Burns offered no advantages in a pecuniary view. But the girl was a good honest girl, of whom any man might be proud. He had himself married for love, and had enjoyed great comfort in his wife.

"'Willie, my lad,' he said, 'I canna' gi'e ye a share o' the farm. It is ower sma' for the mony mouths it has to feed. I ha'e laid by a little siller for a rainy day, an' this I will gi'e ye to win a farm for yersel' in the woods o' Canada. There is plenty o' room there, an' industry brings its ain reward. If Jeanie Burns lo'es you, as weel as yer dear mither did me, she will be fain to follow you there.'

"Willie grasped his father's hand, for he was too much elated to speak, and he ran away to tell his tale of love to the girl of his heart. Jeanie had long loved Robertson in secret, and they were not long in settling the matter. They forgot in their first moments of joy that old Saunders had to be consulted, for they had determined to take the old man with them. But here an obstacle occurred of which they had not dreamed. Old age is selfish, and Saunders obstinately refused to comply with their wishes. The grave that held the remains of his wife and son was dearer to him than all the comforts promised to him by the impatient lovers in that far foreign land. Jeanie wept—but Saunders, deaf and blind, neither heard nor saw her grief, and, like a dutiful child, she breathed no complaint to him, but promised to remain with him until his head rested upon the same pillow with the dead.

"This was a sore and great trial to Willie Robertson, but he consoled himself for his disappointment with the thought that Saunders could not live long, and that he would go and prepare a place for his Jean, and have everything ready for her reception against the old man died.

"'I was a cousin of Willie's,' continued James, 'by the mither's side, and he persuaded me to accompany him to Canada. We set sail the first day of May, and were here in time to chop a small fallow for a fall crop. Willie Robertson had more of this world's gear than I, for his father had provided him with sufficient funds to purchase a good lot of wild land, which he did in the township of M——, and I was to work with him on shares. We were one of the first settlers in that place, and we found the work before us rough and hard to our heart's content. But Willie had a strong motive for exertion—and never did man work harder than he did that first year on his bush-farm, for the love of Jeanie Burns.'

"We built a comfortable log-house, in which we were assisted by the few neighbours we had, who likewise lent a hand in clearing ten acres we had chopped for fall crop.

"All this time Willie kept up a constant correspondence with Jeanie Burns, and he used to talk to me of her coming out, and his future plans, every night when our work was done. If I had not loved and respected the girl mysel' I should have got unco' tired o' the subject.

"We had just put in our first crop of wheat, when a letter came from Jeanie bringing us the news of her grandfather's death. Weel I ken the word that Willie spak' to me when he closed that letter. 'Jamie, the auld man is gane at last—an', God forgi'e me, I feel too gladsome to greet. Jeanie is willin' to come whenever I ha'e the means to bring her out, an', hout man, I 'm jist thinkin' that she winna' ha'e to wait lang.'

"Good workmen were getting very high wages just then, and Willie left the care of the place to me, and hired for three months with auld Squire Jones. He was an excellent teamster, and could put his hand to any sort of work. When his term of service expired he sent Jeanie forty dollars to pay her passage out, which he hoped she would not delay longer than the spring.

"He got an answer from Jeanie full of love and gratitude, but she thought that her voyage might be delayed until the fall. The good woman, with whom she had lodged since her parent's died, had just lost her husband, and was in a bad state of health, and she begged Jeanie to stay with her until her daughter could leave her service in Edinburgh and come to take charge of the house. This person had been a kind and steadfast friend to Jeanie in all her troubles, and had helped her nurse the old man in his dying illness. I am sure it was just like Jeanie to act as she did. She had all her life looked more to the comforts of others than to her ain. But Robertson was an angry man when he got that letter, and he said, 'If that was a' the lo'e that Jeanie Burns had for him, to prefer an auld woman's comfort, who was naething to her, to her betrothed husband, she might bide awa' as lang as she pleased, he would never trouble himsel' to write to her again.'

"I did na' think that the man was in earnest, an' I remonstrated with him on his folly an' injustice. This ended in a sharp quarrel atween us, and I left him to gang his ain gate, an' went to live with my uncle, who kept a blacksmith's forge in the village.

"After a while, we heard that Willie Robertson was married to a Canadian woman—neither young nor good-looking, and very much his inferior in every way, but she had a good lot of land in the rear of his farm. Of course I thought that it was all broken off with puir Jeanie, and I wondered what she would spier at the marriage.

"It was early in June, and our Canadian woods were in their first flush o' green—an' how green an' lightsome they be in their spring dress—when Jeanie Burns landed in Canada. She travelled her lane up the country, wondering why Willie was not at Montreal to meet her as he had promised in the last letter he sent her. It was late in the afternoon when the steam-boat brought her to C——, and, without waiting to ask any questions respecting him, she hired a man and cart to take her and her luggage to M——. The road through the bush was very heavy, and it was night before they reached Robertson's clearing, and with some difficulty the driver found his way among the logs to the cabin-door.

"Hearing the sound of wheels, the wife, a coarse ill-dressed slattern, came out to see what could bring strangers to such an out-o'-the-way place at that late hour. "Puir Jeanie! I can weel imagine the fluttering o' her heart when she spier'd of the woman for ane Willie Robertson, and asked if he was at hame?'

"'Yes,' answered the wife gruffly. 'But he is not in from the fallow yet—you may see him up yonder tending the blazing logs.'

"While Jeanie was striving to look in the direction which the woman pointed out, and could na' see through the tears that blinded her e'e, the driver jumped down from the cart, and asked the puir girl where he should leave her trunks, as it was getting late, and he must be off?

"'You need not bring these big chests in here,' said Mrs. Robertson, 'I have no room in my house for strangers and their luggage.'

"'Your house!' gasped Jeanie, catching her arm. 'Did ye na' tell me that *he* lived here?—and wherever Willie Robertson bides Jeanie Burns sud be a welcome guest. Tell him,' she continued, trembling all ower, for she told me afterwards that there was something in the woman's look and tone that made the cold chills run to her heart, 'that an auld friend from Scotland has jist come off a lang wearisome journey to see him.'

"'You may speak for yourself!' cried the woman angrily, 'for my husband is now coming down the clearing.'

"The word husband was scarcely out o' her mouth than puir Jeanie fell as ane dead across the door-step.

"The driver lifted up the unfortunate girl, carried her into the cabin, and placed her in a chair, regardless of the opposition of Mrs. Robertson, whose jealousy was now fairly aroused, and who declared that the bold huzzie should not enter her doors.

"It was a long time before the driver succeeded in bringing Jeanie to herself, and she had only just unclosed her eyes when Willie came in.

"'Wife,' he said, 'whose cart is this standing at the door, and what do these people want here?'

"'You know best,' cried the angry woman, bursting into tears; 'that creature is no acquaintance of mine, and if she is suffered to remain here, I will leave the house.'

"'Forgi'e me, gude woman, for having unwittingly offended ye,' said Jeanie, rising. 'But, merciful Father! how sud I ken that Willie Robertson, my ain Willie, had a wife? Oh, Willie!' she cried, covering her face in her hands to hide all the agony that was in her heart. 'I ha' come a lang way, an' a weary to see ye, an' ye might ha' spared me the grief—the burning shame o' this. Farewell, Willie Robertson, I will never mair trouble ye nor her wi' my presence, but this cruel deed of yours has broken my heart!'

"She went away weeping, and he had not the courage to detain her, or say one word to comfort her, or account for his strange conduct; yet, if I know him right, that must ha' been the most sorrowfu' moment in his life.

"Jeanie was a distant connexion of my uncle's, and she found us out that night, on her return to the village, and told us all her grief. My aunt, who was a kind good woman, was indignant at the treatment she had received; and loved and cherished her as if she had been her own child.

"For two whole weeks she kept her bed, and was so ill that the doctor despaired of her life; and when she did come again among us, the colour had faded from her cheeks, and the light from her sweet blue eyes, and she spoke in a low subdued voice, but she never spoke of *him* as the cause of her grief.

"One day she called me aside and said—

"'Jamie, you know how I lo'ed an' trusted *him*, an' obeyed his ain wishes in comin' out to this strange country to be his wife. But 'tis all over now,' and she pressed her sma' hands tightly over her breast to keep doon the swelling o' her heart. 'Jamie, I know now that it is a' for the best; I lo'ed him too weel—mair than ony creature sud lo'e a perishing thing o' earth. But I thought that he wud be sae glad an' sae proud to see his ain Jeanie sae sune. But, oh!—ah, weel!—I maun na think o' that; what I wud jist say is this,' an' she took a sma' packet fra' her breast, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks. 'He sent me forty dollars to bring me ower the sea to him—God bless him for that, I ken he worked hard to earn it, for he lo'ed me then—I was na' idle during his absence. I had saved enough to bury my dear auld grandfather, and to pay my ain expenses out, and I thought, like the gude servant in the parable, I wud return Willie his ain with interest; an' I hoped to see him smile at my diligence, an' ca' me his bonnie gude lassie. Jamie, I canna' keep this siller, it lies like a weight o' lead on my heart. Tak' it back to him, an' tell him fra' me, that I forgi'e him a' his cruel deceit, an' pray to God to grant him prosperity, and restore to him that peace o' mind o' which he has robbed me for ever.'

"I did as she bade me. Willie looked stupified when I delivered her message. The only remark he made, when I gave him back the money, was, 'I maun be gratefu', man, that she did na' curse me.' The wife came in, and he hid away the packet and slunk off. The man looked degraded in his own eyes, and so wretched, that I pitied him from my very heart.

"When I came home, Jeanie met me at my uncle's gate. 'Tell me,' she said in a low anxious voice, 'tell me, cousin Jamie, what passed atween ye. Had he nae word for me?'

"'Naething, Jeanie, the man is lost to himsel', to a' who ance wished him weel. He is not worth a decent body's thought.'

"She sighed deeply, for I saw that her heart craved after some word fra' him, but she said nae mair, but pale an' sorrowfu', the very ghaist o' her former sel', went back into the house.

"From that hour she never breathed his name to ony of us; but we all ken'd that it was her love for him that was preying upon her life. The grief that has nae voice, like the canker-worm, always lies ne'est to the heart. Puir Jeanie! she held out during the simmer, but when the fall came, she just withered awa' like a flower, nipped by the early frost, and this day we laid her in the earth.

"After the funeral was ower, and the mourners were all gone, I stood beside her grave, thinking ower the days of my boyhood, when she and I were happy weans, an' used to pu' the gowans together on the heathery hills o' dear auld Scotland. An' I tried in vain to understan' the mysterious providence o' God, who had stricken her, who seemed sae gude and pure, an' spared the like o' me, who was mair deservin' o' his wrath, when I heard a deep groan, an' I saw Willie Robertson standing near me beside the grave.

"'Ye may as weel spare your grief noo,' said I, for I felt hard towards him, 'an' rejoice that the weary is at rest.'

"'It was I murdered her,' said he, 'an' the thought will haunt me to my last day. Did she remember me on her death bed?'

"'Her thoughts were only ken'd by Him who reads the secrets of a' hearts, Willie. Her end was peace, an' her Saviour's blessed name was the last sound upon her lips. But if ever woman died fra' a broken heart, there she lies.'

"'Oh, Jeanie!' he cried, 'mine ain darling Jeanie! my blessed lammie! I was na' worthy o' yer love—my heart, too, is breaking. To bring ye back aince mair, I wad lay me down an' dee.'

"An' he flung himsel' upon the grave and embraced the fresh clods, and greeted like a child.

"When he grew more calm, we had a long conversation about the past, and truly I believe that the man was not in his right senses when he married yon wife; at ony rate, he is not lang for this warld; he has fretted the flesh aff his banes, an' before many months are ower, his heid will lie as low as puir Jeanie Burns's."

While I was pondering this sad story in my mind, Mrs. H— came in.

"You have heard the news, Mrs. M—?"

I looked inquiringly.

"One of Clark's little boys that were lost last Wednesday in the woods has been found."

"This is the first I have heard about it. How were they lost?"

"Oh, 'tis a thing of very common occurrence here. New settlers, who are ignorant of the danger of going astray in the forest, are always having their children lost. This is not the first instance by many that I have known, having myself lived for many years in the bush. I only wonder that it does not more frequently happen.

"These little fellows are the sons of a poor man who came out this summer, and who has taken up some wild land about a mile back of us, towards the plains. Clark is busy logging up a small fallow for fall wheat, on which his family must depend for bread during the ensuing year; and he is so anxious to get it ready in time, that he will not allow himself an hour at noon to go home to his dinner, which his wife generally sends in a basket to the woods by his eldest daughter.

"Last Wednesday the girl had been sent on an errand by her mother, who thought, in her absence, that she might venture to trust the two boys to take the dinner to their father. The boys were from seven to five years old, and very smart and knowing for their age. They promised to mind all her directions, and went off quite proud of the task, carrying the basket between them.

"How they came to ramble away into the woods, the younger child is too much stupified to tell; and perhaps he is too young to remember. At night the father returned, and scolded the wife for not sending his dinner as usual; but the poor woman (who all day had quieted her fears with the belief that the children had stayed with their father), instead of paying any regard to his angry words, demanded, in a tone of agony, what had become of her children?

"Tired and hungry as Clark was, in a moment he comprehended their danger, and started off in pursuit of the boys. The shrieks of the distracted woman soon called the neighbours together, who instantly joined in the search.

"It was not until this afternoon that any trace could be obtained of the lost children, when Brian, the hunter, found the youngest boy, Johnnie, lying fast asleep upon the trunk of a fallen tree, fifteen miles back in the bush."

"And the other boy?"

"Will never, I fear, be heard of again," said she. "They have searched for him in all directions and have not discovered him. The story little Johnnie tells is to this effect. During the first two days of their absence, the food they had brought in the basket for their father's dinner, sustained life; but to day it seems that the little Johnnie grew very hungry, and cried continually for bread. William, the elder boy, he says, promised him bread if he would try and walk further; but his feet were bleeding and sore, and he could not stir another step. William told him to sit down upon the log on which he was found, and not stir from the place until he came back, and he would run on until he found a house and brought him something to eat. He then wiped his eyes, and bade him not to be frightened or to cry, and kissed him and went away.

"This is all the little fellow knows about his brother; and it is very probable the generous hearted boy has been eaten by the wolves. The Indians traced him for more than a mile along the banks of a stream, when they lost his trail altogether. If he had fallen into the water, they would have discovered his body, but they say that he has been dragged into some hole in the bank among the tangled cedars and devoured.

"Since I have been in the country," continued Mrs. H—, "I have known many cases of children, and even of grown persons, being lost in the woods, who were never heard of again. It is a frightful calamity to happen to any one, and mothers cannot be too careful in guarding their children against rambling alone into the bush. Persons, when once they lose sight of the beaten track, get frightened and bewildered and lose all presence of mind; and instead of remaining where they are, which is their only chance of being discovered, they plunge desperately on, running hither and thither, in the hope of getting out, while they only involve themselves more deeply among the mazes of the interminable forest.

"Two winters ago, the daughter of a settler in the remote township of Dummer, where my husband took up his grant of wild land, went with her father to the mill, which was four miles from their log shanty, and the road lay entirely through the bush. For a while the girl, who was about twelve years of age, kept up with her father, who walked briskly ahead with his bag of corn on his back, for, as their path lay through a tangled swamp, he was anxious to get home before night. After a time Sarah grew tired, and lagged a long way behind. The man felt not the least apprehensive when he lost sight of her, expecting that she would soon come up with him again. Once or twice he stopped and shouted, and she answered, 'Coming, father;' and he did not turn to look after her again. He reached the mill—saw the grist ground, resumed his burthen and took the road home, expecting to meet Sarah by the way. He trod the path alone, but still thought that the girl, tired of the long walk, had turned back, and that he should find her safe at home.

"You may imagine, Mrs. M—, his consternation and that of the family, when they found that the girl was lost.

"It was now dark, and all search for her was given up for the night as hopeless. By day-break the next morning, the whole settlement, which was then confined to a few lonely log tenements inhabited by Cornish miners, were roused from their sleep to assist in the search.

"The men turned out with guns and arms, and parties started in different directions. Those who first discovered the girl were to fire their guns, which was to be the signal to guide the rest to the spot. It was not long before they found the object of their search seated under a tree, about half a mile from the path she had lost on the preceding day.

"She had been tempted by the beauty of some wild berries to leave the road, and when once in the bush she grew bewildered and could not find her way back. At first she ran to and fro in an agony of terror at finding herself in the woods all alone, and uttered loud and frantic cries, but her father had by this time reached the mill and was out of hearing.

"With a sagacity beyond her years and not very common to her class, instead of wandering further into the labyrinth which surrounded her, she sat down under a large tree, covered her face with her apron, said the Lord's Prayer—the only one she knew—and hoped that God would send her father back to find her the moment he discovered that she was lost.

"When night came down upon the dark forest (and oh how dark night is in the woods!), the poor girl said, that she felt horribly afraid of being eaten by the wolves which abound in those dreary swamps. But she did not cry, for fear they should hear her. Simple girl! she did not know that the scent of a wolf is far keener than his ear, but that was her notion, and she lay down close to the ground and never once raised her head, for fear of seeing something dreadful standing beside her, until overcome by terror and fatigue she fell fast asleep, and did not awake until roused by the shrill braying of the horns and the shouts of the party who were seeking her."

"What a dreadful situation! I am sure that I should not have had the courage of this poor girl, but should have died with fear."

"We don't know how much we can bear, Mrs. M—, until we are tried. This girl was more fortunate than a boy of the same age, who was lost in the same township, just as the winter set in. The lad was sent by his father, an English settler, in company with two boys of his own age, to be measured for a pair of shoes. George Desne, who followed the double employment of farmer and shoemaker, lived about three miles from the clearing known by the name of the English line. After the lads left the clearing, their road lay entirely through the bush. But it was a path they had often travelled both alone and with their parents, and they felt no fear.

"There had been a slight fall of snow, just enough to cover the ground, and the day was clear and frosty. The boys in this country always hail with delight the first fall of snow, and they ran races and slid over all the shallow pools until they reached George Desne's cabin.

"He measured young Brown for a strong pair of winter boots, and the boys went on their homeward way, shouting and laughing in the glee of their hearts.

"About halfway they suddenly missed their companion, and ran back nearly a mile to find him. Not succeeding in this, they thought that he had hidden behind some of the trees, and pretended to be lost, in order to frighten them, and after shouting at the top of their voices, and receiving no answer, they determined to go home without him. They knew that he was well acquainted with the road, and that it was still broad day, and that he could easily find his way home alone. When his father inquired for George, they said that he was coming, and went to their respective homes.

"Night came, and the lad did not return, and his parents began to be alarmed at his absence. Mr. Brown went over to the neighbouring cabins, and made the lads tell him all they knew about his son. They described the place where they first missed him; but they concluded that he had either run home before them, or gone back to spend the night with the young Desnes, who had been very urgent for him to stay. This account pacified the anxious father. Early the next morning he went to Desne's himself to bring home the boy, but the lad had not been there.

"His mysterious disappearance gave rise to a thousand strange surmises. The whole settlement turned out in search of the boy. His steps were traced from the road a few yards into the bush, and entirely disappeared at the foot of a large tree. The moss was rubbed from the trunk of the tree, but the tree was lofty, and the branches so far from the ground, that it was almost impossible for any boy, unassisted, to have raised himself to such a height. There was no track of any animal all around in the unbroken snow, no shred of garment or stain of blood,—that boy's fate will ever remain a great mystery, for he was never found."

"He must have been carried up that tree by a bear, and dragged down into the hollow trunk," said I.

"If that had been the case, there would have been the print of the bear's feet in the snow. It does not, however, follow that the boy is dead, though it is more than probable. I knew of a case where two boys and a girl were sent into the woods by their mother to fetch home the cows. The children were lost; the parents mourned them for dead, for all search for them proved fruitless, and after seven years the eldest son returned. They had been overtaken and carried off by a party of Indians, who belonged to a tribe inhabiting the islands in Lake Huron, several hundred miles away from their forest-home. The girl, as she grew into woman, married one of the tribe; the boys followed the occupation of hunters and fishers, and from their dress and appearance might have passed for the red sons of the forest. The eldest boy, however, never forgot the name of his parent, and the manner in which he had been lost, and took the first opportunity of making his escape, and travelling back to the home of his childhood.

"When he made himself known to his mother, who was a widow, but still resided upon the same spot, he was so dark and Indian-like, that she could not believe that he was her son, until he brought to her mind a little incident, that, forgotten by her, had never left his memory.

"Mother, don't you remember saying to me on that afternoon, 'Ned, you need not look for the cows in the swamp, they went off towards the big hill.'

"The delighted mother clasped him in her arms, exclaiming, 'You say truly,—you are indeed my own, my long lost son!'"

AMATEUR DEMAGOGUES.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A FOOLISH FROLIC.

It was a bright May morning. The sun would intrude in spite of the window-blind. It was nearly eight o'clock and "falsely luxurious" (as Thomson observes in a rhapsody on early rising which he wrote in bed), I showed no disposition to leave my couch, nor should I at the time have asked, as Goethe did when dying, for "more light." So I merely turned my head to the wall, and was falling asleep fast, when there came the usual matutinal knocking at the door, and the servant (or "slavey" as we always termed her) let my boots fall heavily on the outside, and then asked, in a tone which always appeared to me peculiarly insulting,—"Are you going to chapel this morning, sir?" "No," I replied, in a very firm manner, and as if I derived some secret consolation from the thought that the "slavey" wished me to do so, and that I was therefore opposing and disappointing the fondest desire of her heart. There was something very decisive in the tone in which I had uttered the monosyllable, for though she was wont on some occasions to repeat the knock and remind me that I had specially enjoined her to call me, and said that I must be in chapel next morning, she now walked straight away from my door down the passage, and before she had descended the staircase, I was dreaming that I was arraigned before a grave Synod of Dons in the common room, and for "my open defiance of college discipline manifested by non-attendance at chapel," rusticated for a term. Homer says dreams come from Jove; if so, I wish Jupiter had favoured me with some vision more beatific than a glimpse of the Olympus of the common room, with its frowning potentates trying an unfortunate mortal. But these troubled dreamings did not afflict me as long as they did John Bunyan, and, therefore, my account of them may be much more brief; for just as I had commenced a most forcible appeal to the head of the house, who was sitting on this glaring case of undergraduate insubordination, there came another thundering knock at my door, and I was cut short in one of the best sentences that in the history of oratory has ever been interrupted.

"Come and breakfast with me, old fellow," shouted Walter Henringham in stentorian tones. It was in vain that I murmured something about being "seedy," and turned on my pillow. "Jump up, lazy," was the merciless reply. An immediate attempt to pull off counterpane and blanket followed; and on making an effort to keep my bed-clothes on me, my robust friend, who had already been to morning chapel, and was determined not only soon to have his own breakfast, but to compel me to join him in it, took a firm hold of my wrist and drew me, amid many protestations that I would get up immediately, fairly out of bed. He then sprang laughing out of the room, followed by a Wellington boot, the first missile I could seize, and which in my fury I had levelled at him. The "telum imbelle sine ictu" struck against the door which slammed after him, and rebounded into a large tub of cold water placed in the corner for my accustomed morning ablution. This accident might have still more incensed a man with a less abundant supply of shoe-leather than I possessed; but I belonged to the class of (*ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί*) well-greaved Grecians spoken of in the Iliad. A bootmaker in the town, who had at first supplied my freshman wants, had, at the end of six months, sent in his "little account;" and on my showing no disposition to defray it, asked for an order. Of course I gave him one. He called at the end of the next month, when I gave him another. His visits for some time were monthly, and he received an order on each occasion. They became more frequent, and every fortnight I added to my increasing stock a pair of gaudy patent-leathers or Wellingtons. His calls became hebdomadal, and rather than defray his "little account," now swollen to a very large one, I continued to order "every variety of boot and shoe."

Hence my bedroom and half my study were ornamented with a goodly array; and I soon selected from my infinite stock a dry pair, which, after my lustrations and decorations, were completed to my satisfaction, I drew on, and walked into my sitting-room, where friend Henringham was amusing himself by drawing a caricature of my tutor at the bottom of a long page of Latin prose, which I had copied very carefully the evening before. "I wish you 'd be quiet, old fellow," I meekly observed. "I shall have to copy that again for Sincox." Henringham uttered a brief condemnation of Sincox, which it is needless to repeat, and reminded me that I could pay young Sniggs, the confectioner's apprentice, to copy it, and then renewed his invitation to breakfast. "Stapledon and Travers are both coming, and we are to have a team afterwards. Come along." "I can't show in quad," I said. "I 've not been at chapel for some mornings, and I must 'put on an æger,' and a doctor, too, or I shall get rusticated. You had better bring Stapledon and Travers here."

This matter was soon settled. I ordered in a supply of beefsteaks, fricassee chicken, sausages, &c., adequate to the appetite of any six or eight bargemen. My guests soon arrived, and a small portion of the substantial provender, under which the table groaned, was consumed with great appetite by my three friends and their invalid host. We next adjourned, weeds in mouth, and coats and rugs over our arm, to the stable-yard of Cheesle, with whom we had most of us long accounts, where we ordered a team in which the celebrated mare Fanny was to be the leader. A "cad" was sent to Travers' rooms in college for his cornet-à-piston, and after smoking another weed, and drinking two bottles of bitter-beer with Cheesle, while the team was in preparation, a stable-boy took the aforesaid leader Fanny a mile out of the town, and Henringham took the ribands and we ascended the trap. We drove gaily out, pluming ourselves much on the fact, that the majority of our acquaintance were at this moment at lecture, and a few agonizing in the schools. How the sun glittered on the tranquil pinnacles and spires we were fast leaving behind us; and when we crossed the bridge, and paid the turnpike, and put on the celebrated leader Fanny a few hundred yards farther on, Henringham cracked his whip, Travers gave a blast with his cornet, and away we went at a beautiful pace, and the world all before us. "Where to choose" we felt but little difficulty, for over fifteen miles of true quiet English landscape, we determined to drive to a country town, where we could get a very good dinner, and possibly have a lark. At any rate, whatever the frolic might be, such a fine day, and such a good team, and such jolly fellows of one's own "set," and a whole day away from chapel, and hall, and lectures, aye, and even wine parties, was no small luxury in itself.

We baited our horses once—ourselves very frequently—while the steady decrease in the cigars of our well-filled cases was terrific. Travers played stunning polkas and waltzes on the cornet; Stapledon sang a song with a chorus, in which we all joined. Henringham made the wheeler do his work, and not leave all to Fanny, by an occasional application of the whip, which process he termed "unbuttoning his waistcoat,"—and I said as many good things as is my wont. We were greeted in each village by the barking of curs, the shouting of small boys, and the smiles of barmaids, housemaids, and scullery-maids. A very merry party we were, and a very pleasant drive we had.

Arrived at Beadenham on the Hill, with no particular incident save that of Henringham's well-nigh driving the mare Fanny into the gaudy and tempting window of a confectioner at the corner of a street, we put up our horses, ordered dinner, strolled about the town, played a game of billiards on a very bad table, against the antiquated cushions of which the balls fell with a heavy thump, and rolled slowly away a few inches, and the cloth of which Travers tore as he was violently attempting a canon, which he declared he could make a certainty on his father's table in the country. Travers was the son of a country gentleman, who was a county magistrate, a man of some thousands per annum, and therefore of some consideration, and he was a trifle fond of talking of the governor's billiard table, and the governor's stud, and the governor's cellar. "Solvuntur risu tabulæ," I shouted, as we all burst out laughing at the small rent made by the end of our friend's cue. Travers was in a tremor; he did not fancy the notion of paying the usual fine for such a mishap.—The bell was rung, shouts of "marker" raised, and a seedy individual, who appeared immediately connected with the useful art of cobbling, responded to our cries, and appeared apron-clad, and sole in hand, to personate proprietor and marker alike. He pointed out to us, with amiable candour, many other scars in the aged cloth, and demanded, with some apparent fear of being deemed rapacious, the sum of half-a-crown as a remuneration for the use and abuse of the table. This atonement cheerfully made, we returned to the hotel to dinner; that meal, though it was not late, and we had breakfasted on beef-steaks, we were not inclined to make light of. A long drive on a fine day, with a steady consumption of cigars to aid and abet digestion, gave our appetites a keen edge, and Travers played his knife and fork with more assiduity and perhaps more success, than he had performed on his cornet.

We consumed a moderate quantity of wine. A bottle of the landlord's hock, one of his pale sherry, and another of his best and rather fruity port, were imbibed in very equal proportions and with some rapidity.

Travers, after the first course, of which he had partaken voraciously, was rallied on his supposed loss of appetite, and his general depression at the accident on the billiard-table. He was counselled to avail himself of a refreshing process sometimes adopted at the feasts of Alderman Gobble, to stand up a little, and let the waiter bring him a cool chair. He bore our raillery with the equanimity of a philosopher, and sat in silence eating hard.

"Postquam prima quies epulis, mensæque remotæ,"

Travers walked into the balcony, and with his cornet blew a blast so loud and dread,—

"Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe," and then commenced various waltzes and polkas which he had already played more than once during the morning's drive. This noise, for to call it music might be incorrect, and the spectacle of ourselves lounging in chairs, and indulging in an American altitude of legs as we smoked our cigars, was sufficient to attract a large proportion of the children of the town in the street.

"Let 's have a scramble," suggested Herningham, and the proposition was immediately agreed to. Five shillings was forthwith entrusted to the waiter, who was charged to bring us from some of the neighbouring shops, the whole sum in half-pence. The copper returned, we did not stoop to the gentish and barbarous practice of heating it, and having no particular taste for torture, and intent only on getting up a crowd or scramble, we proceeded to throw the half-pence in their cold and normal condition among the assembled juveniles. The crowd gradually increased, the scrambles were frequent and vehement, and our laughter quite proportionate to the tumbles and scuffles below. When the vast sum was well-nigh expended, Stapledon, who was a great orator at the University Debating Club, must needs make a speech to the multitude. "Shy us some more coppers," shouted a small boy, who had been perhaps the most successful in the struggles for wealth, and whose avarice was excited. "You shan't have another scramble" was the firm reply of the mob-orator, "unless you hear me." This restored silence, and Stapledon proceeded in a mock-heroic strain, to dwell on the advantages of a copper currency, and to praise the old English pastime of scrambles. He then indulged in a general eulogy of popular institutions and democracy, and concluded by seizing me by the arm, dragging me forward, and introducing me as Mr. Feargus O'Connor. Whether the adult spectators in the crowd saw through the joke, or the junior scramblers did not, I was welcomed with loud cheering, to which I responded by taking off my hat and bowing profoundly to my audience. "Shy us some coppers," again cried the avaricious small boy, but a hand was placed on his mouth, and silence again restored. I spoke to them on the subject of the income tax, with which I said they must all doubtless be well acquainted (cries of *ere! ere!*). I commented with severity on the injury done to each and all of them by direct taxation, and denounced it as dangerous to liberty, invidious, and inquisitorial (intense excitement among the ragged rascals, who knew nothing about the income-tax, and certainly had never paid it). I branched off into matters if not quite germane to the subject, at any rate connected with political economy in general. There seemed a slight impatience, and as I concluded a peroration, which had often brought down the house at the Debating Club, a chimney-sweep, who was evidently a wag, and was standing a little apart from the mass of scramblers, audibly articulated "Walker!" at which observation the crowd laughed immoderately. I felt that I was *pro tem.* beaten; but my taxed ingenuity suggested a retort, and as the laughter subsided, I leant over the balcony, and with my hand to my ear, that I might the better catch his reply, asked with much gravity and earnestness, pointing to him, "What observation had fallen from that *gentleman in mourning?*" A roar of laughter ensued, loud cheers were given, and the silenced chimney-sweep slunk off, and we embraced the triumphant moment for hurling the few remaining coppers among the rabble, and retiring from the balcony.

"Bravo, old fellow," exclaimed my three friends, "remember and put a chimney-sweep into the crowd to interrupt you, the first time you speak on the hustings."

We now determined on starting. It was debated over a small bowl of punch, whether we should drive back to the great University, or proceed to Stoking, a large county town, where a lark was more practicable than here. I strongly advocated the latter plan; Henringham was sent to report on the condition of our horses, and as he was, by the aid of the punch, very fresh himself, he came back to us without even visiting the stable, and declared they were so, and that Fanny looked "clipping." My proposition was therefore carried *nem. con.* We paid our bill, got into our trap, and drove away, playing the cornet and shouting in answer to the cheers of the grateful scramblers, still in a state of uproar outside the inn. As we drove along I offered, much elated by the success of our mob-speeches at Beadenham, to bet ten pounds that I would preach at any dissenting chapel in Stoking, or speak at any meeting convened on any subject whatever, whenever I might be permitted to do so. This was thought rather impracticable, but a lark of some sort we were determined to have, and by the time we had reached Stoking we had matured it. A large Chartist meeting in the principal square of the town, to be held within half-an-hour after our arrival, was the scheme approved of by all.

We put up our dog-cart and horses, and on learning the place where the Borough members addressed their constituents we determined on making use of this *locale*. We now divided into two parties, and went the round of the public houses, where we drank a little beer and gave a great deal to everybody in the tap-room, and informed them that some gentlemen from Manchester, who was passing through Stoking, had determined to address the inhabitants in the principal square. This done we met and proceeded to the chosen spot. A few stragglers had already made their way to the *agora*. The difficulty now was how to secure an eminence from which to harangue the many-headed. Travers, who happened to be a nephew of one of the M.P.s for the place, showed us a house with a balcony from which his uncle always spoke at the elections; but added that, although not known in the tap-rooms when he had helped to advertise the meeting, he could not make himself conspicuous by appearing before the multitude, that he would mingle with the listeners where he could benefit us far more than by speaking, "for," added he, (and I think it is the only quotation I ever heard him make) "I am no orator as Brutus is," pointing to Stapledon. This arranged, our next difficulty was to settle who should attempt to procure the use of the balcony from the inmates of the house which it adorned. I agreed to take this weighty matter in hand, on condition that Henringham should speak first. Now it occurred to me that if we condescended to ask this boon, it might be denied us, and that there would be a greater chance of succeeding if we took possession of this proud eminence and apologized afterwards, if necessary. When I reflect that it was a quiet-looking house, the ground-floor a shop, and the upper rooms let out as lodgings, I cannot but think the determination a somewhat bold one, but my reputation was at stake. I had been the chief promoter of this insane frolic, and I had undertaken this part of the business. I therefore walked with my two Chartist colleagues deliberately up to the door. A maid-servant was washing the passage: I was not, therefore, compelled to knock, but requested her with an air of authority to show us up to the balcony. The astonished slavey submitted in silence, and we were ushered up a flight of stairs, through a well-furnished sitting-room (in which fortunately for us there was no one) into the much desired verandah, and we closed the folding-doors behind us. Our appearance was a signal for the stragglers in the square to crowd more closely before the house, and we were of course immediately pointed out by Travers as the expected orators. We took off our hats and waved them. This elicited a faint cheer and that attracted a few more to the gathering crowd which was becoming respectably numerous. It now became Henringham's duty to open the proceedings, and though he did not quite possess the ability which, in the case of Alcibiades,

> "Had raised him from a coachman's fate
> To govern men and guide the state,"

he addressed himself to his oratorical task, with almost as much tact as he had shown that morning in saving the confectioner's bow-window from the impetuosity of the leader Fanny. He apologized for being the first to speak, stated that he was the humblest of the triumvirate, spoke of Stapledon and myself to the crowd, as Mr. Montgomery of Manchester and Mr. Lincoln of Leeds. Here we of course took off our hats, bowed, and were of course cheered. He described us as true patriots, men in whose breasts the sacred fire of freedom burned brightly, &c., and mentioned that we were on our way to London to attend certain public meetings, but had embraced the opportunity afforded by a stay of a few hours to speak to our fellow-countrymen of Stoking on their political rights and privileges. He concluded by introducing to them a gentlemen whose name they doubtlessly knew well (loud cheers), Mr. Lincoln of Leeds.

It should perhaps be here remarked that Stapledon, or the well-known Mr. Lincoln of Leeds, was at the "Shout and Stammer Debating Club" in the University, one of the protectionist rhetoricians, and great praise is due to him for the ease with which he took the other side of the question at so short a notice. Ernest Jones himself, or the eccentric senator whom I had personated when I confounded the chimney-sweep at Beadenham, could not have uttered a more savage attack on all things existing in church and state than did this youthful Tory expectant of a large living. He made a violent onslaught on the aristocracy and the Bishops, and in speaking of the Archbishop of Canterbury, informed his audience that that mitred despot enjoyed one hundred and twenty thousand a year wrung from the blood and bones of the labouring classes. (Terrific excitement.) He was proceeding to show with great fluency that our altars should be hurled down and the throne uprooted—when I heard the folding-door behind me open, and a small dapper man, of red visage, and corpulent figure, touched me on the shoulder and beckoned me into the room. I endeavoured to affect perfect composure and coolly attempted to close the folding-door in his face as expressive of my disregard for his interruption and my general contempt for himself. His countenance became at this so ghastly pale with rage, and he laid his hand on my wrist with such firmness that I thought it advisable to retire for a moment with him into the room. We looked steadily at each other in silence for a few moments when he gasped out,

"Sir, this is an indecent intrusion!"

"Indecent intrusion!" I repeated, merely to gain time for a reply, and then quietly inquired of him whether it was not an inn.

"An inn, sir. It is the residence of two maiden ladies."

"You 're joking," I replied pleasantly; "this is an inn. Why, don't the members always address their constituents from this balcony?"

"Yes, sir, the *members* do; but who are you, sir?"

"Mr. Montgomery of Manchester," I answered.

"I can't help that, sir," said he, seemingly satisfied with the logical character of his retort.

"Nor can I," was my bland rejoinder. My suavity infuriated him.

"The two ladies to whom this room belongs are hiding in the garden: you 've made their house the most notorious in Stoking. I 'll make you leave off, I will. Stop your friend, sir."

"I will," I observed, "when he 's done."

"Don't try to be witty," he retorted; "stop him at the end of his next sentence."

"Very well," said I.

We listened, looking at each other, and as Stapledon concluded a long period with the somewhat well-known words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the mob cheered, and he began his next sentence.

"You have not stopped him," said the little man.

"No," I remarked, "he 's so fluent, I can't."

"You 're chaffing, sir," he cried in a fury; "I 'll fetch the authorities." And he flung himself out of the room without hearing a remark I made to the effect that I would be a martyr in the cause of liberty.

Soon after his exit Stapledon finished his harangue and invited me to address my fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen, &c., and this I at once proceeded to do. By this time the crowd was immense; the doors and windows of nearly all the houses in the square open. I am gifted with what the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has called, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," a "fine organ." I spoke at the top of my voice and made myself, I believe, audible everywhere. In a somewhat more moderate tone I seconded much of what had been said by Mr. Lincoln of Leeds, and discussed as loudly and fluently as I could the income tax, national education, cheap bread, universal suffrage, and the ballot. I was approaching my peroration when there was a slight move in the balcony, and Henringham coming behind me, said, "Cut it short, old fellow, the peelers are on the stairs." I hastened to my conclusion; made lateness of the evening and want of time, excuses; and we retired amid cheers from the balcony into the room. Here stood two burly policemen and the corpulent little man, his visage again rubicund from his exertions in fetching "the authorities."

"You ought to be took up for this here, you ought," observed one of the two officers in blue.

"You 'd better try it," said Henringham, who, inasmuch as he stood six feet one, and was stout and active in proportion to his height, would, I fear, in his then state of excitement, have rejoiced to wind up the affair by a stand-up fight in the drawing-room of the terrified maiden ladies. I thought this, on many grounds, inadvisable, so interfered.

"You 've no just cause for arresting us," I said; "if you do we 'll defend ourselves to the last, and if *we* fail, the crowd below will certainly rescue us. You 've no right whatever to do so. This is the place where the members speak at the election."

At this recurrence to my old argument, the fat little man grew furious, and commenced an harangue to the two policeman at the beginning of which Stapledon set off down stairs, and Henringham and I, arm-in-arm, followed, walking at a dignified pace. Whether the little man proceeded with his address to the authorities, or died on the spot suffocated with rage, I know not, and, strange to say, have never since called to inquire. Suffice it that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Montgomery and their colleague departed through the applauding multitude towards the railway station, as if hastening by the next train to the metropolis on their political mission. They soon doubled round to the hotel where the dog-cart had been put up, and where friend Travers received them with roars of laughter and shouts of congratulation. A general shaking of hands, and much patting of each other's back ensued; then came a tankard of cider-cup—cigars were lighted, and away went the wheeler and more celebrated leader Fanny, under the guidance of that "non auriga piger" Henringham. Thanks to Cheesle, of long-credit notoriety, who never supplied bad horses to men who paid well, they reached their college just as the big clock in the big quadrangle struck the midnight hour. They all showed next morning in chapel as if nothing whatever had happened—but at wine-parties and breakfast-parties during the next week the general subject of conversation was the Chartist meeting at Stoking.

The affair, of course, got into the county papers, and the exaggerations were amusing enough. It was gravely asserted by one journal, that we "had scaled the balcony of the house, in spite of the most courageous efforts of the inmates" to resist us.

Had this matter been planned beforehand, it would have been less excusable, and would in all probability have failed. To the fact of its being done under the impulse of the moment and excitement, and the inspiration of the port and punch-bowl it owed its success, and is also on that ground less culpable. The gravest censor will scarcely call it more than a foolish frolic—and all must admit that it is very superior to such ponderous practical jokes as nipping off bell-handles, wrenching off knockers, or taking down signboards. And this "lark" has a moral in it; which listen to, ye smaller Cleons, Catilines, and Cobbetts of the nineteenth century.

Sheridan offered to lay a wager that he would address a mob at an election so as to elicit loud and frequent cheers by the use of three such words as "liberty—reform—revolution;" while the connecting terms which were to link these popular and promising phrases should be arrant gibberish, and as unintelligible as hocus pocus or Abacadabra. And three undergraduates can boast that they well-nigh created an uproar in a considerable county town, and deceived the larger portion of their audience by a familiar use of the hack phrases and slang expressions of that cant of liberalism by which crowds are cheated into the belief that noise is eloquence and fluency patriotism.

RATS, OH!

Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
Frusta dedit, cupiens variâ fastidia cœnâ
Vincere tangentis malè singula dente superbo:
Cùm pater ipse domus paleâ porrectus in hornâ
Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
HORACE, *Sat.* II., vi. 85.

In the above lines Horace amusingly describes the grave hospitality shown by the *Mus rusticus* towards his old friend the *Mus urbanus*, the feast being held, we are given to understand, in "paupere cavo," situated on a rugged mountain-side. During the entertainment the conversation turned upon the vanity of mundane affairs, and the certainty of death to all, whether bipeds or quadrupeds: the moral appearing with the dessert; that it behoves rats, as well as men, to be jolly, under whatever circumstances they may happen to be placed. On taking leave, the city beau returned the compliment of the invitation, and his country friend trotted off with him to enjoy, as well as he might, the contrast to his own humble apartments,

"In locuplete domo—rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos."

Whether other such murine feasts have taken place since, or whether the London *mures* are given to the same hospitality towards their brethren as their predecessors of Italy exercised, I know not; but I do know, and we all know, that there are many representatives of this noble and ancient family in London, whose habits and modes of living (though we don't often read notices of their *soirées* and entertainments in the columns of the "Morning Post") are exceedingly interesting, and point out to us, that if we only look we may find something to admire and reflect upon, in the humblest works of the munificent Creator.

But to our subject:—

There are two kinds of rats known in Great Britain, the black rat and the brown rat. The black rat, or, as it is sometimes called, the old English rat, does not seem to be an aboriginal occupier of the British soil. The earliest mention of it is by Genner, in his "Historia Animalium," published at Zurich, about the year 1587. It is probable that it was introduced into this country from France; the Welsh name for it being to this day, "Llyoden Ffrancon"—"the French mouse;" and I am moreover given to understand, on good authority, that it still abounds in the barns and granaries scattered throughout Normandy. It is of a jet black colour, and when compared with the brown rat is a comparatively slight and feeble animal. It is probably owing to this circumstance that the species has become more and more scarce, till at the present day there are but few individuals remaining. There is a case on record to prove that the Norway rat is the principal agent in the extirpation of the black rat. Some years ago a rat-catcher shut up together in a cage the result of his day's work, consisting of several dozen rats, of both species, and put them away carefully for the night, their intended fate being to afford sport to their employers' dogs the next morning. What was his astonishment when he came to fetch them, to find none but brown rats remaining! these cannibals having cruelly devoured all their sable brethren.

The black rat would be said by phrenologists to have the organ of ambition more fully developed than the brown rat, for he delighteth not in low haunts, such as cellars, pig-styes, &c. but lies chiefly in the ceilings and wainscots in houses, and in out-houses under the ridge-tiles, and behind the rafters, and runs along the side plates. Advantage may be taken of this habit; for the surest way to catch him is to place snares of thin wire, fixed open, on the beams or rafters which he is in the habit of traversing. Into these he will thrust his head, and struggling to escape, will throw himself off the beam, and thereby become strangled in the wire by his own weight.

It is a general notion that there are many black rats still remaining in the vast city of sewers, underneath the houses and streets of London, but the author of "London Labour and London Poor" tells us otherwise. "One man, who had worked twelve years in the sewers before flushing was general, told me he had never seen but *two* black (or old English) rats." His evidence, however, goes to prove that they are not quite extinct. He says, "In my inquiries as to the sale of rats (as part of the live animals dealt in by a class in the metropolis) I ascertained, that in the older granaries, where there were series of floors, there were black as well as brown rats; "Great black fellows," said one man, who managed a Bermondsey granary, "as would frighten a lady into asterisks to see of a sudden."

I have been informed, that a gentleman, who was in the habit of crossing London Bridge early in the morning some years ago, frequently saw whole colonies of black rats out on the mud banks by the river side, at low-water; lately, however, they have all disappeared, killed most probably by the increasing numbers of the Norway rats, from the large granaries and store-houses that have sprung up near the bridge.

The other species of rat, now so universally known, and so unjustly esteemed a pest by all, is commonly supposed to have come from Norway, and is, therefore, called (but wrongly) the Norway rat. This is a strange mistake; for it would imply that this animal was aboriginal in that country; whereas, in fact, at the time when the name was first applied to it, it was not even known to exist there. How this mistake arose we know not, except from the fact that there exists in Norway a little animal, not unlike a rat, called a lemming, described in a treatise entirely devoted to it by the celebrated Danish historian and antiquary, Wormius, about the seventeenth century. This may be the origin of the name; but, however, it made its appearance in Paris about the middle of the eighteenth century, and in England not many years earlier. It is now agreed by most naturalists that it is a native of India and Persia; that it spread onwards into European Russia, and was thence transferred by merchant-ships to England and elsewhere.

This species of rat having nearly exterminated the black rat, has multiplied in the course of years to a fearful extent, and has taken sole possession of every haunt and lurking-place where he can be warm and dry, and at the same time find food in abundance. It is a curious, but nevertheless well-ascertained, fact, that wherever there is a good habitat for a rat, it is quite certain that there a rat will be. The immediate occupier may be slain, but in a few days the favourite spot will be found out, and taken possession of by another rat, who will in his turn meet the same fate as his predecessor, and will be succeeded by another deluded victim, who is doomed, as the doctors would say, "to be taken as before."

The rat is a most strict observer of the law "be fruitful and multiply;" for Madame la Ratte is generally in an interesting condition thrice a-year, and on these occasions she does not look forward to nursing one helpless little individual, but thirteen or fifteen small unfortunates.* Such, indeed, is the amazing fecundity of this animal, that they would soon overrun the whole country, and render all our attempts to destroy them fruitless, had they no enemies to lessen their numbers. But this baneful increase is happily counteracted, not only by numerous foes among other animals, but by their destroying and eating each other. The same insatiable appetite that impels them to indiscriminate carnage, also incites the strongest to devour the weakest, even of their own kind; and a large male rat is as much dreaded by its own species, as the most formidable enemy.

Mr. Gibbons, a most intelligent and civil rat-catcher, residing in the Broadway, Westminster, informs me that the rat will breed every seven weeks, and that the female will begin to have young as early as fourteen weeks old. He has one now in his possession of this age, who has eight young ones, and likely soon to have another family. The rat in question is a cross between the old British black rat and a white rat, which he turned out in a place where he knew the black rat still existed. In a few weeks he caught a young one, of a pie-bald colour—viz. a beautiful jet black and a pure white, plainly denoting its parentage. By cross-breeding with the offspring of this rat, he has obtained some remarkable, and very curious piebald varieties, which are perfectly tame, and bear handling. One of them is now sitting on the writer's table washing and cleaning himself with his little white paws. Mr. Gibbons informs me, that in a litter of rats, the boars predominate in number over the sows. In a litter of eight, there were only two females, in a litter of eleven only three. He supposes this very justly to be a provision of Nature to keep down the breed.

Mr. Shaw, of rat-catching notoriety, informs us, in a little book on the rat, that "his little dog Tiny, under six pounds weight, has destroyed two thousand five hundred and twenty-five rats, which, had they been permitted to live, would, at the end of three years, have produced one thousand six hundred and thirty-three millions one hundred and ninety thousand two hundred living rats!"

During summer the rat resides chiefly in holes on the banks of rivers, ponds, and ditches; but on the approach of winter they visit the farm-houses, and enter the corn-ricks and barns, where they devour much of the corn, and damage more than they consume. They are very fond of the pig-stys, running about among the pigs, picking up the leavings of the oatmeal out of the troughs, and even nestling down near to the warm body of the fat unwieldly porkers, whose obese sides make not bad pillows for his impudence—the rat.

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* Since writing the above, the author has had practical demonstration of the aptness of this family for propagating its species. In cleaning out the cage where a little happy family of five rats, of variegated colours, all of which are perfectly tame, live in peace and harmony, he felt something among the hay, warm and soft; on taking it carefully out, it proved to be a little tiny rat, hairless and eyeless, but nevertheless endowed, like a biped baby, with the full and audible use of its infant lungs. On hearing its cries, the mother—a beautiful snow-white rat, upon whose head maternal cares were pressing at the early age of eight weeks—rushed forward, and seizing her screaming infant between her teeth, hastily ran off with it. Upon further examination, ten other young innocents were found carefully packed up in the corner of a cigar-box, which had been placed in the cage for the use of the colony in general, but which had been kindly vacated by the other considerate rats in favour of the lady who was literally in the straw. The owner is happy to announce that the mother and her little family are all doing well.

On one occasion, when a boy, I recollect secretly borrowing an old-fashioned flint gun from the bird-keeper of the farm to which I had been invited. I ensconced myself behind the door of the pig-sty, determined to make a victim of one of the many rats that were accustomed to disport themselves among the straw that formed the bed of the farmer's pet bacon-pigs. In a few minutes out came an old patriarchal-looking rat, who, having taken a careful survey, quietly began to feed. After a long aim, bang went the gun—I fell backwards, knocked down by the recoil of the rusty old piece of artillery. I did not remain prone long, for I was soon roused by the most unearthly squeaks, and a dreadful noise as of an infuriated animal madly rushing round and round the sty. Ye gods! what had I done? I had not surely, like the tailor in the old song of the "Carrion Crow,"

> "Shot and missed my mark,
> And shot the old sow right bang through the heart."

But I had nearly performed a similar sportsman-like feat. There was poor piggy, the blood flowing in streamlets from several small punctures in that part of his body destined, at no long distant period, to become ham, in vain attempting, by dismal cries and by energetic waggings of his curly tail, to appease the pain of the charge of small shot which had so unceremoniously awaked him from his porcine dreams of oatmeal and boiled potatoes. But where was the rat? he had disappeared, unhurt; the buttocks of the unfortunate pig, the rightful owner of the premises, had received the charge of shot intended to destroy the daring intruder.

To appease piggy's wrath, I gave him a bucket-full of food from the hog-tub; and, while he was thus consoling his inward self, wiped off the blood from the wounded parts, and said nothing about it to anybody; no doubt, before this time, some frugal housewife has been puzzled and astonished at the unwonted appearance of a charge of small shot in the centre of the breakfast ham, which she procured from Esquire M——, of S— Berks.

The frequenters of the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, may, if the room be quite quiet, and the sun warm, observe numerous rats in the den of the rhinoceros. I have frequently watched them playing about, and running backwards and forwards over his thick armour-like hide, as he lies basking in the pleasant sunshine. He evidently thinks them quite beneath his notice, for he makes no efforts to drive them away, beyond occasionally flapping his great ear when they tickle him in any tender part. They come to the rhinoceros' house for the same purpose that they go to the pig-sty, viz., to get what they can from the leavings of their superiors.

The rats, when hard-pressed for food, are not particular as to what they eat. In extremities they will attack and devour human flesh. An instance, corroborating this fact, came to my personal knowledge and inspection about Christmas-time 1851. The body of an unfortunate pauper, whose frame was emaciated to the last degree by famine and want, was brought to one of the theatres of anatomy in London for dissection. When the corpse was placed on the table, it was found that the whole of the lips and parts of the ears were wanting; in the place of the eyeballs were empty sockets; the parts also covering the palmar surface of the fingers were gone, only the bones and nails being left. Besides this, marks of teeth were visible on various other parts of the body. How came all this mutilation about? what had caused this fearful disfigurement? Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that this poor victim of starvation had been taken in from the streets, friendless and unknown, into a workhouse—there he had died, and had been carried to the dead-house previous to removal to the dissecting-room. The rats (for, living in a workhouse, we may suppose that they, too, did not get too much to eat) had found out the corpse, and in the space of one night had committed all this havoc, devouring the most tender parts of the body; at least, I suppose they had found the parts that were missing the most dainty morsels, for the marks of their sharp teeth showed that they had had a taste of nearly every other part of the body. After this event, means were taken to prevent the ingress of the rats into the dead-house; and a similar case has not since occurred.

Rats, however, will sometimes attack live men, though in this case fear, and not hunger, is their motive. Mr. Mayhew writes as follows: —"About that time a troop of rats flew at the feet of another of my informants (one of the men who work in the London sewers) and would have no doubt maimed him seriously, 'but my boots,' said he, 'stopped the devils.' 'The sewers generally swarm with rats,' said another man, 'I runs away from 'em, I don't like 'em. They in general gets away from us; but in case we comes to a stunt end where there is a wall and no place for 'em to get away, and we goes to touch 'em, they fly at us. They 're some of 'em as big as good-sized kittens. One of our men caught hold of one the other day by the tail, and he found it trying to release itself, and the tail slipping through his fingers; so he put up his left hand to stop it, and the rat caught hold of his finger, and the man 's got an arm now as big as his thigh.'"

Rats are very fond of warmth, and will remain coiled up for hours in any snug retreat where they can find this very necessary element of their existence. The following anecdote well illustrates this point: —a Fellow of C. C. C. Oxford, who has since attained a high position in the church, many years ago, on arriving at his rooms late one night, found that a rat was running about among the books, behind the sofa, under the fender, and poking his nose into every hiding-place he could find. The gentleman, being studiously inclined, and wishing to set to work at his books, pursued him, armed with the poker in one hand, and a large dictionary, big enough to crush any rat, in the other, but in vain; Mr. Rat was not to be caught, particularly when such "Arma Scholastica" were used.

No sooner had the studies recommenced than the rat resumed his gambols, squeaking and rushing about the room like a mad creature; the battle was renewed and continued at intervals, to the destruction of all studies, till quite a late hour at night, when the pursuer, angry and wearied, retired to his adjoining bedroom; though he listened attentively, he heard no more of the enemy, and soon fell asleep. In the morning he was astonished to find something warm lying on his chest; carefully lifting up the bed-clothes he discovered his tormentor of the preceding night quietly and snugly ensconced in a fold of the blanket, and taking advantage of the bodily warmth of his two-legged adversary.

These two lay looking daggers at each other for some minutes, the one unwilling to leave his warm berth, the other afraid to put his hand out from under the protection of the coverlid, particularly as the stranger's aspect was anything but friendly, and his little sharp teeth, and fierce little black eyes seemed to say, "Paws off from me, if you please."

At length remembering the maxim that "discretion is the best part of valour," the truth of which I imagine rats understand as well as most creatures, he made a sudden jump off the bed, scuttled away into the next room, and was never seen or heard of afterwards.

This love of warmth brings many rats out of the sewers to take their siestas in the large hair warehouses in Lambeth. They only come in the day, and decamp at night, probably in quest of food. They have made runs up on to the floors where the hair is placed to dry, and, finding a nice soft bit, roll themselves up into quite a ball; the outside of which is horse-hair, the nucleus a live rat. The boys connected with the establishment have found this out, and go feeling among the hair with their hands. The moment they come on a lump harder than the rest, they pounce upon it without fear, for the rat cannot bite through his thick self-made great coat, they then rush off to a tub of water and shake poor Mr. Rat out of his hairy (not downy) bed into the merciless element, when he is soon drowned.

Let us here pause for a moment, and see whether, with all his bad qualities, we cannot find some good trait joined, and something to admire in the construction of his body, as adapted to his very peculiar mode of life.

The rat is one of the most despised and tormented of created animals; he has many enemies and very few friends; wherever he appears his life is in danger from men, dogs, cats, owls, &c., who will have no mercy on him. These perpetual persecutions oblige him to be wary in his movements, and call for a large amount of cunning and sagacity on his part, which give his little sharp face a peculiarly knowing and wide-awake appearance, which the most superficial observer must have noticed. Though, poor creature, he is hated and killed by man, his sworn foe, yet he is to that same ungrateful race a most useful servant, in the humble capacity of scavenger; for wherever man settles his habitation, even in the most remote parts of the earth, there, as if by magic, appear our friends the rats. He quietly takes possession of the outhouses, drains, &c., and occupies himself by devouring the refuse and filth thrown away from the dwelling of his master (under whose floor, as well as roof, he lives); this refuse, if left to decay, would engender fever, malaria, and all kinds of horrors, to the destruction of the children of the family, were it not for the unremitting exertions of the rats to get rid of it, in a way no doubt agreeable to themselves, namely, by eating it. Let us take an example. The sewers neighbouring a connected series of slaughter-houses, as Newgate Market, Whitechapel, Clare Market, &c., are often nearly choked up with offal and the foul refuse of animal matter, swept into them by the careless butchers. It may be imagined what fearful maladies would arise from this putrid mass if it were allowed to stay there neglected. How is this evil result prevented? Why, by the poor, persecuted rats, who live there in swarms, and devour every morsel of concentrated cholera as it comes down to them, profiting thereby themselves and the inhabitants of the houses who reside above their haunts.

An old book on natural history thus describes the rat's personal appearance. "The eyes are large and black; the tail is covered with minute scales, mixed with a few short hairs, and the general figure is disgusting." Now this very tail, ugly as it may appear, is mentioned by the great Cuvier as one of the first things that struck his mind, as demonstrating the bounty of the Creator towards the humblest of his creatures, in adapting their bodily formation to the peculiar mode of life which he intended them to enjoy. We all admire the wonderful construction and admirable working together of the numerous muscles of the human hand and forearm, yet, says Cuvier, "there are more muscles in a rat's tail, than there are in that part of the human economy we admire so much."

The tail is indeed a most useful appendage to the rat, it is composed of a chain of small bones, with the multitude of muscles above-mentioned to move them. "The minute scales and few short hairs" cover it. Thus constructed it becomes prehensile, as in the tails of many monkeys and lemurs; in fact, a sort of hand to the rat, by means of which he is enabled to crawl along the tops of railings, and along narrow ledges of walls, balancing himself by it, or entwining it round the projecting portions of the difficult passages along which his course lies. By means of it, too, he is enabled to spring up heights, otherwise inaccessible, using it on these occasions (like the kangaroo) as a lever, or rather as a projectile spring. When, moreover, the delicious oil or sweet wine lies beneath his reach in the long-necked bottle, his ever useful tail serves him in good turn; he dips it into the coveted fluid, and then enjoys the reward of his sagacity, and says to himself, as he licks it up,—"What's a rat without a tail?"

The rat is admirably armed and equipped for the peculiar mode of life which he is ordained to lead. He has formidable weapons in the shape of four small, long, and very sharp teeth, two of which are fixed in the upper, and two in the under jaw. These are formed in the shape of a wedge, and by the following wonderful provision of Nature, have always a fine sharp cutting edge. On examining them carefully, we find that the inner part is of a soft ivory-like composition, which may be easily worn away, whereas the outside is composed of a glass-like enamel, which is excessively hard. The upper teeth work exactly into the under, so that the centres of the opposed teeth meet exactly in the act of gnawing; the soft part is thus being perpetually worn away, while the hard part keeps a sharp chisel-like edge; at the same time the teeth grow up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. The consequence of this arrangement is, that, if one of the teeth be removed, either by accident or on purpose, the opposed tooth will continue to grow upwards; and, as there is nothing to grind it away, will project from the mouth and be turned upon itself; or if it be an under-tooth, it will even run into the skull above. There is a preparation in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons which well illustrates this fact. It is an incisor tooth of a rat, which, from the cause above mentioned, has increased its growth upwards to such a degree, that it has formed a complete circle and a segment of another; the diameter of it is about large enough to admit a good sized thumb. It is accompanied by the following memorandum, addressed by a Spanish priest to Sir J. Banks, who presented it to the Museum. "I send you an extraordinary tooth of a rat. Believe me it was found in the Nazareth garden (to which order I belong); I was present when the [illegible] not its virtues, nor have [illegible]

[illegible] which well illustrates the [illegible] substance with these little [illegible] imported into London for [illegible] observed to have their sur[illegible] as though cut out [illegible] would have taken [illegible] of his labour? The [illegible] clever fellows as [illegible]-like teeth with such [illegible] the most gelatine [illegible] rat's dainty palate; [illegible] purpose, have left the [illegible] neither unable nor un[illegible] teeth. The ivory [illegible] more elastic than [illegible] needful for [illegible] turns it into the [illegible] in St. James's [illegible] if struck down [illegible] hand to the height [illegible] of this rat-gnawed [illegible] of Oxford.

[illegible] where there is any[illegible] of wonder, how [illegible] and other attractive [illegible] for they have [illegible] of the rope by which [illegible] from the shore. [illegible] comes into port, [illegible] hence the saying, [illegible] true. If, however, [illegible] to an enormous [illegible] of the "Valiant" [illegible] had increased [illegible] weight of biscuit [illegible] in order to [illegible] filled every day [illegible]

[illegible] where the [illegible] intelligence to their [illegible] this fact. [illegible] at Axminster [illegible] she was celebrated, [illegible] The second [illegible] by a strange [illegible] was called up, [illegible] mystery. The [illegible] the house quiet, [illegible] it was most alarming; a [illegible] feet,—then a dull [illegible] sound, [illegible] ghostly noises, which continued throughout the live-long night. The old lady lay in bed with the candle alight, pale and sleepless with fright, anon muttering her prayers, anon determined to fire off the rusty old blunderbuss that hung over the chimney-piece. At last the morning broke, and the cock began to crow; "now," thought she, "the ghosts must disappear;" to her infinite relief the noise really did cease, and the poor frightened dame adjusted her night-cap and fell asleep. Great preparations had she made for the next night; farm servants armed with pitchforks slept in the house; the maids took the family dinner-bell and the tinder-box into their room; the big dog was tied to the hall-table; then the dame retired to her room, not to sleep, but to sit up in the arm-chair by the fire, keeping a drowsy guard over the neighbours' loaded horse-pistols, of which she was almost as much afraid as she was of the ghost in the cellar.

Sure enough her warlike preparations had succeeded; the ghost was certainly frightened; not a noise, not a sound, except the heavy snoring of the bumpkins, and the rattling of the dog's chain in the hall could be heard. She had gained a complete victory; the ghost was never heard again on the premises; and the whole affair was soon forgotten. Some weeks afterwards some friends dropped in to take a cup of tea, and talk over the last piece of gossip; among other things the wine was mentioned, and the maid sent to get some from the cellar. She soon returned, and, gasping for breath, rushed into the room, exclaiming,—"'Tis all *gone, ma'am;" and sure* enough it was all gone. "The ghost has taken it,"—not a drop was left, only the empty cask remained, the side of which was half eaten away, and marks of sharp teeth visible round the rugged margins of the new-made bung-hole.

This discovery fully accounted for the noise the ghost had made, which caused so much alarm. The aboriginal rats in the dame's cellar had found out the wine, and communicated the joyful news to all the other rats in the parish; they had assembled there to enjoy the fun, and get very tipsy (which, from the noise they made, they probably succeeded in) on this treasured cask of wine; having quite a family party they had finished it in two nights, and having got all they could, like wise rats returned to their respective homes, perfectly unconscious that their merry-making had nearly been the death of the rightful owner and "founder of the feast." They had first gnawed out the cork, and got as much out as they could; they soon found the more they drank the lower the wine became. Perseverance is the motto of the rat, so they set to work and ate away the wood to the level of the wine again. This they continued till they had emptied the cask; they then must have got into it and licked up the last drains, for another and less agreeable smell was substituted for that of wine.

I may add, that this very same cask, with the side gone and the marks of the rats' teeth, is still in the possession of the writer.

Rats, like men, being kindly disposed, often give information of good things to others, which, alas! may prove in the end to be the destruction both of the informers and the informed. I give a case in point.

A country gentleman was much annoyed by a colony of rats which had settled in his cellars, and, though he caught several of them in traps, yet he never could succeed in getting rid of them entirely. At last, knowing well the habits of the animal, he determined on destroying the whole colony at one grand *coup*. He therefore procured a large box, and, having half filled it with meal, sat himself down in the cellar by the side of it, concealing his person under some sacks, and leaving only a spy-hole for his eyes. The rats soon began to poke their noses out to reconnoitre, timidly at first, but soon they became bold enough to eat the meal sprinkled about, cautiously, however, keeping one eye upon the mysterious bundle in the corner.

The next night he repeated the same plan of action. The rats this time were bold enough to get into the box by means of little ladders placed for them. One of them came first, and was rewarded by a plentiful feast of meal, and he was soon joined by many hungry companions.

On the fourth night, however, it was determined to put an end to their proceedings; by this time the rats had become quite bold, and had spread the news far and wide of their good fortune, so that there was a large assembly of them in the box, greedily devouring the remains of the meal, unsuspicious of the fate that awaited them at the hands of the apparently innocent individual, of whom they had now lost all fear.

Mistaken creatures ! up rose the executioner, and down went the lid. The rats became prisoners under a padlock, with strong oak boards between them and liberty. The next morning the box and its living contents were lifted into the yard, and, at signal, launched into a horse-pond. It swayed to and fro, kept half under water with poles by two men, and the many little bubbles of air escaping from the chinks of the box, told plainly of the death-struggles of the little quadrupeds within.

At length all was quiet. The colony of rats, which had possessed the cellar for so many generations, was no more. Their holes were filled up with mortar mixed with glass, until a new generation should arise to meet the same fate in some future meal-box.

There is another curious instance of rats losing their lives in quest of food, which has been kindly communicated to me by a friend. When the atmospheric pump was in use at the terminus of the Croydon Railway, hundreds of rats lost their lives daily. The unscientific creatures used in the night to get into the large iron tube, by exhausting the air from which the railway carriages were put in motion, their object being to lick off the grease from the leather valve, which the engineers of the line were so anxious to keep air-tight. As soon as the air-pump was put to work for the first morning train, there was no resisting, and out they were sucked all dead corpses !

The rat, though naturally a savage creature, is, by dint of kindness, capable of being tamed and being made obedient to the will of man. Some of the Japanese tame rats and teach them to perform many entertaining tricks, and thus instructed they are exhibited as a show for the diversion of the populace.

A gentleman travelling through Mecklenburg about forty years ago, was witness to a very singular circumstance in the post-house at New Hargard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat, with a bell about its neck. They all four went to the dish, and, without disturbing each other, fed together, after which the dog, cat, and rat lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity which existed among these animals, informed his guest that the rat was the most useful of the four, for the noise he made had completely freed the house from the other rats and mice with which it had previously been infested.

But capacity for becoming tame and accustomed to the presence of man is not confined to the "foreigneer" rats, for, from the following story, it appears that the rats of England are equally susceptible of kindness. A worthy whipmaker, who worked hard at his trade to support a large family, had prepared a number of strips of leather, by well oiling and greasing them. He carefully laid them by in a box, but, strange to say, they disappeared one by one; nobody knew anything about them, nobody had touched them.

However, one day, as he was sitting at work in his shop, a large black rat, of the original British species, slyly poked his head up out of a hole in the corner of the room, and deliberately took a survey of the whole place. Seeing all quiet, out he came, and ran straight to the box wherein were kept the favourite leather strips. In he dived, and quickly reappeared, carrying in his mouth the most dainty morsel he could find. Off he ran to his hole, and quickly vanished. Having thus found out the thief, the saddler determined to catch him; he accordingly propped up a sieve by a stick, and put a bait underneath; in a few minutes out came the rat again, smelling the inviting toasted cheese, and forthwith attacked it. The moment he began nibbling at the bait, down came the sieve, and he became a prisoner. Now, thought he, "my life depends upon my behaviour when this horrid sieve is lifted up by that two-legged wretch with the apron on, who so kindly cuts the greasy thongs for me every day: he has a good-natured looking face, and I don't think he wants to kill me. I know what I will do."

The saddler at length lifted up the sieve, being armed with a stick ready to kill Mr. Rat when he rushed out. What was his astonishment to see that the rat remained perfectly quiet, and, after a few moments, to walk quietly up on his arm, and look up in his face, as much as to say, "I am a poor innocent rat, and if your wife will lock up all the good things in the cupboard, why I must eat your nicely prepared thongs; rats must live as well as saddlers." The man then said, "Tom, I was going to kill you, but now I won't; let us be friends. I'll put you some bread and butter every day if you won't take my thongs and wax, and leave the shopman's breakfast alone; but I am afraid you will come out once too often; there are lots of dogs and cats about who won't be so kind to you as I am; you may go now."

He then put him down, and Mr. Rat leisurely retreated to his hole. For a long time afterwards he found his breakfast regularly placed for him at the mouth of his hole, in return for which he, as in duty bound, became quite tame, running about the shop, and inquisitively turning over everything on the bench at which his protector was at work. He would even accompany him into the stables when he went to feed the pony, and pick up the corn as it fell from the manger, keeping, however, a respectable distance from the pony's legs. His chief delight was to bask in the warm window sill, stretching his full length to the midday sun. This unfortunate, though agreeable habit, proved his destruction, for one very hot day, as he lay at his ease taking his *siesta*, the dog belonging to the bird-shop opposite espied him afar off, and in-
at him through the window. The poor rat, who was
ae, awoke, alas! too late to save his life. The cruel
and took him into the road, where a few sharp squeezes
finished him. The fatal deed being done, the mur-
bleeding victim in the dusty road, and with ears and

tail erect, walked away as though proud of his performance. The dog's master, knowing the history of the rat, had him stuffed, and his impaled skin, with a silver chain round the neck, forms to this day a handsome addition to the shop-front of the bird-shop in Brompton.

Another still more remarkable instance of a tame rat has come to my knowledge.

Some time ago the driver of a Bow and Stratford omnibus was moving some trusses of hay in his hay-loft, when, snugly coiled up in a corner, he found a little miserable-looking rat, whose mamma having carefully tucked him up in bed, had gone out on a foraging expedition to find something for her darling's supper. The little fellow being of a remarkable piebald colour, excited the pity of the omnibus man, who took him up, and brought him home to his family. The little children soon took to their new pet, and named him Ikey, after their eldest brother whose name was Isaac. The little creature soon grew up and reciprocated the kindness he had received by excessive tameness towards every member of the family. He was therefore allowed to roam about the house at perfect liberty. His favourite seat was inside the fender, or on the clean white hearth, but, strange to say, he would never get on it unless it was perfectly clean. On one occasion, when the goodwife was cleaning the hearth, she gave Master Rat a push; up he jumped on the hob, and finding it an agreeable resting-place, there he stayed. As the fire grew brighter and brighter, so the hob became warmer and warmer, till at last it became unpleasantly hot; but he would not move from his perch till the hair on his legs and body became quite singed with the heat.

His master had perfect control over him, and made, for his special benefit, a little whip, with which he made him sit upon his hind legs in a begging posture, jump through a whalebone hoop, drag a small cart to which he was harnessed, carry sticks, money, &c. in his mouth, and perform many other amusing tricks.

The rat perfectly understood the meaning of the whip, for whenever it was produced, and his master's countenance betrayed coming wrath, in fear and trembling he would scamper up the sides of the room or up the curtains, and perch himself on the cornice, waiting there till a kind word from his master brought him down again hopping about and squeaking with delight. In these gambols of mirth he would run so fast round after his tail, that it was almost impossible to distinguish what the whirling object was. At night he would exhibit another catlike habit, for he would stretch himself out at full length before the fire on the rug, and seemed to enjoy this luxurious way of warming himself. This love of warmth made him sometimes a troublesome creature, for when he found the fire going out and the room becoming cold, he would creep up into his master's bed, and try to insert his little body under the clothes. He was never allowed to remain here long, but was made to decamp as soon as his presence was ascertained, he then took up his refuge in the folds of his master's clothes which were placed on a chair, and of these he was allowed to retain quiet possession till the morning. The master became so fond of his rat that he taught him at the word of command, "Come along, Ikey," to jump into his great-coat-pocket in the morning, when he went out to his daily occupation of driving the 'bus.

He did not, however, carry him all day in his pocket, but put him in the boot of his 'bus to act as guard to his dinner: but why did not the rat eat up his master's dinner? because, as said the man, "I always gives him his belly-full when I has my own breakfast before starting." The dinner was never touched, except when it happened to consist of plum-pudding. This Ikey could not resist, his greediness overcame his sense of right, and he invariably devoured the plums, leaving the less dainty parts of the repast for his master. The rat acted as a famous guard to the provisions, for whenever any of the idle fellows who are always seen lounging about the public houses where the omnibuses bait, attempted to commit a theft, and run off with the bundle out of the boot, Ikey would fly out at them from under the straw, and effectually put to flight the robbers.

At night he was taken home in his master's pocket, and partook of the family supper, but if any strangers happened to be present, he was taken with a shy fit, and in spite of his hunger secreted himself till they had gone.

His teeth, after a time, became bad and worn out, and the children finding this out, delighted to give him a sort of hard cake made of treacle, called, in infant parlance, jumbles, or brandy-snacks; of these Ikey, in his younger days, was very fond, but now, on the contrary, they gave him much trouble to masticate, and his perseverance and rage when attacking the said brandy-snacks caused the young folks many a hearty laugh.

This rat is, I believe, still alive and enjoys good health, though the weight of age pressing on his hoary head, requires many little attentions from his kind and tender-hearted protectors.

There is a curious fact connected with the habits of the rat, which warrants a closer observation on the part of those who have the opportunity, it is the emigration of rats. It appears that rats, like many birds, fish, &c., are influenced to change their abode by want of food; by necessity of change of temperature; by want of a place for incubation, where they may obtain food for their young; and, lastly, by their fear of man.

A Spanish merchant had forestalled the market of Barcelona filberts on speculation some years ago. He filled his warehouse with sacks of them, and refused to sell them to the retail-dealers, but at such a price as they could not afford to give. Thinking, however, that they would be obliged to submit to his demand, rather than not procure them for sale, he persisted in exacting his original price, and thus lost nearly all his treasure; for he was informed by an early rising friend, that he had seen, just before sunrise, an army of rats quitting the warehouse. He immediately went to examine his sacks, and found them gnawed in various places, and emptied of above half their contents, and empty shells of filberts strewed over the floor.

Pennant relates a story of a burglarious grand-larceny troop of rats, which nearly frightened a young lady out of her wits, by mistaking her chimney for one leading to a cheese-room. She was suddenly wakened by a tremendous clatter in her bed-chamber, and on looking up saw a terrific troop of rats running about in wild disorder. She had presence of mind enough to throw her candlestick at them (*timor arma ministrat*) and to her great joy she found that they speedily departed by the way which they had entered her apartment, leaving only a cloud of soot over the room.

Forty years ago, the house of a surgeon in Swansea was greatly infested with rats, and he completely got rid of them by burning off all the hair from one of them which he had caught alive, and then allowing it to return to its hole. It was said that he never afterwards saw a rat on his premises, except the burnt sufferer, which on the following day returned, and was caught in the same trap from which he had been but just set at liberty. I suppose that in their "Advertiser," the description of a ghost, and a notice of haunted premises was given, which caused the whole colony so unanimously to decamp.

The above story reminds me of a curious nondescript animal from the Torrid Zone, which was exhibited some years ago at Yarmouth: a gentleman who (unfortunately for the showman happened to be a naturalist) paid his penny, and went in to see it. It turned out, though the owner positively denied the fact, to be a large bear, with his hair closely shaven away, except in sundry places, which added much to the grotesque appearance of his nude person.

Though not considered a delicacy by English palates, the rat, nevertheless, used to afford a dainty dish to the negro slaves of Jamaica. The slave-masters did not often ruin themselves by long butchers' bills for meat for their living property, so that the poor wretches were obliged to set their brains to work to procure animal food for their craving appetites. They caught, and afterwards cooked the rats in the following way, as described by the Rev. B. Vernon, in his "Early Recollections of Jamaica."

He writes as follows: "But to return to Inkle (a native of Congo, in Africa, who was employed as a watchman over a coco piece, or yam-ground). His larder did not afford many delicacies, and when the continuance of a storm detained me beyond the usual hour of an early dinner, I have enjoyed a black coco, or part of a roasted yam, at his expense, and to his apparent gratification; which latter was not diminished, perhaps, by the certainty of having such favours returned in kind; for I blush not to avow, that I carried to him many a salt shad or herring to season his vegetable diet.

"The most pressing case of hunger never carried me so far beyond the prejudices of civilized life, as to induce me to partake of roasted rat, in which he delighted. His method of catching and of cooking this vermin deserve notice. It were, perhaps, more easy for me to make, than to describe his simple but efficient trap. It consisted of a small conical basket, to which was fastened in the wicker work outside (running from the apex to the open mouth), a tough and elastic lance-wood stick, three or four feet long, with a strong twine, manufactured by himself from the bark of a tree, attached to the further, and smaller end. In order to set the trap, the stick was bent into a bow; a running noose being formed at the end of the twine, and passed through an aperture left in the edge of the basket for the purpose. This noose was carefully spread out round the inner edge, and concealed under the rim. Below the noose a separate piece of twine was fixed, drawn through the basket twice, so as to cross at right angles, and firmly secured on the outside. In order to reach the bait, which was deposited at the apex, the rat must gnaw through these cross strings. As soon as they gave way, the elasticity of the bow suddenly and tightly drew the noose, and the rat was strangled. These traps were laid upon the ground, and seldom failed to secure the prize, which was prepared for the table in the following primitive manner. After carefully cleaning the inside and cutting off the tail, the body was impaled on a long wooden skewer, and turned briskly round over a fierce fire, until the hair was completely burnt; it was then scraped with a sharp piece of wood, until free from fur, and of a rich toasty brown colour; and finally, the end of the skewer was stuck into the ground, inclining towards the fire, where it remained sometimes for hours, with an occasional change of position, until it became quite dry and crisp, and thus ready for the evening meal. When I expressed surprise that he could eat such food, Inkle would reply, with a merry grin, 'Ki? nyoung, massa, ratta sweet, hearee? If nyoung massa nyam ratta one time, no more him nyam ratta ebery day, hearee?' — The French are right who say, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute;' but that 'premier pas' in rat-eating I could never take.

"Poor Inkle's ingenuity in procuring, and afterwards preparing, his repast, fully illustrates the truth of the saying,

'Ingeni inventor venter.'"

There is a third kind of rat, which is very generally distributed throughout England, whose personal appearance is well known to most anglers, it is the "water-rat," or, as it is sometimes called, the "water-vole." This little animal may be considered as the representative of the beaver (now long extinct) in the British isles. He is entirely aquatic in his habits, and is never seen except by the water-side. Upon examining his anatomy we shall find, that he, too, is constructed with reference to the mode of life he is destined to follow. His neck is very short, his head rounded and convex above, to enable him to swim fast through the water; his fur is almost waterproof, being composed of two sets of hairs, some long and projecting, others short and thickly set, together forming a close silky pile, which effectually resists the entrance of the water, and serves to its owner the place of a very warm, waterproof great coat. I have often seen the water-rat swimming under water, and have frequently observed that he appears to be surrounded by a case of air, in fact looks like a large air-bubble swimming along; this effect is produced, I imagine, by means of the first set of hairs above mentioned. The air which he takes down with him on plunging in, would naturally escape were it not that it is delayed by adhering to these long *quasi* reservoirs, and thus renders the whole body more buoyant than it otherwise would be. The tail in the house-rat, as we have above mentioned, serves as an organ of balancing and prehension; in the water-rat it is so modified as to become a sort of rudder and paddle; it is much rounder and more taper, being slightly compressed towards the tip, to afford as much resistance as possible to the water; acting, in fact, like the broad end of the oar, as used by fishermen in propelling their boat from the stern-end.

In the house-rat the ears are long and projecting, so placed as to catch the smallest sound; what would be the use of such ears to the water-rat? they would only be in his way; accordingly we find the following beautiful modification and adaptation of means to ends. The external ears are short, and rounded, and *entirely concealed in the fur*, overlapped, moreover, externally with extremely soft hairs. As though this were not sufficient protection against the entrance of the water, the meatus, or aperture of the ear, is capable of being closed up entirely by a thin angular operculum; this admirably designed curtain the rat is enabled, when he plunges below the water, entirely to draw across the passage of the ear, and completely exclude the element in which he [illegible] water-mills [illegible] and in the [illegible] of weed in [illegible] beyond [illegible] of the bank by [illegible] under my [illegible] damage is [illegible] much [illegible] acquainted [illegible] single entrance [illegible] positively [illegible] by the side [illegible] it is very [illegible] the leisure [illegible] marked them [illegible] glassy banks, [illegible] up to his [illegible] into the water [illegible] water. The [illegible] swam, a thin [illegible] whisk him out [illegible] the bank, [illegible] of their [illegible]

[illegible] coming out [illegible] however, often [illegible] assembled [illegible] near a place well [illegible] amusing were [illegible] morsel of weed or [illegible]

[illegible] that the water-rat [illegible] fishing for trout, [illegible] his line across [illegible] as though the fly [illegible] his line in the [illegible] sport with his [illegible] his hand to [illegible] of a fish, he [illegible] from this proof, that [illegible] he dropped [illegible] On returning [illegible] dreadful tangle [illegible] a large water-rat. The rat must have been unsuspiciously swimming along, when the line happened to drop directly over him; one of the hooks had caught in his fur and had given a jerk to the rod, which the fisherman had mistaken for a trout rising, and had instantly struck the supposed fish, thereby firmly fixing the sharp-pointed hook into the body of the unfortunate rat, who must have been greatly surprised at being so suddenly and unceremoniously dragged to the shore.

THE LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

A PAIR OF ODD FISH.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE monotonous duties of my apprenticeship were relieved by many entertaining subjects for humorous observation; and, among them, the eccentricities of two fellow-labourers, in the practice of architectural design, were especially noticeable and amusing. Never, perhaps, were two such *odd* fellows coupled as a *pair;* for they were direct opposites in person, manners, and in all things, excepting only in respect to the pursuit which was common to both. In this pursuit, however, they differed widely; for the one was an architect *literary;* the other an architect *literally.* The one dealt with books, the other with bricks. The one, in short, was a gentlemen of independent means, who patronized architecture as an amateur; the other was by no means independent, and simply practised the science for pay. From motives of delicacy, their real names must not yet be revealed. I shall call the architect, Mr. Snap; the amateur, Mr. Snorum. The architect was meagre and mercurial in figure and movement; the amateur was athletic and stately. The first was like a twig; the second like a stalk. Snap was fantastical on the most solemn occasions; Snorum was solemn on the most fantastical. A facetious friend, having seen them both, thus extemporised on their respective oddnesses, with illustrative action:—

"That of the architect," said he, "is

"Trippy and skippy,
Maggy and waggy,
Hoppy and croppy,
Rappy and Snappy,
Fiddle-de-diddle,
La la la, lah.
Allegretto.

"That of the amateur is,

"Solemn and stridy;
Not very tidy;
A sort of a mix o't;
Mogul and Don Quixote;
A slice of a sad man;
A spice of a mad man;
Pto-le-my—ho!"
Adagio.

I begin with Snorum the amateur. He practised limitless designs upon paper; for the printer and the engraver were the only operatives who gave publicity to the issues of his knowledge and invention. He was a classic of the first order, speaking both literarily and architecturally; for Demosthenes was his model man of words, and Ictinus his model man of things. The orations of the one, and the temples of the other, were the themes of his mind's entire occupation. If the person of Demosthenes was equal to that of Snorum, it was one of singular dignity; for the latter had a most commanding figure, and a countenance which Praxiteles himself must have failed to "cut out"—except in marble. A more finely "chiselled" face I have never seen. His voice, too, had all the elements of grandeur in its tone and volume; and his manner, altogether, would have been most impressive, if it had not been largely infected with a Quixotic peculiarity, which at once proved the close union between the sublime and the ridiculous, and subjected him to the just application of a well-known quotation,—

> "Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad."

He carried the orations of the great Greek in his head, while the great volumes of "Stuart's Athens" were ever open on his table; and, as he walked up and down his spacious drawing-room, spouting from the Philippics, or dilating on the splendours of the Acropolis, it was doubtful whether the moving form he presented was more calculated to occasion awe or merriment. He took snuff on a scale which reduced the ordinary snuff-box to the comparative incapacity of the smallest *vinaigrette.* When, therefore, he went from home, he carried a vast round *papier-maché porte-tabac*, approaching the size of a tambourine, which had been made for the travellers' room of a commercial hotel; but, in his own apartment, he drew his scarcely intermittent supplies from a huge canister which occupied his corner table. He rather took *clutches* of snuff than "pinches;" and, on each occasion, before application to his nose, he would continue for some time swinging his arm about as if he were battling with "the intrenchant air," and throwing his hand with violent jerks downward, to get rid of the dusty superfluity which hung about his fingers; while he paced the floor with strides proportioned to the progressive stretch of his thoughts, and ofttimes with a sudden rapidity which seemed to indicate that his excited ideas had fairly run away with him! My wonder on first beholding him, during one of these energetic and abstracted movements, involved a vague notion of something between a windmill and the ghost of Hamlet's father. To heighten the effect, he indulged, after each mighty sniff, in a sort of porpoise-like guttural gasp, breathing out ejections of satisfaction that left nothing to be desired. He was past sneezing. That would have been terrific!

I was introduced to him on the occasion of his requiring assistance from an architectural draughtsman, in providing some illustrative engravings for a pamphlet he thought of publishing on the subject of a suitable metropolitan palace for the English sovereign. After the small way in which I had seen the art of design practised in "the office," the comprehensive vastness of *his* method occasioned something more than admiration. He scorned T squares, drawing boards, pencils, and cartridge paper. His ruler was a league measure; his drawing board was unconfined space; his pencils were rays of light; his paper was the parish and circumjacent country! Yet, with singular condescension, he would occasionally introduce the most ordinary practical matter into conceptions the most imaginative, as if anxious to retain the regard of the common artificer, while determined on astonishing the apprehension of the artist. Here is a specimen of the colossal manner in which he thought and would have acted, if the world had only had a confident and unquestioning faith in the practicable nature of his theories. He put a map before me; then, with a rough sketch in his hand,—snuffing, striding, gasping, working his right arm with seven-mill-power, and pacing the room with seven-league steps, he thus delivered himself of the mighty conceptions with which he had for some time been labouring. Let the reader bear in mind the sonorous grandeur and syllabic enunciation of his words, as they came from his powerful lungs with oracular solemnity.

"From the obeliskal structure in the eastern park, draw a line bisecting the western suburbs, and produced to the point A, at the foot of Gobble Hill. From the centre of this line, draw at right angles a line extending two and a quarter miles northward to the point B, a furlong below the village of Wondermuddle. From the point B, through the obelisk and point A, produce two lines to C and D, where they reach the river Swallow, which will form the base of an isosceles triangle. Sweep away the entire south suburbs, with the episcopalian palace and the courts of law; and with the rubbish (which I calculate would supply 2,500,000 cubical yards of stuff) fill up the hollow way from the House of Industry to Litigant's Lane. Construct an esplanade from C to D, occupying the site of the suburbs and other nuisance places so destroyed; and make good any deficiency of material with the refuse of the various potteries in the United Kingdom; the whole to be drained with brick barrel tubes, and outwardly faced with Dartmoor granite. On the centre of the esplanade erect an exact model of the portal of Jupiter Olympius, flanked on either hand by a free imitation of the temples of the Sun and Moon, and surmount the centre, immediately at the rear of the portal, with the tambour and dome of the Roman Pantheon; the crowning light, or bull's eye, to be filled in with British plate glass in copper frames. * * * *"

Such was the opening of his specification; and it may be enough for a sample of the matter and manner of his operations. "Do *this*," said he, after he had destroyed a few more "suburbs" and time-hallowed "nuisances;" connecting his esplanade with the point B by three convergent "imperial avenues," each of some three miles long, and at the cost of as many millions,—"do *this*, and the King of Britain may ask his Gallic neighbour of Versailles to come and take pot-luck with him. But," he continued, "there 's as little hope in the taste of the English public as in that of their fourth George. They are as vulgar in their notions of art, as they are squeamish in their artificial proprieties. The Lady Blarion approves of Buckingham Palace; but she shrank appalled when I spat in her fire-place the other day. Though, to be sure, it was not pleasant; for my 'rheum,' as the rogue Shakspeare has it, fried by the fire, depended from her ladyship's bright steel bars like a stalactite, —ha! ha! But, in truth, the world and I are at odds. I could never find sympathy, even in my own family. My *mother* could never understand me. She was a *troublesome* old woman! In short, I meet with little but vexation in the conduct of people in general. They don't understand US ARCHITECTS,—eh, my friend?" (slapping me with a sledge-hammer blow on the shoulder.) "I fancy there 's a grandiosity in architectural study, which giganticises the mental vision, and makes us uneasy under the gnat-bitings and fly-buzzings of frivolity."

"You have published much, I believe, sir?"

"Why, yes. But my books never sold. Nothing goes down now but Nash's imbecilities and Scott's 'Rob Roy.' Wedgwood has got up an improved feeling for Delf mustard-pots; but we grievously want a little of the Attic in our salt-cellars.

"Vainly its frieze the Parthenon displays,
Spreads its bold front, arrests the traveller's gaze,
Proclaims how Pericles true genius prized,
How Art's chaste forms Ictinus' mind devised."

"The bagatelle pavilion at Brighton, and the modern Gothic rattle-traps at Windsor, show what is prized by *our* Pericles, and what *our* Ictinus can accomplish. But I shall invoke the spirit of Demosthenes, and have at 'em yet."

Snorum's laugh was the most solemn I ever heard. It rarely recognized any incentive in mirthful occasion. It was simply the discharge of his unmitigated contempt on things which, in the words of Coriolanus, are "beneath abhorring." His two ejaculations, "ha! ha!" burst singly forth, and separately fell, like a couple of detached blocks from a quarried cliff. His attempts at fun and sympathising amiability were fearful abortions. He alarmed people by grinning wildly at his own imperceptible jokes; and he once frightened a pretty little child into fits by smiling at it, and calling it his "little de—ar!" Nor was he insensible to the interest which attaches to pretty things of larger growth; and, on the occasion of his meeting with certain fascinating examples of the grisette species, I have seen him much perplexed between the instincts of his original nature, and the habitualised antagonism of his sophisticated condition. Nothing could be more queer than his aspect at such a moment. He would look on the object which fascinated him, with a something between a gasp and a smile, between simple wonder and intuitive perception, between ferocious intent and apprehensive timidity; with a something, in short, seeming to indicate that there were certain points on which the eccentric Snorum was not *wholly* "at odds" with the world in general.

We went to Windsor together; *his* object being the demolition of the modern portion of the castle, and the construction of an Athenian palace in its place. *My* object was a pleasant excursion with a most amusing companion at no cost to myself.

When we arrived at the inn, the man of mighty measures ordered a gig. It was brought to the door, and Snorum, without any thought as to the nature of a horse or the locomotive character of a seat upon wheels, mounted into the vehicle as if it had been the marble rostrum of the Areopagus. As he had taken the left side and suffered the reins to remain dangling over the foot-board, I concluded it was his intention that I should drive; but, "No," said he, "*I*'ll be the charioteer;" and he grasped the reins as if they had been a bunch of water-cresses.

"But," said I, "you 're on the wrong side, sir."

"Oh!—ah!" rejoined he, crushing my toes as he flopped over to the seat I resigned to him. "What 's this?" asked my Phaeton.

"The duty-ticket," replied the ostler; but it was a mystery to Snorum, and he seemed content to let it remain one.

"Gee up!" exclaimed the hero of the day, whacking down—not the lash—but the stick of the whip upon the horse's back, as if he were beating a carpet; and away we went.

"How the people stare!" said he. They did; and well they might; for, with the reins and whip in one hand, the other was engaged with a clutch of snuff, while I held his box, ever ready for his supply.

By fate's indulgent mercy, we proceeded for some time in safety along a narrow road flanked on either hand by a deep ditch. He saw it not. His eyes were with his mind, and that was far away, pulling down castle walls and putting up Corinthian porticoes; and, having given me *his* ideas of the matter before us, he asked me to favour him with mine. I had no hesitation in stating them. They amounted to the conviction that we were on the point of descending into the ditch on the right. Giving a haul in the opposite direction, we were instantly in the way of a descent into the ditch on the left. "Will *that* do?" said he. There was admirable simplicity in the question; but, as it occurred to me, that neither of the ditches was so eligible as the road between them, I ventured myself to touch the reins, so as to bring us once more on neutral ground. "Hah!" exclaimed my classic waggoner,—"incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim."

"I think it 's cold," said he; "don't you?" It may have been; but I felt it not; being in a fever, with symptoms of a "falling sickness," which might prove not less fatal than that which threatened the "mighty Julius." "We 'll turn back," said the most daring of drivers; and then followed a feat which might surprise the most consummate "whip" of Mr. Batty's Hippodrome; for he made the horse reel round, and the gig turn as on a pivot! Head and tail changed places like a weather-cock in a whirlwind. He was delighted at his skill. If he ever laughed jocosely, it was then. "Ha, ha!" said he,

"Here we go, backwards and forwards;
Here we go round and round."

The quotation, though not exactly Demosthenic, was apposite; and gave assurance that the nursery verse of his childhood was not forgotten.

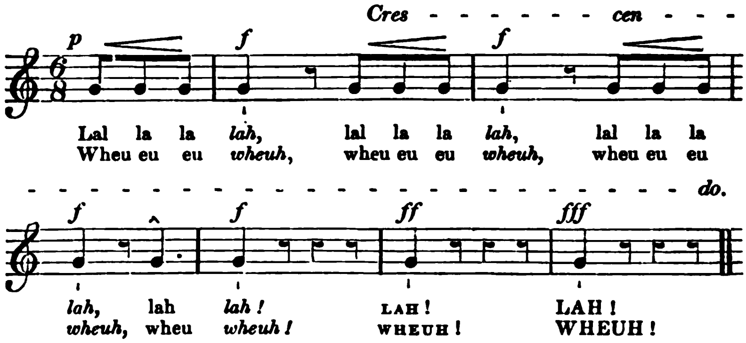
Except that we "stove in" the ribs of a bewildered cow, splintered a gate-post, broke one of our shafts, and macadamized a brood of small ducks, I am not aware that we did any material injury. The stone which an indignant cow-boy hurled at poor Snorum's head, as it missed the mark, excited no observation in the unconscious object of its intended vengeance; and so, by the most unprecedented good luck, or most unexampled care on the part of our good angels, we arrived at the inn-door. The ostler seemed by no means so surprised at the broken shaft, or at the highly nervous and agitated state of the horse, as at there being any part of the "entire concern" remaining; and, as to my simple friend, he descended from the gig with as much self-satisfaction as a winning racer in the Roman circus would have felt on quitting his *biga* to receive the coronal of victory.

But an able and accomplished man was Snorum, and I am indebted to him for my first feeling in reference to architecture as an art which has not less to do with present suitability and future invention, than with classic antiquity and mediæval precedent. It is true, his bias was as extravagantly Antique, as that of many has of late been absurdly Gothic; but he was open to the free admission of such modification and originality as would be deemed rank heresy by the least prejudiced mediævalist.

And now for Snorum's opposite,—Snap. He was my master's confidential clerk, occupying an office adjoining that of the rest of us, and only separated by a thin partition, which but little interfered with our full appreciation of his soliloquizings. The entertainment was immense; but the difficulty of suppressing our laughter was painful; and I believe the compressed state of my nose is chiefly attributable to the constant torments it underwent betwixt thumb and finger, as the only method by which I could restrain the audible expression of my mirth. Snap's general peculiarity of person and manner has been already touched upon. No tom-tit ever hopped and twittered on lighter limb or with livelier spirits. But his leading oddity consisted in his being,—though he could neither sing nor whistle the simplest air, — literally possessed by a musical devil! He had, in fact, but one note, but this he circulated with such infinite constancy, that, in a certain sense, it may be said of him in the words of Knowles, his throat

> "Did beggar all the grove,
> And of its rich and famed minstrel made
> A poor and common chorister!"

His music curiously evinced itself in the form of an overture finale. The crashing finish of the theatrical orchestra was with him no finish at all; for, whether musing, talking, whistling, or muttering, it was "a thing still beginning, never ending." There was nothing sonorous in the note. It was either ejected in a short, high pitched, and somewhat guttural speaking voice, between a tone and a whisper; or it was uttered in a kind of whistle, such as would be produced by blowing strongly through a common flute without awakening its melody. I feel the difficulty of making this understood to the reader, as it chiefly depends on imitation; but as my late friend, the deceased Charles Mathews, was much amused with my impersonation of Snap's manner, and as he was desirous of introducing it on the stage, I am anxious so approved a "funniment" (as he used to call it) should be clearly described. It was, therefore, either after the fashion of a *La, la, lah!* or of a *Wheu, wheu, wheuh!* The following may serve to elucidate:—


Cres - - - - - - - cen - - -
- do.
p
f
f
f
f
ff
fff
Lal la la *lah,* lal la la *lah,* lal la la
Wheu eu eu *wheuh,* wheu eu eu *wheuh,* wheu eu eu
lah, lah *lah!* LAH! LAH!
wheuh, wheu *wheuh!* WHEUH! WHEUH!

The workings of this *diavolo musico* were of universal application, the *la, la, la, lah,* or the whistle, giving place to distinctly meaning *words* as occasion might order it. Thus, in reply to the simple salutation of "good morning, Mr. Snap; how are you this morning?" he would very likely reply, "Thank you; very well, *well,*—very well, *well,*—very well, *well,* WELL, WELL!"

His song was never more exercised than when he was alone in his office, busily engaged in the process of design; and we could gather from its character the exact state of his success or otherwise; whether he was proceeding pleasantly; whether he was wholly perplexed, suddenly enlightened, disturbed, partially or entirely happy in his invention. Let us suppose him to have entered on the task of planning a dwelling-house. The following is a pretty accurate report of what we might hear as we sat listening in the adjoining room:—

A preliminary overture of the *la la la lah,* or the whistle, would indicate that he was in good spirits with his intended work. He would then proceed. "Now for it. Hallo! stupid, stupid, stupid. Poh! Drat the thing; drat, drat, drat the thing—the thing, thing, thing! Ha; good sheet of paper at last. Wheu, wheu, wheu!—Let 's see. 120 feet. Threes in 120=40. *That* 'll do: do, de, do, do. Drat the flies! Pull down the blind. Funny enough: can't see for the sun, sun, sun! Now we begin." (Here there would be a pause in the song; poor Snap's invention labouring for a while in silence: the Indian-rubber at work: the T square clattering about from the bottom to the side of his drawing-board. At length, perfect stillness. Snap evidently posed. Then, suddenly, intimating a clear idea of progress,) "Wheu, eu, eu, wheuh! La, la, la, lah! capital, cap; capital, cap; capital, cap, cap, cap! Drawing-room 24 by 16 and 15 high. Study 12 by 10, and,—hallo!—too high, too high, too high, high, high!—Get along, fly. Butler's room, 14 by,—rot the pencil! Housemaid's closet,—ah, that 's the thing: la, la, la, lah! Bother the dust! Let me see. Let—me—see." (Another pause. Not positively at a stand still; but absorbed in mute consideration. The whistle operating *sotto voce*. Then an exulting) "*Very* well, well; very well, well; very well, well—well—well!——well!——well! &c."

Of the truth of an observation, made, I think, by Goldsmith, that the most eccentric people are usually the most marked in their comments on the absurdity of others, Mr. Sam. Snap afforded striking proof. He was ever keenly alive to what he deemed "stupid," redic'lous," and "funny enough," in his neighbours; and among his pet phrases was that of "ye see," which implied a kind of obvious conclusion independent of argument. He had also a habit of making as curt as possible any words which could spare a letter or so; and he would remark on matters of which he was profoundly ignorant with all the decision of practised knowledge. He saw a dashing fellow sitting, as is usual with accomplished "whips," on the extreme verge of the seat of his tilbury, while driving with the most finished skill through the peopled maze of Piccadilly. "D 'ye see that fellow, Mr. ——. Wonder people can be so stupid. Impossible he can have any command on his hoss, ye see. Funny enough if he should break his neck. Can't think why the man don't sit like a Christian. Ridic'lous, ye see."

"How do you mean, sir," I inquired.

"Mean? why, that he ought to occupy the seat of his gig—seat of his gig—seat of his gig, gig, gig!"

Well, a short time afterwards he started a "gig, gig, gig," of his own; and not even Snorum's performance, previously related, may take precedence of Snap's for originality. He would allow of no tuition—and, at first, of no assistance; though it must be admitted he evinced a care for his safety, which the other more daring driver thought not of. Grappling tight hold of the reins, close to the cushion-rings, to prevent his nag from running forward, he proceeded to mount into his vehicle, drawing his hand along the reins, and, of course, making the horse move backwards in well intended obedience; and there was poor Snap, with one foot on the gig-step, and the other hopping in the gutter, as he still continued to pull and pull, and the animal to back and back, while he exclaimed with indignant sagacity, "Hallo! stupid! woh, hoss! woh! ridic'lous of the beast! Woh! woh! Pull him for'ard!"

"Let loose the reins!" cried the baker's boy.

"Poh, poh!" rejoined the man of ready-made experience, "push behind! so silly of the hoss! What the deuce! Mr. ——; hold him by the head! What the devil! Mr. ——; push behind! So stuppid of ye all! Just as if ye'd never seen a hoss and gig before!"

At length, what with his fellow clerks, the old office woman, and the baker's boy, poor Snap was fairly seated in the middle of his gig; and with a lively response to the mandate, "go along, hoss!" the wondering animal dashed off, making an exceedingly serpentine progress up the street, his driver rolling about like a nine-pin, pulling alternately with his right and left hands the right and left reins respectively, while the whip stood erect clasped between his knees like a spiked fishing-rod, "for," said the man of reason, "where the devil else can I put it!" Ever and anon he would venture, for a brief instant, to consign the reins to one hand, while he gathered up the whip with the other, and aimed a cut at his bewildered steed,—I say "aimed," because he missed it; and at length, in his confusion, pulling the wrong rein, brought up one of his wheels against a large hamper of crockery, which, without any injury, save to its contents, arrested his further advance for the time. It was a pleasant thing to behold the various pie-dishes and willow-pattern plates *breaking* loose to see what was the matter, while Snap was observed making abortive efforts to get his whip between his knees again, shouting his "*wohs!*" with a most elevated contempt for all the "ridic'lous" people about him. "It's so stuppid of the beast," said he; "I want a hoss, ye see, that I can manage like a cat—cat—cat!" Certes a cat had made a better coachman.

I could not resist the mischievous design of bringing these two eccentrics, Snap and Snorum, together. They stared at each other with mutual wonderment, and entered upon an argument which resembled the contest between the short and quick firing of sharp-shooters opposed to the intermittent booming of heavy artillery. On subsequently meeting them singly, I asked of each his opinion of the other.

"Mr. Snap, what do you think of Mr. Snorum?"

"Think of the man! Mad as a March hare. They ought, ye see, to lock him up, lock him up, lock him up, up, up! 'could make nothing of him, ye see. The fellow takes snuff like a hog—like a hog—like a hog, hog, hog! So stuppid. Never answers your questions till you've forgot what you've said. The man's like a great baboon walking about on stilts. 'Wonder people can make themselves so ridic'lous. 'Ought to put him in mad'ouse, ye see: in a mad'ouse, in a mad; in a mad'ouse, in a mad; in a mad'ouse, in a mad'ouse, in a mad!"

"Mr. Snorum, what do you think of my friend Snap?"

"Hey?—Oh!—He's surely insane. 'Never saw frivolity so paramount. He had asked me a question to which I was about to reply, when he interrupted me with the unmeaning ejaculation of 'la—la—la!' But the man appears harmless. Yet, as Hamlet would say, they should 'lock the door upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in his own house.' The fellow may be clever; but there's a pantomimic *bizarrerie* about him, that reminds one of Pantaloon. He has a grotesque habit of echoing himself, as thus:—in speaking of one of his operatives, he called him 'stupid—stupid—stupid.' Am I to understand that the man was *thrice* stupid? But I dare say there's little love lost between us. The same perception which makes him regard his bricklayer as 'stupid, stupid, stupid,' probably guides him to look upon me as dull, dull, dull; and in reply to which I could only remark in the words of Macbeth, 'Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!'"

THREE DAYS AT NAPATA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF ETHIOPIA.

Camp, near Meroë, Ethiopia, Friday, Feb. 20, 1852.

The friendly haven into which I came, out of the arid sea of the desert, three days ago, was the village of Abdom, on the eastern bank of the Nile, which here flows toward the south until it reaches the frontier of Dongola. On the opposite bank is Meroë, the former capital of Dar Shygheea, which must not be confounded with the ancient Meroë, the ruins of which, near Shendy, I have described in a former letter. True, the identity of the names at first deceived antiquaries, who supposed the temples and pyramids in this neighbourhood to have belonged to the capital of the old hierarchy of Meroë; but it is now satisfactorily established that they mark the site of Napata, the capital of Ethiopia up to the time of the Cæsars. It was the limit of the celebrated expedition of the Roman soldiers, under Petronius. Djebel Berkel, at whose base the principal remains are found, is in lat. 18° 35′, or thereabouts, but on account of the great curve or "elbow" of the Nile, I must retrace my steps as far as lat. 18°, and then travel due west for two days, before I reach the point where the river again takes a northward direction.

I was welcomed to Abdom by the shekh or holy man of the place, who met me on the verge of the desert, and conducted me to the best of his two houses. Shekh Mohammed Abdul-Djebâl (Mohammed, the Slave of the Mountains) is a dignified old man of sixty, with a grey beard and brown complexion, and is the owner of a water-mill, several fields of wheat and cotton, and abundance of palm-trees. He has two wives, each of whom, with her family, occupies a separate house — a great mark of discretion on the part of Mohammed. Domestic quiet is thus secured to him, while he possesses that in which the Arab most glories and rejoices, a numerous family of children. His youngest wife, a woman of thirty, immediately vacated the house on my arrival, and took up her temporary residence in a tent of palm matting, with her four children. The dwelling into which I was ushered was a square structure of clay, one story high, with one door and no windows. It had a flat roof of palm logs, covered with thatch, and the inside walls were hung with large mats, plaited with brilliantly-coloured palm blades. Fancy-vessels of baked clay, baskets, ostrich eggs, and other ornaments were suspended from the roof in slings of palm fibre, and a very large white mat covered half the floor. Here my bed was laid, and my camp-stool, placed in front of it, formed a table. The shekh, who was with me nearly all the time of my stay, sat on the floor in front of me, and never entered or departed from the house without saying *Bismillàh!* ("In the name of God!") as he crossed the threshold. Outside of the door was a broad divan, running along the north side of the house. It therefore pointed toward Mecca, and was a most agreeable praying-place for the holy man. I sat there the rest of the day, after my arrival, tasting the luxury of coolness and shade, and steeping my eyes in a bath of refreshing colours. A clump of some twenty date-trees grew in front of the door, throwing over us a gorgeous canopy of trees. Fields of wheat in head, waist-deep, surrounded the house, islanding it in a sea of greenness, over which I saw the hills of the desert, no longer terrible, but soft and fair and far as clouds smouldering in the rosy fires of an Eastern sunrise.

Very early next morning the shekh and his sons and their asses were in readiness to accompany me to Djebel Berkel. We walked down between the shekh's gardens to the Nile, where the ferry-boat was waiting to convey us across. I was enchanted with the picture which the shores presented. The air was filled with a light, silvery vapour (a characteristic of sultry weather in Africa), softening the deep, rich colour of the landscape. The eastern bank was one bower of palms, standing motionless, in perfect groups, above the long, sloping banks of beans in blossom. Such grace and glory, such silence and repose, I thought I had never before seen in the vegetable world. Opposite, the ruined palaces of the old Shygheean kings and the mud and stone hovels of modern Meroë rose in picturesque piles above the river-bank and below the red sandstone bluffs of the Nubian Desert, which overhung them and poured the sand through deep rents and fissures upon their very roofs. The mosque, with a tall, circular minaret, stood embowered in a garden of date-palms, under one of the highest bluffs. Up the river, which stretched glittering into the distance, the forest of trees shut out the view of the desert, except Djebel Berkel, which stood high and grand above them, the morning painting its surface with red lights and purple shadows. Over the misty horizon of the river rose a single conical peak, far away. The sky was a pale, sleepy blue, and all that I saw seemed beautiful dream-pictures, everywhere grace, beauty, splendour of colouring, steeped in Elysian repose. It is impossible to describe the glory of that passage across the river. It paid me for all the hardships in the desert.

When we touched the other shore and mounted the little donkeys we had taken across with us, the ideal character of the scene disappeared, but left a reality picturesque and poetic enough. The beasts were without bridles, and were only furnished with small wooden saddles, without girths or stirrups. One was obliged to keep his poise, and leave the rest to the donkey, who, however, suffered himself to be guided by striking the side of his neck. We rode under a cluster of ruined stone buildings, one of which occupied considerable space, rising palm-like, to the height of thirty feet. The shekh informed me that it had been the palace of a Shygheean king, before the Turks got possession of the country. It is now wholly dilapidated, but a few Arab families are living in the stone dwellings which surround it. These clusters of shattered buildings extend for more than a mile along the river, and are all now known as Meroë. Our road led between fields of ripening wheat, rolling in green billows before the breeze, on one side, and on the other, not more than three yards distant, the bare sandstone walls of the desert, where a blade of grass never grew. Over the wheat, along the bank of the Nile, rose a long forest of palms, so thickly ranged that the eye could scarcely penetrate their dense, cool shade; while on the other hand the glaring sand-hills showed their burning shoulders above the bluffs. It was a most violent contrast, and yet, withal, there was a certain harmony in these opposite features. At the end of the town we came to a sort of guard-house, shaded by two sycamores. A single soldier was in attendance, and apparently tired of having nothing to do, as he immediately caught his donkey and rode with us to Djebel Berkel.

We now approached the mountain, which is between three and four miles from the town. It rises from out the sands of the Nubian Desert, to the height of five hundred feet, presenting a front completely perpendicular toward the river. It is inaccessible on all sides except the north, which in one place has an inclination of 45°. Its scarred and shattered walls of naked sandstone stand up stern and sublime in the midst of the hot and languid landscape. As we approached, a group of pyramids appeared on the brow of a sand-hill to the left, and I discerned at the base of the mountain several isolated pillars, the stone-piles of ruined pylons, and other remains of temples. The first we reached is at the south-eastern corner of the mountain. Amid heaps of sandstone blocks and disjointed segments of pillars, five columns of an exceedingly old form still point out the court of a temple, whose adyta are hewn within the mountain. They are not more than ten feet high and three in diameter, circular, and without capital or abacus, unless a larger block, rudely sculptured with the outlines of a Typhon-head, may be considered as such. The doorway is hurled down and defaced, but the cartouches of kings may still be traced on the fragments. There are three chambers in the rock, the walls of which are covered with sculptures, for the most part representing the Egyptian divinities. The temple was probably dedicated to Typhon, or the Evil Principle, as one of the columns is still faced with a caryatid of the short, plump, big-mouthed and bat-eared figure, which elsewhere represents him. Over the entrance is the sacred-winged globe, and the ceiling shows the marks of brilliant colouring. The temple is not remarkable for its architecture, and can only be interesting in an antiquarian point of view. It bears some resemblance in its general style to the Temple-palace of Koorneh, at Thebes.

The eastern base of the mountain, which fronts the Nile, is strewn with hewn blocks, fragments of capitals, immense masses of dark bluish-grey granite, and other remains, which prove that a large and magnificent temple once stood there. The excavations made by Lepsius and others have uncovered the substructions sufficiently to show the general plan of two buildings. The main temple was at the north-eastern corner of the mountain, under the highest point of its perpendicular crags. The remains of the small propylons stand in advance, about two hundred yards from the rock, going toward which you climb the mound formed by the ruins of a large pylon, at the foot of which are two colossal ram-headed sphynxes of blue granite, buried to their necks in the sand. Beyond this is a portico and pillared court, followed by other courts and labyrinths of chambers. Several large blocks of granite, all more or less broken and defaced, lie on the surface or half quarried from the rubbish. They are very finely polished and contain figures of kings, evidently arranged in genealogical order, each accompanied with his name. The shekh had a great deal to tell me of the Franks, who dug up all the place, and set the people to work at hauling away the lions and rams, which they carried off in ships. I looked in vain for the celebrated pedestal; it has probably become the spoil of Lepsius.

While taking a sketch of the mountain from the eastern side, I found the heat almost insupportable. The shekh looked over my shoulder all the time, and at the end pronounced it *tamam*, "perfect." I then proposed climbing the mountain, as he had said one could see the whole world from the top. He was bound to go with me wherever I went, but shrank from climbing El Berkel. It would require two hours, he said, to go up. After eating a slice of watermelon in the shade of one of the pillars, I took off my jacket and started alone, and very soon he was at my side, panting and sweating with the exertion. We began at the point most easy of ascent, yet found it toilsome enough. After passing the loose fragments which lie scattered around the base, we came upon a steep slope of sliding sand and stones, blown from the desert. We sank in this nearly to the knees, and slid backward at each step at least half as far as we had stepped forward. We were obliged to rest every three or four steps, and take breath, moistening the sand meanwhile with a rain of sweat-drops.

"Surely there is no other mountain in the world so high as this," said the shekh, and I was ready to agree with him. At last we reached the top, a nearly level space of about ten acres. There was a pleasant breeze here, but the Ethiopian world below was dozing in an atmosphere of blue heat. There was too much vapour in the air to see the farthest objects distinctly, and the pyramids of Noori, further up the river, on its eastern bank, were not visible. The Nile lay curved in the middle of the picture like a flood of molten glass, on either side its palmy "knots of paradise," then the wheat-fields, lying like slabs of emerald against the tawny sands, that rolled in hot drifts and waves and long ridgy swells to the horizon north and south, broken here and there by the jagged porphyry peaks. Before me, to the south-east, the rugged hills of the Beyooda; behind me, to the north and west, the burning wilderness of the Great Nubian Desert.

As I sought for my glass, to scan the view more distinctly, I became aware that I had lost my pocket-book on the way up. As it contained some money and all my keys, I was not a little troubled, and mentioned my loss to Shekh Mohammed. We immediately returned in search of it, sliding down the sand and feeling with our hands and feet therein. We had made more than half the descent, and I began to consider the search as hopeless, when the shekh, who was a little in advance, cried out, "O Sidi! God be praised! God be praised!" He saw the corner of it sticking out of the sand, took it up, kissed it, and laid it on one eye, while he knelt with his old head turned up, that I might take it off. I tied it securely in a corner of my shawl, and we slid to the bottom, where we found Achmet and the young shekhs in the shade of a huge projecting cliff, with breakfast spread out on the sand.

It was now noon, and only the pyramids remained to be seen on that side of the river. The main group is about a third of a mile from the mountain, on the ridge of a sand-hill. There are six in this, nearly entire, and the foundations of others. They are almost precisely similar to those of the real Meroë, each having a small exterior chamber on the eastern side. Like the latter, they are built of sandstone blocks, only filled at the corners, which are covered with a hem or moulding; the sides of two of them are convex. On all of them the last eight or ten courses next the top have been smoothed to follow the slope of the side. It was no doubt intended to finish them all in this manner. One of them has also the corner moulding rounded, so as to form a scroll, like that on the cornice of many of the Egyptian temples. They are not more than fifty feet in height, with very narrow bases. One of them, indeed, seems to be the connecting link between the pyramid and the obelisk. Nearer the river is an older pyramid, though no regular courses of stones are to be seen any longer. These sepulchral remains, however, are much inferior to those of Meroë.

We rode back to the town on our uneasy donkey saddles. As I wanted money, the shekh proposed my calling on Achmedar Kashif, the governor of Meroë and Ambukol, and asking him to change me some *medjide*. We accordingly rode under the imposing stone piles of the old kings to the residence of the kashif, a two-story mud house with a portico in front, covered with matting. It was the day for the people of the neighbourhood to pay their *tulpeh*, or tax, and some of his officers were seated on the ground in the shade, settling this business with a crowd of Arabs. I went up stairs to the divan, and found the kashif rolling himself in his shawl, for dinner, which his slaves had just brought up. He received me cordially, and I took my seat beside him on the floor, and dipped my fingers into the various dishes. There was a pan of baked fish, which was excellent, after which came a tray of scarlet watermelon slices, coffee, pipes, and lastly a cup of hot sugar syrup. He readily promised to change me the money, and afterwards accepted my invitation to dinner. I stayed an hour longer, and had an opportunity of witnessing some remarkable scenes. A woman came in to complain of her husband, who had married another woman, leaving her with one child. She had a cow of her own, which he had forcibly taken and given to his new wife. The kashif listened to her story, and then detaching his seal from his button-hole, gave it to an attendant, as a summons which the delinquent dare not disobey. A company of men afterward came in to adjust some dispute about a water-mill. They spoke so fast and in such a violent and excited manner, that I could not comprehend the nature of the quarrel; but the group they made was most remarkable. They leaned forward with gnashing teeth and flashing eyes, holding the folds of their long mantles with one hand, while they dashed and hurled the other in the air, in the violence of their contention. One would suppose that they must all perish the next instant by spontaneous combustion. The kashif was calmness itself all the while, and after getting the particulars—a feat which I considered marvellous—quietly gave his decision. Some of the party protested against it, whereupon he listened attentively, but, finding no reason to change his judgment, repeated it. Still the Arabs screamed and gesticulated. He ejaculated *imshee!* ("get away!") in a thundering tone, dealt the nearest ones a vigorous blow with his fist, and speedily cleared the divan.

I made preparations for giving the kashif a handsome dinner. I had mutton and fowls, and Achmet procured eggs, milk, and vegetables, and set his whole available force to work. Meanwhile the shekh and I sat on the divan outside the door, and exchanged compliments. He sold me a sword from Bornou, which he had purchased from an Arab merchant who had worn it to Mecca. He told me he considered me as his two eyes, and would give me one of his sons, if I desired. Then he rendered me an account of his family, occasionally pointing out the members thereof, as they passed to and fro among the palms. He asked me how many children I had, and I was obliged to confess myself wholly his inferior in this respect. "God grant," said he, "that when you go back to your own country, you may have many sons, just like that one," pointing to a naked Cupidon of four years old, of a rich chocolate-brown colour. "God grant it," I was obliged to reply, conformably to the rules of Arab politeness, but I mentally gave the words the significance of "God forbid it!"—The shekh, who is actually quite familiar with the ruins in Ethiopia, and an excellent guide to them, informed me that they were four thousand years old; that the country was at that time in possession of the English, but afterward the Arabs drove them out. This corresponds with an idea very prevalent in Egypt, that the temples were built by the forefathers of the Frank travellers, who once lived there, and that is the reason why the Franks make *hadji*, or pilgrimage to see them. I related to the shekh the history of the warlike Queen Candace, who once lived here, in her capital of Napata, and he was so much interested in the story that he wrote it down, Arabicising her name into *Kandasiyeh*. Future travellers will be surprised to find a tradition of the aforesaid queen, no doubt with many grotesque embellishments, told him on the site of her capital.

Dinner was ready at sunset, the appointed time, but the kashif did not come. I waited one hour, two hours; still he came not. Thereupon I invited Achmet and the shekh, and we made an excellent dinner in Turkish style. It was just over, and I was stretched out without jacket or tarboosh, enjoying my pipe, when we heard the ferryman singing on the river below, and soon afterward the kashif appeared at the door. He apologized, saying he had been occupied in his divan. I had dinner served again, and tasted the dishes to encourage him, but it appeared that he had not been able to keep his appetite so long, and had dined also. Still, he ate enough to satisfy me that he relished my dishes, and afterward drank a sherbet of sugar and vinegar with great gusto. He had three or four attendants, and there came beside a Berber merchant, who had lately been in Khartoum. I produced my sketch-book and maps, and astonished the company for three hours. I happened to have a book of Shaksperean views, which I purchased in Stratford-on-Avon. The picture of Shakspeare gave the kashif and shekh great delight, and the former considered the hovel in which the poet was born "very grand." The church in Stratford they thought a marvellous building, and the merchant confessed that it was greater than Lattif Pasha's palace in Khartoum, which he had supposed to be the finest building in the world.

Yesterday morning the shekh proposed going with me to the remains of a temple, half an hour distant, on this side of the river: the place, he said, where the people find the little images, agates, and scarabei, which they brought to me in great quantities. After walking a mile and a half over the sands, which have here crowded the vegetation to the very water's edge, we came to a broad mound of stones, broken bricks and pottery, with a foundation wall of heavy limestone blocks, along the western side. There were traces of doors and niches, and on the summit of the mound the pedestals of columns similar to those of El Berkel. From this place commenced a waste of ruins, extending for nearly two miles towards the north-west, while the breadth, from east to west, was about equal. For the most part, the buildings were entirely concealed by the sand, which is filled with fragments of pottery and glass, and with shining pebbles of jasper, agate, and chalcedony. Half a mile further, we struck on another mound, of greater extent, though the build-gs were entirely level with the earth. The foundations of pillars were abundant, and fragments of circular limestone blocks lay crumbling to pieces in the rubbish. The most interesting object was a mutilated figure of blue granite, of which only a huge pair of wings could be recognised. The shekh said that all the Frank travellers who came there broke off a piece and carried it away with them. I did not follow their example. Towards the river were many remains of crude-brick walls, and the ground was scattered with pieces of excellent hard-burnt bricks. The sand evidently conceals many interesting objects. I saw in one place, where it had fallen in, the entrance to a chamber, wholly below the surface. The Arabs were at work in various parts of the plain, digging up the sand, which they filled in baskets and carried away on donkeys. The shekh said it contained salt, and was very good to make wheat grow, whence I infer that the earth is nitrous. We walked for an hour or two over the ruins, finding everywhere the evidence that a large capital had once stood on the spot. The bits of water-jars which we picked up were frequently painted and glazed with much skill. The soil was in many places wholly composed of the debris of the former dwellings. This was, without doubt, the ancient Napata, of which Djebel Berkel was only the necropolis. Napata must have been one of the greatest cities of ancient Africa, after Thebes, Memphis, and Carthage. I felt a peculiar interest in wandering over the site of that half-forgotten capital, whereof the ancient historians knew little more than we. That so little is said by them in relation to it is somewhat surprising, notwithstanding its distance from the Roman frontier.

In the afternoon Achmet, with great exertion, backed by all the influence of the kashif, succeeded in obtaining ten piastres worth of bread. The former sent me the shekh of the camels, who furnished me three animals and three men, to Wadi Halfa, at ninety-five piastres a piece.—They were to accompany my caravan to Ambukol, on the Dongolese frontier, where the camels from Khartoum were to be discharged. I spent the rest of the day talking with the shekh on religious matters. He gave me the history of Christ, in return for which I related to him that of the soul of Mahomet, from 110,000 years before the creation of the world until his birth, according to the Arab chronicles. This quite overcame him. He seized my hand and kissed it with fervour, acknowledging me as the more holy man of the two. He said he had read the Books of Moses, the Psalms of David, and the Gospel of Christ, but liked David best, whose words flowed like the sound of the *zumarra*, or Arab flute. To illustrate it, he chanted one of the Psalms in a series of not unmusical cadences. He then undertook to repeat the ninety-nine attributes of God, and thought he succeeded, but I noticed that several of the epithets were repeated more than once.

The north wind increased during the afternoon, and towards night blew a very gale. The sand came in through the door in such quantities that I was obliged to move my bed to a more sheltered part of my house. Numbers of huge black beetles, as hard and heavy as grape-shot, were dislodged from their holes and dropped around me with such loud raps that I was scarcely able to sleep. The sky was dull and dark, hardly a star to be seen, and the wind roared in the palms like a November gale let loose among the boughs of a northern forest. It was a grand roar, drowning the sharp rattle of the leaves when lightly stirred, and rocked my fancies as gloriously as the pine.

In another country than Africa I should have predicted rain, hail, Equinoctial storms, or something of the kind, but here I went to sleep with a positive certainty of sunshine on the morrow.

I was up this morning at dawn, and had breakfast by sunrise; nevertheless we were obliged to wait a long while for the camels, or rather the pestiferous kababish who went after them. The new men and camels were in readiness, as the camel-shekh came over the river to see that all was right. Finally, towards eight o'clock, everything was in order, and my caravan began to move. I felt real regret at leaving the pleasant spot, especially the beautiful bower of palms at the door of my house. When my effects had been taken out, the shekh called his eldest son, Saad, his wife, Fatima, and their two young sons, to make their salaams. They all kissed my hand, and I then gave the old man and Saad my backshish for their services. The shekh took the two gold *medjids* readily, without any hypocritical show of reluctance, and lifted my hand to his lips and forehead. When all was ready, he repeated the *Fatha*, or opening paragraph of the Koran, as each camel rose from its knees, in order to secure the blessing of Allah upon our journey. He then took me in his arms, kissed both my cheeks, and with tears in his eyes, stood showering pious phrases after me, till I was out of hearing. With no more vanity or selfishness than is natural to an Arab, Shekh Mohammed Abdul-Djebal has many excellent qualities, and there are few of my Central African acquaintances whom I would rather see again.*

THE CANADIAN HERD-BOY.

THROUGH the deep woods at peep of day,
The careless herd-boy wends his way;
By piny ridge, and forest stream,
To summon home his roving team.
Cobas! Cobas!—from distant dell
Sly echo wafts the cattle-bell.

A blythe reply, he whistles back,
And follows out the devious track;
O'er fallen tree and mossy stone
A path to all, save him, unknown.
Cobas! Cobas!—far down the dell,
More faintly falls the cattle-bell.

See the dark swamp before him throws
A tangled maze of cedar boughs;
On all around, deep silence broods,
In Nature's boundless solitudes.
Cobas! Cobas! the breezes swell,
As nearer floats the cattle-bell.

He sees them now—beneath yon trees
His motley herd recline at ease,
With lazy pace and sullen stare,
They slowly leave their shady lair—
Cobas! Cobas! far up the dell,
Quick jingling comes the cattle-bell!

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* We are indebted to the New York "Weekly Tribune" for this interesting narrative.—ED.

A RACE FOR AN HEIRESS.

Sir Hercules Tufton was intent on his "Times." Lady Tufton played with a piece of dry toast and sipped her tea. Miss Tufton had finished her breakfast and was absorbed in Tennyson's last new poem, trying to admire it all, but failing now and then. A very little King Charles's spaniel, with the most orthodox snout of the most diminutive size, lay on the hearth-rug, drowsiness struggling with greediness for ascendancy over him; for he one moment pricked up his ears and wagged his tail, as he saw a fresh mouthful of toast being conveyed to Lady Tufton's lips, and the next moment involuntarily closed his eyes, overcome by the genial warmth of the bright fire.

Lady Tufton hemmed once or twice in a significant manner, and glanced towards the "Times," behind which sat her lord. Lady Tufton had evidently a communication to make or a favour to ask: she was dying to speak, but she had been married long enough to know that disturbing a man over his paper is only less dangerous than interfering with a bear over his dinner, and very similar to it in effect. Lady Tufton, therefore, waited in anxious expectation, while her husband ejaculated an occasional growl over "that vile 'Times,'" which was eternally writing up free-trade and ruining landlords; but which, in spite of its villany, Sir Hercules still continued to peruse day by day, though he might, like a consistent man, have had the "Morning Milksop" for the same money.

Sir Hercules Tufton was a baronet with a four-hundred years' pedigree, and a rent-roll of twelve thousand per annum. He was about fifty-two years of age, a handsome, healthy, good sort of man; hospitable to his friends and benevolent to the poor; proud of his good name in every sense of the term; proud of his daughter; proud of his stud; affectionate to his wife; a hearty hater of new-fangled fashions, whether in politics, religion, farming, or top-boots; with just enough brains to make his friends pronounce him a sound, sensible fellow, and with little enough of knowledge or talents of any kind to enable his enemies to abuse him as a "ponderous country gentleman," *par excellence.*

Lady Tufton was a character less easily described, and therefore we will not attempt it just now, but leave it to develope itself — that favourate phrase for everything now-a-days from Puseyism to French revolutions,—in the course of these pages.

Jessie Tufton, the daughter of this worthy couple, was nineteen years of age, and as charming a girl as this world of imperfections is likely to behold. Some thought her hair a shade too light; some declared that her nose was a trifle two aquiline; some objected to her mouth as rather too large; in fact, she had plenty of minor defects, like every other woman whom it has been our lot to behold: but most people, nay, all admitted that a finer pair of dark eyes, a more brilliant and regular set of teeth, a more graceful figure or a prettier hand and foot than Jessie Tufton's seldom fell to the lot of any one favoured descendant of mother Eve.

She was an heiress too! heiress to the Tufton estates of twelve thousand a-year! Would she not have been a goddess with one half of the charms we have alluded to? As it was, beauty and heiress, she had suitors and admirers, secret and declared, without number. But she had hitherto manifested little disposition to favour any. It is true, that the specimens of the male sex she had seen and met at her father's table were by no means calculated to fascinate a young lady of taste; for Sir Hercules lived in the country, and his intimate friends were chiefly neighbouring squires, with souls devoted to turnips and South Downs, and very clerical clergymen, with ideas almost as contracted, though within a different sphere. Suffice it, however, that the few who made direct advances received such very unequivocal proofs of what would be their fate if they persisted, that, like prudent generals, they effected as orderly a retreat as possible.

Hitherto the Tuftons had lived entirely in the country. This year, however, was their first season in town, and Jessie had "come out," or made her *début*, as it is more fashionably termed of late. It was only now the very commencement of the London season, *viz.* early in the month of April, that most uncomfortable period, when fires and great coats are debatable questions, and Rotten Row is impossible; when the trees in Grosvenor Square thrust forth sickly-coloured infantile leaves from their soot-begrimed branches, and the sun dries up one hour the damp which a wintry-looking cloud had showered on the pavement in the previous one; when the Operas are open, but all the best singers have the influenza; and when the relative attractions of an ice *à la Vanille*, or a glass of marischino puzzle the brains of many a lounger at Grange's or Verrey's.

A long yawn from Sir Hercules warned Lady Tufton that the baronet had finished the most interesting portion of his paper, and was vainly endeavouring to find entertainment in some remote corner of it, devoted to wonderful phenomena or the new melodrama at the Surrey. She saw that she might venture to speak.

"Don't you think, dear, that Mr. Percival is a very sensible young man?" she began, feeling her way cautiously, and cleverly too, for this same Mr. Percival had been agreeing most cordially the night before with all Sir Hercules' oldfashioned politics.

"Very," replied her husband. "What a pack of infernal lies!" he continued, *sotto voce*.

Lady Tufton stared; but found, on inquiry, that the latter part of the sentence referred to a flowery account which Sir Hercules was reading of the new opera produced last night, and at which the worthy baronet had "assisted," to his great disgust; for he had little taste for music, and no knowledge of Italian, so that the three hours he spent in their box on the grand tier had been just so many hours of purgatory to him.

"Very sensible indeed, my dear wife," he continued, laying down the paper; "if it hadn't been for his conversation last night, I should have gone mad at that screeching-place. He was the only person I heard speak a word of sense the whole evening."

"Thank you, papa! London is making you quite polished," laughed Miss Jessie.

"Ah, Jessie, darling! you there? What are you reading! A novel for a guinea!"

"Wrong, sir,—guess again."

"A poem then? I suppose that fellow Moore is writing more 'Loves of the Angels,' or something of the kind, eh?"

"She's reading Tennyson," said her mamma. "Don't you recollect

Mr. Tennyson, that very gentlemanly man we met at Lady Rushout's?"

"Indeed, Lady Tufton, I don't recollect him at all," growled the old gentleman; "and I don't want to recollect him or any other poets, or that sort of people. Bless my soul!—in my younger days I should as soon have thought of visiting my tailor as a poet. I wonder where all these abominable republican changes will lead us. Society 's going to the dogs as fast as it can, that 's clear."

"Well, well, my dear Hercules, you may hate poets with all your heart—though *entre nous*, I prefer them to politicians. But this Mr. Percival I was speaking of, is neither a poet nor a *parvenu*. You knew his family of course?"

Sir Hercules nodded assent.

Lady Tufton proceeded.

"Now, I want your permission to cultivate his intimacy closely. You know," she added, with a significant glance in the direction of her daughter, "that he intends to purchase the Verney estates, adjoining ours."

Sir Hercules looked serious. However, he expressed his willingness to be as intimate as Lady Tufton might please with Mr. Percival. He then called for his boots; Lady Tufton retired to her boudoir; and Jessie sought her own room, to write eight pages of earnest nonsense to her bosom friend, Miss Julia somebody, in the country. It is scarcely right to peep into a lady's letter, but we cannot forbear giving one sentence:

"This Mr. Percival is handsome, well-bred, and all that—but I see through mama's design, and so I shall hate him from henceforth. He may purchase the Verney estates; but I don't intend him to buy the Tufton ones also.'"

"Isn't it enough to make a fellow wild?" asked Frank Phillimore of his bosom friend and chum Mr. Richard Fennithorne,—"isn't it enough to make a fellow wild to read every day about the abundance of capital, the Bank gorged with bullion, money never so plentiful, &c.; and then to get a letter from your governor, or your mother, to say that they can't send you a halfpenny at present, for money is so scarce!"

"*I* don't believe a word about the 'glut of gold,'" replied his friend; "for, hang me! if I know a man in the whole range of my acquaintance with ten sovereigns in his pocket at this moment."

"Very true," sighed the response. "But what 's to be done? There must be *some* way of making money, Dick."

"Of course. Opening a betting-office, for example, and bolting on the Derby day; starting a 'hell' in Jermyn Street; inventing a new pill to cure everything; keeping a gin-shop; giving a pictorial, musical, facetious, serious, descriptive, personally-adventurous 'entertainment' on the capital of unbounded 'cheek,' a grand-piano, and a picture or two; lecturing against Popery and Cardinal Wiseman. All these things, my dear fellow, are highly profitable."

"Yes—but they wouldn't suit a fellow like me."

"Perhaps not: you 're too honest for some of them—too modest for others—too lazy for others—and not quite sharp enough (don't be offended) for the rest of them."

"Then," said Frank, "it 's useless to talk about *those* means. Are there no others?"

[illegible] What say you to a New Mining [illegible]

[illegible] already. They can't all *pay*."

[illegible]—yes."

[illegible]

[illegible] with a shrug. "The maxim of the [illegible] if not actually uttered, is 'Every [illegible] mining companies are about as [illegible]"

"[illegible]" [illegible] his friend, as though he loved them [illegible]

"[illegible]—tradesmen. Now, you have an aris[illegible] their doings, therefore have nothing to [illegible] say you to marrying an heiress, by way of [illegible]"

"[illegible] exactly," replied Frank, looking in the glass [illegible] the same moment; "but heiresses are not to [illegible] *frumps*."

[illegible] one who is extremely handsome, young, [illegible] a year," answered Dick quietly.

"[illegible] is she? where is she?"

"[illegible] and she is in Lower Brook Street," was the [illegible]

"[illegible] daughter of Sir Hammies? Hang it! I've [illegible] mother eternally to go and call on them, for we [illegible] though I have never seen Jessie since she was [illegible] country, and she has never been in town. But [illegible]

"[illegible] win her," replied Dick.

[illegible] serious and reflective. After a minute or two [illegible]

"[illegible] generous in these matters! Pray, [illegible]?"

"[illegible] two great impediments. In the first [illegible]—father was—in the second place, I [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] Yes; it's a fact, though really [illegible] it before. When I went over [illegible] a Spanish Creole—devilish [illegible]

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] with a Yankee skipper; but I [illegible]

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] Dick smiling. "I rather [illegible] again."

[illegible] the Tuftons.

Frank was [illegible] gentleman with no very large [illegible] elder brother was a deli[illegible] young man [illegible] have been accepted by any insurance office [illegible] fancied that Frank, though only the second son [illegible] sure of inheriting the family estates. Without exactly hoping the same thing, which involved his brother's death, Frank was apt to feel something like certainty about it; and, therefore, instead of pursuing his studies in town, whither he was sent to keep terms for the bar, he spent all the money he could get and lived the life of a *flâneur* about town. The "governor" growled as governors always do in such cases; but the mamma made excuses and helped master Frank out of the many scrapes he was weekly getting into. She entertained the hope that Frank, who was so handsome and so clever (in her estimation and his own) would make a good marriage and then settle into a respectable family man.

If ever Frank felt disposed to realize his mother's hopes, it was decidedly on seeing Jessie Tufton, with whom and with whose future fortune he fell very violently in love. Whether he produced a corresponding effect on the lady's heart will appear in the sequel.

He wrote home to his mother to tell her he had seen the Tuftons, that Jessie was an angel, and that really he thought a fellow might do worse than marry her. By return of post his mother sent him a twenty-pound note, and Frank dined the same day at the Star and Garter with his friend Dick.

In olden times, we believe that daughters did as they were bidden in matrimonial matters; and a young lady would have considered it not only wickedly disobedient, but highly immodest also to act in opposition to the wishes of her parents, or to have any wishes of her own on the subject of the husband she was to accept. But *nous avons changé tout cela* in these days, and young misses have a far higher opinion of their own taste and judgment in selecting a partner for life than of their parents. And so it came to pass that Jessie Tufton determined to dislike Walter Percival, Esq., because she guessed that her mamma had fixed on that gentleman for her spouse.

Mrs. Tufton was puzzled to know what Jessie could find obnoxious in the man. Percival himself was rather astonished too—not that he expected to find Jessie in love with him or manifesting any decided alacrity to become so, but it certainly struck him that he had as yet done nothing to justify her very palpable dislike of him, and it may have crossed his mind for an instant that he was not altogether the most disagreeable fellow in person or manner in the world. However, the fact was evident enough; and all Mrs. Tufton's attempts to cultivate the very close intimacy she hinted at failed entirely, seeing that Percival himself avoided it as he perceived how distasteful his company had become to one of the party.

Meantime Frank Phillimore pressed his suit most warmly. Jessie appeared to like him very well, but was not yet in love with him. Sir Hercules was also pleased with him; for he was a good-looking fellow, and exceedingly well born—the greatest of all personal advantages in the old gentleman's eyes. Lady Tufton, on the other hand, manifested the strongest repugnance to him because he was a younger son, or even if he inherited his father's estates, what were they? Three thousand a year at the very outside. And to think of accepting such a man and rejecting Walter Percival, Esq. worth five times the income. Birth was all very well, but not worth much in her opinion. There was a little flaw in her ladyship's own pedigree, by the way. At all events the conjunction of the Verney estates and the Tufton estates and their joint rent-rolls appeared to her of far greater importance than a mouldy parchment of long descent and little money.

But in spite of all the good lady's exertions, Frank was the most constant of visitors at the house, and continued to talk, walk, and laugh with Jessie Tufton, more than any man in London, except, perhaps, Dick Fennithorne, his inseparable friend, who generally accompanied him, and always took Jessie in hand when anything called Frank off from his delightful duty. But then was n't Dick a married man? It is true Frank was under a promise not to divulge that little secret, but he felt that it was a perfect safeguard, neverless, against rivalry in that quarter.

Dick was one of the merriest and cleverest fellows in the world. He stated frankly that he never knew who his grandfather was, but his father had been a West-Indian merchant, and had made a decent little fortune in "auld lang syne," for it 's not so easy to screw a fortune out of the West Indies now. Dick had been sent to Eton when a boy, and there he first became acquainted with Frank Phillimore, and they had remained friends ever since. Their ways of life, however, had been very different; for while Frank had gone to college, and thence to study for the bar in London, Dick had come into his little fortune by the death of his father, and was fond of roaming about the world, so that you might see him one month in London, and have a letter from him, dated "Nova Zembla," the next, and "Calcutta" one or two months later. He was always happy and always contented, but had an odd kind of way of doing everything and telling everything, so that Frank had been far less astonished at the revelation he made touching his marriage, than he would have been in the case of any other man.

The ladies liked Dick, as they generally *do* like a handsome, clever, good-humoured fellow, who thinks more of them than of himself,—a grievous sin against the spirit of dandyism, but very successful with the fair sex.

The London season was drawing to a close, and people beginning to make their arrangements for country quarters. But there is a pleasant little season intervening between the two great ones of balls and operas in town, and partridges and fox-hunts in the country. It is the yachting season, when people rush off from the stifling heat and dust of London, to taste the sea-breezes of Cowes and Ryde, get up regattas, and sailing parties, and pic-nics, and make July and August endurable.

Percival had a yacht at Cowes, and he had also a marine villa there; and in spite of all the coolness he had experienced from Miss Jessie, he mustered up courage to invite the Tuftons down to his house. Sir Hercules, who liked yachting, though he was very sea-sick in rough weather, accepted with pleasure for himself and his family. Lady Tufton was delighted to give her favourite scheme one more chance, and Jessie was not unwilling to go, as she found that Percival never annoyed her with attentions.

"And so you are going to Cowes next week, Miss Tufton?" asked Dick.

"Yes; I believe so."

"I 'm delighted to hear it, for your own sake, as it is really delightful that yachting life, and for mine, as I am going also."

"Indeed!" said Jessie; and as sure as she possessed pretty eyes, they sparkled with pleasure, and she felt a little more delight than she could quite account for. Whether Dick saw it we can't tell.

"Ah, I never miss Cowes," pursued Dick. "I once came from Egypt, where I was very busy poring over antiquities, to be at the regatta."

Jessie smiled, and then, not knowing exactly what to say, she added. "Then you have been to Egypt?"

"Yes; five times. In fact, I think I 've been everywhere, except to Greenland, and I never have had a taste for Arctic expeditions.

"You have been to the West Indies, I believe," she said significantly, so significantly, in fact, that Dick wondered what the deuce she could mean.

"I have been in every one of the West Indian islands," said Dick. "I was there two years ago." Suddenly he stopped, for he saw something like a smile on Jessie's face, and it struck him instantly that Frank had betrayed his confidence, and "peached" about his Spanish Creole wife.

Just then Frank was announced, and, as he entered the room, Dick felt the greatest desire to kick him on the spot: but he had a tolerable command of his temper and his countenance, and he kept both in order on this occasion.

* * *

What an amusing sight is an amateur sailor! To see a West-end dandy, with elaborate moustachios, rigged out in loose white ducks, short jacket and anchor buttons (or R. Y. S. ditto), blue shirt, and little round glazed hat, the shape and size of an inverted cheese-plate, on his head. But the costume is only half the sport. His walk is delightful. How hard he tries to convert the St. James's Street lounger into the free-and-easy swinging gait of a jolly tar! And then his conversation. How knowingly he talks of craft and their different rigs, and how careful he is to give the true nautical name to everything, feeling that his character as a "sailor" would be gone for ever if he called descending into the cabin anything but "going below," or instead of "turning in," should utter that perfectly-unheard-of-in-the-nautical-world phrase of "going to bed." He is dreadfully alarmed lest you should suspect him capable of sea-sickness, and to hint that he perhaps prefers the Solent to the Atlantic, he would take as the greatest of insults.

Well, laugh as we may, yachting is very pleasant, and we enjoy nothing better than a day or two's cruising off the Isle of Wight, though we most cordially detest a long voyage, such as we have too often made. The regatta, too, is a pretty sight, and a gratifying one to English pride —except when a 'tarnation Yankee clipper comes and whips all our best yachts on their own water. We *have* heard a whisper—we don't want to frighten the Earl of Wilton * into fits—that another Yankee is coming over *this* year. We hope that the R. Y. S. is prepared with something new and dangerous to meet her—and *beat* her too: but we doubt it.

Jessie Tufton was enraptured with a yachting life, and looked handsomer than ever—except when she hid her face beneath one of those vile blue shades or "pokes" that ladies seem to think absolutely necessary at the sea-side. Percival was very attentive to his guests, and for a time he seemed determined to try his fate with fair Jessie. But that very wayward young lady became frigid and almost disagreeable the instant *he* became tender; and so he not only gave up the pursuit, but felt so piqued, that he would have been ready to assist in punishing Miss Jessie for her haughtiness if he could have hit on a scheme for that purpose.

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* His Lordship is Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

One fine day, as Sir Hercules Tufton was sitting in the little room appropriated to him in Percival's marine residence, he was surprised by Dick Fennithorne walking in and requesting a few minutes private conversation with him. The old gentleman expressed himself quite ready to hear Dick's communication. Dick took a seat, put down his hat, and without further circumlocution said:

"It 's about your daughter, Sir, Miss Tufton, that I wished to address you."

Sir Hercules looked puzzled, but bowed.

"The fact is, Sir," said Dick in the easiest manner in the world, though without a grain of flippancy, "I have formed a deep attachment to Miss Tufton."

"Sir!" exclaimed Sir Hercules in surprise.

"Pray hear me quietly, Sir," said Dick calmly. "I have formed, Sir, a deep attachment to your daughter, and I have come to ask your permission to declare it to her."

"My permission, Sir! D—n it, Sir, what do you mean? Do you suppose, Sir, that I 'd grant permission for my daughter to marry a man that—that—that—doesn't know who his grandfather was?"

Dick smiled blandly; but evinced no annoyance and no disrespect for Sir Hercules.

"Pardon me, my dear Sir, but am I to understand that you would ground your refusal on that circumstance alone?"

"Decidedly so, Sir, decidedly. There might be other grounds, too, but they 're nothing to *that* one in my estimation."

"Will you kindly state the *other* grounds?"

"I really don't feel called on to do anything of the kind, Sir; the one I have mentioned is insuperable to me."

"As you please, my dear Sir," replied Dick, "my object in asking was, that I might not be like Hercules with the Hydra, a new head springing up as soon as I had battered in the old one."

Sir Hercules had forgotten his classics, and so felt savage at allusions he did not understand, like the Irishwoman, who objected to be called "nothing better than a pronoun."

"I believe, Sir, you have heard of Colonel Pennithorne of Franklands?" asked Dick.

"Certainly, certainly, knew him well, some of the best blood in England in his veins."

"*He* was my grandfather," said Dick.

"He! why he had but one son, who—"

"Who went to Jamaica," interrupted Dick, "who became a merchant there in consequence of his father's death, with the Frankland estates mortgaged to their full value; who made money, returned to England, became a merchant in London, married Miss Verney, daughter of Sir Miles Verney, and had by her one son—your humble servant." And here Dick pulled out a document to prove the truth of what he said, and handed it to Sir Hercules.

The old gentleman stared, read and re-read the thing, then looked at Dick, then swore he saw a strong likeness between him and his grandfather, then declared he was perfectly satisfied with his explanation, and then shook his head and said, " but, after all, it won't do."

" Why not, Sir ?" said Dick.

" Because you 've no money," but really the old gentleman looked as if *he* did not care so much for that point as he knew somebody else (Lady Tufton) would.

" I shall *not* have much soon," said Dick, " for I am going to invest it all in the purchase of the Verney estates."

Here was another surprise: and Dick now proceeded to inform Sir Hercules that he had inherited a very good fortune from his father, but not sufficient to make the purchase he now contemplated, and which he had long desired. Therefore he had saved three-fourths of his income during six years, and by prudent investments aud speculations, he was now in a position to buy the property which had so long been in chancery, and was released from that pleasant place only (as was always anticipated) to be brought to the hammer.

When the old gentleman heard this, he thought Dick the finest fellow in the world, and gave him permission to win the lady, if he could.

" Sir, this is a gross insult!" cried Miss Jessie, springing from her seat, and addressing Dick, who had just been asking the momentous question.

" Insult ?" said Dick, puzzled; but a thought struck him. " Pardon me, Miss Tufton, but had I known—had I even guessed that your affections were bestowed elsewhere, I would not have pained you by——"

" Stop, Sir, and leave the room," said Jessie, with the air of a tragedy queen; " you *know* that you are now only seeking to insult me further by insinuating things you know to be false."

" In Heaven's name, what *do* you mean ?" asked Dick very energetically, and rather out of humour.

" Leave the room, Sir, or I will send for my father, and ask whether he allows a *married man* to address such insults to me as you have."

Dick gaped for a moment in surprise, and then burst into the loudest fit of laughter, which he could not control, and Jessie at the same instant burst into a flood of tears. This recalled Dick to what was due to her and himself.

" For God's sake, don't shed tears through my folly, Miss Tufton,—but—upon my soul I 'm *not* married."

" What, Sir ?" cried Jessie, " did you not confess it yourself?"

" To poor Frank! ha! ha! Yes, I believe I told him something about a Creole wife and a Yankee skipper,—and to think of the rascal repeating it to you, and *you* believing it!"

" Is it false then ?"

" False as——" Dick was going to utter something very energetic, but he altered his mind, and caught Jessie in his arms—where (lucky man!) we will leave him.

Our story is told: the only two persons displeased at the *dénouement* were Percival, who was outbid for the Verney estates, and Frank, who was distanced in the race for an heiress.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE SALZKAMMERGUT, IN UPPER AUSTRIA.*

WITH VISITS TO SALZBURG AND THE BATHS OF BAD GASTEIN.

GALLSTADT.

ALTHOUGH it was with regard I quitted St. Wolfgang, yet it was not with regret I found myself once more alighting at the Poste Hotel at Ischl, where I was most hospitably welcomed. The chamber into which I was shown commanded a fine view of the mountains, and on the back ground the snowy head of the celebrated old Dachstein, the presiding mountain of the Ischl district, was to be distinctly seen. On my remonstrating with the waiter about the price of the room, "Yes, sir," he replied, "but you have a view of the Dachstein from it." Out of respect to the mountain, I did not resist the ten kreuzers charged to his account, and having some letters to answer, my correspondents were in some measure indebted to the said Dachstein, who tempted me to remain in my room to write to them. The next day passed in reconnoitring the attractions of Ischl, which I reserve as a *bonne bouchée* for a later period. But one discovery I made of a great enjoyment, I will not delay disclosing to my reader a single hour, and of which he may partake in his short comings and goings to and from Ischl. The morning after my arrival I was informed (I will not say by whom, for I promised Mr. Boots never to betray him, nor will I) that few of the visitors breakfasted at the hotel, but at a charming place called the Smallnau a short distance from Ischl. Following the directions given me, I turned down opposite the theatre, and on the left the long bridge appeared, at the end of which I found the direction-post, *Fussweg zur Smallnau*, the index pointing to a gravel walk leading up a slope to what appeared a plantation at the foot of a high mountain behind. Following this walk up the ascent, I came to the entrance of a very pretty garden (or rather orchard *orné*, for the trees were apple) thickly planted, and underneath narrow walks through the green turf leading to various little temples, or to tables placed under the shade of the trees. Seeing many parties comfortably established at breakfast, I followed their good example, and was soon supplied by a comfortable looking waitress with my portion of most excellent coffee with obers (you must discover what obers is by tasting it), the whitest bread, and the freshest butter which those fine animals grazing in the meadow below, had given the wherewithal to make. The charge for a very good breakfast was only seventeen kreuzers. To my demand,—"*Haben sie eine Zeitung?*" (have you a newspaper). "*Ja, mein Herr,*" she replied, and the good Marie soon returned holding out, what?—nothing less than a new, fresh, nay almost damp "Galignani," arrived that very morning post haste from Rue St. Vivienne, after a journey of only five days. My reader may judge of my gratification in finding the Englishman's best friend and resource abroad so unexpectedly; a gratification, I am sorry to say, not often to be enjoyed in this part of the world, and for which

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* A few copies of this visit to the beautiful country of the Salzkammergut have been circulated.—ED.

I would at any time have spared two or three of the highest mountains. After spelling my newspaper, and the "Debats" likewise, and exploring some of the walks, strolling through the town, and dining, I returned with my friend to take our tea and pass the evening at the Smallnau. We then and there decided to visit the next day the Lake of Hallstadt, so celebrated for its solitary grandeur, and the charming melancholy it inspires, as we were told by a fair lady at St. Wolfgang. Early next morning, after taking our *Melange* and *Kipfel* at the *café* opposite the hotel, we proceeded in our one-horse carriage towards Hallstadt; our driver was the same good fellow as before, and took us by the longest, but by far the most agreeable, route on the right bank of the Traun, through a pretty plantation, shady and cool, called the Kaiser Ferdinand's Morgen Weg, it having been constructed by that Emperor, and where he constantly enjoyed his morning walk. We soon arrive at the top of a very steep short descent in view of Laufen, that little town in the charming valley below, through which the Traun runs so rapidly as to give its name (Laufen, in German, signifies to run). Further on we come to Goisern, a large village with its huge Protestant church, or rather overgrown dissenting-looking chapel, on the right, the inhabitants being for the most part Protestants, as their fathers have been for ages. On, on, through the valley till we come to a fine bridge over the Traun, just where it issues from the Hallstadt Lake. Here, at the place called Steg, you can embark for Hallstadt, but most visitors prefer going on in their carriage by the side of the Lake to the Gosau Mühle, thereby saving much of their time. At the Gosau Mühle all road ends, and the only way of reaching Hallstadt is by water, for which purpose there are large good boats always kept in readiness. There is certainly a foot-path by the side of the mountain, but very fatiguing, and also one loses the romantic and interesting appearance of Hallstadt, when first we come in view of it, on turning round the point projecting into the Lake, called the Gosauhalls. Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque and strange to the view, than those solemn, spectral looking houses, hanging over the verge of the still water, and seeming mysteriously attached to the deep base of those stupendous mountains; and the nearer one approaches, the more one is surprised to find such a dismal out-of-the-world place willingly inhabited. Yet on landing at the Eisen-Mann we found a very comfortable hotel, and smiling contented faces about us. There are two other hotels of good reputation further on, but the Eisen-Mann being the nearest, our lady rowers took us there to save themselves a few extra strokes of the oar. However uninviting the interior of the town appeared, we lost no time in exploring it, but not arm-in-arm or abreast, but one by one, through the narrow passages or galleries which lead through the place, and I recollect that I was much incommoded by the smoke which issued from the chimneys immediately under us, and down which we could almost look. If, when the sun shone bright in the middle of summer, one shuddered at the idea of such a place for a perpetual home, what would one's feelings be in the dreary season of winter, when for four months the sun is altogether hidden from the town by the high mountains; and only a dim reflected light serves to divide the day from the night. I think that I should prefer the Polar darkness, with its interesting phenomena, to the dull monotony and "darkness visible" of this dismal region. However, we judge by contrast, happily for them, few of the inhabitants quit their homes, and, therefore, are not aware of their deprivations, and that they ought to be miserable and discontented. In passing through the narrow alleys, I did not observe any particular expression of melancholy in the countenances of those I met, possibly they were not hungry, and had their provision of food for the morrow. The people are almost all employed in the salt works, and gain a sure but scanty maintenance. The miners work for a certain number of hours by turns; for the human frame and constitution could not endure, for a long continuance, the hard labour and excessive cold in those chambers in the earth, darker than night.

At Hallstadt my friend and I separated, each to follow the course of his inclination, arranging to meet at dinner, and give an account of our adventures. He ran up the mountain to visit Rudolph's Tower and the salt-mines, and I sauntered down through the valley to Waldbach Strub waterfall. On my way through the town I heard the sound of falling water, and directing my steps to the quarter whence it proceeded, I came in sight of a very pretty cascade of no great volume of water, falling perpendicularly down a great height from a rock above. This cascade, in many other parts of the world, would be deemed a great attraction, and would make the fortune of an hotel near it, but which is here seen by chance by the casual stranger. But we are going to see a cascade in the country of great reputation, and which exacts a long walk through the valley, and a laborious pull high up through the forest, before it appears in view, although for some time the ear has been gratified by the music of the fall. But when at length the upper gallery is attained, and the spectator stands in front of that roaring torrent rushing madly over the precipice into the foaming gulf far below, he will think all his labour and fatigue well repaid by the magnificent spectacle before him. The scenery around is beautifully wild, and of that character generally found near a waterfall. I scarcely recollect from which point this fall is seen to the greatest advantage. From the upper gallery one sees the precipitous falls (for there are two), and from the lowest bridge there is a very fine view of the torrent rushing down in a sheet of foam a long way through the chasm it has forced in the rocky mountain. It was with reluctance I quitted the sublime scene, and was returning with lingering steps and slow to my hotel, when there came out from a cottage near the falls a hideous idiot, with immense head and matted long hair, gibbering frightfully, and who followed me some way; my reader may be sure that I quickened my pace. I know not whether it was one of those Cretins which are too often to be met with in these gloomy regions, for I naturally avoided looking at such an awful specimen of the human form. On my arrival at mine inn, I found my friend impatiently waiting dinner for me. During my stroll to the falls be had not only mounted to Rudolph's Tower, 1300 feet above Hallstadt, and examined all its curiosities, but had ascended 500 feet still higher, and had plunged into the bowels of the Salzberg, and visited many chambers of the salt-mines. A feat so soon accomplished I should not have deemed possible, had not the said Antonio C-ch-ni brought down ample proofs, in the shape of specimens, books, and petrifactions, furnished him by the Bergmeister who lives in the tower. This Rudolph's Tower was built by the Emperor Albert about A.D. 1280, as a defence against the attacks of those fighting fellows the Archbishops of Salzburg, who, possessing the salt-mines at Hallein, wished to preserve the monopoly of such a lucrative article, and attempted by force to prevent the working of the mines at Hallstadt. About three years ago, in piercing the side of the mountain to obtain sand or gravel for the roads, the pickaxe struck against something hard, which proved to be a human skull, and on continuing to dig they came to a number of tombs, each containing a perfect skeleton, some of them measuring upwards of seven feet, and also different ornaments, utensils, &c. They have discovered forty tombs, and the search is still continued. Various conjectures have been broached as to the origin of these tombs, there having been as yet no inscription found to aid the researches of the antiquary. A vase has been dug out, round which are engraved several suns and dolphins. The Bergmeister preserves all these objects with great care, and in great order, also a numerous collection of petrifactions, very rich in specimens of ammonites, &c. My friend described the salt chambers as dreadfully cold, five degrees below the zero of Reaumur, and was very glad to get out of them, as all are, I should conceive, who visit them. We did not fail to do justice to the excellent dinner they gave us, consisting of several kinds of fish, very well dressed, besides the tempting cotelette, &c., nor to the very good wine, of which, if I recollect rightly, we took a glass or two extra, my friend pleading as his excuse the cold he had endured in the salt-mine,—and I, the dampness occasioned by the spray of the waterfall, and the frightful sight of the Cretin. In the evening we amused ourselves with looking over the Fremden-Buch (strangers' book), which contained some droll entries. The most part was written in the, to me, indecipherable German character, and from the disposition of. the lines appeared to be poetry, no doubt the rhapsodical effusion of some long-haired, travelling German artists, inspired by the good beer they were drinking. A French lady writes about the silent solemnity of the surrounding scenery, the stillness of the dark waters, the towering majesty of the awful mountains, being in unison with the yearnings of her soul, which pants to emancipate itself from the frail form in which it is incorporated, and to mingle with the kindred spirits hovering round. This frail form has, in all probability, made such a dinner as none but a Frenchwoman can make, and is bursting from repletion. I trust her husband recommended her to unlace her corset. The English visitors express themselves nearly all in the same terms in all the Fremden books I met with. "Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Smith are perfectly satisfied with the treatment they have received, and recommend the hotel for its comfort, cleanliness, and civility." One entry amused us much; it said, a party of Englishmen dining here to day, were much surprised to see a large dish of floating mustard set before them, and on expressing their disgust to the waiter, he said, that one of the party had ordered it. This puzzled them extremely, as each disclaimed a taste for mustard *per se,* and especially foreign mustard. At last one of the party bethought himself that he had asked for *cerf,* supposing it meant venison, and which the waiter, not understanding French, imagined must be *senf,* the German word for mustard. As nothing is thought abroad too *outré* for an Englishman to eat, as well as to do, the dish was prepared and sent to table. How the poor cook must have inwardly revolted at English taste, whilst superintending such an abomination. These and many other curious emanations, and possibly the extra glass or glasses of the good wine, indisposed us for the enjoyment of the charming melancholy promised us by the fair lady at St. Wolfgang, and in spite of that sombre lake of Avernus under our windows, and the long, antiquated, quaint-looking room, at the dark end of which the solemn-faced son of his mother, the landlady, would persist in standing in attendance, we passed a very merry evening.

The next morning the sun shone bright, and we were obliged to depart early, as my friend had promised to return to St. Wolfgang to dinner. But we did not leave Hallstadt without visiting the church, which we reached on mounting a staircase, up through a curious tunnel we saw in passing. The interior of this church is very interesting, and contains another of those altar-pieces sculptured in wood (like that at St. Wolfgangs'), the work of an artist of the fifteenth century, named Leonard Astel. From the terrace round the church, which is built on a projecting rock, the lake beneath is seen in all its solemn beauty, and those magnificent mountains rising from it almost perpendicularly some 6,000 feet. On this terrace one always finds, in fine weather, some of the old inhabitants, who come up there to gossip and to warm themselves by the heat of the summer sun, and who are very happy to tell any stranger the name and height of the different mountains, and to them I beg to refer any curious reader for information on those points.

After paying our reckoning, which was very moderate, we were attended to our boat by the smiling fat landlady, and her long-faced bowing son and heir, and were rowed by two ladies of the lake to our landing place at the Gosau Mühle. During our voyage our attentions to them were taken off by the wonder and admiration excited by those tunnels seen high up, skirting the ribs of the mountains, and serving to convey the brine made in the chambers of the Salzberg, to the evaporating houses at Ischl and Ebensee.

At the Gosau Mühle we found our chariot and one waiting for us, as we had appointed, but wishing to visit that stupendous aqueduct one sees in the air, connecting those high mountains separated by the deep valley between, we walked forward ordering our equipage to follow. On arriving at the Gosauzwang, as it is called, my friend skipped up to the aerial bridge as if animated by the music of the hand-organ, but I reserved my breath for mounting operations at a later period. When viewed from below, he appeared on the aqueduct like a little automaton, and on descending he told me that my bulk was much reduced when seen from above. His short and rapid survey made the bridge to be 420 feet in length, and the height of the middle pier, of which there are seven, to be 108 feet. A simple, uneducated miner was the constructor of this stupendous piece of architecture.

Our horse, in haste to get home to his hay, took us swiftly through the valley, and we were soon set down at our hotel delighted with our excursion. My friend went on to St. Wolfgang, and I, after dinner, went up to Smallnau to my tea and "Galignani."

SALZBURG.

I AM about to fly off from the attractive circle round Ischl, to take an elliptical direction, but I do not expect my reader to follow my eccentric example. He will be naturally desirous to see all that is worth seeing in the environs of Ischl before leaving it. He has yet to visit the Gosau Lake, so interesting from its vicinity to Dachstein, and for its romantic situation and solitary character; and then Aussee, so deserving the praises lavished on its attractions by all who visited it. I went to those places later, and the reader will find them noticed in the routine of my excursion. But I would here recommend any tourist, who may wish to save his time, to adopt the following plan of visiting those places:—first, go early in the morning and see Gosau, and on his return to Gosau Mühle dismiss his carriage and take boat to Hallstadt and sleep there; the next afternoon cross over the lake to Obertraun, from whence there is a very agreeable, although long, walk to Aussee, where, at the Poste Hotel, he will find very comfortable accommodation; the next day he will have time to visit the Grundel See and Alten Aussee, two charming walks, and in the afternoon at half-past five, the *malle-poste* will take him on to Ischl, and set him down close to his hotel, having seen three of the principal objects of attraction in the three days of his absence.

The evening after my return from Hallstadt, I had the satisfaction of seeing a young English friend descend from the omnibus from Ebenese with two companions, whose acquaintance he had made on board the steamer on the Danube. This trio, being all of an active turn of mind, had decided to see as much as possible in as little time as possible, and the next day was to be sufficient for the lions of Ischl. I did not fail to take them up to Smallnau and introduce them to the good Marie, who invited us all to breakfast the next morning, which we, of course, promised and performed. I recollect that we dined together afterwards, and to return the compliment I ordered a bottle of the expensive Hungarian wine, and as we must buy experience, I did not regret the addition to my dinner-bill, as it convinced me that one trial of such sweet luscious wine was sufficient. The next day these worthies decided should be appropriated to visiting Gosau, which having not yet seen, I consented to make a fourth in their carriage and go with them. But the next morning at six o'clock the rain descended in torrents, and I, foreadvised as to a certain walk from the hotel to the lake, declined the pleasure of wading through the mud half way up the legs, and, turning round, enjoyed an hour or so more of rest in my bed. But to reconcile them to my absence, I promised that they should find me at Salzburg, which city I was very desirous to visit, having heard it so highly extolled by the many strangers who had been tempted to stay there some days.

The next morning at five o'clock I found myself at Salzburg, having passed the charming road from Ischl to that city in the dark, and asleep in the *malle-poste*. Here let me say, that on coming from Salzburg some days after, I saw a most beautiful and extensive view of the Wolfgang Lake and its borders, from the top of the high hill you descend before arriving at St. Gilgen. At Salzburg I went to the Archduke Charles, and laid me down to repose for an hour or two, and afterwards breakfasted; but the situation of this hotel being very dull, and not prepossessed by the physiognomy of the landlord, I sortied out to find one more to my taste. On a first visit to any city I always direct my steps to the principal church, and it may be supposed that the celebrated Dom or Cathedral of Salzburg would be the first object of my curiosity and search. My way to it led me across the Place, of which the cathedral forms one side, and in the centre of which the beautiful fountain, the admiration of every stranger, throws up its pretty column of water. Facing the cathedral and the fountain appeared the Goldenes Schiff Hotel, the very sort of place I was in search of. On asking a waiter who stood at the entrance if I could be accommodated for a few days, I was assured, in very good English, that I should do honour to the hotel by my patronage, and that he and all the house were at my command. My commands were soon issued and obeyed, and *Eccomi*, here I am, established with all my traps in a most comfortable lively chamber, charmingly situated in a wing projecting from the hotel, my front window commanding a fine view of the Monchsberg, fortress, cathedral, and fountain, and the side windows to the right and left, presenting different parts of the city. I soon discovered Salzburg to be a charming and interesting town, and the more interesting for its dissimilarity to any other I had ever visited, and I have heard many express the same opinion. That there is grass to be seen in many places, as Murray says, is not to be denied, I saw some in the Place in the corners under the cathedral, and in a few other places.

In fact Salzburg is not an overbuilt, overpopulated city, nor is it a spruce, gay shopwindowed place, to suit the taste of a thorough-paced lounger, but a fine old town, that breathes an air of respectability and antiquity. It must be a residence for many of the aristocracy, if one may judge by the equipages and their occupants one sees driving through the streets. There are sufficient people to be met everywhere according to my taste. The market-place is very lively and amusing, and well supplied with well-dressed respectable buyers, and clean-looking, civil sellers of the necessaries and luxuries of life, good and cheap. If you like to be pushed and elbowed, go to the bridge and streets adjoining, which are always thronged. That fine bridge, with the wide torrent of the Salza rushing impetuously under it, and that enchanting view from it, as you look up the stream towards Eigen. Unless in the dry season, the Salza is a very fine river. The cathedral is not very imposing in its exterior, but the interior is very striking for its vastness and fine proportions. It is not highly ornamented, but sufficiently so for a church, which, in my opinion, should inspire feelings of devotion rather than admiration, and dispose the mind to the worship of Him in whose immediate presence we are, rather than distract it by the splendours around. There are five organs, a fine large one and four smaller near the altar. On Sunday morning I heard some very fine music, and also on Thursday morning, the mass is performed by a full band, choral and instrumental. The music gallery is so high up, that the leader, with his energetic time-marking flourishes, looked like one of those puppets whose arms you move by pulling a string. A stranger is at liberty to mount to the high gallery behind the organ, which commands a fine view of any religious ceremony being performed. There are several other fine churches each deserving notice, especially the curious old Nonnberg, and likewise two cemeteries, one adjoining St. Peter's, and the other, a very large one, on the other side of the bridge, both containing some old and interesting monuments. After the principal church, any eminence near a city becomes, I think, the object of one's curiosity, especially such an eminence as Monchsberg. I was on its summit, and round the ramparts, as soon as such an ascent and extent would permit. They will admit the stranger to see the interior of the fortress and to mount to the keep, from whence there is a superb and extensive *coup-d'œil*. The circuit of the ramparts is a very interesting walk, affording from many parts fine views of the city. The prints exposed in the windows of Salzburg and the fortress, as seen from the Calvarienberg, determined me to ascend that mountain, and, by the bye, all elevations bearing that name deserve to be visited. After passing the bridge, a little way up the street, I found an archway on the right, with steps leading up to the church. On arriving at the top I could find no place from whence to enjoy any view of the town, but straight before me appeared a large gate with the handle of a bell at the side. On pulling this bell the gate was opened by a woman, who left me to pursue my own way. Seeing before me a path leading up through the forest, I naturally concluded it must lead somewhere, as paths generally do, and, when on the ascent, sometimes to some views of some merit. Pushing on I came to a seat intended for a resting-place, and then on to another, which assured me that I was in the right way. I kept on mounting until I arrived on the summit, where I found a large building (called some castle, I forget the name), the abode of the keeper of the forest. From the windows of the large rooms you enter, there are very fine extensive views of the valley beneath, and of the river Salza, till it is lost in the distance. On the right the picturesque and verdant Gaisberg, the pet mountain of this country, has a charming appearance, and the green gradual sloping sides seem to invite the stranger to try the ascent, which many make to enjoy the beautiful view from the summit. In the castle one finds refreshments, very acceptable after the fatigue of mounting. I had not yet obtained the desired view of the city, &c., but the keeper kindly accompanied me down part of the descent, and, diverging from the path, led me to an opening, from whence the city, Monchsberg, and the fortress appeared in all their glory. From what I recollect of Edinburgh, this fortress of Salzburg bears a great resemblance to the castle of the former city, and on a similar commanding position, but not so interesting as that of Auld Reekie.

I passed many days at Salzburg most agreeably, in rambling about, and making excursions to the different points of attraction in the neighbourhood. I felt also quite at home in my comfortable chamber, to which I could retreat and enjoy uninterruptedly my books, thoughts, and repose, and in the night composed to sleep by the soothing lullaby played by the falling waters of the fountain. Nor must I omit those dear, quaint, strikingly antiquated chimes, whose slow, halting, long-winded tones, made one dream of olden times, and of the drawling, drowsy psalmody of an ancient German congregation; with a pause between each stave long enough to give the good old worthies time to take breath, if not a short doze. The living part of the life I led was also much to my taste. I recollect that I had an excellent breakfast of coffee, or tea, &c., for twenty kreuzers; and for my dinner I indulged in the delicious venison of that country whenever I could get it, called on the carte *rehrücken* or flesh of the doe or chevreuil, which open to the public and much frequented, especially by youthful parties, whose floundering, splashing, ducking, diving, with continual shouts of triumph or reproach, carried me back to the buoyant amusements of my youth, when, in the summer, the best part of the day was spent in our beautiful river. Further on there is a swimming school for the fair sex, whose performances were strictly private.

The prints exposed in the windows of Hellbrunn, and its monsters spouting out water high into the air, and the elegant *beau monde* promenading, or sitting in such interesting groups, tempted me to take an eight kreuzer ride in the omnibus to those famed gardens. I found certainly many groups of Sunday-looking people, sitting and smoking with beer before them, and likewise fountains fantastic enough, drivelling out water two inches high; in fact Hellbrunn is a *fac simile* of a Cockney place of Sunday resort. Very different is Eigen, with its beautiful gardens and grounds, to which one morning I bent my way. After a good walk of an hour and a half, I arrived at the entrance near the pretty church, and on the left I saw some steps leading up to a platform, on which tables were disposed as if for dinner. I was right glad to find that I need not return to Salzburg to satisfy my appetite. It happened to be Monday, an idle day for a certain class of people, and there were many guests. I noticed one long table, at which a numerous party had apparently eaten and drunk to repletion, to judge by the quantity of half-devoured pieces of *saucisson*, ham, bread, &c., spread over the table, and a countless number of decanters half emptied of their contents of wine, beer, &c. The waitress told me that it was a wedding party who had just breakfasted, and had ordered their dinner to be ready in an hour. Wishing to witness the gastronomic powers of such a party, I desired the waitress to have a *cotelette* ready for me at the same time. After sauntering through the charming park I returned to my early dinner, and found the party, consisting of more than twenty persons, male and female, all seated at table and impatiently calling out for dinner. The bride and bridegroom appeared both of them respectable, and upwards of forty, and no doubt this was not the first hymeneal celebration to either of the party. But such a scene followed of eating and drinking, and roars of laughter at the most abominably indecent jokes, which all, male and female, young and old appeared to enjoy, I shall never forget. After consuming an incredible quantity of solids and liquids, the party rose from table and departed in a long noisy procession of carriages to Salzburg, there to finish the day most probably with a carousal of the same description; and I employed the rest of the day in exploring the pretty walks and enjoying the beautiful views, which excite the admiration of the many visitors to this charming resort. One day, tempted by the low fare, I made an excursion as far as Unken on the road to Innsbruck, having heard much of the picturesque scenery on entering the Tyrol; and also of the pretty and agreeable town of Reichenhall, through which the road passes. This route takes one through a corner of the Bavarian territory, and then enters into the borders of the Tyrol. Every traveller has no doubt experienced the vexatious and unnecessary searchings and delays, which are so annoying, especially on the frontiers of petty states. At the Bavarian custom-house our omnibus made a formal halt, and every article of luggage was taken out to be searched. Unfortunately we had with us as passenger a Tyrolese pedlar, who appeared to be well-known and suspected, for they examined every part of his luggage with the most minute research. He was too cunning for them, for they found nothing. I was surprised to see him count his one florin notes before them. When my turn came, although I had only a small carpet-bag with a change of linen and the usual necessaries for the morning, yet three or four fellows examined it most minutely; they opened my tooth-powder box, unfolded my clean shirt, and at last asked me if I had many bank-notes. I took out my purse, the contents of which proved to them that I was no agent of Rothschilds, journeying to profit by any difference of exchange. I was much pleased with Reichenhall, and induced to remain there all the night. During the summer months this very agreeable town is very full of visitors for the benefit of the salt-baths. The hotel where the diligence changes is exceedingly comfortable, and the pretty garden in front is very gay and much frequented in summer. In Dublin if one calls out, "Pat, bring me materials," you are immediately supplied with a portion of whiskey, sugar, water, and lemon; but at Reichenhall if a well-known customer makes a sign to one of the Hebes of the gardens, she brings him forthwith a glass of beer, a slice of bread, a raw turnip, a knife, and some salt. I saw many parties enjoying those luxuries.

The next morning I went on to Unken through a very beautiful country, which tells that we are in the Tyrol. On the way one sees on the summit of a high steep mountain a very pretty church, and near it some very interesting ruins of an old castle. Further on we come to some very ingenious and celebrated hydraulic works for forcing the water up from the river below, into the pipes leading to the salt-works at Traunstein. On the road further on there are two hills so steep, that one fears that the carriage will turn topsyturvy down them. Up these hills you must walk, infirm or lazy as you may be, or in whatever weather it may be. I think it was on my return that the driver pointed out to me that interesting looking mountain the Untersberg, which had often attracted my attention when seen from a distance. I would not quit Salzburg without mentioning the small but interesting museum, for seeing which tickets can be obtained at the fine picture shop near the bridge, and also the church and palace at Maria Plain, with its beautiful view; and the celebrated hippodrome, where the cavalry exercise every morning; and likewise the governor's summer palace, and fine gardens over the bridge, where there is sometimes good music in the evening. But one of the greatest advantages the stranger finds at Salzberg, is the great facility of making excursions from it at a very cheap rate; for instance, one can go from Salzburg by a very comfortable diligence,—

To Innsbruck 5 florins.
,, Lins . 3 ,,
,, Munich 3 ,,

There is likewise an omnibus every morning to Hallein for fifteen kreuzers, and on to Golling fifteen kreuzers more, to Berchtesgaden and the König See thirty kreuzers. I took advantage of these cheap opportunities of visiting the celebrated Gollinger waterfall and the König See; and to those who are about to make the same excursion, I can only say that I envy them the great enjoyment in store for them.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE LA MARCK.

"During the latter part of the month of December, 1789, and during the succeeding January, February, and March, 1790, I journeyed to and fro several times from my estate at Raismes to Brussels, in order that I might note everything that was going forward. I shall not, however, attempt to relate all the particulars connected with the Revolution which occurred in the Low Countries, unfortunately for myself, I took too active a part in it, for in whatever light I reflected upon it, I discovered that my principles and feelings had no sympathy in its views. I was led away by the anger I experienced at the unjust persecution which my favourite sister, Madame la Duchesse d'Ursel, met with from the Austrian government. I was wrong I confess, for however much the Emperor Joseph's conduct was to be blamed, as well as that of his subjects and agents, with regard to the treatment of my sister, it did not at all justify my rash proceedings at that time. Fidelity to the House of Austria held the foremost rank among my duties, and I certainly ought never to have forgotten the numerous benefits heaped on my family by Marie-Thérèse, nor the many marks of favour she was gracious enough to bestow on me. Though reasons for my conduct on this occasion might be furnished, I do not think they would render it the more justifiable.

"I shall now return to the discussion of affairs in France, which constitute the chief purpose of this work. During my stay in the country and at Brussels, I regularly received letters from Mirabeau, but as these letters were always forwarded to me by post, which was not a very safe conveyance for them, they were nearly all written in an enigmatical style, of which he and I alone possessed the key. They related more particularly to the insurrection in Belgium, which he naturally viewed with favourable eyes. It became a topic of engrossing interest in France, where all the revolutionary writers sought 'to be its apologists, as well as to extol it, though, as a rule, they did not understand the nature of this insurrection.'

"A young advocate, whose name was Camille Desmoulins, and who afterwards became so celebrated, published a pamphlet at this time, called 'La Revolution du Brabant,' which was written for the especial purpose of rendering this revolution popular in France. This Camille Desmoulins was at a later period one of the most dangerous men who played a prominent part in the French Revolution in 1789; he was entirely devoted to Mirabeau, who thought his personal safety was effected by every revolution. Among the materials published, will be found extracts from those letters of Mirabeau which refer to the affairs of France, it would be altogether unnecessary to give to the public those which concern the insurrection in the Low Countries. I ought, however, to mention that these letters displeased me exceedingly, for they proved to me that Mirabeau was becoming more and more revolutionary in his ideas; he would now frequently mention with commendation those very men whom, in our conversations, he had held in such contempt, and, again, he would attempt to satirize things and persons he had formerly praised and defended.

" I did not seek to disguise from him the effect which his letters produced on my mind, and he endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to justify himself. It is very probable that we should soon have ceased to be intimate, if it had not been for a circumstance, which I shall relate, which occasioned us to draw nearer to each other, and was consequently the means of establishing our friendship on so firm a footing that it lasted till his death.

" Towards the end of the month of March, 1790, when I was at Brussels, I received an invitation from the Count de Mercy, the Austrian Ambassador, to set out immediately for Paris, for he hinted that he wished to consult me on matters of great importance. I did not wait to reply to M. de Mercy's summons, but started at once for Paris, where I arrived on the 16th of March. The day after my arrival, I went to see Mirabeau early in the morning, and we passed the whole day *tête-à-tête* in conversation. I found him more discontented than ever, and even more discouraged than when I had left him. He said that he busied himself with public affairs almost with repugnance, and observed that he rarely now made his appearance at the Tribune. This discouragement arose from daily events, from the increasing discontent of the public mind, and the rapid progress towards a complete and frightful state of anarchy, as well as from the gradual decay of all moral resources and means of preserving authority. The perpetual vacillation of the King, and the utter want of skill of his ministers, also furnished great cause for despair. Mirabeau, with his eagle eye, saw at a glance the whole state of the case, the present and the future; he believed himself alone able to provide for the necessities of the period, but he was repulsed and misunderstood. He felt that each day the task of restoring order would become more difficult even for him, supposing that he were selected for this work, and that he were not called upon for assistance when it was too late to remedy the evil.

" The combination of these various circumstances accounted for the state of depression into which he had fallen. He suffered his talents to remain dormant, felt no further interest in his former schemes of personal ambition, and did not take the slightest heed of the misery of his domestic position, which was just as wretched as formerly, and yet, if he had sacrificed his principles, the various factions would have showered gold upon him. I saw, however, that he had not renounced his first idea of negociating personally with the King, for the tone of his language formed a marked contrast to that of his harangues at the Tribune, or the pamphlets of his own which he published, or those of others which he caused to be published. Though he no longer had the chief management of the *Courrier de Provence*, a newspaper of the time, it still served as a vehicle for his particular views; all the articles were read by him, and his speeches, which were given word for word in this paper, did not lead one to imagine that he despaired of restoring public affairs to a state of order.

" I cannot avoid noting this circumstance, yet I believe in our conversations his real feelings betrayed themselves, that he uttered his opinions with far more sincerity than when speaking at the Tribune, or writing for the *Courrier de Provence*. I knew what his motive was for this method of proceeding, he wished to be invested with power, to be placed at the head of affairs, but he could not follow the ordinary path for achieving his purpose; on the contrary, he expected to gain his end by selecting means diametrically opposed to it.

"Two days after my arrival in Paris, I paid the Count de Mercy a visit, but he was not at home; however, as soon as he heard that I had been to him, he begged me to wait at home the next morning till eleven o'clock, when he would call on me; and he was punctual to his appointment. I thought he wished to discuss the affairs of the Low Countries with me, but he did not say a word on the subject, and the conversation began in the following manner:—

"'You hold, I believe, intimate relations with the Count de Mirabeau?'

"'Yes, Monsieur le Comte.'

"'The King and Queen, who are aware of your intimacy, feel that you sought it with a view of serving them, and they, I am sure, were quite right, besides, your purpose has been frequently mentioned to the Queen. Their Majesties have requested me to ask your opinion with regard to what you imagine to be M. de Mirabeau's real feelings and inclinations.'

"'The Count de Mirabeau believed, at the opening of the States General, that the King's ministers would act as the ministers in England are in the habit of doing, that they would endeavour to form a party in the Assembly which should be favourable to the government, and seek to attach to this party all those men who were calculated by their talents, general information, and popularity, to strengthen it. On the opening of the States General the opinion of the public was generally in favour of the popular party. Mirabeau became one of the most enthusiastic leaders of this party; sometimes he expressed his sentiments with uncontrolled vehemence, in order to make the government fear him, and seek his assistance. But he was mistaken in his views, and he has since never had it in his power to assume a better position, I mean one which would be more agreeable to his opinions and political principles. He has often expressed himself to me with regret on this subject; in the ministry he beheld nothing but utter incapacity, and he looks upon M. Necker as the author of all the present misfortunes of France, as well as of those which she is yet destined to suffer. Mirabeau has been anxious that the King should be informed of his desire to serve him. It is now more than five months since I informed Monsieur, the King's brother, of this circumstance, but he has not thought fit to apprise his Majesty of it, therefore I relinquished the whole matter and quitted Paris; indeed it is very improbable I should ever have returned, had you not begged me to come immediately.'

"'Well,' replied M. de Mercy, 'it is precisely with regard to this affair that I wish to consult you. The King and Queen have resolved to avail themselves of the Count de Mirabeau's services, if he is himself disposed to be useful to them, and they apply to you to learn what is to be done in the matter. They place unlimited confidence in your good intention on this point; they leave you to make any conditions you may deem proper, and they do not wish to hold any communication with the Count except through you, and they will employ no one but yourself in the negociation. They depend upon you to observe the greatest secrecy; you will readily see how necessary it is to be cautious; above all things, M. Necker must not be informed of their proceedings; the Queen places the greatest reliance on your discretion. We have been awaiting your return a whole month, and when at length you did not come, I resolved to write to you.'

"'Monsieur le Comte,' said I, 'affairs wear so serious an aspect, that I almost doubt whether Mirabeau himself can repair all the mischief that he has been left to brew.'

"Finally, I declared to the Count de Mercy, that unless he took part in the negociation I would have nothing to do with the matter, and that one of the first conditions I should make would be, that he should seek Mirabeau and have a conversation with him, in order that he might form his own judgment with regard to his (Mirabeau's) principles and inclinations.

"M. de Mercy would not give me a decided answer on this particular point; he observed only, that he would report the substance of our conversation to his Majesty, and then acquaint me with his commands. I saw very clearly that he feared to compromise his character as an ambassador in an affair of this nature, but I also was quite determined not to engage myself in so important a business, except in conjunction with him and according to his instructions, therefore, at this point of the conversation I took my departure.

"More than a fortnight elapsed before I received any communication on the subject from M. de Mercy, when at length, about the beginning of April, his secretary, M. de Blumendorf, was directed by him to write and request me to pay him (M. de Mercy) a visit. I went to him immediately. He began by speaking to me of the scruples which he felt with regard to entering upon an affair so entirely out of his province. I readily agreed that the case was a very delicate one, but, nevertheless, I again stated that I could not think of altering my resolution. M. de Mercy finally relinquished his point, and then went on to ask me how he could manage to see Mirabeau without their meeting being known, and where the interview could take place. I at once offered him the use of my house. At that time I dwelt in the hôtel Charost, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré. This hôtel had a garden entrance from the Champs Elysées, the chief number of my attendants were foreigners, and those among them who were Frenchmen, were old and attached servants, upon whose discretion I could entirely rely.

"It was agreed, therefore, that the interview should take place at my house; that the Count de Mercy should come to my hôtel in his carriage by way of the Rue Saint Honoré, as he was in the habit of doing, and that Mirabeau should come on foot through the Champs Elysées, and enter the house through the garden gate, the key of which I should give him, and proceed at once to my room, without passing through the servants' offices.

"After resolving to take these precautions, in order that this interview might not be known to more than the three persons who were engaged in it, the Count de Mercy and I went on to discuss the unfortunate state of France, and the dangers which surrounded the Royal Family. The Count de Mercy, like all wise and reflecting men of this time, looked upon the Revolution as a most serious event, which would inevitably bring in its train a great many fearful calamities; nevertheless, he was not so narrow-minded as to lose sight of all the advantages which might be reasonably expected from this Revolution if it were directed into a proper channel, and restrained within proper bounds.

What rendered him more uneasy than anything, was that the King's ministers had hitherto been unable to discover adequate means for arresting the mischievous tendency of this revolutionary movement. He foresaw nothing but danger and difficulty in the system pursued by M. Necker, and it was while we were discussing this subject, that he told me, for the first time, what part he had taken in causing M. Necker to be elected to the ministry. He regretted sincerely, he said, that he had had anything to do with the matter, though, after all, he had only yielded to the King's earnest request that he would make advances to M. Necker.

"After my conversation with M. de Mercy, I paid a visit to Mirabeau, and, without confiding wholly to him all that had passed between the Count and myself, I explained to him how anxious I was that he should become acquainted with M. de Mercy, whom I described as a man of moderate and loyal opinions, to whom he might express his feelings without reserve, or fear of being misunderstood. I sought to impress upon his mind that the King and Queen would certainly begin to place confidence in him if they saw that he entered into relations with M. de Mercy, and thus he might still carry out the purpose of which he had so long dreamed, and might be the means of restoring the Monarchy.

"Mirabeau eagerly accepted my proposal of introducing him to M. de Mercy at my hôtel, and accordingly the interview took place as had been previously arranged. After a few complimentary phrases, the conversation turned immediately upon those important questions which so completely engrossed the minds of all present. M. de Mercy touched at first on some of the most delicate of these questions, and after entering into a few details with regard to the rapid strides which the Revolution was making from day to day, and pourtraying vividly into what a frightful state of anarchy France must sooner or later be plunged, he turned to Mirabeau and said, with great frankness, that he could not believe that he would always persist in employing his faculties and his genius in encouraging similar enormities.

"Mirabeau seemed fully to appreciate M. de Mercy's straightforwardness, and accordingly opened his whole heart to him. He at once acknowledged the dangers that awaited the present crisis of affairs, and declared that the only way of avoiding them, was to induce the King to quit Paris, though he should on no account advise him to leave France. He entreated M. de Mercy, if he should have an opportunity of seeing the King, to seek to convince him of the real state of the case, and assure him that this was the only step to be taken in the present circumstances. M. de Mercy did not, upon this occasion, make any direct application for assistance on the King's part to Mirabeau, he only declared that he should not hesitate to profit by the conversation which had just taken place.

"M. de Mercy and Mirabeau formed a very agreeable impression of each other even during this their first interview. Mirabeau told me that the Count de Mercy appeared to him a man of infinitely superior mind than from report he had expected to find him; the count had, in fact, shown considerable acuteness of perception and much judgment in speaking of the posture of affairs. M. de Mercy, on his side, regretted sincerely that recourse had not sooner been had to a man of so much talent, who, from being left unnoticed, was becoming dangerous, when, on the contrary, he might have been made most useful. He told me, before I quitted him, that the King and Queen were particularly anxious to have some conversation with me as soon as possible; and that the Queen had desired him to tell me, that she would receive me the following day, at one o'clock, at theTuileries, in the apartments of Madame de Thibaut, her first lady-in-waiting, in order not to excite suspicion.

"Of course, I went punctually to the hour appointed. Madame de Thibaut was a kind, elderly woman, who dressed as simply as the most common-place lady's-maid,—in speaking of the Queen she called her my mistress. I spent nearly an hour with this good lady; she begged me not to become restless and impatient if the Queen should keep me waiting a little, for she knew that her majesty was occupied. I saw at once from Madame de Thibaut's good-nature, and the *naïveté* with which she talked of her family affairs, and her duties in connection with the Queen, that she was a straightforward, good person, and that she was sincerely attached to the Queen.

"At length, some one came to inform us that the Queen was alone, and introduced me into her presence. The Queen began the conversation, by telling me that both she and the King had formed the resolution, two months ago, of applying to the Count de Mirabeau for assistance, and that they had mutually agreed to consult me on the subject. She then repeated what she had said to me a few months before, that she had never doubted for a moment that I had sought Mirabeau's acquaintance solely for the purpose of being useful to the King. She then proceeded to inquire of me, with some degree of curiosity and embarrassment, if I imagined that the Count de Mirabeau had taken any part in the horrible scenes which occurred on the 5th and 6th of October. I mentioned to her all that I have previously related with regard to these two days. I told her that he had spent the chief part of them with me, and that we were dining *tête-à-tête*, when the populace of Paris marched down upon Versailles. I observed, too, that I wished above all things that the King's ministers could have heard the opinions which were expressed on this occasion, and that they could have known how to profit by them. 'You gratify me sincerely, I assure you,' said the Queen, in a more composed voice, 'I was really anxious to be better informed on this head, for, from reports circulated at the time, I confess I could not help taking a violent dislike to the Count Mirabeau, and this has partly been the reason which has so long delayed us from applying to him, in order to check, if possible, the frightful consequences of the Revolution.'

"At this point of the conversation the King came into the room, without the slightest attempt of prefacing the subject, and with his usual *brusquerie*, he remarked, 'that he supposed the Queen had already told me, that he wished to employ the Count de Mirabeau—that is, if I thought he was desirous, and able, to be useful to him (the King.)' 'What do you think about it?' said he. I told the King very frankly, that I thought he had formed this resolution somewhat late in the day; and I could not help declaring to him, that I considered that his ministers had displayed the grossest want of judgment. From the opening of the States-General they should have sought,' I said, 'to enlist in the King's favour all those members who were well known for their talents, and who had placed themselves at the head of the revolutionary party; and this was a task,' I observed, 'which would have been attended with little or no difficulty.' I mentioned to the King, that Mirabeau himself had long ago expected that a similar application to the present would have been made to him; but he found himself rudely repulsed by the ministers, and treated by them with the most absurd contempt. This manner of conducting themselves, could not surely be justified. I represented to his Majesty, that not only had his ministers neglected to avail themselves of Mirabeau's aid, but the assistance of several other equally dangerous members, who might have been made useful, was also left unsought by them. I ventured, at the same time, to give my opinion, with regard to the necessity of at once attacking the evil; for I observed that all delay would allow it to take deeper root, and this it was daily doing, so that at length it would be impossible to find a remedy for it.

"'Ah,' exclaimed the King, 'we can hope nothing from M. Necker on this head, therefore, it will be quite essential that my ministers should remain in profound ignorance of all that is done by M. de Mirabeau; and upon you I rely to keep the whole matter secret.' I was quite overwhelmed by this reply. I could not understand how the King could dream of employing a man like Mirabeau without the knowledge of his ministers; for, of course, his advice and actions would be totally different to the minister's, and what good could possibly arise from such contradictory proceedings.

"'And how do you think Mirabeau could best serve me at the present crisis of affairs?' pursued the King. I told the King that I could not answer this question till I had had some conversation with Mirabeau. 'Pray see him at once, and afterwards inform the Queen or myself of the result of your interview.'—'Would your Majesty not prefer that the Count de Mirabeau should put down his views of the subject on paper?'—'Ah, that would be better still; and you can forward me what he has written through the Queen, and so let the matter be settled.' As the King pronounced these words he left the apartment. The Queen then informed me that I should have access to her whenever I should think it necessary; she stipulated only, that I should select those days to wait upon her, when Madame de Thibaut should be in attendance on her person. She remarked, that she had not the slightest reason to complain of Madame Campan, her second lady-in-waiting; but she was more a woman of the world than Madame de Thibaut, and was intimately acquainted with several people who were extremely displeasing to the Queen. Accordingly, after taking leave, I passed again through the apartments of Madame de Thibaut.

"As soon as I reached home I began to be assailed by the most painful thoughts, for what I had just heard quite overwhelmed me with terror; my relations with Mirabeau had enlightened me but too well as to the mischief which had already been done, and the certainty of fresh evils arising, what barrier could effectually arrest the progress of the revolution which was overturning everything in its path, and dragging the people in its train, when the King resolved to adopt this secret mode of proceeding with regard to his ministers? Would not these ministers act in continual contradiction to all Mirabeau's plans? and what must necessarily be the result? Did not the measure which was on the point of being adopted appear very like a piece of intrigue, instead of a skilful stroke of policy worthy of such a government, and suited to the importance of the object in view? But on taking the other side of the question into consideration, I soon understood the feelings which had induced the King and Queen to resolve on conducting themselves towards Mirabeau as they proposed. It was quite clear that it was fear alone which had made them desire to consult the tribune, who, in their eyes, was really an object of dread. They had been deceived and betrayed so many times already, that they sought his assistance with a kind of mistrust, which was quite natural; they might, too, even entertain doubts of my integrity of purpose. Perhaps it was more with a view of rendering Mirabeau favourably disposed to them, that they had recourse to him for aid, than with the intention of blindly following his advice; and I could not but allow, that Mirabeau's previous conduct quite warranted this behaviour on the part of the King: but, then, what could be expected from behaving to him in this manner? There was but one thing to be hoped, and that was that the King and Queen might at length begin to feel sufficient confidence in Mirabeau to overcome the very natural dislike they at present entertained towards him, and that when this was once surmounted, they would not shrink from adopting those measures which he recommended, the first of which would, probably, be to form a strong coalition between himself and the ministers, and in case of their refusal to dismiss them from office.

"It was this hope that gave me courage to execute the delicate commission with which I was charged; and it was now necessary that I should inform Mirabeau of this commission. I was careful, however, to avoid letting him perceive the fears and doubts with which my interview with the King had inspired me. I felt it my duty, on the contrary, to do all in my power to endow him with the necessary courage and devotion for fulfilling the part assigned to him. I began by telling him how highly the King and Queen thought of his talents; they had, indeed, spoken at length with much discrimination on this subject, and had done him perfect justice. I did not conceal from him, however, that the Queen had questioned me particularly with regard to his participation in the disturbance of the 5th and 6th of October. His countenance changed in an instant, and his complexion grew alternately yellow and livid; he looked almost hideous from the expression which his face bore; the horror which he seemed to experience was really striking to witness. In order to calm him, I gave him a minute account of all that I said to the Queen, with a view of enlightening her on this head. But though, in order completely to satisfy him, I was obliged to repeat many, many times, that I had quite succeeded in convincing the Queen of his innocence, for a long while afterwards he retained a very painful feeling at the bare idea of having been suspected of participation in such horrible scenes. When he became more composed, I spoke to him of the King's and Queen's confidence in his sentiments with regard to themselves, and in his opinions and monarchical principles. I then told him that I desired to learn from himself the kind of service which he thought he had the power of rendering them.

"I was not blind to the effect which this step, on their Majesties' part, produced on his *amour propre*. I beheld this man who considered himself, and with justice, so far above those around him, completely subjugated by that kind of magic which royal personages have the power of exercising, when they take the pains to make themselves gracious and affable. Sovereigns are certainly to blame who do not turn this valuable species of influence to account, when one reflects how irresistible it frequently is. I believe, however, that this sort of influence to which I have just alluded, has quite lost its prestige since the French revolution; but even during the early part of this revolution, however audacious the speeches against the royal power were in the National Assembly, I am quite certain that the chief part of those daring orators would have become devoted royalists, if the King and his ministers had skilfully sought means to win them; the truth of this observation has, in fact, been sufficiently proved by all that happened at a later period.

"Mirabeau was delighted at being at length allowed to make himself useful to the King. Even those difficulties which he had often described to me as almost a work of impossibility to be overcome, seemed gradually to diminish as he eagerly formed plans for surmounting them. Finally, I gave him a full account of the King's views, as I gathered them from himself, and these appeared to me very reasonable. Louis the Sixteenth did not for a moment entertain an idea of reconquering absolute authority, he was perfectly resigned to the loss of much of the power, and many of the rights which his predecessors had possessed. In this respect Mirabeau seemed less willing to submit than himself; while, at the express wish of the King, I begged Mirabeau to draw up his opinions in writing, I was careful to warn him against making too brilliant promises. A few days after this conversation, he brought me the letter addressed to the King, which will be found among the other papers, dated the 10th of May, 1790.

"It would have been a task utterly surpassing human capability, to have re-established the monarchy on its ancient basis, for this the Revolution had completely overthrown. No power, however skilfully and energetically one can imagine it to have been exercised, could possibly have accomplished such a feat. Everybody in France, from the King himself down to the lowest of his subjects, had taken part in this revolution, either by thought, word, or deed, or by some act of omission. It was not until they perceived that this movement did not take the direction which they had hoped, and not until the ruins of the edifice began to fall on them, that some few persons made an effort to support it, and this did more harm than good. It was not, therefore, as Mirabeau explained in his letter to the King, this ancient form of monarchy which he should attempt to defend: he intended to modify and regenerate it, with a view of rendering it (more or less) similar to the form of government adopted in England, then in the height of its power and glory."

NINE O'CLOCK!

The night of the 30th of June, 1793, is memorable in the prison annals of Paris, as the last night in confinement of the leaders of the famous Girondin party in the first French Revolution. On the morning of the 31st, the twenty-one deputies who represented the department of the Gironde, were guillotined to make way for Robespierre and the Reign of Terror.

With these men fell the last revolutionists of that period who shrank from founding a republic on massacre; who recoiled from substituting for a monarchy of corruption, a monarchy of bloodshed. The elements of their defeat lay as much in themselves, as in the events of their time. They were not, as a party, true to their own convictions; they temporized; they fatally attempted to take a middle course amid the terrible emergencies of a terrible epoch, and they fell—fell before worse men, because those men were in earnest.

Condemned to die, the Girondins submitted nobly to their fate; their great glory was the glory of their deaths. The speech of one of them on hearing his sentence pronounced, was a prophecy of the future, fulfilled to the letter.

"*I* die," he said to the Jacobin judges, the creatures of Robespierre, who tried him. "*I* die at a time when the people have lost their reason; *you* will die on the day when they recover it." Valazé was the only member of the condemned party who displayed a momentary weakness; he stabbed himself on hearing his sentence pronounced. But the blow was not mortal—he died on the scaffold, and died bravely with the rest.

On the night of the 30th the Girondins held their famous banquet in the prison; celebrated, with the ferocious stoicism of the time, their last social meeting before the morning on which they were to die. Other men, besides the twenty-one, were present at this supper of the condemned. They were prisoners who held Girondin opinions, but whose names were not illustrious enough for history to preserve. Though sentenced to confinement they were not sentenced to death. Some of their number, who had protested most boldly against the condemnation of the deputies, were ordered to witness the execution on the morrow, as a timely example to terrify them into submission. More than this, Robespierre and his colleagues did not, as yet, venture to attempt: the Reign of Terror was a cautious reign at starting.

The supper-table of the prison was spread; the guests, twenty-one of their number stamped already with the seal of death, were congregated at the last Girondin banquet; toast followed toast; the *Marseillaise* was sung; the desperate triumph of the feast was rising fast to its climax, when a new and ominous subject of conversation was started at the lower end of the table, and spread electrically, almost in a moment, to the top.

This subject (by whom originated no one knew) was simply a question as to the hour in the morning at which the execution was to take place. Every one of the prisoners appeared to be in ignorance on this point; and the gaolers either could not, or would not, enlighten them.

Until the cart for the condemned rolled into the prison-yard, not one of the Girondins could tell whether he was to be called out to the guillotine soon after sunrise, or not till near noon.

This uncertainty was made a topic for discussion, or for jesting on all sides. It was eagerly seized on as a pretext for raising to the highest pitch the ghastly animation and hilarity of the evening. In some quarters, the recognised hour of former executions was quoted as a precedent sure to be followed by the executioners of the morrow; in others, it was asserted that Robespierre and his party would purposely depart from established customs in this, as in previous instances. Dozens of wild schemes were suggested for guessing the hour by fortune-telling rules on the cards; bets were offered and accepted among the prisoners who were not condemned to death, and witnessed in stoical mockery by the prisoners who were. Jests were exchanged about early rising and hurried toilets; in short, every man contributed an assertion, a contradiction, or a witticism to keep up the new topic of conversation, with one solitary exception. That exception was the Girondin, Duprat, one of the deputies who was sentenced to die by the guillotine.

He was a younger man than the majority of his brethren, and was personally remarkable by his pale, handsome, melancholy face, and his reserved yet gentle manners. Throughout the evening, he had spoken but rarely; there was something of the silence and serenity of a martyr in his demeanour. That he feared death as little as any of his companions was plainly visible in his bright, steady eye; in his unchanging complexion; in his firm, calm voice, when he occasionally addressed those who happened to be near him. But he was evidently out of place at the banquet; his temperament was reflective, his disposition serious; feasts were at no time a sphere in which he was calculated to shine.

His taciturnity, while the hour of the execution was under discussion, had separated him from most of those with whom he sat, at the lower end of the table. They edged up towards the top, where the conversation was most general and most animated. One of his friends, however, still kept his place by Duprat's side, and thus questioned him anxiously, but in low tones, on the cause of his immovable silence:

"Are you the only man of the company, Duprat, who has neither a guess nor a joke to make about the time of the execution?"

"I never joke, Marigny," was the answer, given with a slight smile which had something of the sarcastic in it; "and as for guessing at the time of the execution, I never guess at things which I *know*."

"Know! You know the hour of the execution! Then why not communicate your knowledge to your friends around you?"

"Because not one of them would believe what I said."

"But, surely, you could prove it. Somebody must have told you."

"Nobody has told me."

"You have seen some private letter, then; or you have managed to get sight of the execution-order; or—"

"Spare your conjectures, Marigny. I have not read, as I have not been told, what is the hour at which we are to die to-morrow."

"Then how on earth can you possibly know it?"

"I do *not* know when the execution will begin, or when it will end. I only know that it will be *going on* at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Out of the twenty-one who are to suffer death, one will be guillotined exactly at that hour. Whether he will be the first whose head falls, or the last, I cannot tell."

"And pray who may this man be, who is to die exactly at nine o'clock? Of course, prophetically knowing so much, you know that!"

"I *do* know it. I am the man whose death by the guillotine will take place exactly at the hour I have mentioned."

"You said just now, Duprat, that you never joked. Do you expect me to believe that what you have just spoken is spoken in earnest?"

"I repeat that I never joke; and I answer that I expect you to believe me. I know the hour at which my death will take place to-morrow, just as certainly as I know the fact of my own existence to-night."

"But how? My dear friend, can you really lay claim to supernatural intuition, in this eighteenth century of the world, in this renowned Age of Reason?"

"No two men, Marigny, understand that word, supernatural, exactly in the same sense; you and I differ about its meaning, or, in other words, differ about the real distinction between the doubtful and the true. We will not discuss the subject: I wish to be understood, at the outset, as laying claim to no superior intuitions whatever; but I tell you, at the same time, that even in this Age of Reason, I have reason for what I have said. My father and my brother both died at nine o'clock in the morning, and were both warned very strangely of their deaths. I am the last of my family; I was warned last night, as they were warned; and I shall die by the guillotine, as they died in their beds, at the fatal hour of nine."

"But, Duprat, why have I never heard of this before? As your oldest and, I am sure, your dearest friend, I thought you had long since trusted me with all your secrets."

"And you shall know this secret; I only kept it from you till the time when I could be certain that my death would substantiate my words, to the very letter. Come! you are as bad supper-company as I am; let us slip away from the table unperceived, while our friends are all engaged in conversation. Yonder end of the hall is dark and quiet—we can speak there uninterruptedly, for some hours to come."

He led the way from the supper-table, followed by Marigny. Arrived at one of the darkest and most retired corners of the great hall of the prison, Duprat spoke again:

"I believe, Marigny," he said, "that you are one of those who have been ordered by our tyrants to witness my execution, and the execution of my brethren, as a warning spectacle for an enemy to the Jacobin cause?"

"My dear, dear friend! it is too true; I am ordered to witness the butchery which I cannot prevent—our last awful parting will be at the foot of the scaffold. I am among the victims who are spared—mercilessly spared—for a little while yet."

"Say the martyrs! We die as martyrs, calmly, hopefully, innocently. When I am placed under the guillotine to-morrow morning, listen, my friend, for the striking of the church clocks; listen for the hour while you look your last on me. Until that time, suspend your judgment on the strange chapter of family history which I am now about to relate."

Marigny took his friend's hand, and promised compliance with the request. Duprat then began as follows:

"You knew my brother Alfred, when he was quite a youth, and you knew something of what people flippantly termed, the eccentricities of his character. He was three years my junior; but, from childhood, he showed far less of a child's innate levity and happiness than his elder brother. He was noted for his seriousness and thoughtfulness as a boy; showed little inclination for a boy's usual lessons, and less still for a boy's usual recreations,—in short, he was considered by everybody (my father included) as deficient in intellect; as a vacant dreamer, and an inveterate idler, whom it was hopeless to improve. Our tutor tried to lead him to various studies, and tried in vain. It was the same when the cultivation of his mind was given up, and the cultivation of his body was next attempted. The fencing-master could make nothing of him; and the dancing-master, after the first three lessons, resigned in despair. Seeing that it was useless to set others to teach him, my father made a virtue of necessity, and left him, if he chose, to teach himself.

"To the astonishment of every one, he had not been long consigned to his own guidance, when he was discovered in the library, reading every old treatise on astrology which he could lay his hands on. He had rejected all useful knowledge for the most obsolete of obsolete sciences—the old, abandoned delusion of divination by the stars! My father laughed heartily over the strange study to which his idle son had at last applied himself, but made no attempt to oppose his new caprice, and sarcastically presented him with a telescope on his next birthday. I should remind you here, of what you may perhaps have forgotten, that my father was a philosopher of the Voltaire school, who believed that the summit of human wisdom was to arrive at the power of sneering at all enthusiasms, and doubting of all truths. Apart from his philosophy, he was a kind-hearted, easy man, of quick, rather than of profound intelligence. He could see nothing in my brother's new occupation, but the evidence of a new idleness, a fresh caprice which would be abandoned in a few months. My father was not the man to appreciate those yearnings towards the poetical and the spiritual, which were part of Alfred's temperament, and which gave to his peculiar studies of the stars and their influences, a certain charm altogether unconnected with the more practical attractions of scientific investigation.

"This idle caprice of my brother's, as my father insisted on terming it, had lasted more than a twelvemonth, when there occurred the first of a series of mysterious and—as I consider them—supernatural events, with all of which Alfred was very remarkably connected. I was myself a witness of the strange circumstance, which I am now about to relate to you.

"One day—my brother being then sixteen years of age—I happened to go into my father's study, during his absence, and found Alfred there, standing close to a window, which looked into the garden. I walked up to him, and observed a curious expression of vacancy and rigidity in his face, especially in his eyes. Although I knew him to be subject to what are called fits of absence, I still thought it rather extraordinary that he never moved, and never noticed me when I was close to him. I took his hand, and asked if he was unwell. His flesh felt quite cold; neither my touch nor my voice produced the smallest sensation in him. Almost at the same moment when I noticed this, I happened to be looking accidentally towards the garden. There was my father walking along one of the paths, and there, by his side, walking with him, was *another Alfred!*— Another, yet exactly the same as the Alfred by whose side I was standing, whose hand I still held in mine!

"Thoroughly panic-stricken, I dropped his hand, and uttered a cry of terror. At the loud sound of my voice, the statue-like presence before me immediately began to show signs of animation. I looked round again at the garden. The figure of my brother, which I had beheld there, was gone, and I saw to my horror, that my father was looking for it—looking in all directions for the companion (spectre, or human being?) of his walk!

"When I turned towards Alfred once more, he had (if I may so express it) come to life again, and was asking, with his usual gentleness of manner and kindness of voice, why I was looking so pale? I evaded the question by making some excuse, and in my turn inquired of him, how long he had been in my father's study.

"'Surely you ought to know best,' he answered with a laugh, 'for you must have been here before me. It is not many minutes ago since I was walking in the garden with——'

"Before he could complete the sentence my father entered the room.

"'Oh! here you are, Master Alfred,' said he. 'May I ask for what purpose you took it into your wise head to vanish in that extraordinary manner? Why you slipped away from me in an instant, while I was picking a flower! On my word, sir, you're a better player at hide-and-seek than your brother,—*he* would only have run into the shrubbery, *you* have managed to run in here, though how you did it in the time passes my poor comprehension. I was not a moment picking the flower, yet in that moment you were gone!'

"Alfred glanced suddenly and searchingly at me; his face became deadly pale, and, without speaking a word, he hurried from the room.

"'Can *you* explain this?' said my father, looking very much astonished.

"I hesitated a moment, and then told him what I had seen. He took a pinch of snuff—a favourite habit with him when he was going to be sarcastic, in imitation of Voltaire.

"'One visionary in a family is enough,' said he; 'I recommend you not to turn yourself into a bad imitation of your brother Alfred! Send your ghost after me, my good boy! I am going back into the garden, and should like to see him again!'

"Ridicule, even much sharper than this, would have had little effect on me. If I was certain of anything in the world, I was certain that I had seen my brother in the study—nay, more, had touched him,—and equally certain that I had seen his double—his exact similitude, in the garden. As far as any man could know that he was in possession of his own senses, I knew myself to be in possession of mine. Left alone to think over what I had beheld, I felt a supernatural terror creeping through me—a terror which increased, when I recollected that, on one or two occasions friends had said they had seen Alfred out of doors, when we all knew him to be at home. These statements, which my father had laughed at, and had taught me to laugh at, either as a trick, or a delusion on the part of others, now recurred to my memory as startling corroborations of what I had just seen myself. The solitude of the study oppressed me in a manner which I cannot describe. I left the apartment to seek Alfred, determined to question him, with all possible caution, on the subject of his strange trance, and his sensations at the moment when I had awakened him from it.

"I found him in his bed-room, still pale, and now very thoughtful. As the first words in reference to the scene in the study passed my lips, he started violently, and entreated me, with very unusual warmth of speech and manner, never to speak to him on that subject again,—never, if I had any love or regard for him! Of course, I complied with his request. The mystery, however, was not destined to end here.

"About two months after the event which I have just related, we had arranged, one evening, to go to the theatre. My father had insisted that Alfred should be of the party, otherwise he would certainly have declined accompanying us; for he had no inclination whatever for public amusements of any kind. However, with his usual docility, he prepared to obey my father's desire, by going up-stairs to put on his evening dress. It was winter-time, so he was obliged to take a candle with him.

"We waited in the drawing-room for his return a very long time, so long, that my father was on the point of sending up-stairs to remind him of the lateness of the hour, when Alfred reappeared without the candle which he had taken with him from the room. The ghastly alteration that had passed over his face—the hideous, death-look that distorted his features I shall never forget,—I shall see it to-morrow on the scaffold!

"Before either my father or I could utter a word, my brother said:—'I have been taken suddenly ill; but I am better now. Do you still wish me to go to the theatre?'

"'Certainly not, my dear Alfred,' answered my father; 'we must send for the doctor immediately.'

"'Pray do not call in the doctor, sir; he would be of no use. I will tell you why, if you will let me speak to you alone.'

"My father, looking seriously alarmed, signed to me to leave the room. For more than half an hour I remained absent, suffering almost unendurable suspense and anxiety on my brother's account. When I was recalled, I observed that Alfred was quite calm, though still deadly pale. My father's manner displayed an agitation which I had never observed in it before. He rose from his chair when I re-entered the room, and left me alone with my brother.

"'Promise me,' said Alfred, in answer to my entreaties to know what had happened, 'promise that you will not ask me to tell you more than my father has permitted me to tell. It is his desire that I should keep certain things a secret from you.'

"I gave the required promise, but gave it most unwillingly. Alfred then proceeded.

"'When I left you to go and dress for the theatre, I felt a sense of oppression all over me, which I cannot describe. As soon as I was alone, it seemed as if some part of the life within me was slowly wasting away. I could hardly breathe the air around me, big drops of perspiration burst out on my forehead, and then a feeling of terror seized me which I was utterly unable to control. Some of those strange fancies of seeing my mother's spirit, which used to influence me at the time of her death, came back again to my mind. I ascended the stairs slowly and painfully, not daring to look behind me, for I heard—yes, heard!—something following me. When I had got into my room, and had shut the door, I began to recover my self-possession a little. But the sense of oppression was still as heavy on me as ever, when I approached the wardrobe to get out my clothes. Just as I stretched forth my hand to turn the key, I saw, to my horror, the two doors of the wardrobe opening of themselves, opening slowly and silently. The candle went out at the same moment, and the whole inside of the wardrobe became to me like a great mirror, with a bright light shining in the middle of it. Out of that light there came a figure, the exact counterpart of myself. Over its breast hung an open scroll, and on that I read the warning of my own death, and a revelation of the destinies of my father and his race. Do not ask me what were the words on the scroll, I have given my promise not to tell you. I may only say that, as soon as I had read all, the room grew dark, and the vision disappeared.'

"Forgetful of my promise, I entreated Alfred to repeat to me the words on the scroll. He smiled sadly, and refused to speak on the subject any more. I next sought out my father, and begged him to divulge the secret. Still sceptical to the last, he answered that one diseased imagination in the family was enough, and that he would not permit me to run the risk of being infected by Alfred's mental malady. I passed the whole of that day and the next in a state of agitation and alarm which nothing could tranquillize. The sight I had seen in the study gave a terrible significance to the little that my brother had told me. I was uneasy if he was a moment out of my sight. There was something in his expression,—calm and even cheerful as it was,—which made me dread the worst.

"On the morning of the third day after the occurrence I have just related, I rose very early, after a sleepless night, and went into Alfred's bedroom. He was awake, and welcomed me with more than usual affection and kindness. As I drew a chair to his bedside, he asked me to get pen, ink, and paper, and write down something from his dictation. I obeyed, and found to my terror and distress, that the idea of death was more present to his imagination than ever. He employed me in writing a statement of his wishes in regard to the disposal of all his own little possessions, as keepsakes to be given, after he was no more, to my father, myself, the house-servants, and one or two of his own most intimate friends. Over and over again I entreated him to tell me whether he really believed that his death was near. He invariably replied that I should soon know, and then led the conversation to indifferent topics. As the morning advanced, he asked to see my father, who came, accompanied by the doctor, the latter having been in attendance for the last two days.

"Alfred took my father's hand, and begged his forgiveness of any offence, any disobedience of which he had ever been guilty. Then, reaching out his other hand, and taking mine, as I stood on the opposite side of the bed, he asked what the time was. A clock was placed on the mantel-piece of the room, but not in a position in which he could see it, as he now lay. I turned round to look at the dial, and answered that, it was just on the stroke of nine.

"'Farewell!' said Alfred, calmly; 'in this world, farewell for ever!'

"The next instant the clock struck. I felt his fingers tremble in mine, then grow quite still. The doctor seized a hand-mirror that lay on the table, and held it over his lips. He was dead—dead, as the last chime of the hour echoed through the awful silence of the room!

"I pass over the first days of our affliction. You, who have suffered the loss of a beloved sister, can well imagine their misery. I pass over these days, and pause for a moment at the time when we could speak with some calmness and resignation on the subject of our bereavement. On the arrival of that period, I ventured, in conversation with my father, to refer to the vision which had been seen by our dear Alfred in his bedroom, and to the prophecy which he described himself as having read upon the supernatural scroll.

"Even yet my father persisted in his scepticism; but now, as it seemed to me, more because he was afraid, than because he was unwilling, to believe. I again recalled to his memory what I myself had seen in the study. I asked him to recollect how certain Alfred had been beforehand, and how fatally right, about the day and hour of his death. Still I could get but one answer; my brother had died of a nervous disorder (the doctor said so); his imagination had been diseased from his childhood; there was only one way of treating the vision which he described himself as having seen, and that was, not to speak of it again between ourselves; never to speak of it at all to our friends.

"We were sitting in the study during this conversation. It was evening. As my father uttered the last words of his reply to me, I saw his eye turn suddenly and uneasily towards the further end of the room. In dead silence, I looked in the same direction, and saw the door opening slowly of itself. The vacant space beyond was filled with a bright, steady glow, which hid all outer objects in the hall, and which I cannot describe to you by likening it to any light that we are accustomed to behold either by day or night. In my terror, I caught my father by the arm, and asked him, in a whisper, whether he did not see something extraordinary in the direction of the doorway?

"'Yes,' he answered, in tones as low as mine, 'I see, or fancy I see, a strange light. The subject on which we have been speaking has impressed our feelings as it should not. Our nerves are still unstrung by the shock of the bereavement we have suffered: our senses are deluding us. Let us look away towards the garden.'

"'But the opening of the door, father; remember the opening of the door!'

"'Ours is not the first door which has accidentally flown open of itself.'

"'Then why not shut it again?'

"'Why not, indeed. I will close it at once.' He rose, advanced a few paces, then stopped, and came back to his place. 'It is a warm evening,' he said, avoiding my eyes, which were eagerly fixed on him, 'the room will be all the cooler, if the door is suffered to remain open.'

"His face grew quite pale as he spoke. The light lasted for a few minutes longer, then suddenly disappeared. For the rest of the evening my father's manner was very much altered. He was silent and thoughtful, and complained of a feeling of oppression and languor, which he tried to persuade himself was produced by the heat of the weather. At an unusually early hour he retired to his room.

"The next morning, when I got down stairs, I found, to my astonishment, that the servants were engaged in preparations for the departure of somebody from the house. I made inquiries of one of them who was hurriedly packing a trunk. 'My master, sir, starts for Lyons the first thing this morning,' was the reply. I immediately repaired to my father's room, and found him there with an open letter in his hand, which he was reading. His face, as he looked up at me on my entrance, expressed the most violent emotions of apprehension and despair.

"'I hardly know whether I am awake or dreaming; whether I am the dupe of a terrible delusion, or the victim of a supernatural reality more terrible still,' he said in low awe-struck tones as I approached him. 'One of the prophecies which Alfred told me in private that he had read upon the scroll, has come true! He predicted the loss of the bulk of my fortune—here is the letter, which informs me that the merchant at Lyons in whose hands my money was placed, has become a bankrupt. Can the occurrence of this ruinous calamity be the chance fulfilment of a mere guess? Or was the doom of my family really revealed to my dead son? I go to Lyons immediately to know the truth: this letter may have been written under false information; it may be the work of an impostor. And yet, Alfred's redpiction—I shudder to think of it!'

"'The light, father!' I exclaimed, 'the light we saw last night in the study!'

"'Hush! don't speak of it! Alfred said that I should be warned of the truth of the prophecy, and of its immediate fulfilment, by the shining of the same supernatural light that he had seen—I tried to disbelieve what I beheld last night—I hardly know whether I dare believe it even now! This prophecy is not the last: there are others yet to be fulfilled—but let us not speak, let us not think of them! I must start at once for Lyons; I must be on the spot, if this horrible news is true, to save what I can from the wreck. The letter—give me back the letter!—I must go directly!'

"He hurried from the room. I followed him; and, with some difficulty, obtained permission to be the companion of his momentous journey. When we arrived at Lyons, we found that the statement in the letter was true. My father's fortune was gone: a mere pittance, derived from a small estate that had belonged to my mother, was all that was left to us.

"My father's health gave way under this misfortune. He never referred again to Alfred's prediction, and I was afraid to mention the subject; but I saw that it was affecting his mind quite as painfully as the loss of his property. Over, and over again, he checked himself very strangely when he was on the point of speaking to me about my brother. I saw that there was some secret pressing heavily on his mind, which he was afraid to disclose to me. It was useless to ask for his confidence. His temper had become irritable under disaster; perhaps, also, under the dread uncertainties which were now evidently tormenting him in secret. My situation was a very sad, and a very dreary one, at that time: I had no remembrances of the past that were not mournful and affrighting remembrances; I had no hopes for the future that were not darkened by a vague presentiment of troubles and perils to come; and I was expressly forbidden by my father to say a word about the terrible events which had cast an unnatural gloom over my youthful career, to any of the friends (yourself included) whose counsel and whose sympathy might have guided and sustained me in the day of trial.

"We returned to Paris; sold our house there; and retired to live on the small estate, to which I have referred, as the last possession left us. We had not been many days in our new abode, when my father imprudently exposed himself to a heavy shower of rain, and suffered, in consequence from a violent attack of cold. This temporary malady was not dreaded by the medical attendant; but it was soon aggravated by a fever, produced as much by the anxiety and distress of mind from which he continued to suffer, as by any other cause. Still the doctor gave hope; but still he grew daily worse—so much worse, that I removed my bed into his room, and never quitted him night or day.

"One night I had fallen asleep, overpowered by fatigue and anxiety, when I was awakened by a cry from my father. I instantly trimmed the light, and ran to his side. He was sitting up in bed, with his eyes fixed on the door, which had been left ajar to ventilate the room. I saw nothing in that direction, and asked what was the matter. He murmured some expressions of affection towards me, and begged me to sit by his bedside till the morning; but gave no definite answer to my question. Once or twice, I thought he wandered a little; and I observed that he occasionally moved his hand under the pillow, as if searching for something there. However, when the morning came, he appeared to be quite calm and self-possessed. The doctor arrived; and pronouncing him to be better, retired to the dressing-room to write a prescription. The moment his back was turned, my father laid his weak hand on my arm, and whispered faintly :—'Last night I saw the supernatural light again—the second prediction—true, true—my death this time—the same hour as Alfred's—nine—nine o'clock, this morning.' He paused a moment through weakness; then added :—'Take that sealed paper—under the pillow—when I am dead, read it—now go into the dressing-room—my watch is there—I have heard the church clock strike eight; let me see how long it is now till nine—go—go quickly!'

"Horror-stricken, moving and acting like a man in a trance, I silently obeyed him. The doctor was still in the dressing-room: despair made me catch eagerly at any chance of saving my father; I told his medical attendant what I had just heard, and entreated advice and assistance without delay.

"'He is a little delirious,' said the doctor—'don't be alarmed: we can cheat him out of his dangerous idea, and so perhaps save his life. Where is the watch?' (I produced it)—'See: it is ten minutes to nine. I will put back the hands one hour; that will give good time for a composing draught to operate. There! take him the watch, and let him see the false time with his own eyes. He will be comfortably asleep before the hour hand gets round again to nine.'

"I went back with the watch to my father's bed-side. 'Too slow,' he murmured, as he looked at the dial—'too slow by an hour—the church clock—I counted eight.'

"'Father! dear father! you are mistaken,' I cried, '*I* counted also: it was only seven.'

"'Only seven!' he echoed faintly, 'another hour then—another hour to live!' He evidently believed what I had said to him. In spite of the fatal experiences of the past, I now ventured to hope the best from our stratagem, as I resumed my place by his side.

"The doctor came in; but my father never noticed him. He kept his eyes fixed on the watch, which lay between us, on the coverlid. When the minute hand was within a few seconds of indicating the false hour of eight, he looked round at me, murmured very feebly and doubtingly, 'another hour to live!' and then gently closed his eyes. I looked at the watch, and saw that it was just eight o'clock, according to our alteration of the right time. At the same moment, I heard the doctor, whose hand had been on my father's pulse, exclaim, 'My God! it's stopped! He *has* died at nine o'clock!'

"The fatality, which no human stratagem or human science could turn aside, was accomplished! I was alone in the world!

"In the solitude of our little cottage, on the day of my father's burial, I opened the sealed letter, which he had told me to take from the pillow of his death-bed. In preparing to read it, I knew that I was preparing for the knowledge of my own doom; but I neither trembled nor wept. I was beyond all grief: despair such as mine was then, is calm and self-possessed to the last.

"The letter ran thus:—'After your father and your brother have fallen under the fatality that pursues our house, it is right, my dear son, that you should be warned how *you* are included in the last of the predictions which still remains unaccomplished. Know then, that the final lines read by our dear Alfred on the scroll, prophesied that *you* should die, as *we* have died, at the fatal hour of nine; but by a bloody and violent death, the day of which was not foretold. My beloved boy! you know not, you never will know, what I suffered in the possession of this terrible secret, as the truth of the former prophecies forced itself more and more plainly on my mind! Even now, as I write, I hope against all hope; believe vainly and desperately against all experience, that this last, worst doom may be avoided. Be cautious; be patient; look well before you at each step of your career. The fatality by which you are threatened is terrible; but there is a Power above fatality; and before that Power my spirit and my child's spirit now pray for you. Remember this when your heart is heavy, and your path through life grows dark. Remember that the better world is still before you, the world where we shall all meet! Farewell!'

"When I first read those lines, I read them with the gloomy, immovable resignation of the Eastern fatalists; and that resignation never left me afterwards. Here, in this prison, I feel it, calm as ever. I bowed patiently to my doom, when it was only predicted: I bow to it as patiently now, when it is on the eve of accomplishment. You have often wondered, my friend, at the tranquil, equable sadness of my manner: after what I have just told you, can you wonder any longer?

"But let me return for a moment to the past. Though I had no hope of escaping the fatality which had overtaken my father and my brother, my life, after my double bereavement, was the existence of all others which might seem most likely to evade the accomplishment of my predicted doom. Yourself and one other friend excepted, I saw no society; my walks were limited to the cottage garden and the neighbouring fields, and my every-day, unvarying occupation was confined to that hard and resolute course of study, by which alone I could hope to prevent my mind from dwelling on what I had suffered in the past, or on what I might still be condemned to suffer in the future. Never was there a life more quiet and more uneventful than mine!

"You know how I awoke to an ambition, which irresistibly impelled me to change this mode of existence. News from Paris penetrated even to my obscure retreat, and disturbed my self-imposed tranquillity. I heard of the last errors and weaknesses of Louis the Sixteenth; I heard of the assembling of the States-General; and I knew that the French Revolution had begun. The tremendous emergencies of that epoch drew men of all characters from private to public pursuits, and made politics the necessity rather than the choice of every Frenchman's life. The great change preparing for the country acted universally on individuals, even to the humblest, and it acted on *me*.

"I was elected a deputy, more for the sake of the name I bore, than on account of any little influence which my acquirements and my character might have exercised in the neighbourhood of my country abode. I removed to Paris, and took my seat in the Chamber, little thinking at that time, of the crime and the bloodshed to which our revolution, so moderate in its beginning, would lead; little thinking that I had taken the first, irretrievable step towards the bloody and the violent death which was lying in store for me.

"Need I go on? You know how warmly I joined the Girondin party; you know how we have been sacrificed; you know what the death is which I and my brethren are to suffer to-morrow. On now ending, I repeat what I said at the beginning: — Judge not of my narrative till you have seen with your own eyes what really takes place in the morning. I have carefully abstained from all comment, I have simply related events as they happened, forbearing to add my own views of their significance, my own ideas on the explanation of which they admit. You may believe us to have been a family of nervous visionaries, witnesses of certain remarkable contingencies; victims of curious, but not impossible chances, which we have fancifully and falsely interpreted into supernatural events. I leave you undisturbed in this conviction (if you really feel it); to-morrow you will think differently; to-morrow you will be an altered man. In the mean time, remember what I now say, as you would remember my dying words:—Last night I saw the supernatural radiance which warned my father and my brother; and which warns *me*, that, whatever the time when the execution begins, whatever the order in which the twenty-one Girondins are chosen for death, I shall be the man who kneels under the guillotine, as the clock strikes nine!"

It was morning. Of the ghastly festivities of the night no sign remained. The prison-hall wore an altered look, as the twenty-one condemned men (followed by those who were ordered to witness their execution) were marched out to the carts appointed to take them from the dungeon to the scaffold.

The sky was cloudless, the sun warm and brilliant, as the Girondin leaders and their companions were drawn slowly through the streets to the place of execution. Duprat and Marigny were placed in separate vehicles: the contrast in their demeanour at that awful moment was strongly marked. The features of the doomed man still preserved their noble and melancholy repose; his glance was steady; his colour never changed. The face of Marigny, on the contrary, displayed the strongest agitation; he was pale even to his lips. The terrible narrative he had heard, the anticipation of the final and appalling proof by which its truth was now to be tested, had robbed him, for the first time in his life, of all his self-possession. Duprat had predicted truly; the morrow had come, and he was an altered man already.

The carts drew up at the foot of the scaffold which was soon to be stained with the blood of twenty-one human beings. The condemned deputies mounted it; and ranged themselves at the end opposite the guillotine. The prisoners who were to behold the execution remained in their cart. Before Duprat ascended the steps, he took his friend's hand for the last time: "Farewell!" he said, calmly. "Farewell! I go to my father, and my brother! Remember my words of last night."

With straining eyes, and bloodless cheeks, Marigny saw Duprat take his position in the middle row of his companions, who stood in three ranks of seven each. Then the awful spectacle of the execution began. After the first seven deputies had suffered there was a pause; the horrible traces of the judicial massacre were being removed. When the execution proceeded, Duprat was the third taken from the middle rank of the condemned. As he came forward, and stood for an instant erect under the guillotine, he looked with a smile on his friend, and repeated in a clear voice the word, "*Remember!*"—then bowed himself on the block. The blood stood still at Marigny's heart, as he looked and listened, during the moment of silence that followed. That moment past, the church clocks of Paris struck. He dropped down in the cart, and covered his face with his hands; for through the heavy beat of the hour he heard the fall of the fatal steel.

"Pray, sir, was it nine or ten that struck just now?" said one of Marigny's fellow-prisoners to an officer of the guard who stood near the cart.

The person addressed referred to his watch, and answered—

"NINE O'CLOCK!"

THE RETORT.

"TURN, sailor, turn! nor tempt the waves;
Thy sire, thy uncle, met their graves
In the deep treacherous sea;
Then shun its dangers, ere too late,
And oh! remember well their fate,
Lest the same tomb hold thee!"

"Before your counsel I admire,
How did *your* relative expire?"
The hardy seaman said.
"You sure must know," his friend replied,
"My honoured sire and uncle died,
Each quietly in his bed."

"Then," asked the sailor, "how can you,
Feeling as you would have me do,
Tempt recklessly their doom!
Say, how dare you, at evening's close,
Seek fearlessly your calm repose
On your relation's tomb?"

M.A.B.

THE SADDLEBAGS;

OR,

THE BRIDLE ROADS OF SPAIN.

LETTER I.

DEAREST MABEL, Seville, Jan. 9, 1852.

THE enchanted city still encircles me with her Moorish girdle of battlements and towers. The winter continues to be as sultry as usual, and the roses by the banks of Guadalquivir bloom unwashed save by the dews and the Infanta's gardeners. Often, in my early morning walk, I see young men in the gay costume of the Andalusians, scale the little palisade defences, and with the hasty hand of stealth pluck a flower or two, eluding the truly Spanish vigilance of the horticultural staff, to say nothing of the military point of honour (bayonet, of course) which guards the palace portal just over the way. I see these depredations and sigh, not for the national disregard of royal property, but because I know the happy pilferer will soon see his fragrant spoil twined in the raven tresses of his dark-eyed Andaluza. Talking about dark eyes, there are some very dangerous lightnings shot from the dusk of the cloudy mantilla (if the semitransparent black blonde which deeply borders it may poetically license that shiny silk piece of attire to be called cloudy, but you see my clouds were necessary for my lightning), and I should have been struck many times if I did not wear a talisman, that you know of, over my heart. That miniature is like the Gorgon's head (I don't mean that the portraits resemble each other), a shield against beauty's glances by superior beauty. It has not petrified many of the fair maidens of Seville yet, and, indeed, it would be a pity, as their charms are not of the sculpturesque order; but, as far as concerns them, it has silently smiled my heart into stone and made a palace of my bosom, wherein the memory of the miniature's original imprisoned dwells alone. I think you know the high ideal type of beauty I most admire, I have told you so many times, but, if you have forgot, as, being a lady, you have a right to do, I need not remind you, for you will perceive it at once on a little reflection. Now, if you have done looking at yourself in the glass (don't be angry, Miss Vanity), we will return to Seville and the object which, without vanity, I may presume interests you most (knowing of nothing else) in that city; to wit (as vulgar authors without any visible reason often write instead of *viz.*), to wit, I say, myself. I would have you to know, then, for your greater satisfaction, with regard to that most interesting object, that I am exceedingly well, and that I have every reason to think my friends were deceived in supposing my lungs were about to strike work, and I feel confident, unless something else happens, I shall for some time belie their breathless expectations.

Your last letter is all full of anxious inquiries, with which I beg in future to be troubled no more, for I am too fond of writing about myself to give up any part of that prerogative to my correspondents, whom I expect and enjoin to write in return about themselves, on pain of instant erasure from my good (blotting) books. You will have probably heard that I am expecting my friend; I need not tell you what friend, for even if you should know nothing of this sudden and very kind idea of his, you cannot be at a loss, for you have long enough occupied the principal apartment in my breast to be aware who is your fellow-lodger on the second floor. Indeed, I am beginning to feel the want of a friend; not that I can be said to be strictly lonely, for I have in the society of Seville a crowd of most amiable acquaintances, whom I like, some of them very much, and who have been most kind to me on very little provocation. But (unfortunately! or fortunately?) the heart of man, which is a polypus as well as a bivalve, cannot quickly close its hundred feelers around new objects, and the fact is, that I have felt melancholy at times.

Do not laugh, hard-hearted maiden! I know you think I laugh all day long, because it always makes me merry to be in your presence. "Am I so very amusing?" you say. Not the least; but, for some unexplained reason, my pulse beats quicker in your presence. The same effect is produced by brandy or sudden fright. People always laugh when they are tipsy or startled, or have the blood galloping through their veins from violent exercise; dancing, for instance. We all know what small wit will do for ball-rooms. That you should produce the same result as brandy is natural, for you are truly an intoxicating spirit; but, so far from being a sudden fright, I live in hopes that you may prove a permanent beauty—constant, I mean.

What nonsense I write! Do I? My dear child, this is a love-letter, and if there was not plenty of nonsense in it, it would stand you in no sort of stead when you come into court to prove a breach of promise against me for marrying the lovely Maria de la Anunciacion — a curious name, but a very pretty person, I assure you. Shall I describe her? No. Look at yourself in the glass again, and alter the colour of the eyes and hair to jet-black; imagine a dark, mysterious, passionate, earnestness, instead of sweet, intelligent, domestic, truly English smile (by the way, I know you are frowning with a terrible thunder-cloud drawn across the heaven of your brow, at my mention of this beautiful creature), and you will have more than a tolerable idea of her. Indeed the features are so like that it pleases me to look at her; she reminds me of my own Mabel. "Why don't I look at my own Mabel's miniature then?" Unreasonable woman! I can't be always pulling your miniature out of the waistcoat pocket nearest my heart. People would stare, and think me a moonstruck lover. But there is no objectionable singularity in looking at live ladies. Well, you are not quite satisfied after all; then I will tell you, she is not a live lady any more than your portrait, only she is larger, and better painted, by one Murillo, a celebrated artist in his day, whose works are still much valued. There is a good collection of them in the museum of this his native city, and the charming Anunciacion is one of them.

H— has written that he is coming out by the steamer of the 27th to console me in my exile. "How good of him!" you will say, and call him a dear creature, in the language of your sex. In any case, it would be a very kind deed to go such a distance to console a cheerful invalid, who has next to nothing the matter with him, even if he were not otherwise than in the mind to travel, for a start of fifteen hundred miles alone is not a light undertaking. But in his case, wearied as he is with that dreadful expedition over the western deserts, whose hardships have made him very fond of happy England, it is an act of most self-sacrificing friendship to exchange the peace and quiet and comfortable living of home for the stringy ollas and ravenous fleas of

Spanish travel. You, dear creatures, who have all your lives been accustomed to a nice joint and plenty of rice-pudding at luncheon-time are apt to be magnificently stoical and indifferent about good or bad living, deeming, in your innocent hearts, that the whole difference is comprised in the absence or presence of smart, made-dishes, which partly, perhaps, owing to the simple elements or aliments of natural philosophy above alluded to, you are accustomed to look upon with a specious calmness at dinner.

I have been imagining all sorts of delightful expeditions to make when H— arrives, which (D. V.) will be little more than a fortnight now. I have been so busy counting off the days since I got his letter, there are only these wearisome eighteen left. I wrote immediately to tell him to bring out some light ornamental wares of English manufacture, whose sale will give him a character and profession on the road; for my idea is, not to travel as ordinary stupid tourists, gaping at pictures and churches, and being cheated, ciceronied, by that raff and scum of the people, who devote themselves to the disadvantage of such travellers; but to go from village to village dealing with, and living with, the people at large, or rather, the peasantry at small. My own profession is to be that of a journeying jeweller, and seller of potent charms and talismans, crucifixes, &c., which I shall make and engrave with hieroglyph inscriptions for the credulous. All nations have a suspicion of, and a contempt for, the impertinent curiosity of mere travellers.

"I'd be a bagman the country to scour,
Disposing of wares to the rustics I meet,
To write a romantic, adventurous tour,
Of the *bijoux* I sell and the boobies I cheat."

Of course H—, being an author as well as myself, we shall, between us, do a work in two volumes, and make them very voluminous. I for my part think travels the stupidest things in the world, but we are credibly informed that the public reads them voraciously, and, as we have chosen the profession of swine-feeders, we must prepare the swill accordingly. The critics, wise pigs, who have the first pick of the trough, and who prefer plain home-grown barley to the plate and dish-washings of foreign cookery, will no doubt treat us with their usual taste and forbearance. I think we shall ride on donkeys, which will give a convenient handle to our facetious reviewers. "The flat and tedious narration of this truly *asinine* excursion, &c. The tourists were a party of four, two of whom relate, &c."—"The other two, though they bore the most burdensome part in the hardships of the journey, and though they could not well have observed less or described it worse than their companions, have not as yet favoured us with their *tales*," &c. —*Atlas*, *Sun*, or *Satirist*, as it may happen. I will cut it out and send it you, when it appears.

Mind you contrive that H— sees you before he comes away from England, for of course I shall be anxious to hear the last news, of how you were looking. Write and tell him you have something to send. He will ride over, expecting some very heavy token, such as a dozen mince pies hermetically sealed; and you can charge him with a snowdrop. Don't blush!—of course he knows all about it. Pray how many female confidants have you, my discreet princess? Mind you wear the same dress as in the precious miniature, that you may look the same, if possible, so that when he sees the miniature he may be able to tell me you are not altered. "Foolish boy!" Am I? I have a right to be foolish, if I please. And so, with many blessings, farewell, sweetest Mab.

LETTER II.

Seville, Feb. 9, 1852.

HE did arrive, dearest Mab, and on the very day. I had a presentiment, but I was afraid to trust it for fear of being disappointed, as one always is when hope is allowed to run riot. I had calculated the days of his voyage to a nicety, and found he must get to Cadiz before the river steamer of the 5th came up the Guadalquiver. Therefore it was now or perhaps never, for there were some doubts ultimately of his being able to get off on the 27th after all. I was determined not to go down to the quay early, for I felt sure my impatience, waiting on the spot would prevent his arriving. I had inquired, in my morning walk, what was the steamer's hour, and determined to hit it exactly. Rushing down at the appointed moment I found my informant had told me wrong, the boat had arrived a quarter of an hour. On the quay (down a broad sloping causeway, railed off from the public) there was a pile of luggage. A remnant of passengers yet bustled around it, arguing, struggling, and bargaining with a contentious company of porters. Alas! H— was not to be seen among them. There was still a chance; he might be one of the passengers who had got ashore before my coming down, and I was just preparing to rush back to the city to ransack the hotels. Just then an internal convulsion shook the swarm around the luggage pile; out burst a little Gallego staggering under a huge British portmanteau, and followed by its much desired and now almost despaired of proprietor

I saw him come bowling up the slope with his familiar gait, evidently unconscious of my presence, and wearing that sturdy and almost hostile demeanour with which a true Briton marches into a strange city through the army of officious importunates who never fail to welcome the true Briton's arrival. As he passed the barrier, he came close to me in the crowd, still without recognizing me, for though straight before his nose I was dressed in the costume of the people. I touched his elbow, and he turned upon me with a look of impatient defiance, thinking me one persecutor more. How quickly the expression changed, and to what, I leave you to imagine. We rushed into each other's arms, as much as the many great coats slung over his shoulders and the deep folds of cloak in which I was enveloped would mutually permit. Then saying more than a thousand things in a breath, or rather in no breath at all, we set off in great glee for my lodgings, forgetting in the excitement the poor little porter who was following us at full trot, panting and puffing under the heavy portmanteau. We got home, but were no calmer. We dined, but could not eat. We talked, but the news could not be persuaded to come out quick enough.

Of course, my first and most headlong (heartlong, I should say) inquiries were after my faery queen. He heartlessly replied that my Mab was considered likely to live. By some accident I discovered he had a letter from you; ah, prudish! enclosing the snowdrop you were ashamed to give him in a straight-forward, open-handed way. However, by that means I got a letter too; thanks to both. I, of course, on hearing of a letter, started up and stirred him up to open the heavy portmanteau forthwith. Then it turned out that in the flurry of custom-house examinations the key had been lost, and I had to wait, execrating the whole administration of imports in all the Spains, while a locksmith was sent for. Equally, of course, you will imagine my transports over the letter, and how many times I kissed the poor withered little flower of colder climes, and wondered how the deuce I could have been so stupid as not to send you a violet in my last; but I had no idea, when I thoughtlessly asked you to send me a snowdrop, of the real pleasure it has given me. How vague and dim is the vaunted imagination of poets. I have always said that the strong point of the female mind, about which we have so often quarrelled, is imagination. What a pretty thought it was of you, my Mab, to save me up a leaf of the Christmas holly-wreaths (with which, by the way, I pricked my fingers in the hurry of taking it and the snowdrop out of the doubled card).

"Before the face of Winter stern
I fled to seek a sunnier clime,—
I missed the merry Christmas time,—
I saw no crackling yule-log burn.

"Twin greeting sends the gray old chief,
To mind us he has flowers that blow,
And foliage green among the snow;
A snowdrop and a holly leaf.

"Oh, monarch grim! thy realms of ice
Keep for me yet a fairer flower—
Where memories green of home embower
Thy dearth into a paradise."

Shall I write you any more? I think these three stanzas are plenty. Do you know that Tennyson's favourite stanza has been used in Spain three hundred years. But I think nobody in Spain, or anywhere else, has written so much of it or so well as *in memoriam*. I have my copy here, and sometimes read, with much sentiment, the choice passages marked by your approving pencil. You remember how I used to teaze you about marking them, begging you in vain to translate into plain English those dark passages which usually had struck you most; for your mysterious sex have always a wonderful fancy for things they only half comprehend. However, having infamously contrived to make you ashamed of your modest annotations, I persuaded you to give me the depreciated copy: and now I reap the pleasant reward of my dishonesty and am ashamed too.

Last night, after writing the first half of this letter—for though a man of letters I seldom have literary stamina to finish one at a stretch—we remembered we had told the tower-keepers to be prepared for a visit from us at 10 o'clock to see Seville by moonlight from the Giralda. Therefore we sallied forth beneath the stars. Having come to where that wonderful wand, lifted by the magic hand of the Moor, points, whither all pinnacles, whether of mosque or cathedral, do point, however much the way to heaven may differ on the lower story, we entered the dwelling at its base where some of the family were going to bed. A young man got ready a lantern, and leading us through a sloppy back kitchen and other damp premises, preceded us up the succession of inclined planes which ascend the tower. Imagine an interminable sloping gallery in the wall, corkscrewing round and round the tower, or rather square and square, with landing places at the corners, and here and there large niches where two Arabesque arches, divided by a slender column of glittering marble, let in the night thwarted by the graceful balustrade of a jutting balcony. The dark ascent of the echoing corridor—the cloaked figure of our guide a-head, with the moving, downcast flare of his lantern on the stony slope—these richly framed momentary pictures of the enchanted moonlight-sprinkled city, as from glimpse to glimpse it sank beneath our feet and exposed a widening rim of hazy horizon;—all these things together struck us with that delicate impression of the mysterious and romantic which is so difficult to put on paper, or even to describe afterwards with spoken words. We were content to explain ourselves to each other by agreeing that it seemed like one of the Arabian nights. Does that give your ladyship an idea? Well, there is an end to all things, even to square corkscrews, and at last we emerged where the muezzin used to cry, "La ela illa Allah" (There is no God but *the* God), and where now the most powerfully unmusical jangle of bells in the world ring at random hours without any ascertainable rule or intention whatever. Looking down over the dizzy parapet on one side we could see here and there little cloaked mannikins crawling over the straightened pavement; on the other, also far beneath, the great stone roofs of the body of the cathedral, whose massive flying buttresses, touched by the moonbeams, seemed the hoary ribs of some huge old Mammoth skeleton. Around, irregularly grouped clusters of quaint fantastic housetops, and towers, and gables strung like charms on tangled street-lines, expanded a chequered labyrinth. Along the dark line of the Guadalquivir lay the white range of Triana. On the side of the river, but still distant, the bull-ring looked about the shape and size of a quoit. On the left, near the foot of the tower, stood the rich Arabesque alcazar of the Moorish kings of Seville. Beyond, spread a vaster edifice, square, covering five or six acres, and seeming a palace too. What do you think it was? The tobacco manufactory. Isabel II. is the sole tobacconist in her realm, and as all its denizens are her customers, she must do a very good business. Beyond the orange and lemon groves of the Delicias, the watery serpent coiled away along the plain, with here and there a distant reach that caught the silver of the skies, going round to the east side of the tower, where, by the way, we came out but did not stop, deeming, with that restless impatience to which humanity is prone, that what first presented itself must be least worth looking at, we beheld in the far horizon the converging ranges of the Sierra Morena and the mountains of Ronda. The dim intervening plain was dotted here and there with bright towers that rose against the slanting rays. The moon was full, and such a moon! You, my dear, have only seen a comparative turnip lantern. I know that you are tired of my description, and completely confused between right and left and the four points of the compass; suffice it to say, (I know you like these useful little brickbats of a professional literary style), suffice it to say, that we were much delighted, and properly enthusiastic. We picked out the largest tooth of the Ronda sierra (saw), I don't mean that we extracted it, but we singled it out as the loftiest point in the horizon, whither to direct our steps when we leave this place. We have determined to take no guide, but to ride from peak to peak, always selecting the most ambitious land-mark we can get sight of, and trusting to Providence for supper and adventures. Farewell, &c.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY LORD LANGDALE, MASTER OF THE ROLLS, ETC.[*]

WITH A PORTRAIT.

The cause of law reform at present is in the ascendant; and a defender of the old usages of Westminster Hall would now be looked upon with as much surprise and dislike, as fell to the share of Jeremy Bentham, when he first came forward to denounce the venerable mass of mouldy judicial abuses. But in these palmy times of common law and equity commissions, of law-amendment societies, and local courts, though the great conflict of Reason against Authority is no longer to be fought, we ought to look back with interest and gratitude on the career of those, who first had the courage to begin the battle, and who persevered in it for years, in spite of the heavy personal sacrifices which it brought on them, and although their cause was long uncheered by popular favour, and indeed was often the subject of popular ridicule.

We believe that Lord Brougham is right in calling Jeremy Bentham the father of law reform;[†] but we are also certain that this patriarch Jeremy, would have effected little towards improving our jurisprudence, if he had not been seconded by a race of disciples as sincere and enthusiastic as himself, but who were gifted also with the common sense, in which he was so eminently deficient; and who did not disdain to express Bentham's doctrines in intelligible English, instead of the original Benthamee dialect, "that harsh style," as Lord Brougham justly terms it, which the old philosopher of Queen Square generally adopted, "full of involved periods and new-made words, which, how accurately soever it conveyed his ideas, was almost as hard to learn as a foreign language."

High among the band of efficient law reformers we ought to honour Henry Bickersteth, who became Baron Langdale of Langdale in the county of Westmoreland, Master of the Rolls, a Privy Councillor, and keeper-general of the public records; one of the few reformers, who when advanced to rank and power have been as honest and industrious in the good cause, as they were before their promotion; a statesman who truly held the maxim which his favourite author, Lord Bacon, professed, that power and rank are nothing in themselves, and that they are only to be prized as the means of doing good. "Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good *thoughts*, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act, and *that cannot be without power and place as the vantage and commanding ground*." [‡]

Lord Langdale's labours in the advancement of law reform were far less showy than those of many, who, in reality, cared less and did less than he, for the cause, in which they sought distinction. Lord Langdale was no notoriety-hunter; though he never shrank from publicity when the avowal of his opinions seemed likely to aid the progress of those principles which he believed to be true: and he never disguised his character of a thorough-going law reformer, even at the time when that character was exceedingly unpopular, especially in his profession, and much impeded the increase of his practice at the bar. While he was Mr. Bickersteth, he did not write pamphlets; he did not harangue public meetings; nor did he seek in the House of Commons a theatre of display. This was not for want of opportunity. In 1818, when his professional success was still uncertain, he was offered, through the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, a seat in Parliament. But though he was to be returned free of all expense, he declined the proffered distinction, to the great surprise of the friends, whose admiration of his abilities had induced them to place within his reach this great prize of most ambitious spirits. There is an entry on the subject in his private diary, which is cited by his present biographer; and which, as Mr. Hardy truly observes, shows forcibly the high principle by which he was ever actuated. He thus writes of the seat in Parliament, which English lawyers generally struggle for so eagerly; and which, when secured, they generally treat as the mere means of obtaining professional promotion.

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[*] Memoirs of the Right Honourable Henry Lord Langdale. By Thomas Duffus Hardy.

[†] Lord Brougham's Speech, vol. ii. p. 287.

[‡] Lord Bacon, as quoted by Lord Langdale in one of his early letters to his brother, vol. i. p. 138.

> "If I were rich I should be glad to accept it, and, being somewhat of an enthusiast, though far less vehement than in former times, it is probable, that, being once engaged in politics, I should be earnest in the pursuit; but my poverty will not permit me to devote my whole time to politics, and *I cannot consent to be a mere political adventurer, or to form a plan of making my parliamentary duties a secondary consideration, or subservient to my profession.* I am, therefore, determined to remain as I am."

Afterwards, in 1834, when his position as a leading counsel in the courts of equity was secure, Mr. Bickersteth was again offered a seat in the House of Commons. The offer this time embraced much more. He was now requested by the Lord Chancellor (Lord Brougham) and the other leading members of the Cabinet to become their Solicitor-General, with the intimation that a seat in Parliament would be provided for him. But he declined the senatorial station and the professional dignity, which were thus simultaneously set before him, on the conscientious ground that he differed essentially in his opinions both of political and legal reform from Lord Brougham, with whom, as Lord Chancellor, he, as Solicitor-General, would constantly be brought in close and confidential connexion.

But though he was thus honourably self-denied the power of advocating the principle of law reform as a member of the House of Commons, he did more than most men living to aid it by the evidence which he gave before the commission which was appointed to inquire into the state of the courts of equity in 1824. It was much desired that some of the chief practitioners before those tribunals should give evidence as to their actual working; but, though the abuses of Chancery were notorious, there was a difficulty in getting Chancery barristers to come forward. Men thought that they would injure their own prospects by doing so; they had a dread of making themselves unpopular with the Judges before whom they had to argue, and a still stronger dread of offending the solicitors who brought them briefs. Bickersteth acted differently.

> "In August 1824, Mr. Merivale, one of the Commissioners, proposed to examine Mr. Bickersteth, and asked him if he had any objection. On this occasion Mr. Bickersteth, writes:—'I might have avoided the examination, as I should have been very glad to do; but on consideration it did not seem that I could pro-

perly refuse. I had attended to the subject—I was asked to give any information I possessed, and to withhold it, would not only have been inconsistent with my own notions of right, but would, as I thought, have been without excuse, if I should afterwards disapprove of the report, and think fit to criticise it. How could I take upon myself to blame an error if I had previously "refused" or "declined" to point it out? I therefore consented to be examined, and was accordingly summoned. The examination took place on the 6th, 11th, 13th, and 16th of August, 1824. It stopped short, as I thought, very abruptly. I had a good deal to say on the Masters and their duties; and some of the evidence that I gave was imperfect, or only intelligible with reference to things intended to be said afterwards about the Masters, but which were not said, because there was no inquiry on the subject.

"'My evidence was given under the full persuasion that it would be offensive to the judges and to the attorneys, and to me in every way prejudicial. I certainly exaggerated nothing, but at the first I heard of nothing but my wild and visionary schemes.

"'After a lapse of some time the case was very different. There were persons who thought that the evidence displayed an extensive and familiar knowledge of the subject of inquiry, and of the practice of the Court. After its publication I received many marks of attention and respect from strangers who had read it; and when reforms of the Court of Chancery were talked of, I found that I had become a sort of authority, and inquiries what I thought on the subject became very frequent.'"

This was a public service done publicly; but it is impossible to overestimate the amount of exertion privately bestowed by Mr. Bickersteth in the same cause. His influence over Burdett, Kinnaird, and other members of the House of Commons with whom he was on terms of friendship, was steadily exercised for that purpose. He acquired also, notwithstanding the difference in their politics, the marked esteem of Sir John Copley, who when Attorney-General, and afterwards when Baron Lyndhurst and Lord Chancellor, repeatedly consulted Mr. Bickersteth with respect to reforms of the Court of Chancery.

Lord Melbourne was brought into personal intercourse with Mr. Bickersteth in 1834, on the occasion of the offer of the Solicitor-generalship, which has already been mentioned. Few men were better judges of character than was Lord Melbourne; and he saw and fully appreciated the worth of the independent barrister. When Lord Melbourne reconstructed the Whig Government, in 1835, he had repeated interviews with Mr. Bickersteth on the subject of Chancery reform, and requested him to draw up a statement of the evils attendant on the constitution of the Court of Chancery, and the best remedies to be adopted for their cure. That document is printed in Mr. Hardy's first volume, and it fully justifies Lord Melbourne's choice of an adviser. The Premier was anxious to make Mr. Bickersteth Lord Chancellor, but was unable to pass over the claims which his then Master of the Rolls (the late Lord Cottenham) was supposed to have to that high office. On Pepys being made Chancellor, Lord Melbourne at once offered the mastership of the Rolls, with a Peerage, to Mr. Bickersteth. A correspondence then ensued, in the highest degree honourable to both parties,—Mr. Bickersteth firmly refusing the proffered honour, except on the distinct understanding that he was to be politically independent, and to give no further support to the Ministry in the House of Lords than his own conscientious opinions enjoined. When the difficulties of Lord Melbourne's position as a party-chief at that period are remembered, and especially the need he had of support in the House of Lords, his frank and manly acquiescence in Mr. Bickersteth's stipulations must be regarded as a rare instance of political generosity and probity. It brought him no credit at the time; for the conditions of Mr. Bickersteth's promotion were kept secret, and the world looked on it as a commonplace instance of party appointment. It was therefore even more noble than the conduct, which we have sometimes seen pursued by statesmen in ostentatiously conferring judicial preferment on avowed political opponents. Nor is it to be forgotten that, in raising Mr. Bickersteth to the mastership of the Rolls, Lord Melbourne incurred the risk of alienating Sir John Campbell (the present Lord Campbell) from his side, who was considered, from his position as Attorney-General, entitled to the vacant preferment, and whose zeal and learning made his services to the Whig party very important.

Lord Langdale (as we may now by anticipation call Mr. Bickersteth) preserved a minute of his final interviews with Lord Melbourne, which well deserves perusal.

" 'On my arrival at home on Saturday, the 2nd of January, 1836,' continues Mr. Bickersteth, 'I received Lord Melbourne's note of the 1st; and on the following day I waited on him.

" 'He told me that Pepys had agreed to take the office of Chancellor, although he wished to postpone the time. I then said, that, upon consideration, I had so far come to a resolution, that if the office of Master of the Rolls were offered to me alone, I should venture to accept it; but that I could not feel disposed to take a seat in either House: that I was on principle opposed to the union of judicial and political offices in the same person, I thought it wrong, and fit to be altered, in the case of the Chancellor: to make the union in the case of Master of the Rolls was, for the present at least, to increase the evil, instead of removing it. I thought it quite clear that the Master of the Rolls ought not to be a member of the House of Commons; if active, he would act inconsistently with his judicial character: if inactive, he might neglect the interests both of his constituents, and of those who promoted him: and active or inactive, in the House he might have to adjudicate in his office, between his constituents and others. There was much less objection on public grounds to the House of Lords; there was less to do, less squabble and heat, but still the judicial office was sufficient to occupy the whole of any man's time, and there would be an union, though less close, of the judicial and political offices; and on private grounds I had strong objections: I had no adequate fortune to warrant me in taking an hereditary peerage.

" *Melbourne.*—'You have no children, have you?'

" *Bickersteth.*—'No; but I should not like to fear having children. The personal objection would be much less if the peerage could be limited for life only.'

" Lord Melbourne thought that the King never would consent to make a peer for life. He then said, that the King was very much pleased with the proposed arrangements, and willing to make me a peer directly, &c. At the close he said, 'Your view is to consent to take the judicial office by itself; but not connected with a seat in either House?' I said, 'Exactly so.' Lord Melbourne replied, 'I must take a little time to consider of it, and will let you know.' I then said, 'Supposing that this subject may now be closed, I beg to return my best thanks for the very handsome and flattering manner in which I have been treated.' I then withdrew, thinking the whole matter at an end.

" On Wednesday, the 6th, I saw Sutton Sharpe, to whom I communicated what had passed. He thought me entirely wrong in refusing the peerage; insisted that as Master of the Rolls with a peerage I should be able to contribute greatly to legal reform, &c.

" After a very long conversation he left me in doubt whether I had done right, and I determined to see Mill on the subject. I talked with him in a day or two afterwards, and found, somewhat to my surprise, that he agreed with Sharpe, and considered that I ought to have accepted the peerage. On the 10th of January I received Lord Melbourne's letter of that date."

" 'MY DEAR SIR, South Street, Jan. 10th, 1836.

" 'I am desirous of seeing you to-morrow morning, before twelve o'clock; and if it should be inconvenient to you to call, I may as well acquaint you that it is my object to learn, whether upon reflection you continue indisposed to undertake the House of Lords. You must be aware that this circumstance might make a very considerable difference, and must leave it questionable whether we could determine upon bringing forward so great a legal measure with so little certain Parliamentary assistance as we could there count upon. I should much prefer seeing you to-morrow, if possible, to receiving a written answer.

"'Believe me, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"H. Bickersteth, Esq. MELBOURNE.'

"'I waited upon Lord Melbourne,' so writes Mr. Bickersteth, 'on the 11th; 'he began by asking whether my views had in any respect altered. I said they had: that on consideration, though my personal objections to the peerage had in no respect diminished, yet my difficulties might perhaps give way, if I could be persuaded that by means of it I should be able to render any useful assistance towards law reform, and if I could be entirely free in politics.

"*Lord Melbourne.*—'What do you mean?'

"*Bickersteth.*—'This is a subject on which there should be no ambiguity. There is nothing more hateful or more mischievous than a political judge, influenced by party feeling. In my opinion, he should be wholly free from all party bias; and if I, being a judge, am also to be in Parliament, it can only be on the clearest understanding that I am to be wholly free from any political and party tie; to put it strongly, as free under your administration as if I had received my judicial appointment from your opponents.'

"To this, after silence for a few minutes, Lord Melbourne said gravely and with dignity,—'I understand you; I fully appreciate your motives, and I think you are perfectly right.'

"He soon afterwards said, that the subject must be considered further; from which I understood that it was necessary to consult his colleagues.

"Late in the evening of the same day, I received the following note from Lord Melbourne:

"'MY DEAR SIR, Downing Street, Jan. 11th, 1836.

"'We should lament Campbell's resignation, and consider it a great loss; but we cannot now draw back; we are therefore determined, at all hazards, to proceed with our arrangement, and if you are ready to undertake the Rolls, we are ready to give it, upon the understanding which you so clearly expressed to me this morning. We can hardly dispense with your assistance in the House of Lords, but you must not consider yourself bound to give support politically.

"Yours faithfully,

"'H. Bickersteth, Esq. MELBOURNE.'

"To this Mr. Bickersteth sent this answer.

"'MY DEAR LORD, 12th January, 1836.

"'I beg leave to thank you most sincerely for the early information which you have been kind enough to give me.

"'If the peerage can be dispensed with, or even postponed, I shall feel great additional gratitude; but if required, and notwithstanding the reluctance and misgiving which I cannot satisfactorily overcome, I consent to accept it on the terms of perfect political independence, which your Lordship so liberally (and if I may presume to say it) so properly sanctions and approves.

"'I now await your orders, only wishing to add, that if the arrangement is settled, I ought, without any delay, to relieve myself from professional engagements, which cannot be continued without future inconvenience, and that I can take no steps for that purpose till I am released from the obligation of secrecy by which I consider myself bound.

"'I remain, my dear Lord, your faithful and obliged servant,

"'6, Craven Hill, Bayswater. H. BICKERSTETH.'

"Lord Melbourne immediately replied,

"'MY DEAR SIR, South Street, Jan. 12th, 1836.

"'I mean to-day to make one more attempt with the Attorney-general, and then, whether it succeeds or fails, the arrangement must be declared.

"'Yours faithfully,

"'H. Bickersteth, Esq. MELBOURNE.'

"The above was followed by the following the next day.

"'My dear Sir, Downing Street, Jan. 13th, 1836.

"'All is settled. Sir John Campbell will remain. For the sake of public impression, and for the sake of legal reform, we cannot let you off the House of Lords, so you have nothing to do but to settle your title.

"'Yours faithfully,

"'Henry Bickersteth, Esq. MELBOURNE.'"

As a Judge and a Peer, Lord Langdale strove to work out the principles which he had advocated in a lower station. He was unremittingly diligent in his judicial duties, speedy but not hasty in decision, and considerably attentive to all those little daily details of the management of a court, which singly seem trifles, but which collectively influence so very much the expense of time and money which the suitors have to undergo. In the House of Lords he was neither a frequent nor an ambitious speaker; but he was regular in his attendance; and while he unswervingly followed the independent line in politics which he had marked out, he zealously aided the Government in every measure of useful reform that they brought forward, especially in those connected with the administration of justice. He did not, however, limit his exertions by the scope of the Ministerial projects. He freely expressed his opinion when he thought them inadequate; nor did he wait for useful reforms to be made Cabinet measures before he spoke in their favour. The list of legal improvements, which were promoted by him in the House of Lords, is long and important, as will be seen on reference to the first and second chapters of Mr. Hardy's second volume. We will only particularize here the subjects of Chancery reform, of local courts, of the abolition for imprisonment for debt, of simplifying conveyances, and of the improvement of the law respecting wills. One other topic deserves special mention. Lord Langdale was, from first to last, the unflinching and consistent opponent of the system of putting taxes upon justice, by compelling suitors to pay court-fees. In this matter he was far in advance of other Law-Lords, who figured in the eyes of the public as the leading law reformers. Mr. Hardy has given us a report which Lord Langdale drew up of his speech on the subject in the House of Lords, on the 14th of July, 1837. The debate is completely slurred over in "Hansard;" and this record of Lord Langdale's sentiments is well worth considering, as a masterly exposition of a principle which has been too much lost sight of in recent legal changes, especially in the institution of the new County Courts, in which the per-centage of Court fees upon the sum in dispute is enormous.

EXPENSE OF JUSTICE—LAW TAXES.

"'Justice is the security which the law provides us with, or professes to provide us with, for everything we value or ought to value—for property, for liberty, for honour, and for life.'

"It is the admitted duty, and certainly the plainest interest of the goverment, to provide the people with the protection of the law, *i.e.*, with justice, for without it there can be no security for peace, no enjoyment of happiness.

"It being, therefore, the duty of the Government to provide courts of justice, judges, and ministerial officers, by whose agency justice may be administered, a question is made, whether it is for the general interest that the persons who are to be supplied with justice when they have need of it, should have it at a cheap, or at a dear rate? All expense cannot by any means be avoided; but upon the determination of the question, whether it is for the general interest that justice should be administered cheaply or dearly to those who have an occasion to apply for it, depends the solution of this other question, Whether so much of the expense of administering justice as is incurred by Government in providing the necessary establishment ought or ought not to be ultimately sustained by Government.

"Now, as it cannot be for, but must be greatly against, the general interest, that any man who has suffered a wrong should be without a remedy for it; as the very existence of wrong, however small, without remedy, tends to general dissatisfaction and disturbance, and leads to that wild sort of justice which is sought to be procured by acts of revenge, it follows that there ought to be not only no denial of justice, but no discouragement to the pursuit or demand of justice; and as expense is undoubtedly a discouragement to the demand, the necessary consequence is, that the expense ought to be reduced to the lowest possible degree.

"To the proposition thus stated, scarcely any objection has been made. But two arguments are used which are said to lead to an opposite conclusion.

"I. It is said that the demandant of justice asks for a service, he asks for a benefit to be conferred upon him; the means of affording that benefit are provided by Government; but 'the burthen of the establishment ought to lie on those who reap the benefit.' 'Is it not just,' asked Lord Chancellor Cottenham, 'to make him who sets the machinery of justice in motion for his own benefit, contribute to the cost of it?'

"It is not an answer, but an explanation that is wanting. It is the community, and not especially the demandant of justice, who is benefitted by the administration of justice and the establishment.

"That a general sense of security may prevail, is the primary object for which the establishment is, or ought to be, maintained. You suppose a wrong to have been done; the general sense of security is so far violated. If the wrong remains unredressed, the violation is enormously increased in amount. An unredressed wrong having happened, may be repeated, and all security may be lost. To prevent this, as well as to compensate the sufferer, which, though important, is in importance inferior to the other, the public and general interest is greatly concerned in seeing the wrong redressed; and if no compensation at all were provided, or ever to be made to the sufferer, it would still be a matter of public concern that the wrong-doer should be punished: and clearly when the law says to the sufferer, You shall have compensation, you shall have the payment, or the damages which may be due to you, it means to confer a benefit on the whole community, and not upon the sufferer in particular; and if the rule be true that the burthen of the establishment ought to lie on those who reap the benefit, the burthen ought to fall not on the particular suitor, but on the public.

"Not only is the law made, and justice administered for the general benefit, but the public do, or ought to derive benefit from almost every law-suit. The law itself is no more than a writing upon a piece of paper: its efficacy is only shown when it is put in act—when its operation is exhibited by its application to the cases of real occurrence. Then we see it furnishing its important lessons to the whole community, encouraging the good, deterring the bad, teaching duty to all who are interested to learn: and these benefits, by no means inconsiderable, are procured for the community by the demandant of justice, who, when he asks for himself the payment or damages which the law entitles him to, and which is promised to him by the Government, does not (when you have done all you can to relieve him) obtain it without cost and inconvenience, often to a large amount, to himself.

"To say that, besides the loss from delay, the inconvenience and expense which in no system can be avoided, he shall also be subjected to the cost of that establishment from which the whole community derive a constant benefit, seems in the highest degree unjust and inexpedient.

"If a foreign army invades your frontier, the inhabitants who live on the frontier are those who first and most immediately suffer, and who may, perhaps, be most willing to resist the invaders; but the danger presses on the whole country, and the inhabitants are all of them interested to put an end to the attack. If in these circumstances, the Government levies an army which repels the invader altogether, what would be thought of it, if at the end of the contest an attempt were made, not to indemnify the wretched inhabitants whose property had been the seat of war, but to impose upon them the burden of the whole expense?

"But, instead of foreign army, read, the wrong-doers who are seeking to invade the rights of all persons exposed to their depredations; for, inhabitants who live on the frontier, read, the persons who for the time are actually suffering by the violation of their rights; and for the army raised by Government to repel the foreign invader, read, the establishment of Courts, Judges, and ministers of justice to redress the violations of right which are committed; and in levying upon the suitors the expense of these establishments, you have a transaction analogous to the conduct of a Government, which should levy on the inhabitants of the invaded frontier the expense of the army raised to repel the invader.

"Upon reflection it is abundantly clear, that the expense of justice, so far as it consists in maintaining the necessary establishment and machinery, ought to be defrayed by the community at large, and not by the suitors.

"II. But then, it is said to be useful and proper to impose expense on suitors for the purpose of checking litigation.

"Litigation, it is said, is not always *bonâ fide*, but sometimes vexatious and unjust. And Lord Chief Justice Denman asked, 'Is all litigation *bonâ fide?* Are you not to have the means of punishing vexatious litigation by imposing costs?' It is difficult to deal with such an argument as this. Because litigation may sometimes be vexatious, does it therefore follow that all litigation whatever should indiscriminately be subject to cost? Because litigation may sometimes be vexatious, and in such cases ought to be visited with costs in proportion to the amount of vexation, does it therefore follow that such costs ought to be raised by a general rule indiscriminately acted upon in all cases, and applied for the purpose of maintaining the judicial establishment? If there be a ground for the argument (as I think there is), ought not the amount of such costs to be proportioned to the vexation of which the litigant has been guilty, and applied towards the indemnification of the party who has been made to suffer by it?

"It is, however, so usual to interpret the word litigation in a bad sense, that the subject requires some consideration before we can well understand the proposition, that the expense of justice is useful in checking litigation.

"Litigation is the act of demanding a right in a Court of Justice.

"When wrong is done, or believed to be done, by one man to another—if we would preserve the peace, and not have the wrong, or the belief of it to prevail, and be productive of violence, the parties must submit their repective claims to a judge. Doing this is litigation—it is the demand which each party makes before the constituted authority that right may be done to him and declared.

"This is a proceeding which ought to be encouraged, and not checked. If a man being or thinking himself wronged cannot apply for justice (because of the check you have provided) the discontent which rankles in his mind will have a tendency to spread itself over the whole community, and more or less of imputation will rest upon the party accused. If there be no check, and on application for justice (*i.e.*, on litigation) it appears that the man was wronged, then by the litigation wrong is redressed, and the persuasion of general security is increased. If, on the litigation, it should appear that the man was mistaken, that, in fact, he had not been wronged, then his groundless complaint is exposed, his discontent and complaint remain an imputation on himself alone, the public will not partake of it, and the party complained of (if not indemnified for the false complaint made against him) will yet be relieved from the imputation which was cast upon him.

"Conceive two parties contending for a supposed right. Either party, whether he has the right or not, may honestly think that he has it, or may honestly think it doubtful whether he has it or not—in none of the cases arising out of the various combinations which this state of things may admit of, can it be said to be misconduct to submit the matter to the judge.

"It is clear, therefore, that we ought not, under the name litigation, to condemn that which may not only be irreproachable, but even the laudable exercise of a right, without the exercise of which there would be no peace or safety in society.

"But still there may be misconduct in litigation. If the judge was always at hand and in activity, and if the proceedings before him were not attended with expense, such misconduct could not be great, but increase the expense, and you may increase the misconduct to any amount.

"It may be that one of the parties knowing that he has not the right, nevertheless makes an unjust claim, or unjustly resists a claim that is just. If the right could be settled without expense or delay by an immediate application to the judge, this vexation and injustice would speedily terminate.

"But add expense to the proceedings, and the consequences are obvious. The expense may be, as in existing institutions it often has been, and is, of an amount exceeding the sum in dispute many times repeated. The rich plaintiff may then proceed deliberately, and by lawful means, to extort the whole amount not merely from a poor, but from a rich and prudent defendant, who, having the right, may nevertheless reasonably say, Why should I defend it when by doing so, though I secure to myself the sum in contest, I shall in the end be so much less rich than if

> I had given up my right at first? And in like manner an unprincipled defendant may deliberately refuse to satisfy a lawful demand made upon him, on the speculation that the person justly entitled to the right will not sue for it, because if he were to do so he would, after having recovered his due in respect of the contested right, be on the whole out of pocket by reason of cost of suit.
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> “These cases are by no means hypothetical—cases are continually occurring in which litigation (by means of the expense and the delay with the increased expense attendant upon it) is employed as a most powerful instrument of fraud, extortion, and unjust resistance to right. Neither delay nor expense can be altogether avoided; and consequently under any system which can be suggested, litigation may by means of expense and delay be made vexatious and oppressive. But it is always to be most carefully kept in mind that litigation is the exercise of rights established for the peace and welfare of the community—that it is capable of being perverted into mischief, and that expense, instead of being a means of preventing that effect, is in fact the most powerful means of causing it; and that the injurious effect which it produces is in favour of the party who, knowing that he has no right, is, nevertheless, encouraged to make an unjust claim, or an unjust resistance, to the prejudice of the party who has the right, and may by the expense be deterred from defending or enforcing it. And in this way discredit is continually brought upon the law, and the best institutions of the country.
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> “Those who being in the right are, nevertheless, induced to submit to an unjust or abandon a just claim, do not bear their misfortune in silence.”

We have been regarding Lord Langdale in the character of a law reformer, the character in which his claim to public gratitude is most clear. But the narrative of his life is also eminently interesting and instructive, when he is viewed in another and in perhaps a broader light. His career well deserves studying, as an example of how a man of the middle classes in this country, who possesses good though not overwhelming talents, who has received and employed the advantage of a good education, and who has been blessed with the still higher advantage of having sensible and virtuous parents, may, by self-denial and energy, acquire wealth, rank, and power; and may confer as much honour on the aristocracy into which he rises, as on the middle ranks out of which he has risen. Shallow observers are fond of attributing such success to luck, or of insinuating that it must have been aided by mean subserviency and dishonest cunning. The biography of Lord Langdale is a noble refutation of this dishonouring scepticism. He made his way slowly and steadily against the stream, self-supported and self-relying. He was from first to last perfectly independent, and he was conscientious almost to over-scrupulousness. Nor were these virtues deformed in him (as they sometimes are) by any sordidness, austerity, or unkindness. On the contrary, in all the relations of private life he was eminently gentle and affectionate; he was warm-hearted and sincere as a friend, and generous and considerate as a master. When the biography of such a man is adequately written (as Mr. Hardy's work unquestionably has been), we feel that the biographer

> “Quid virtus, et quid sapientia possit,
> Utile proposuit nobis exemplar.”

TOURS WITH OLD TRAVELLERS.

We left our travellers at Poole, whence they embarked, after some delay, for Brittany. They not only had a stormy passage, but were attacked and captured by pirates, who, however, after detaining them half a day, and having learned the rank of their prisoners, and how many powerful kings and princes were their protectors, allowed them to continue their voyage. They were obliged to cast anchor at the Isle of Guernsey, where they remained twelve days, but found nothing to buy for man or beast. Setting sail from Guernsey, they encountered a storm, which carried away the mast of the ship. They had much trouble with the horses, especially as they had provided themselves, when they left England, with food, and drink, and fodder, for only four days, that being the time the passage would have occupied with a fair wind. After seventeen days of incredible hardship, they reached St. Malo, one of the principal cities in Brittany. From St. Malo they proceeded to Nantes, where they found the Duke of Brittany, Francis the Second, "who is a very handsome man. He paid my lord great honour, and showed my lord his wife with all her maids, who were extraordinarily beautiful; and he sent my lord food and drink every day to the inn."

Thence they visited René of Anjou, the King of Sicily, whom they found in a "fair city, called Symell," (Saumur); and then proceeded to Orleans, visiting Louis the Eleventh, the King of France, whom they found at a small town not far from Saumur. They were most kindly received by him, and by the Queen, "who, with all her maids, embraced my lord in her arms, and each one kissed him on the mouth. So the King had ordered, and so would he have it. And she gave her hand to all his servants; and the Queen and her maids demeaned themselves very friendly towards my lord and his attendants. Afterwards the King commanded a very sumptuous banquet to be prepared for my lord and his companions. And the splendid display of costly goblets and silver cups, and of sumptuous viands, and of mighty counts and lords who served at table, no man would believe."

Gabriel Tetzel gives some amusing particulars of the character and habits of the King: but we must hurry forward with our travellers into Spain, which they entered by way of Biscay, towards the end of the month of June. This was thirty years before Ferdinand and Isabella had united the crowns of Castile and Aragon, and received from the Pope the title of Catholic, for having expelled the Moors. They pursued their journey, passing over high and difficult mountains, where "neither houses, men, nor cattle were to be seen;" crossing rivers, where they had to fight their way though hostile Christians, Jews, and Heathen; enduring excessive heat; their horses sickening, and "my lord's best stallion dying;" until at length they arrived at Burgos. "The citizens," says Tetzel, "paid my lord great honour in that city, and gave him precious wine and sweetmeats; and made for my lord, in the public square in the midst of the city, a baiting with wild bulls." Both Ssassek and Tetzel describe the bull-fight in nearly the same terms as would be used at the present day. They saw here, as elsewhere, many sacred relics; but what especially excited their wonder, was a crucifix in a church about a bow-shot from the city. The crucifix had a body upon it, of the stature of a tall man. The hair and nails of the body grew, and when the limbs were touched they moved. It was made neither of wood nor of stone, and the body had in every respect the figure of a dead man. No man knew whence this wonderful crucifix was obtained; according to the priests, it had been found at sea, about five hundred years before, by some Spanish sailors, who fell in with a galleon, on board which the body had been placed. Seeing it at a distance, they supposed it to be a pirate craft belonging to the Catalonians, ("who," adds Ssassek, "although they are of the Christian faith, are great pirates notwithstanding, and are the terror of all"); and they prepared for resistance. They cautiously approached the ship, and, seeing no one on board, thought at first it was a trick. They then sent a part of their crew in a small boat, who at last ventured into the galleon, but found only the cross and the body, which they carried with them to Burgos. According to Ssassek, the cross had wrought miracles two hundred years before, but had then wholly ceased its wonder-working agency.

Gabriel Tetzel is, for once, more credulous than the Bohemian. He gives some further particulars of the history of the cross, and states, that, according to the greatest masters, Nicodemus prayed the Lord, when he took him from the cross, that he might be permitted to make a cross like that on which the Lord was crucified; that the crucifix appeared to him in the night, and he had kept it a long time in his possession, and always prayed before it. He further declares, that, on the day when he (Tetzel) saw the crucifix, *two* great miracles were performed. A child that had been dead two days, and a child that had broken both its legs, and a man that had St. Anthony's fire, were all made alive and sound on that day.

There were many heathen in and round Burgos. "In the city," says Gabriel, "there is a mighty count, who asked my lord to his house, and also summoned many beautiful maids and women, who were very gorgeously clad in the heathen or Turkish fashion; and the feast was arranged in every respect, with drinks and viands, after the manner of the heathen. The women and damsels danced a very stately dance, according to the heathen way; and they are all brown women, with black eyes, and eat and drink little, and like to see wayfarers, and are fond of Germans."

Proceeding on their journey from Burgos, they encountered many difficulties from the distracted state of the country, which was then torn by civil war. A bloody strife was raging between Henry the Fourth of Castile, and his younger brother, Don Alfonso. To visit the King, they "must ride where were nothing but heathen, over huge mountains, in great heat. And so we rode many days' journey; and when we reached a market-place or village, they would not give us entertainment, but we were forced to remain in the fields, in the open air. And if we would buy drink, or bread, or anything else, we must give money for it beforehand; and then they gave us a wine, that was brought over the mountains on mules, in goat-skins, and was lukewarm. Would we have bread, they gave us meal weighed by the pound, and we poured water on it, and made it into cakes, and baked it in the hot ashes. Would we have anything for the horses to eat, we must go out ourselves and cut it, and bring it in; and if there was grain, we must pay dearly for it. If we would have flesh, nothing was to be found but goat's flesh, and we must skin and dress them ourselves, and buy everything needful to cook them; so that I think that the gypsies everywhere are much better kept than we were in that country. One very seldom finds hens, eggs, milk, cheese, or lard; for they have no cows, and seldom eat flesh, and eat nothing but fruits.

"In Spain, when a resident nobleman rides over the land, he rides on a mule, and all his servants, often as many as thirty or forty, must run on foot as fast as their lord rides, often twelve or fourteen (German) miles* in a day, and some of the servants run before him. And then, when he will eat, or take up his quarters for the night, they cook for him, and prepare for him to eat; and what is left by their lord, the attendants must needs therewith be content. And one finds among them many a servant who runs day in and day out, so that he never walks. They are a folk that may well bear hunger and labour. And so we came many days' journey, with sore hardship and great uproar, which we must needs have with them. We must often defend us, life and limb, when we knew well that they lay in wait for us, and that they would fain have killed us all for our goods. And so we drew on, through a horrible waste and wilderness, to a Count who held not with the old King, but with the younger. In those times, the two brothers were against one another, and either brother would be king in Spain, and some of the land held with the old King, and some with the young; and there was much discord and war. And so we rode to a Count who was with the young King. He was sore wrath that my lord, without leave, had ridden into his land; and he conducted my lord to a knight who held with the old King. The same knight conducted my lord to a village, a mile away from a city, which is called Gabryn, where was at the time the King of Spain. And so my lord tarried five days in the village, and sent the Lords Jan (Johannes), Frodner, Pittipeski, Muffel, and me to the King, that we should give the King to know of my lord's journey, and that he would also visit his kingdom, and prayed him for safe conduct. The King forthwith admitted us unto him, and he sat on the ground upon carpets, in the heathen fashion, and gave all of us his hand, and heard our prayer, and was joyful for my lord's coming, and said my lord must have patience in the village, for it was full in the town, so that he could not lodge him there. But for love of my lord, he would journey to another city, four miles from Gabryn, and there would admit my lord to him, and graciously hear him. And he sent to my lord a knight, who should conduct him into the same city. And as the King was out of the city, the knight led my lord into the King's hall, which is exceeding sumptuously built; there the King had commanded a costly banquet to be prepared for my lord, and we tarried there two days. And a mighty bishop in the city, who was very powerful with the King, also bade my lord to his house, and did him very great honour."

At length, with much difficulty and many hardships, they reached Olmedo, where the King was then stationed. Here they were as well received by the King as, under existing circumstances, could reasonably have been expected. Our old friend, Johannes Zehroviensis, had a wrestling-match with a Spaniard, in the presence of three bishops and a large concourse of people. Johannes had his usual good luck, threw his opponent, and sat on him when he was down; whereat the bishops and all the assembly marvelled, for their man was never beaten before. "The King," says Ssassek, "being informed of this affair, sent the same bishops and several knights to my lord, begging him to command Johannes to repeat the contest with another wrestler. Johannes refusing, my lord, unwilling that the bishops should be disappointed, commanded him to wrestle again with the same man. The wrestler laid Johannes very easily on the ground. The king, the bishops, and a great many people were present as spectators, and, exulting with great joy, congratulated him for the victory."

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* Each equal to four English miles.

Johannes was compelled to acknowledge, that he had never seen such a man as this Spaniard. Among other exploits, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Johannes, and, with closed feet, leaped over him, although the Spaniard was a very short man. Tetzel, speaking of the same adventure, says: "Herr Jan (Johannes) would not wrestle with him more, for he was much too strong for him, and was a short, thick man."

On the whole, our travellers formed quite an unfavourable opinion of Olmedo and its inhabitants. "While we were with the King and his court," says Tetzel, "we had a great deal of uproar with the heathen, and must needs often defend both life and limb. Once they would enter forcibly my lord's chamber; but we drove them out. Then arose a great tumult, and more than four hundred of them came to my lord's inn, and we drew our crossbows, and held the house against them with force; and they wounded some of our companions, and we wounded some of them. But with their bucklers they were too nimble for us."

Here we must accuse our friend Tetzel of a slight want of candour. The Olmedans were not quite so much to blame as he would make it appear. Honest Ssassek, who has quite as low an opinion of them as Tetzel, amidst the hard things he says, mentions a little incident suppressed by Gabriel, which puts the transaction in a very different light. "Of this city," says he, "I have nothing else to write, save that it is inhabited by men worse than the very heathen; for when the priest elevates the body of our Lord in the mass, no one falls on his knees, but they remain standing like brute beasts. They lead an impure and Sodomitical life, so that I should be ashamed to mention their crimes. They even make a boast that no city like it is found in all Spain, and I can easily believe the thing to be so. * * * Among them dwell many pagans, who are called Saracens; but which are the better, the pagans or the Christians, I could not easily decide. * * * This insult, also, was put upon us. Johannes Zehroviensis, toying with a damsel at the inn, laid his hand upon her bosom, which a Spaniard seeing, swore at him in his own tongue; but we did not understand it. Johannes came up to him, gave him a blow, and tumbled him out of the hostel. Two hours afterwards, he attacked the house with about four hundred men whom he had collected, intending to slay us. The King having heard of what had been done, immediately sent some noblemen to quell the tumult."

Ssassek describes a singular mode of inflicting the punishment of death, which he himself witnessed. The doomed man was placed upon a column, and shot at with arrows. The mark was placed on his right breast, and he who hit the nearest received twenty-four *maravedis*; he who missed was compelled to pay a gold piece. The money was afterwards spent in eating and drinking. "Whoever desires it," says Ssassek, "has permission to shoot; and it is discreditable to no one, but rather to his honour. I saw many miss the mark, and they were all required to pay down each a gold piece."

From Olmedo they proposed to visit the King's rival, Don Alfonso; but finding it impossible, on account of the displeasure which their visit to the King had excited in the Prince's mind, they made the best of their way into Portugal. They passed through Salamanca, and, in speaking of the University, Gabriel says, "It is supposed there are not more learned people in Christendom than in that city." On entering Portugal, the country and the people seemed to them to be wretchedly poor; "they found nothing to eat or drink for man or beast." There were no roads; and it often happened that no traveller was seen for four or five years. The people dwelt in caves among the mountains, or underground, and seldom went out, especially in the middle of the day, on account of the heat; but laboured and transacted their business mostly by night. They lived chiefly on fruits, and drank no wine. Our travellers suffered much from fatigue and hunger until they reached the city of Braga, "where," says Tetzel, "there is a powerful bishop, the friend of the King of Portugal. He paid great honour to my lord, and sent to my lord to the hostel enough of all that we needed, and sent to my lord a person to conduct him to Santiago."

Ssassek states that they found the King of Portugal at Braga, and that Leo had brought letters to him from his sister, the wife of the Emperor, written by her own hand. "In the city," says Gabriel, "my lord lost his cook; and he did not come to us until we were at Santiago. Then we suffered much hardship, and ourselves must needs cook; and often it came to such a pass, that we must, perforce, make our lodging under a tree, in the open field, and secure our horses near us, like the gypsies. One ran and bought a sheep; another must skin it; some made the fire and cooked; some cut grass for the horses; my lord doing just like all the rest. And, verily, we had a hard and miserable life of it, until we came in three days to Santiago."

One of the principal objects of their pious pilgrimage was to visit Saint James of Compostella. But the church at this time was held in close siege, and it was with extreme difficulty that they obtained leave to enter and pay their devotions. From Santiago they went to Finisterre, which they call the *Finster Stern*, or the Black Star. This is the extreme western point of Portugal. The time of their visit was more than thirty years before the voyage of Columbus, and the discovery of the New World. "There," says Tetzel, "one sees nothing beyond, save the sky and sea; and they say that the sea is so stormy that no man may voyage over it; and no man knows what there may be beyond it. And it was told to us that some had desired to find out what was beyond, and had fared forth with galleys and ships; but no one had ever returned." Ssassek says, that "nothing is to be seen beyond, but the waves of the sea, the end whereof God only knows."

According to Tetzel, they saw the King again at Evora, whither he had fled from the pestilence; and the letters of the Empress were delivered to him there. At an interview with the King at Braga, according to Ssassek, the following scene took place. The King had made a very complimentary speech, and promised to grant the Lord Leo whatever he would ask. The baron returned thanks for so great an honour, and entreated the King to bestow upon him two Æthiopians. "The brother of the King who was standing by, hearing the request, burst into a loud laugh, and said ‘ Friend, what you ask for is of no importance ; ask for something more valuable and creditable than those Æthiopians. But since that is the only thing you request, I beseech you add to them a third gift from me, to wit, a monkey ; and so you will return richly endowed to your country. Perhaps,’ said he, ‘ you have no negroes and monkeys in your regions, and that is the reason you have asked for them before all other things ?’ When my lord said they were rarely seen there ; ‘ Yet we,’ replied the duke, ‘ have great store of those things. The King here, my brother, possesses three cities in Africa, and his custom is to lead an army thither every year ; and he never returns from an expedition, however slight, without bringing a hundred thousand or more Æthiopians, of every age and sex, and they are all sold like cattle ; for the custom is for men to come together from all regions to buy them, and the King derives a larger income from the sale of them, than from all the revenues of his kingdom. A little negro (*parvulus Æthiops*) fetches twelve or thirteen gold pieces of Portugal ; but a grown-up one a much higher price.’ And there is this custom,” continues the journalizer, “ that whoever has obtained a stout negro, and fit for labour, causes him to be baptized, and cannot sell him or alienate him, except he make him a free gift to a friend. But as long as a negro remains unbaptized, he has the right to sell him for as much as he can get.”

On their return homewards, our travellers encountered many dangers. They passed through the territory held by the pretender to the throne of Castile, through Merida, to Toledo ; and thence, by way of Madrid, at that time a place of small importance, into Aragon. At Saragossa, they were received by King John the Second ; thence they journeyed through Catalonia, fighting their way to Barcelona. They passed on, by way of Perpignan, Montpellier, Nismes, and other cities, to Milan, where they were hospitably entertained by the magnificent Duke Galeazzo Maria. They visited Verona and Venice ; in the latter city, they were present at an assembly of the senate, and witnessed the method of voting. Thence they proceeded to Gratz, where the Emperor, Frederick the Fourth, was then holding his court. Here they jousted ; but having left their harness in England, they were obliged to equip themselves in borrowed armour. They visited the Empress at Neustadt, where they passed eight days in sports and revelry. The negroes and the monkeys, which they had brought from Portugal, gave the Empress great delight. Leaving the Empress, they experienced great difficulty from the hostile disposition of the King of Hungary ; but at length they reached Prague in safety, where they were received with joy and festivities, and were loaded with all the honours due to men who had performed such distant and perilous journeys.

Soon afterwards, Gabriel Tetzel returned to Nuremberg, where, as history informs us, he was held in such high estimation, that he was raised in the following year to the dignity of Burgomaster. The subsequent fate of Johannes Zehroviensis is involved in impenetrable obscurity ; perhaps his overthrow by the short, thick man in Spain broke his heart ; at any rate, his triumph appears to have ended there.

We must now take leave, however reluctantly, of this pleasant and worshipful company, with the single remark, that we have rarely met with a narrative which, by its quaint and picturesque simplicity, sets before us the men and manners of a past age, so vividly and truthfully as this.

FRANCESCO SFORZA, DUKE OF MILAN.*

We wish that Mr. Pollard Urquhart, instead of giving us two bulky volumes, devoted to the Life and Times of Francesco Sforza, had encouraged a laudable ambition in his soul, and presented to the world a history of that ever interesting country, brought down to the present time, — a task for which his talents, as we see them abundantly disclosed in these volumes, so eminently fit him. Such a work, clearly arranged, written as our author could have written it, and confined within a reasonable compass, is much wanted now-a-days, when many eyes are turned towards Italy, and would, we doubt not, command an extensive sale.

Shortly before the father of Francesco Sforza appeared upon a scene on which he was destined to play a conspicuous part, the cities of central Lombardy, says M. Sismondi, "governed with an iron hand by their ephemeral lords, who could only inspire them with horror or contempt, beheld their territories an incessant prey to civil war."

Sforza Attendolo was the father of Francesco. He was a peasant, whom a romantic chance determined to the trade of war. A soldier of fortune, he was, on the whole, perhaps, a favorable specimen of that usually unscrupulous character. He arose to eminence, and was thereby enabled to introduce his son into the military arena with all the advantages which attend the commencement of the career of the son of a successful man. Francesco more than equalled the expectations that had been formed of him by his father. Called to the military assistance of different petty princes of Italy, he at times became formidable to them, and sometimes coerced them; and having married the daughter of Filippo Maria Visconti, the last Milanese ruler of that family, he eventually made himself Duke of Milan, leaving to his posterity a crown, which they were not fated to wear any considerable period.

Let us tell their fate in the words of Sismondi. "His son, Galeazzo, as a punishment for his crimes and his lust, was killed by his attendants, in the presence of his people, in front of the altar, and in the midst of the celebration of sacred rites; after which the whole city was deluged with the blood of the conspirators. Gian Galeazzo, who came afterwards, was poisoned by Lodovico the Moor, the victim of the crimes of his uncle. He, in his turn, after having been made prisoner by the French, died of grief during his captivity. The fate of one of his children was like to his own; and the other, after having passed a long time in banishment and misery, re-established his children on his shattered throne, and afterwards saw the termination of both his family and his kingdom."

"Such," moralizes Mr. Urquhart, "was the value of the prize for which Sforza had so long, so earnestly, it may be thought so unscrupulously, striven; such, too, is the value of many things, for the attainment of which mortals still rise up early, go to bed late, and eat the bread of carefulness."

Our chief,—our sole complaint of Mr. Urquhart's work is, that it is too long. There is no lack of historical interest, no want of romantic adventure in it, but the whole should have been condensed.

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* Life and Times of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan. By William Pollard Urquhart, Esq.

MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

WHAT is the use of being in parliament? The same use that there is in having been to Eton, or to the University, or to Court,—to keep in the sacred legion of the somebodies. It being convenient to younger brothers as a stepping-stone to place, or to elder ones in search of a title and in love with town-life. It could help a bad lawyer to eminence through the lubber-hole of politics. It gives the idlest fellow the power of obliging connexions, and of making use of connexions in return. But all this supposes one to be ministerialist, which I was not. And a melancholy thing it was not to be a ministerialist in those days, when a great lady of the court, or a minister's wife, governed Almack's, as it were St. James's or Downing Street, and admitted or excluded girls from high *routes*, according as their sires shared the opinions of Grey, or sat down contented behind those of Vansittart.

If such a tyranny was established with respect to the beauty of the fair sex, what chance had the bearded, or even the incipiently bearded, to work their way in public or in social life, unless they had great wealth, great expectations, or that kind of talent and impudence which are employed by ingenious people to supply either or both? And this suggests the answer to the most often-asked, and not often-answered question of modern times.

Why is the Whig party so much more aristocratic and exclusive than the Tory? Mr. Disraeli, in "Coningsby" and "Sybil," explains it by stating the fact, that Pitt and his party created a mushroom nobility to support or countenance them, whilst the old families received nothing but affronts. But this is not sufficient explanation, as Englishmen are not given to look back more than half a century. The fact is, that an opposition permanently out of place, is unable to recruit, except amongst the great and the wealthy. Men can afford socially and politically to be in opposition, the *onus* of which falls on fortunes like those of the Russells, the Wentworths, and the Burdetts. It was the same in the days of Walpole, who had all the old aristocracy against him, until they ran him down. Divided as is ecclesiastical patronage in England, the part in opposition might still retain a considerable portion of the church. And the churchmen were useful, as the only class with leisure or inclination to wield the pen. But the church had become as torified as the army itself in their times.

There was more liberalism at the bar than in the church, chiefly on account of the indignation caused by monopoly, and by the natural independence of forensic life, which here at least looks to the people. And there are even some of the best legal heads, and these most naturally Conservative, who still give their adherence to Whiggism,—need we recall the names of Scarlett and of Denman. But lawyers as lawyers cannot do much. And Brougham himself did more for the cause by his pen than by his oratory.

Who then saved the liberal opposition, and set it on its legs once more? The inaptitude of the Tories no doubt in a great degree, and the discontent of the country gentlemen, whom they rode too hard. But what enabled the opposition to take advantage of this, was not their wealth, or Whig virtue, or Whig talent. Nor was it the liberal churchmen or the liberal lawyers. The reaction was begun, and the resuscitation brought about by that class which has ever been the most decried, the most contemned, and the most maltreated by both parties, viz., the literary class. It was the literature, and the literary pens of England and Scotland, that regenerated the political creed and philosophy of the country, labouring at the least during a quarter of a century, and achieving it in about that time.

The literary history, or as a prelude to history, the literary memoirs of the three kingdoms will thus be most important to write or to have, as they really include that revolution worked in politics and party, and in parliament itself, although parliament was last in showing the symptoms of it. And hence, amongst the rising generation of my time, there was quite as strong a desire to use the pen as to use the tongue. All the effect of the tongue fell dead upon a parliamentarily packed audience, predetermined in its tastes and its votes. Whereas a wider public was addressed by means of literature, and successfully addressed. For, some how or another, the public had then an ear and an attention, and a zest for everything that appeared in print, whether in the independent form of a volume, the unpretending one of a pamphlet, or the light garb of a periodical. A good thing then really never escaped attention and commendation. And I cannot but think that it was the great general zest for literature that acted like the atmosphere of a hothouse, and drew forth such noble plants, as Scott, Byron, and the innumerables that one might put on one side of, or after their names.

The "literary set" of both Whigs and Tories were then the most esteemed and most respectable, and it was from them that proceeded the great impulses. I need not say, that it was from Edinburgh that proceeded the great revulsion; and that literature, crushed in the metropolis, and dead in the kingdom, was resuscitated by the pens of a few reckless youths, who had been educated beyond the Tweed, and had grown to philanthropise and politicise there, out of the reach of the London world. The memoirs of Horner some years since, and the memoir of Jeffrey recently, have told how this was done. I must confess to have been disappointed and *désillusionné* by both, and especially by Lord Jeffrey's correspondence, and thought these young men were aware of the greatness of their task, and set about it with the conscientiousness and penetration of the founders of a sect. Instead of that, we find the lead taken from the first by two triflers, Sidney Smith and Jeffrey; the first of whom spent his whole soul on a jest, whilst Jeffrey's ambition was to dispute with poets about taste, and tear any unfortunate butterfly to atoms, that he caught entangled in his web. In fact, the young Edinburgh Reviewers were building an engine, of which they knew not either the calibre or projection. It was the events and literature of the times, rather than the foresight or ingenuity of its originators, that made the Edinburgh Review—what it certainly became—the great regenerator.

Be this as it may, a visit to Edinburgh, as the modern Athens of literary and scientific Britain, was as necessary and as natural as a trip to Paris now. And there was even in those early days, which is not to be seen now, and never, perhaps, may be seen again, a literary capital. Everything, in fact, hinged on literature. Politics were a mere succedaneum to it. Philosophy was smelted in it; the University made a part of it; Toryism took its tone from its polemics; and so overwhelming were these, that the Edinburgh Tories, in order to live, to have the favour of speech, and enjoy the attributes of existence, were obliged to get up a literature of their own. It grew to be a noble one, with Scott for its central stem. But still it was being overshadowed by the full-grown forest of Whiggism, till fortune and their own ambition transplanted the chief oaks to the more genial parks of London.

But, notwithstanding the desertion of Edinburgh by the Whig leaders, and notwithstanding the tower of strength which Scott erected for the Tories at Abbotsford, the Whigs got possession of Edinburgh society, and moulded it after their fashion, enlisting the best of the professional and the forensic, and blending with them that due admixture of distinguished females, which alone crown and constitute society. There could be nothing more profitable or delightful than a winter spent at that time in Edinburgh. It was Paris, with its active intellect, and not its active idleness. Jeffrey was then in that advanced state of exuberant boyhood, which formed the staple of his character, until he became a downright politician, and he never became a bright one.

Poor Jeffrey! had any one told him then, that he should live to see the day, when no one in the three kingdoms cared one jot either for his criticism, or for any one else's; when the world would become dead alike to Byronism and to Lakism; when novels would be devoured without discernment, and prove successful without conferring character; when, in short, he, Jeffrey, like another Prospero, might break his staff upon the critical world, which he had formed and fashioned, becoming evaporated before him, Jeffrey would not have believed what he nevertheless lived to see.

There has seldom, if ever, been spent more wit, judgment, and even genius in criticism, than at that epoch. The question arises, was it not utterly thrown away? Did it prevent a single bad book from being published? Did it cause an author of genius to come forward, or, when before the public, did it help him in the right way? Did it even make a due return to the wielder of such power or influence, revenue or profit of any kind? It is doubted that any one of these views were attained. As to preventing or encouraging writers, the critics of the day had no effect whatever. They came at the tail of literary production, and barked at it, but even in driving it they had not the least power. There was not, indeed, a new turn or original impulse given to a portion of English literature, the turn and impulse which have rendered our literature the first in Europe, which the critics did not lament or ridicule, or endeavour to crush. When the literature of the past age is read by posterity in conjunction with its contemporary criticism, the remark can be no other than to explode and erase criticism itself from the list of the useful or tolerable arts.

In Edinburgh, however, although criticism was the sceptre of the literary Jupiter, his brethren of the pen had higher views and more useful aims. Political criticism was then as much wanting, and as certain to be productive of great results, as literary disquisition was certain to lead to small. And whilst Jeffrey lost himself in the one, Brougham launched forth upon the other. It is one of the saddest and disheartening of things, to be drawn from each record of the past as they come forth, the Mercutio of the liberal party was scouted, or sneered at, and vilipended by all and each of his *friends*. They had really nothing to allege against him; no crime to lay to his charge. All they object to is, that he was never broken in to the discipline of either friendship or party;

that he launched into life, as he did subsequently into politics, on his own account, and feeling quite above that system of mutual assurance for praise and blame, which is the law of coteries or cliques, and which makes mediocre men thrive and be esteemed geniuses, because their clique or coterie so have it.

But clique, which is law in all things, even in literature, and which when it turns to idolatry, will often choose mediocrity for its idol, is still more fatal in politics. For your clique or party founded on personal knowledge, and social connexion, takes in all the mild, good, amiable, social men, *i.e.* Horner and Romilly, but excludes and irritates the impetuous, the passionate and the original, like Brougham or Roebuck. Now, the amiable persons, that run so readily into the bosom of a coterie are precisely the characters least fitted for keeping and strengthening a political party. This has been the grand ruin both of the Whigs in London and in Edinburgh. They cast aside the clever men, that have originality and address, and *velléité* about them, and will enlist for soldiers only the nice, easy, joking, quiet gentlemen, who talk under their breath, think by rule, abhor popular heresy, and are, in short, "safe men." We have seen in other days how Palmerston himself was too eccentric for them. They could not bear to see even that old stager kick up his heels under all the weight of party gear and official trappings. No wonder the young and the mercurial are or were not tolerated.

One quality Brougham had not, which is the most indispensable to those who would join the mutual associations of political or literary friendship: he was chary of admiration. Full of genius himself, lavish of it, he marked and admitted the genius of others, but did not fall down before it, and was therefore unable to enter into any part of mutual worship. Let a man be ever so vain of his own person, his vanity will be sanctioned, provided it leaves room for the vanity of others. But if a man be silent as to the merits of others, though at the same time silent as to his own, it is taken for granted that he is absorbed in the latter, and contemptuous of the former, and therefore both selfish and vain. Thus Brougham has always passed for a vain man, whilst in truth this was merely because he stood alone, and made no outward demonstration of worshipping others.

The old and new school of letters and penmanship, that of the last century and that of the present, could not have been more fitly represented and contrasted than by Brougham and Mackintosh, the one lavish, headlong, harum-scarum, the other economic of his good ideas, and placing them ever, as a general might his troops, to the best advantage. The one enjoying the vigour of youth even in age, the other showing the somnolency of age even in youth. Both were ill-used men; Mackintosh bore his like a man of letters and society, with a mild and not ungraceful peevishness; Brougham bore his fate, as the old giants did, when they were buried each under a mountain,—they made their living sepulchre a volcano, and stirred it and the world with it from time to time by heavings that convulsed all nature.

The career of these two eminent disciples of Scotland are as different as the close of their career. Mackintosh, after a brilliant debut, was obliged to yield to circumstances, and unable to face the Tory ascendancy he stood aside, and provided for private fortune, with the expectation that youth being past a fresh era awaited his return. Youth and its fiery impulse, however, came not again. Brougham seized the bull of Tory ascendancy by the horns, and lived a manhood of combat against politicians, and princes, foes and friends.

Mackintosh made philosophy a play-thing, while Brougham made a weapon of it. The one waved the law of nature about like a graceful palm-branch; the other made of political economy and the rights of man a rod wherewith to fustigate the old Tories, the Sidmouths, and the Vansittarts, who were innocent as children of any political knowledge or philosophy whatever.

Writers and speakers had in that day a great advantage, which, fortunately, had been wanting to their sires. They had most splendid objects and materials for diatribe furnished them by their own and neighbouring governments. What more atrocious business than the bombardment of Copenhagen,—what more imbecile than the Walcheren expedition? What finer themes could our unfledged political economist have to envelope his ignorance in eloquence, than the Milan decrees and the Orders in Council? If we are amazed at the tomahawk articles of Jeffrey, or the startling personalities of the "Quarterly," we must attribute them to the indignant and coarse tone, which political events had too naturally called forth. The Tories were lost even in English estimation, had not Bonaparte's atrocities in Spain and Portugal, and the gallant resistance of the people of those countries, given their scribes a noble and generous theme, as well as their generals a great and inspiriting cause. Even the "Quarterly" was enabled to breathe a liberal patriotic fire, as it chronicled the feats of Spanish resistance. The Whig pleas for peace and Bonaparte were drowned in the acclamation attending the Spanish bulletins. The Tory citadel, thus strengthened in its bulwarks, it was through the covered trenches of political economy and philanthropy that the Whigs could only make advances. It was in the Bullion Committee that one of the Edinburgh school immortalised himself.

The germs of free trade were put forth there. There has been some dispute, and there will be further controversy, as to who originated Free Trade. The Tories assert, that Pitt was fully possessed and persuaded of this great truth, and that it actuated him in his celebrated Treaty with France. But Pitt had no commercial philosophy or views. We had lost America, and he wanted to fall back upon and renew Bolingbroke's and Walpole's feeling of amity with France. He saw the folly of sacrificing French friendship and connection to Portuguese friendships and Peninsular influence. This treaty of 1785 was to get out of that rut, and not to enter upon any policy of free trade, which was far beyond his age, his ideas, and his education.

It was Horner, when in the Bullion Committee, who first fully pointed out the impossibility of one country isolating its currency and system of value from the general system of the world, and least of all that of Europe. Money having been by his exertions, and by the conversion that he made of Peel, brought down to the European level, the next step was to bring down prices. And Peel spent his life in doing this, simply by arguing for, and following out this same principle. *He* completed the second act of the great change. The third still remains to be effected, but will not long await the hand of the accomplisher. This will be to bring taxation down to the more general European level, to which English currency and English prices, together with English rents, have been reduced.

I am not sure whether it is to Brougham or to Jeffrey, to both, or to the

Edinburgh Review in general, that we are indebted for that great revolution in English literature and style, effected by the abolition of punctuation and the institution of the dash, for colon, semi-colon, comma, and often period. No doubt the great quantity of steam-power given to thought required it. Words now run on a rail, of which the dash is the visible portion. Of old, they used to rumble on a paved road at the rate of some four or five miles an hour. But by the aid of the dash the English pen has learned to run express, and at a speed such as new intelligence required. Amidst the rapid and young penmen of the dash, Mackintosh distinguished himself by adhering to the old school, period and comma, and of writing an essay or venting an effusion with all the conscientiousness and measured gravity of history.

The great literary school of Edinburgh naturally produced a Tory school, which was the more sure of existence and success, because, however Whig or liberal the population of the city, the country parts of Scotland were what they are, and will be, very close quarters of the highest Toryism. They were jovial and light-hearted, full of poesy and wit. Leaving philosophy, and political economy, and all the heavy armour of party to the Whigs, they carried on a war with small arms, which carried off the applause of all the laughers, whatever were their politics? Whatever may have been their achievements in politics, the result of their efforts in literature was remarkable. There is nothing in letters or criticism indeed, that Jeffrey and his friends ever accomplished, so remarkable as the vindication and stability of the Lake school of poetry as worthy of all admiration. The approbation by Blackwood was perhaps as exaggerated as the condemnation by Jeffrey, but the former triumphed and to a certain degree converted the public, which always seems unwilling to acquire a new sense and a new taste in these matters. And whatever poetical taste remains evidently seems at present turned in that direction, and away from the *dii majores* of our younger days.

But Edinburgh was the place for intellectual Whiggism. The aristocratic *nucleus* alone of the party was to be found in London. That head quarters of placemanship, barship, contestship, and courtship, offered a soil too congenial to Toryism, for that party not to have stricken deep roots, and spread forth wide branches and shade. The literary element was, however, wanting. And under the guise and promise of mere criticism this was introduced. The leading spirits were, however, at first far inferior to their great rivals; and it was only when the power and learning and talents of the English universities were brought to bear against the Scotch writers, that anything like equality was established. It is remarkable that at this critical period, when wit and learning came to the support of aristocracy and conservatism, and when such men as Scott and Southey bore banners in the cause, there was no member of the Tory aristocracy able, willing, or capable to enact patron, to evince the gratitude of his order, or make his home a proud rendezvous for men of intellect and letters. Whilst Holland and Lansdowne Houses were open night and day, the Tory peers, some of them rich enough and intelligent too, played the part of so many Hunxes, and let Giffard, Croker, and Southey fight their battles without a salute or a recognition of gratitude. The literary and intellectual merits of the party were indeed confined to the bookseller's parlour. For Canning was for ever in dudgeon and contempt with them, whose battles *he* had too thanklessly fought. And Southey undertook to be the great every-day writer for the same party, living retired at the foot of Skiddaw, and neither feeling nor seeing the necessity of the social, intellectual, and daily metropolitan life.

Southey was a fine example of a literary man, who kept his head in the clouds, though his feet remained always, if not in the mud of mother earth, at least on the bare soil of it. He had tried some of the lowest points of humanity, that, for example, in which want and uncertainty of provision makes man the enemy of all existing institutions. No wonder that he had a horror of vulgar infidelity and social anarchism when he had himself been in the position which naturally begets both. It is beautiful to see him rise from that depth by industry, steadiness, and coolness, with all the intellectual qualities that a poet can possess, and all the moral ones which poets so seldom possess, and live a life of high respect, intellectual action, literary dignity, and moral worth.

Welcker, the Friburg deputy, orator, and writer, always put me in mind of Southey, by his simplicity, his parson-like demeanour, and his inner fire of enthusiam, buried under years of experience and thought; his early liberal *furor*, followed by his late conservatism, and from the purest motives, completed the resemblance.

Southey was right in having his cottage far from London. Edinburgh was a literary school, Paris was another. London was no such thing; it was and is a great market, whither all people hie for their necessities once or twice in the year. Such necessities, especially those of meeting and communicating, are thus enjoyed at certain periods by those who can undergo metropolitan expenses. But a permanent London society never existed, and never was attempted.

I have devoted this chapter, very unintentionally, to letters and men of letters, whom it was more or less my lot to observe and mingle with. Let me continue and exhaust the subject, as far as the period before 1830 is concerned, by records of what I may have seen of literary men and circles in France a quarter of a century back. Paris, I observed, was a school as well as Edinburgh, though London partook not of this character. It is said of French regiments and brigades, that, however they disperse, and without a trumpet or a leader, they nevertheless rally by mere instinct, and form a compact body for defence at no very distant spots. So it is with Frenchmen of intellect. They may be scathed, oppressed, or crushed, but they surely rally to renew the war. And if, at the present moment, we find Eugene Sue at Chamberry, Victor Hugo in Jersey, Alexander Dumas in Belgium, we would advise the President to beware of the batteries against which the Censorshop is no defence. What the Edinburgh people did against the Tories, that is, get up a literary and intellectual revolution and conspiracy, the Parisian *literati* did against the elder Bourbons. But, at first, the *literati* were not many, and those who could pretend to the name were few. Chateaubriand claimed all such pretensions to himself. And no one seems inclined to dispute these pretensions of the author of "Atala."

There was, however, one of Jaques Laffitte's clerks, who had got the knack of rhyming, and who at first circulated his poetic manuscript from desk to desk of the banker's counting-house. His fame for some time went no further than the *chefs de bureau*, and from thence found its way to the saloons in which Laffitte received his friends. This mild-spoken, mild-countenanced, thin and slovenly clerk was Beranger.

He was the *bon homme*, Lafontaine come to life again, he, who instead of inditing fables for Monsieur Le Dauphin, put the *bourgeois* feeling of the popular and middle class public into such beautiful language and rhymes, that there were people who thought they had Beranger by heart before they read him, so familiar and true did he seem. The most stupid act of the Bourbons was the putting Beranger in prison. I saw him there, delighted with the laziness of confinement, grateful for the presents heaped upon him, and sincerely careless of the fame and popularity which his captivity swelled to a diapason. But with all the perfection of his poesy, Beranger's views of men and things seem to be infantine and *bórné.*

Whilst Beranger expressed the *bourgeois* sentiment of the latter days of the Empire, that love of glory and belief in Epicurus, and hatred of the Bourbons, which form the common staple of opinion, Delavigne, a modest youth, of consumptive body and retiring nature, attempted to express the national indignation at being conquered in a more tragic and puissant vein. This was a task beyond his physical powers, his poetic talent, and beyond the taste and style of the age. His "Messeniennes" were, however, widely popular, and gave promise of that greater and more legitimate work, which he afterwards achieved in the "Ecole des Vieillards," played by Talma and Mademoiselle Mars. Whilst the honour of renascent heroic poetry were thus shared between the clerk and the student, a man of the world, sick of the nullity of diplomatic life, in which he lingered, sought to ally the muses, and blend the veins of Byron and Chateaubriand. This was Lamartine. His look, however, was more that of a military man, than either a poet or a courtier. Whoever has seen H. B., the celebrated caricaturist, in his better days, has seen a perfect likeness of Lamartine. Both of them, you would say, wield the sword, and not either the pencil or pen.

Lamartine was in lyrics what Scribe was in the drama, the transition between classics and romantics. The latter, with Hugo at their head, rushed into the arena, to dispute the palm of literary eminence, but found all the *gens-d'armerie* of criticism arrayed against them. When a new school of letters is menaced with being put down by an old clique, the truest mode of appealing to the people is through the theatre. For then the approbation or disgust of the audience cannot be feigned or impure. To do both classics and romantics justice they both manfully accepted the alternative, and brought forth their respective claims and challenges on the national stage. Jouy produced his "Sylla," Dumas his "Henri Trois," Victor Hugo his succession of tragedies. Here the romantics were at a disadvantage; the actors of the Théâtre Français were classical, and the romantics evidently could not make the full force of their merits be felt by the public, till they had a *corps dramatique*, with at least sympathy for their school. These at last they found, but not till after much dangerous delay.

That walk of literature, in which Dumas afterwards achieved most fame, the novel, was far from being frequented by successful genius before 1830. Balzac alone plunged into it without having, like his brother romancers, passed through the school of the drama. Like all of them he wrote very low novels for many years, and all of a sudden, and as if by miracle, awoke to the secret of writing good ones. His "Scenes de la Vie Privée" rivalled "Paul de Kock" on the shop-keeper's counter, "Madame de Dura" and the "Vicomte d'Arlingcourt" on the *boudoir* table. Balzac was like a ghost, a corpulent and florid one by-the-by, with one remarkable tooth, and but one in the front of the mouth. This one tooth, when he talked or smiled gave Balzac the character of one of the impossible personages of his own romance. He was like a ghost, in that we never saw him save flitting in at a door or out of a door, up or down a staircase, thrusting in his head for a second and then withdrawing it for no conceivable reason. One would say he was in dread of imaginary duns, even before duns existed for him in any importunate degree. Strange for such an incomprehensible man, he was in literature what Proudhon is in political authorship.

By the side of Balzac, De Vigny's "Cinq Mars" and Merimée's "Chronique de Charles Neuf" were the most successful novels before 1830. It was evident that the first French writers of ability, who attempted to tread in the steps of Scott, and to compose an historical novel, must seize on Richelieu, that character made for romance. How it escaped Scott is a miracle, especially when our great romancer beat so near to him as Buckingham. De Vigny opened the not very voluminous memoir of the period, and found "Cinq Mars" written to his hand; but he certainly added very great talent of his own. De Vigny married an English lady, and still lives to enjoy his European renown.

So great was the rage before 1830 in France for dramatic amusements that, not content with the theatre, the great variety and excellence that they offered, there arose a demand for *dramas de société*, little dramas that might be read by one of the company, and that were considered more living than a narrative. Their want was admirably supplied by Theodore Leclerc in his "Proverbes Dramatiques," some of which are admirable. Thiers's and Scribe's smaller pieces were all the rage, when a host of writers commenced writing *Proverbes*, little dramas to illustrate old saws. Theodore Hook caught up the idea, and applied it not to little dramas, for which English society was unprepared, but to the usual form of novels. "Sayings and Doings" were the result. Amongst those who gained most success in historical *proverbes* was Merimée, a youth of gay and laughing reputation and a charming writer. It was as a present that he wrote his "Chronique de Charles Neuf," one of the best novels in the language, but one which shows the disadvantage of even a *chef d'œuvre* having a lumbering and immemorable name. Had this novel a facile name, it would be in every one's mouth and memory; as it is, it is only remembered by the name of the opera, to which it furnished the story and the inspiration, the "Pré aux Clercs."

M. Alexandre Dumas, in his "Memoirs," now in course of writing and of publication, accuses Louis Philippe of being cold and averse to letters, and to men of letters. M. Dumas had at this very time a situation in the household of the Duke of Orleans, and he had thus good opportunities of knowing. But I remember, that upon the occasion of a new piece of the Théâtre Français, whether classic or romantic, the Palace of the Palais Royal was almost in as great emotion on the subject, as the green-room of the theatre itself; every member of the Orleans family betook themselves to their box, to witness and applaud the first representation. This was evidently the case when the first drama of Alexandre Dumas's penning was played, the "Henri Trois." The Duke or Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, appeared to be as much interested and agitated about it, as if it were his own. Dumas says, the Duke of Orleans deprived him of his situation, because his leisure hours were spent in literature, probably because not only literature occupied his time, and filled his pockets, but because he became immersed in journalism, of which that prince had a permanent terror. How well it speaks of French feeling, that Dumas's unmistakeable negro head and African character, proved more recommendation to him than drawback, in the receptions, friendships, appreciations, and the patronage, which he everywhere experienced. In his novel of "Rose and Blanche," is portrayed the prominent character of his father, the black General Dumas, who commanded the troops of the republic during a portion of the Vendean war. It was to be feared that it was not so much his cultivation of letters, as of ardent politics after 1830, that estranged Louis Philippe from Dumas. Another assertion of Dumas's, is, that Louis Philippe neglected Lamartine, and made little of him as a man of letters, which slight Lamartine but too fully avenged in 1848. In Louis Philippe's reign, however, Lamartine was far more the politician than the poet. There was one time that Louis Philippe might have made him a friend. It was when Lamartine disputed the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies with Dupin, and would have carried it but for the court. In this Louis Philippe made a great mistake. For in critical days, such as those of February 1848, Lamartine could have defended or saved a throne, which a nerveless man like Dupin could merely abandon to its wreck.

Whatever Louis Philippe may have done, Charles the Tenth, at least, was wrong in not having patronized the new and romantic school and men of letters. This, indeed, he had some inclination to do, and he obtained some odes both from Hugo and Lamartine. But Charles the Tenth had the misfortune of not comprehending what letters were. In this he was the more to blame, as there was a romantic school rising up in politics as well as literature, consisting of men who were anxious to break off from imperialism, from anti-religion, from hatred to England, war with Europe, and, in fact, with all that was vulgar and absurd in French ultra-liberalism. The anxiety of the French whig party, was to imitate what had been done in Edinburgh, get up a review, or organ, and attack ultra-royalism, as Toryism had been attacked in England, not by rabid democratic rage, but by reason and learning, enlightenment and talent.

With this view was formed the "Revue Française," under the auspices of the Duc de Broglie and his young friends. It failed utterly, had no sale, no influence, no reputation. The French could not ride over, or await the trimensal interval. The first number had been forgotten and totally consigned to oblivion, ere the second appeared, and the necessary *crescendo* of one good number succeeding another in time and in general interest was wanting. Whilst the French Whigs were thus vainly endeavouring *à se faire jour*, and emerge into literary publicity, for their political existence in the Chamber did not suffice to give them either favour or renown, their opponents on either side sought to crush them with a nick-name. They were declared to be *Doctrinaires*, and this nick-name did them more harm, than if Pascal had written a new "Provinciales" against them.

About this very time an enterprising printer, M. Lachevardiere, undertook to establish a literary and philosophical paper, to be published three times a week. The editors whom he selected were Dubois, so long deputy for Nantes, a most able man, and Pierre Leroux, since so famous as a

St. Simonian and a Socialist. But St. Simonian ideas were known then but in the germ, or they would have considerably alarmed the Doctrinaires, who rallied to the new literary journal. The writers in the journal were the future ministers of Louis Philippe, and the statesmen of his reign. The Duc de Broglie wrote in it, M. Duchatel learned finance and political economy in order to write in it, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Remusat, Vitet, Lanjuinais, Cousin, the whole of the Orleanist party was hatched in "Le Globe." Two alone took small part in it. M. Guizot was too busy and too much of a veteran to come down and mingle with those whom he considered boys. Thiers came too late; every place in the paper was filled. M. Thiers, who had all the *fougue* of the south, had not at that time written anything moderate; and he never was philosophic or moderate enough for "Le Globe."

Thus excluded from what was evidently the journal of vigour and of promise, Thiers planned a political journal. One of the Globists, Mignet, joined him, whilst Carrel was associated with him as the working man. Laffitte furnished the funds, so that partly out of rivalry to the "Globe," partly to the consciousness of its inefficiency as a literary paper, sprung up the "National," one of the best journals certainly that was ever written, when Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel devoted to it their talents. Thiers wrote previously for the "Constitutionel," a paper owned by timid *bourgeois*, whose hair used at times to stand on end at the audacity of Thiers's articles, and whom they soon got rid of, as a gentleman who would infallibly set fire to the staid old journal, and get the whole *posse* of proprietors and printers thereof sent to prison. The "National" was soon made to satisfy the old Liberals as well as the Doctrinaires. There was, however, a sort of instinctive feeling then throughout France, or at least throughout the young and literary of the capital, that a great deal was to be achieved by the press, and by the men of the press. The success of "Le Globe," and the high position gained by its band of writers, filled every one with emulation, and men of all kinds of talents, resources, ingenuities, and ideas, resorted to the press, as they now might to the diggings of California or Australia. M. Emile de Girardin had not then turned his power to that source of intelligence, the press. He was endeavouring to make way by other means and channels, by industrial speculation in mines and joint-stock enterprises. A beautiful wife, with a beautiful talent for poetry, the intimate friendship of Lamartine, great talent himself, with a seat in the Chambers, placed Emile de Girardin, recognised son of Count Alexandre de Girardin, Grand Veneur, in a position from which, looking down on the press, he had not fully turned his attention to it.

A very singular character had, however, set up a journal, and had made a most successful one, even more successful than the "National," notwithstanding the startling talent and conscientious writing of the latter. The proprietor of the other journal, the *Temps*, was a *Bordelais*, who was the Veron of that day, and was not only at the head of the influential journal, but who lived in Napoleon's house of the Rue de la Victoire, and in Napoleon's house, small as it was, received the intellectual and political *sommités* of Paris. There Lamartine sat by the side of Lamennais, Dupin tried to compare notes with Rubini, Delavigne and De Musset looked the representatives of the old and new school of poetry, though their feminine heads seemed no apt types of one or the other, there Cousin expounded Plato, and Henry Monnier other things decidedly anti-Platonic. M. Meyerbeer showed his Israelitish, Donizetti his melancholy countenance. There flocked the notabilities of the Institute, Cabinet Ministers of 1830, or it might be both in one. Coste received every one, fêted every one, made every one contented, and spent millions in doing so. All this in a house which was in size a nutshell and in splendour a palace. Never was journal or journalist's influence *exploité* with more art or more magnificence. Political science, literature, the arts, were all at the feet of Coste. He had the countenance of Casimer Perier, the most powerful and most able minister that France ever possessed. He had the intimacy of Dupin, the friendship of Sauzet. Coste merely asked to be secretary of the council of ministers. He declared the place necessary, and himself the fittest person for it. His ambition went no higher, and he asked no other reward of his service. But even the omnipotence of journalism could not demand this, as there was another power, called ridicule, with equal weight with the French, that forbade even the entertainment of the demand.

What poor Coste, with all his dinners, his hospitality, his fêtes, his intimacy with the first statesmen, could not do, the editor of the "National" did, without the expense of a row or a panic. Thiers leaped from the editorial desk to the minister's, and was thus minister. I have mentioned before, I believe, how he became under-secretary to Laffitte, who was minister of France, and how he abandoned the "National" and journalism for this secretarial office, but I did not say how the man of letters and journalist forced his way into the cabinet.

Louis Philippe had not been twenty-four hours on the throne when the man who placed him there perceived that he was not a prince to be led, or to be persuaded. He had ideas of his own, ideas far different from those of any one of all his counsellors, and to overawe any of these ideas or determination was a task which every minister tried, and every minister failed in. There were but two persons, indeed, who could at all manage Louis Philippe; and these were Casimir Perier and the Duc de Broglie. They bullied him and forced him to accede to all their wishes, for which he never forgave them. He would even have got rid of Perier had he not died. And he could not abide the sight of Broglie. But neither of these personages had as yet tried or begun to exercise the power of intimidation upon the citizen-king. The cabinet was wont to meet under the presidency of the King, as it does now under that of Louis Napoleon, but this was found so completely to nullify all independence, and convert councillors into courtiers, that constitutional government itself was felt to be a mockery if so carried on. Important intelligence having arrived of the concentration, I believe, of a Russian corps on the frontier of Luxemburg, Laffitte summoned a council of ministers to meet, not at the Tuilleries or the Palais Royale but at the Hotel de Finance in the Rue Rivoli.

Here the discussions were not long, for every one was agreed, that in order to stop any hostile invasion of Belgium, it was necessary to issue some declaration or proclamation that the French would not suffer it. Such a proclamation, however unusual or inadvisable in ordinary times, was the only thing that could tranquillize Paris, and at the same time warn Europe at what price and on what conditions alone Paris and France could be kept tranquil. There was no denying, nevertheless, that the proclamation was a bold step, one certain to terrify the hesitating mind of the King, and, of course, certain to meet from him great opposition.

The Cabinet, almost one and all, determined, nevertheless, that such a declaration must be made, and who was the person who would undertake with success to communicate to the King their irrevocable determination, and get for it the royal assent. M. Laffite had already tried his powers of persuasion and failed. Other ministers felt so certain of being either snubbed or talked over, that they refused to undertake the task. They would resign, but not venture a single combat in the royal closet. In this general and terrible quandary M. Laffitte proposed to send for Thiers. M. Thiers, in his idea, could do anything that was to be done, so gigantic, and, indeed, so just an idea had Laffitte of Thiers's capacity. M. Thiers was therefore summoned before the cabinet. And it was explained to him that what was required of him, was to go to Louis Philippe and persuade or threaten him into doing that to which he had a most particular objection, and which his cabinet ministers, one and all, declined venturing to propose to him.

M. Thiers represented that the task proposed was one that none, save an influential minister, or prime minister, could execute, and even he could not succeed by means of a threat of resignation. "You may threaten the alternative of my resignation," said Laffitte.—"That is what one man cannot do for another, especially a subordinate, who may be disowned. The fact is, gentlemen," said M. Thiers, to the assembled ministers, "you have resolved to put a bell round the neck of the cat, and you want me to do it. Forlorn hope as it may be, I shall do my duty by making the attempt." M. Thiers accordingly proceeded to the palace, a man who, a few months before, could not get a bookseller to publish the first volume of his "History of the Revolution," without Bodin's name on the title-page, and who now went as representative of a cabinet to coerce a King. It was the first interview of any importance between Louis Philippe and his future minister, a long one, and on the monarch's part an angry one. But M. Thiers presented all the circumstances and necessities of the case, with the consequences of refusal, so clearly and powerfully before the eyes of the King, that he was enabled in an hour to bring back to the still assembled cabinet the satisfactory result of the monarch's adhesion.

This made M. Thiers a minister.

A far more remarkable man than Thiers, had the epoch been a decidedly revolutionary one, was Carrel. A man of courage and action, as good a speaker, and as ready a writer as Thiers; he had been a soldier, and could handle and influence men by other means than suggesting ideas or penning them. Carrel was the son of a Rouen shopkeeper, who sold broadcloth, the great staple of Normandy. When Carrel was a boy at the Military School of St. Cyr, he already displayed his aversion for the Bourbons, and his deep sympathies for the military renown of the ex-Emperor. He suffered several punishments on this account, and on one occasion he was summoned before the general in command of the district, who was inspecting the school. Hearing of Carrel's spirit, character, but disaffection to the reigning dynasty, he called the youth before him, and expostulated with him on the absurdity of his conduct, which might spoil his career as a soldier, Carrel was two young and too headstrong to perceive that the advice was well and kindly meant; so that instead of showing himself sensible of this, Carrel but the more boldly avowed his predilection.

"Young man," said the general, "if I hear any more of your freaks and insubordination, I will send you to your father's counter in Rouen to measure out cloth, instead of promoting you to the sword of an officer."

"*Mon General,*" replied young Carrel, "if ever I take up the yard on my father's counter, it will not be to measure cloth. *(Si je repends l'aune de mon père, ce ne sera pas pour auner du drap.)*" For this significant reply Carrel was condemned to a fortnight's arrest.

He was, nevertheless, appointed to a regiment, but when the French, under the Duc d'Angoûleme, entered into Spain, to suppress its liberties in 1823, Carrel joined that band of wild youths who opposed them, but who effected more by holding out the tricolor and other revolutionary banners, than by sword or shot. Carrel was captured, tried by court-martial, not shot, but his career as an officer under the Bourbon dynasty was definitely closed.

A young man of some fortune, and ardent temperament, who had known the rising generation at the university, and who knew the most spirited and talented of that generation, set up about this time a bookseller's shop, as the best way of serving himself and his friends. His name was Sautelet. It was he who introduced so many young men to literature and promotion, when losing the little fortune he had thereby, he ended by blowing out his brains. Sautelet replaced the sword in Carrel's hands by the pen.

Carrel pursued the same career as Thiers, who arrived about the same time from Aix, where he had been at college. Both gave themselves to history and journalism. Both wrote in "The Constitutionnel." But whilst Thiers made his way in commercial and financial society, and ingratiated himself with capitalists, the independent spirit of Carrel failed to make friends of either the wealthy or the powerful. Military and literary commanders formed his society; and each adopted the politics of those amongst whom he lived. Thiers pursued any change that would place the financial aristocracy at the head of state and society, which Louis Philippe's accession did. Carrel, too refined to be either Jacobin or Girondist, became the partizan of a republic, after the American fashion, a republic which was to reconcile, not alarm, good shopkeepers and citizens. Whether he would have furnished at least an idea, and whether 1848 would have found Carrel by the side of Cavaignac, were more curious to examine than true to conjecture. His brother-democrat did not fail to consider Carrel's Americanism an aristocratic weakness. And as he refused to mingle with them, or be "hail fellow well met" with the *sans culottes*, he became unpopular with them. So much so, that when Carrel was in the prison of St. Pelagie, along with Thiers, they used to hoot at him with the cry of, *A bas les pantoufles jaunes.* Marat could not forgive Mirabeau his ruffles, Carrel's yellow slippers were equally unpardonable. Carrel had a passion for duelling, though he took the trouble neither to be a good swordsman nor a good shot. He dreaded the character of being a duellist—more of slaying his adversary. He fell a victim to this, though Emile de Girardin, by whose hand he perished, was not more skilful than himself. Few things have been done more bold than Girardin appearing on an anniversary of Carrel's death, when his friends were assembled round the grave; the man who slew him starting up at such a moment, and in such a place, to give vent to his tardy feelings of fraternity and regret.

Laffitte was fortunate in having fostered such men as Beranger and Thiers, and having set on foot such journals as the "Nationel" and

"Siècle." It was Laffitte certainly who placed Louis Philippe on the throne. Laffitte was stirring, active, venturesome, good-natured, lent money to every one, embarked in every one's enterprises, and when he had thus risked his whole fortune in ventures, which required peace and quietness to foster and come to issue, lo, he helped to make a revolution, which jeopardized all, and scattered his noble fortune to the winds.

Casimir Perrier, another banker-statesman, was the very contrary of Laffitte. To know and to observe them both, you would have said, that Laffitte was the calm, cautious, stolid man of business, and that Casimir Perrier was all haste, fury, impulse, and precipitation. Laffitte was a phlegmatic man, Perrier a sanguine, hot, and irritable person. Yet the former was all rashness and weakness, the latter all circumspection and determination. The same may be observed almost at every gambling-table, where the fair and naturally phlegmatic son of the North invariably loses his head and his money, unless he has taken his degree in the honourable profession. Whilst the dark, bilious, and really irritable man, is rendered calm by staring risk in the face. Perrier had conducted his commercial house for years with the greatest caution, declining all the modern means of enrichment. In politics both he and Laffitte marched, or rather led to the march, to the very point of revolution; but when the nation plunged into it, dragging capitalists and statesmen with it, Laffitte was delighted. He thought it good fun, and great success. Casimir Perrier was alarmed, more alarmed than any one; for he saw more clearly than any one the difficulties and dangers in advance. When some of the journalists went to him after the Revolution for money to carry on their liberal exertions, he turned them aside with an oath, and almost with a kick, and said, "Get ye gone, for Heaven's sake, ye idle writers, and let us govern."

Whilst I am writing, the knell sounds that D'Orsay is no more; D'Orsay of late years, the link between the literary and artistic world of London and of Paris, and who would have been more delightfully and usefully so than ever, had life been spared him, with the gleam of prosperity that already shone. How delightful a companion, how good-natured a man, how full of buoyancy and wit, a very ditto of Old Rowley, who "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one."

D'Orsay was born a prince of fashion, and a dandy-king, formed, indeed, to be the Count Antony Hamilton of his day. But the Restoration would not have him. Even the marriage of his beautiful sister to the heir of the De Grammonts, herself a favourite with the Duchess d'Angoûleme, could not extend the favour and countenance of the elder Bourbons towards him. And when young D'Orsay refused to follow the Duc d'Angoûleme to Spain, or as a volunteer to storm the Trocadero, he was considered a black sheep, alias an Imperialist. Yet there was no one who better than D'Orsay could have allied imperialist sympathies and glories with loyal devotion to the descendant of Henry the Fourth. But he could not forswear the one, even to become *duc et pair* under the other. His father had served Napoleon as general, and D'Orsay honoured his *vieux moustache* more than he did his ancient blazon.

The Count was hence *mal-vu* at the court of Louis the Eighteenth. Nothing was more easy for him than to take rank with the Duc de Muilles, the Duc de Casse-Brissac, and other courtiers, holding lucrative places, not to mention the Duc de Guiche, his brother-in-law. But

D'Orsay would not pay the price, and he became an *emigré*. Fortunate for him, could he have crossed the Channel with the same oblivion of French private morals, as he entertained disgust of their public morals. He did not enter English life by the good portal.

Yet what could he do but dazzle it? And that he did, plunging into tastes and pursuits so exclusively and rustically English, as to naturalize himself, when acts of Parliament would have failed to achieve that end. He made, however, one grand mistake. In English circles of fashion he saw an infinity of recklessness, dissipation, immorality; he saw the immensity that was pardoned to a young man and a nobleman. But he did not see a certain imperceptible line, beyond which which immorality is not forgiven. This correct line, which separates the gentlemanly immoral from the ungentlemanly immoral, is very different indeed in other countries of Europe, from what it is in England. And it is the difference of this line that foreigners, even the most acute amongst them, so often fail to discern. This mistake ruined D'Orsay. No man, after having spent fortunes and sown whole granaries of wild oats, was so fully qualified to fall back, like so many an empty (in brain as in pocket) English nobleman upon diplomacy. And D'Orsay would have made an admirable ambassador. But having chosen England as his second home, he was judged by the specimens which Englishmen had of him. And then he was of an order not meet society for the Court. D'Orsay was fully as moral, we all know, as the general run of foreign diplomatists; and yet not only Louis-Philippe, but the republican and imperialist governments who sent *saute-ruisseaus* to represent them at all the courts of Europe, afterwards turned up a puritanic nose at D'Orsay.

D'Orsay had three epochs, that of which Melton may be considered the chief scene; that in which the library-chair of Gore House was his *sedit*; and the last his instalment in Gudin's studio, as a retired man of fashion, man of letters, man of fine arts, and man of politics. Politics were his last calling, and he did not succeed in them. His idea was, that Louis Napoleon ought to have played the liberal, and flung himself into the arms of the democracy. Whereas Louis Napoleon told him, there was safety and support for him, Louis, in the arms of no party, save such as he made and paid for himself. D'Orsay saved the *idéal* from his friend Louis Napoleon, who had been bred an Italian, and who, consequently, thought of nothing but the *réel*. “*Je veux arriver à pouvoir, voilà en un mot tout ce que je desire. L'histoire peut me déchiqueter après comme elle voudra.*” Such were some of the last political words of the Prince to D'Orsay.

Most people will ask why the President did not make D'Orsay Directeur des Beaux Arts, in the place of Neuekerke, a foreigner. But Louis Napoleon could not give to every one of his family a grade in the French army. His uncle Jerome alone enjoys that, because he actually served, and in truth merited it. The English thunder repelled Jerome's attack of Hougoumont. D'Orsay, therefore, had no place, save some beggarly, nominal one, attached to the Elysée, the excuse, no doubt, for conveying some livres to his death-bed. Alas! poor D'Orsay!

POPULAR FRENCH AUTHORESSES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MADAME DUNOYER.

Madame Dunoyer obtained considerable reputation in her day as a lively and amusing writer. She was the authoress of her own Memoirs, which are written in that entertaining, anecdotical style for which her countrymen are generally remarkable. Her own account of herself is a good deal at variance with that of her husband, who published some denials of her assertions, which is not to be wondered at, as she is by no means careful of his reputation in her relations. She had an enemy also in Voltaire; but the plain tale she tells of the circumstances that procured her his enmity sufficiently explain the cause that induced the ill-will of that philosopher. He cannot, however, refuse her praise for the talent which the world acknowledged; and, if she had no faults but those he imputes to her, Madame Dunoyer might be looked upon as a very perfect character. It appears that he wished to steal away her daughter, and she, having discovered the danger, did all in her power to defeat his purpose.

"I was," she relates in her Memoirs, "born at Nismes: my father, M. Petit, married my mother in 1661; she was named La Chaise, and was of the family of the famous confessor of Henri Quatre, whose nephew fills the same office under Louis Fourteenth at the present time."

She was brought up a Protestant, and relates with much animation the difficulties and vexations which her family were compelled to endure in consequence of the persecutions with which they were pursued by the bigotry of those in power. She describes the force used by the soldiery placed at Nismes to prevent the Huguenots from exercising their religion, and how their temples were destroyed and their ministers hunted down. To escape from this wretched position Mademoiselle Petit accepted the offer of protection from one of her uncles, and repaired to Geneva; another uncle meantime endeavouring, as much as possible, to induce her to change her religion and keep the chance of inheriting his fortune. Her conscience, however, at this time carried the day, and she went to Switzerland. Her description of the female costume of Zurich is remarkable as being totally unlike anything seen by travellers during the last century.

"The dress of the women of Zurich is something terrible. The gown is of thick black cloth, very full plaited, like the frock of a Benedictine monk, with sleeves pendant at the sides, and they conceal their arms, which are generally crossed in other ample sleeves. On their foreheads they wear a band, which reaches down to the eyes, and above this is a thick piece of linen. Another thick plaited piece goes under the chin and covers the mouth, so that you can only just see the tip of the nose. When they go to church they return in bands of two and two, with their eyes fixed on the ground: one would think it was a procession of black monks pacing along. After this they shut themselves up in their own houses."

From Switzerland the fair Huguenot was taken to England, and gives an account of what she saw in London, which is curious as a picture of the times.

"They took me to Westminster, where are the tombs of the Kings of England. I saw nothing so fine at St. Denis. There was the tomb of the famous Elizabeth, which I stopped a long time to look at. Henry the Seventh's Chapel is one of the grandest things one can behold. I was taken to see the Houses of Parliament, the Red and the Green Chamber, which two chambers regulate the affairs of the State, and even decide the fate of their Kings. There is below a great saloon, which is called the Hall, a place where the Kings and Queens dine the day of their coronation, after having been crowned in the Church of Westminster, where they sit, during the ceremony, on a stone chair, which is called 'Edward's chair.' Beneath this seat there is a large stone, said to be the same of which Jacob made his pillow at Bethel. This Edward, who is called The Confessor, is in great veneration amongst the English. His sword is still preserved at Westminster. I saw the effigies of a quantity of Kings and Queens: that of Charles the Second is in wax, of the size of life, dressed in the clothes he wore, and those who knew him say it is an excellent likeness; but the figure of General Monk, who assisted him to mount the throne, is so wonderfully like, that every one is amazed. The first time I saw it I stood up that he might pass."

The young traveller then describes all the city wonders, the Bank, the Monument, the Tower, St. Paul's, &c., and she ends her enumeration by remarking—

"In fact, there are things to admire in this country, which is called 'the country of angels,' for such is the meaning of the word England. The women are remarkably beautiful; all fair, with light hair, often with too rich a golden hue. They walk well, but they lose their beauty very early, and their teeth very soon, and die of the native malady, consumption, rapidly. They are almost all attacked with this disease, which dries them up, changes, and kills them in an incredibly short time.

"They eat hardly any bread, but great quantities of meat, almost raw, and a great quantity of preserves, pastry and sweet meats, but never soup. They only have a meal once a-day, which is dinner, when they eat immoderately. Suppers were suppressed in the time of Cromwell, in order that certain taxes might be paid, and the fashion has never returned, so that, in the best houses where you may be for three hours after noon nothing is offered but tea, coffee or chololate, or another drug, which they call *rambourk,* which is made of Spanish wine, white of eggs, spice and sugar.

"There is no country in the world where so little is thought of life as this. They kill themselves for nothing at all, and there are even preachers amongst them who consider it no crime."

She observes, that not a day passes but persons are fished up out of the Thames, with pockets full of lead to facilitate their fate. But she goes farther than this, and informs her friends of the following startling facts:—

"Children at schools are taught to compose harangues to be recited on the scaffold or the gibbet, for they are all prepared for such an end, and think little of it, whether it be for crimes of treason or any other, and it is there that they show to advantage. The death of the Duke of Monmouth did not edify the people, because he had no gift in this particular. They care so little for life that they will expose it on any occasion, the most trivial; for a bottle of wine two men will fight till one or other is killed or maimed for life."

She does not shrink from further details of the barbarous custom of prize-fighting, which, it is sad to confess, we are not even yet, at this distant period, able to laugh at as a prejudice or fiction. Her minute description of a scene of hanging would be worthy the perusal of the author of Jack Sheppard, and it is to be feared that the account she gives is not far from the truth.

"But," she suddenly exclaims in her narrative, "enough of executions! let us talk of other things. I was taken to see a play which was new to me, as, in our province, those sort of amusements are forbidden to Protestants. A tragedy was played, called 'The Destruction of Jerusalem:' I could not understand the language, but the plot was very clear to me; there was a crowd of persons on the stage and a great many stabbed, for the English delight on filling the stage with murders.

"I also saw the Lord Mayor's Show: the office answers to our Lieutenant de Police in Paris. All the kings and queens are expected to dine in the Hotel de Ville on the occasion, and all the companies assemble: every one, whatever their rank, must belong to these companies; the Queen herself belongs to the Dress-makers' Company.

"The election for the Lord Mayor is made in Spring, by the suffrage of the people, who assemble for that purpose in plains and meadows on the outskirts of the town. It is sometimes very dangerous to go there, for the confusion and contention are terrible: so absolute is the liberty of this people that if they wish to exclude any lord, however exalted, they scruple not to insult and publicly reproach him with anything they can lay hold of in his own life, or the traditions of his family, and they will go back for generations to find a blot to cast in his teeth. This the candidates themselves are forced to endure with equanimity, but sometimes their party becomes infuriated, and frightful quarrels ensue, in which persons are frequently killed."

She proceeds to tell how women fight and smoke like men, and give a variety in the orthography of our palaces and streets from that frequently met with in the travels of her countrymen. She sees for instance, "Vitheal," and the statue at "Charlincroft."

Her observations respecting the facility of marriage in England read like a chapter of Macaulay. She concludes them by remarking, "If the daughter of a marquis falls in love with a valet she can marry him without fear of losing her rank, for it is the custom, if a lady marries a commoner, for her to keep her baptismal name in order to show that she is a *miladi* by birth."

After her return to France the young traveller was again persecuted by her uncle, who desired that she should become a Catholic, and who, having got possession of her, transferred her from convent to convent, till at length, apparently tired out with vain resistance, she seems to have conformed to his wishes, and in return receives a husband whose virtues do not appear to have been equal to the sacrifice she made to obtain him.

She represents herself as an object of considerable interest to the King, and thus relates a scene which took place at Versailles.

"The King," she says, "had already commenced supper when we arrived at the château, and the crowd was so great around him that I thought it impossible to approach; however, I managed it at length, and, by dint of pushing, I at last found myself quite close to the table and opposite the King. I know not if he remarked the anxiety I showed or what it was that caused him to observe me, but he inquired who I was, and as no one could tell, as I was quite unknown, and he repeated the question: I thought myself bound to answer it myself, and having first told him my maiden name, I added that I was just married to M. Dunoyer by his Majesty's own order, after I had been kept for nine months in a convent. The King, by these particulars, at once recognized me and spoke with much kindness, telling me he hoped that my sojourn in the convent would conduce to my eternal happiness, and that he wished also that the marriage he had arranged for me might secure my temporal advantage also. The King then turned to the Dauphiness, related my history to her, how I had been so resolute against becoming Catholic, and after going to England and Holland had at length been induced to follow the right course, and that he had married me to one of his officers. Every one was so attentive to this recital that not a breath was heard in the assembly, and the eyes of all the courtiers were so fixed on me, that if I had not had a good deal of firmness I must have been greatly disconcerted. Every one, thinking to pay court by so doing, had something obliging to say to me, so much so that if I had possessed any vanity there was enough to draw it forth."

After this the King, who, in spite of his good memory, had apparently forgotten the trifling fact that all the young Protestant's possessions had been taken from her, suddenly remembered it, on certain rather strenuous application on her part, for she seemed nothing daunted, and directed that all should be restored to the new proselyte, and added a pension of nine hundred francs, which was always afterwards, she observes, regularly paid.

Probably, however, this bounty ceased some years later, after she and her husband had separated, as she complained of great difficulties, owing to his cruel neglect, in spite of the places she had procured for him and the fortune she had brought him. She returned to Holland and to England, and once more avowed herself a Protestant.

M. Dunoyer, who, there can be but little doubt, was a *mauvais sujet*, gives quite other versions from hers of the interview at Versailles, and contradicts her in all her assertions; but he was so little worthy of credit that the lady has the best claim on the reader's sympathy.

Her return to Calvinism, of course, procured her numerous enemies, and perhaps her temper, which seemed somewhat violent, could not support calmly the insults and injuries she had to encounter. At Utrecht she was publicly insulted by a drama produced there, intending to represent some incidents in her life: and she fled from place to place with her two daughters to escape the persecutions of her husband and his party.

She describes a variety of scenes which she witnessed, some of which are graphically given, amongst other remarkable persons she tells a story of a Madame Tiquet, who was executed for the murder of her husband, accused by him when he thought himself dying of wounds inflicted by some unknown hand. The wounded man recovered but, after three years had elapsed, again accused by a servant of having contrived his assassination, she was condemned by La Loi de Blois, and suffered after having protested to the last her entire innocence, till forced by torture to retract. The event seems to have created much sensation at the period.

Her husband himself went with his children to entreat her pardon of the King, but it was thought a dangerous mercy, as no husband would be in future safe. After she had suffered for a crime which she had not committed, and of which there was no proof that she had meditated, her husband had her body buried with great pomp, and having gained his prayer that her large fortune should not be confiscated, enjoyed it for the rest of his life.

"Thus ended," says the authoress, "the beautiful Madame Tiquet, who had been the ornament of Paris. Never was so exquisite a thing seen as her head when separated from her body; it was left for some time on a scaffold in order that the people might have the gratification of seeing it."

It was in Holland where Voltaire became acquainted with Madame Dunoyer and her daughter, and took so tender an interest in the latter, that the mother became justly alarmed, and having taken steps to prevent the execution of a project of elopement planned by the great philanthropist, fell from that time under his displeasure. She tells the circumstances which occurred under feigned names, and publishes no less than fourteen letters of M. de Voltaire, which scantly add to his reputation. Madame Dunoyer possessed credit enough at the Court of Holland to procure an order for Voltaire's expulsion from the country. This order was signified to him on returning home after passing an evening at the ambassador's. He was commanded not to quit his apartments till the day was fixed for him to leave the kingdom, and he thus writes to Mademoiselle Dunoyer, the object of his attentions:—

"I am here kept prisoner in the name of the King: but they may take my life, if they will, without depriving me of the love I feel for you. Ah! my adorable mistress, I will behold you to-night though my head should be the forfeit. In the name of God, do not speak to me in those distressing terms in which you write. Live and be cautious. Beware of your mother as of the most cruel enemy you have; what do I say, beware of all the world, confide in no one, but be in readiness. As soon as the moon appears I will quit my hotel *incognito;* I will take a carriage or a chaise. But if you love me, be comforted, call all your virtue and your presence of mind to your aid: dissemble in the presence of your mother, endeavour to procure your picture, and be persuaded that not the most fearful dangers shall prevent me from serving you. No, nothing can detach me from you: our love is founded on virtue: it will last during our lives. Adieu! there is nothing to which I would not expose myself for your sake: you merit more than I can give you."

M. de Voltaire's *virtuous* intention, founded, of course, on his strict religious notions, was to convert Mademoiselle Dunoyer from heresy, and to that end he was endeavouring to induce her to quit her mother, and accompany him to Paris. In the meantime he had continual interviews with her, to conceal which, and lest her person should be known, he had sent her a male costume as a disguise. It was on this occasion that he thus wrote to her:—

"I know not whether I should call you Monsieur or Mademoiselle; if you are adorable in your own dress you are not the less a charming cavalier, and our porter, who is not, like me, in love with you, reports you to be a handsome young fellow. The first time you come, he will receive you with great delight: nevertheless, your aspect is as terrible as it is amiable, and I almost fear you will draw your sword in the streets in order to prove yourself a man: after all, fine young spark as you are, you are as modest as a girl."

Then follow some verses, sufficiently common-place, but calculated to flatter the vanity of a silly thoughtless young woman, who seemed not to have been proof against the artful and dangerous sophistry of this pretended lover of virtue and humanity.

These romantic interviews were discovered in time by the too vigilant mother, who prevented their renewal, but the lovers contrived to correspond. The following are some of the letters which Madame Dunoyer became possessed of:—

"Do not reckon on the chance of our meeting before my departure, unless we are content to spoil everything, let us, my dear heart, have this control over ourselves. As for me, who would resign my life to behold you, I consider your absence as a benefit, because it will procure me hereafter the happiness of being with you, sheltered from tyrants and writers of libels. Adieu! my dear; if you love me, be comforted; reflect that we will amply repay the sorrows of absence; let us give way to the present necessity—we may be prevented from meeting, never from loving. I find no terms sufficiently strong to express my love, nor do I even know whether I ought to speak of it to you, for, in doing so, I can only sadden instead of consoling you. You may judge of the disorder of my heart by the confusion in my letter, but in spite of this sad position, I make an effort over myself. Imitate, if you love me. Adieu! once more, my dear mistress, adieu! my beautiful—I shall be unable to exist in Paris, if I do not soon behold you."

Mademoiselle Dunoyer, expecting her lover's departure, falls sick of vexation, and Voltaire writes a variety of little billets before he sets out, regretting his inability to nurse her, attend to her, kiss her lovely hands, and such like no-meaning. From Paris he writes again, and thus expresses himself:—

"I arrived in Paris on Christmas eve. The first thing I did was to see M. de Tournemine. This Jesuit had written to me at the Hague the day I set out from thence: he has interested your relative, M. d'Evreux, for you: I have placed in his hands your three letters, and your father is being prepared to receive you shortly: this is what I have done for you; this is my present position. Scarcely was I arrived in Paris when I learnt that Mr. L. had written a cruel letter against me to my father, that he had sent him the letters your mother had addressed to him, and that, in fine, my father has obtained a *lettre de cachet* to have me imprisoned. I dare not show myself; I have caused my father to be spoken to, but all I have been able to obtain of him is to allow me to embark for the Islands, but nothing can make him alter his resolution in the will he has made, which disinherits me. This is not all—for more than three weeks I have received no news of you; I know not even if you still live, or if you are living in sorrow.

I dread that you may have written to me at my father's, and that he may have got possession of the letter. You see that I am now at the height of misery, which could only be enhanced by your abandoning me. On the other hand, you see that it only depends on yourself to be happy—you have but one step to take. Set out directly you hear from your father; you will be placed amongst the New Catholics. You love me, my dear; you know how much I love you, and surely my tenderness merits reward. You have it in your power to make me the happiest of men—come then to France and make yourself happy—I shall think myself well recompensed. Some day I may be reconciled to my father, then we can enjoy at liberty the pleasure of seeing each other. But if you are so inhuman as still to remain in Holland, I swear to you that *I will kill myself* directly I hear the news."

M. de Voltaire continually repeats his accusations against the mother of his lady-love, but while he speaks with disrespect of her, he cannot help commending her writings.

"I read," he says, "her 'Lettres Galantes' yesterday and to-day, and her style almost made me forget—(here there is a break, Madame Dunoyer not wishing to reproduce the injurious epithets the lover of her daughter indulged in, which she elsewhere assures the reader were effaced by her daughter before she abandoned them to her).

"I am at present persuaded that a person may have a great deal of talent and yet be—

"I was delighted with the first volume, which is very superior to the others; one remarks, particularly in the last four, that the author got tired of holding the pen, and went on full gallop to finish the work. I imitated her in this and made haste to finish it.

"How much I delight in you, my dear, for having taken all that is good in your mother, and left all the bad; but how much more shall I esteem you when you shall have quitted her altogether!"

The comments of Madame Dunoyer on these epistles, as may be expected, are written in a tone of bitter irony, but she forbears to relate the *dénouement* of the adventure. It appears by her account, as far as she chooses to go, that the attachment of the young lady was not so violent as her lover supposed, nor does she even give him credit for truth in all his *belles phrases*, considering rather that,

"He is wretched to show he has wit;"

and she closes her account of this affair, which she relates as if of imaginary persons, by a contemptuous remark, that she recognises in the style of these fine compositions that of Les Lettres Portugaises, and a good deal of pilfering from those of Heloise.

The part that Voltaire himself took in the life of Madame Dunoyer does him but little credit, but the judgment the great critic passes upon her works is valuable, as showing the esteem in which she was held at her time.

Under the head of "Historiettes" Madame Dunoyer occasionally relates droll anecdotes for the amusement of her readers. The following is characteristic:—

"Now we are on the subject of jokes," says the authoress, "an odd thing enough happened at Nismes. Two literary men were dining at one of the first hotels in the town. During the repast, amongst a variety of conversation, they spoke of the letters of Voiture, comparing them with those authors both ancient and modern, and giving the palm to him whom they considered as having surpassed all that had written in that style, for ease, liveliness and the grace of the style. It happened that at the same table with them sat a merchant, who had attended with apparent interest to what they had been saying. At length he seemed to be no longer able to keep silence, and, after looking at the two speakers with a certain air of compassion,—

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you may have observed, that I have listened with admiration to much of your talk, but, for the last half hour, I confess my opinion of your judgment is altogether changed. You have got into a state of enthusiasm about the letters of Voiture; now I am at a loss to conceive what the deuce you can see to admire in them so much. I confess they are natural, but, after all, when you have seen one you have seen all, and, without boasting, I protest I could write you a hundred such a-day without difficulty.'

"'You, sir!' exclaimed the gentlemen, quite amused; 'and pray how would you set about it?'

"'How!' returned the merchant; 'I think I ought to know how, that am so used to it; and, with all your learning and your Latin, I suspect you would be troubled to teach me. Why, I can give you a proof at once,—this is the form and the substance of the whole —'

"The two friends looked at each other bewildered with the boldness of the assertion.

"'This is it,' continued the merchant, with a self-satisfied air: 'God willing, and by a certain *voiturier*, I hereby send you a bale of goods of such a weight.' Now this is the form of a *lettre de voiture*, and I cannot for the life of me see anything so very wonderful in it, for if you sent a million's worth of merchandise, the letter would be neither better nor worse.'

"It may easily be imagined that the two literary friends were sufficiently amused with this simplicity, and, after having indulged in a hearty laugh, they left the astonished merchant to triumph in the certainty of a defeat, which had driven them from the field."

THE CORNISH CAPITALIST'S HINT FOR AN EXCHANGE.

That *mine* of *thine*, betwixt those two of *mine*,
Parts mine *from* mine, with severance most perverse!
Could *thine* be *mine*, and one of *mine* be *thine*,
My mining would fare better—*thine* no worse.

G. D.

THE SADDLEBAGS;

OR,

THE BRIDLE ROADS OF SPAIN.

Seville, Feb. 29, 1852.

Oh! to be sure, you are delighted with the description of Seville by moonlight; and then say, like a wicked, sly, sarcastic pet of a Mabsy, that it was "as fine as if it had been written for a magazine." Of course, I take your very doubtful compliment as if it was meant for a real one: and so you think I should take more pains with my style for a stupid ungrateful public, than for my most precious of cruel and fastidious little critics. I have a great mind to disconvince you very unpleasantly, but first I think it fair to warn you that you had better burn, or otherwise make away with such letters as I may write to you from Spain; for if ever, on my return, I lay hands on them, they shall go plump into our book, line for line, and word for word, and serve to plumpen the two voluminous volumes. I am aware it will be a great struggle for you to destroy such interesting documents, but if you don't, see if *I* don't. Or they shall go into some widely circulated magazine, whose readers will wonder and inquire "who that little minx Mab could be that got such a quantity of charming epistles from an interesting invalid in Spain." And then those dear, disagreeable, curious Miss D—'s, who are such a comfort to your neighbourhood, and who read every magazine and review in the old, new, and middle-aged world, will find your name and turn over with their (pitch-) forked tongues all the Mabels they ever knew (and remember it is not a very common name); they will put their heads together in a most choice study for a caricaturist, and pick out circumstantial evidence from the unguarded text, and worry you with fishing inuendos to the end of your days, or at least till such time as you make me most happy by consenting to change your neighbourhood, for, anywhere within fifty miles of those old maids, I am *resolved* never to settle down.

As you like the moonlight, I have a great mind to give you another dose in a midnight ramble through the streets, with vistas, and clair-obscures, and shady angles, and salient corners, and arches, and columns, and twinkling lights, and serenaders with tinkling guitars, and señoritas robed in white, waving cambric kerchiefs from balconies, and watchmen, calling "Ave Maria puriiiiisimaaaaaa," to a narrow strip of stars peeping down between the leaning eaves. But I will let you off with the alarm I have given you, lest I should go on, for I have a great deal to say, and not much time to say it in. Indeed I ought now to be busy arranging and separating my goods and chattels, some to stay here, and some to go with us in our alforjas (saddle-bags). We are to start now in a day or two, having got our beasts of burden. Mine I bought of a baker, a good trade to buy a horse from! Why? he is likely to be the better bred—a joke. I cannot describe him now, but I daresay I shall have plenty to say about him on the road. He is a charming, vicious, little black beauty, and the livery man, who has the charge of him, says he is a "demonio" in the stable. H— has got a more peaceable chestnut,—both seem good and sound. During these, our last days in Seville, the population has been in a hubbub of rejoicing for the Queen's happy delivery from her physicians and priest; it cannot be ascertained from which she ran the greater risk, since her constitution (can it be a Spanish one?) has weathered both. Indeed, it seems the assassin's dose of steel has operated as a tonic, she has got well so fast. Do you turn up your delicately chiselled nose at the dose of steel as a "witticism only fit for a vulgar newspaper?" Come now, you cannot deny that it was a pointed application.

"How can I waste my time and paper on such stuff when I have plenty to say?" Well, I will oblige you with a narration of our yesterday's amusement. As a humane way of rejoicing for the Queen's escape there was, among other things, a bull-fight, and, like naughty, cruel wretches, we went to see it. You must have read at least a dozen "Bullfights in Seville," each time vowing never to wade through the blood, and horror, and dulness of another. I will, therefore, endeavour to make mine as short and disgusting as my powers of condensation will admit.

An arena about one hundred yards in diameter, girt by a sloping amphitheatre and half surrounded above by arched and columned galleries, is filled by twelve thousand men, women, and children, all impatient. A score or so of men, arrayed in scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and pink, and green, and blue, embroidered, and laced, and frogged, and tasselled, and tagged with gold and silver and silk, are strutting about upon the sand. There is a flourish of trumpets. A door is opened in the wooden barrier, which defends the lower benches of spectators, and in rushes a broad-nosed, innocent, astonished-looking bull. He looks here and there and round about him, and has every reason to be surprised if not alarmed. The men in gaudy colours at first keep a respectful distance, and observe whether he is very fierce, then the boldest of them goes forward. The foolish bull now thinks he has discovered his principal enemy, and canters towards him with the full intention of playing cup and ball with his body on the points of his horns. As the bull reaches him the bully flings out his cloak and skips aside, so that the horns impinge on nothing but a cloud of floating drapery. Sometimes it is carried away on the points, and the disappointed beast shakes it off his face, and gores and tramples it in the dust. The other men do the same as the first with more or less agility, and there is a good deal of running about and jumping over the barriers, into which the pursuer comes full tilt. The public are soon tired of these first performers, who are called the burladores (jokers) or chulillos.

Then come in the bandarilleros. Each man has a pair of barbed javelins, wreathed and rosetted with gay-coloured strips of paper. The first performer places himself in front of the bull, standing with his heels together and leaning slightly forward: he waves his rustling wands, something in the manner of lagrace sticks, or as if he were fortifying his challenge by some magnetic spell, for he points his weapons toward the forehead of his antagonist and traces mysterious diagrams in the air. The bull, as if some superstitious element in his character were awakened by these exorcisms, usually pauses some moments to contemplate this double-wanded wizard, the first man who has faced him yet, without the aid of that bewildering volubility of cloak. At length the bull starts like an express train, and the bandarillero runs lightly forward to meet him, like a dancing master in pumps caught in a shower. As they meet he skips nimbly aside on light fantastic toe, planting in the same instant his pair of bandarillas on either side of the poor beast's neck. The rest do likewise, till he has a great stiff mane of javelins tossing up and down as he plunges about, bellowing in great agony, with the barbs working in his flesh at a great leverage. Then another flourish of trumpets, and in come the picadores on their blindfold steeds, wearing a broad-brimmed stiffish wide-awake with many-coloured plumes, their legs, cased in buff-leather and wood, entrenched in a tall buttressed fortification of saddle, and armed with a stout lance. One of them challenges the bull, poising his heavy weapon under his arm. The bull butts at him and receives the lance's point between the neck and shoulder. The point is guarded so as not to pierce more than an inch or two; there is then a desperate pushing bout, the man and bull thrusting for safety and for vengeance at either end. When the struggle lasts long it is called "dormir sobre el palo" (to sleep upon the stick). At last the bull either goes away disheartened, or forcing in the picador's guard, gores the horse deeply in the flank as he swerves away. The other picadors do likewise. The noble patient horses go on at this work, bleeding buckets full all the time, and some of them with their torn-out entrails in festoons, till they drop down fainting from loss of blood. Lying down they do not bleed so fast and recover their consciousness to receive an occasional lift from the sharp horns, as the bull in pursuit of his persecutors recognises in his path the carcase of a fallen foe. When the bull is getting tired the company call for the matador. He is the smartest of the party. He marches solemnly forward to make his bow in front of the president's balcony, throws away his hat and goes forth to slay and make an end. His victim, sated with fruitless victory over superior numbers, and weary of bloodshed, has to be provoked with many flouts and indignities before he will deign to engage in this single-handed and, seemingly, insignificant combat.

At last he comes. The matador whips a long gleaming rapier out of the scarlet flag with which he draws the beast's attention to his left, while stepping to the right he plunges his sword through the left shoulder down into the heart. For a few moments the bull staggers about, snorting little crimson clouds, seeming bewildered by the new sensation of dying. He soon feels how it is, and goes majestically down on his knees, with his bold, broad face of honest defiance towards his destroyer. The butcher now runs up behind and strikes him with his knife in the back of the head: the spine is separated and he rolls over and dies. A flourish of trumpets—a buzz of twelve thousand voices criticising his end—and a team of four mules abreast are harnessed to the carcase. They gallop out, while the music sounds again, dragging by the heels along the sand the Hector of the ring, leaving a long wake of dust-cloud behind. So it ends, and begins again. Some of the bulls are more savage than others. One declined to fight, and the indignant populace called for dogs to worry him. Another, in making a sudden turn upon his enemies, dislocated his spine and lost the use of his hind legs. The poor creature could not tell what was the matter, and struggled about with his fore-legs, dragging the paralyzed remainder of himself along the ground.

We sat and smoked, and were not so much horrified as would suit the ideas of a British public, nor so much excited as would flatter a Spanish one, but we were occasionally both one and the other to a moderate degree. They say that this is child's-play, because the bulls are feeble and tame now in the cool weather. After all, in spite of the atrocity of the thing, it is a fine sight, and there is enough of the savage, wild-beast element in the heart of man to make these desperate and bloody struggles interesting to him. What I felt to be more objectionable than the bloodshed was, that the bull had not fair play, nor any chance of escape. Besides which, poetical justice demanded that there should be a fair equivalent of men killed in proportion to the horses. I felt at the time, I should have liked to be a good, strong, active bull, aware of the stratagems of the art, to have made havoc among the gawdy bullies, and I believe we should have shouted with all the rest of the company if one of the human wretches had been caught and mangled. I am aware that I am a horrid inhuman wretch myself; so what more have you got to say? I have given you what critics would call "this graphic, but somewhat coldblooded sketch, affording a vivid idea of the disgusting details," &c. However, it is fair to say, that there were no men hurt, and if they had, our human would probably have overpowered our brutal sympathies.

As we are prepared to set out in a day or two, heavily armed with pistols, and determined not to surrender except to overwhelming numbers of banditti, we thought it prudent to sit up last night to make our wills. After remembering all our friends and disposing of all our valubles, in case we should be relieved from the want of them, we found it was past five in the morning. "The lady I most love," you may be interested to hear, will at my demise stand seized of all my luck-money (which I wear suspended round my neck by a velvet band), with the gold ring on which the coins are strung. They consist of a half and quarter guinea of GEO. III., a gold crown piece of CHAS. I., a plump little silver coin of the Greek colony at Tarentum; a thin ditto of the Moorish kindom of Cordova; a silver twopenny piece of ALEX. I. of Scotland; a brazen coin of Antiochus (founder of Antioch), a general of Alexander the Great; a Roman coin lately in circulation at Seville as an ochavo; and a Turkish coin, brought from Syria by poor Charley, when Napier took Acre. You see there are three of gold, three of silver, and three of copper; and I have a strong belief that my luck depends on carrying them about me,—foolish indeed!

I write after coming home from the fireworks, which were let off from the new iron-bridge over the Guadalquiver, which is to be opened to-morrow. We, with a large party of our Spanish friends, saw everything to great advantage from a barge on the river. Such a mass of many-coloured fire on the dappled mirror of the flowing waters, with dark, crowded boats glancing here and there athwart the burning ripples, the shores around all hung with myriad lamps, and the planet Venus, like a permanent rocket-star, looking down over the eaves of Triana on the perishable efforts of pyrotechny, altogether resulted in what is familiarly termed a striking scene. My letter is getting into the "own correspondent" style; but I am tired with writing it all at one go to, which is contrary to my custom, and my letter longer than usual. I shall write you word often on our journey to say we are safe, for I expect you to be very anxious and unhappy about robbers, and rivers, and precipices. Yours till assassination, &c.

Utrera.

THE world keeps wheeling round, my Mabel, and remote contingencies come to pass almost by waiting for them. How distant and improbable it seemed two months ago that we should ever make this expedition, which I used to talk about with faithless enthusiasm like any other castle in the air. Then Harry actually came, and we set about our preparations. Even then how far off our start appeared. How impossible to get suitably mounted at a purchasable figure among the cheateries of Andalusian *chalanes*, whom it is impossible to persuade that one is "Yorkshire too." Everywhere in the known world the old impression pervades that Englishmen are made of money, and continually dropping to (gold) pieces. However, we got ourselves up in costume, and attended the beast fair in the Plaza de la Paja twice a week, and bargained and turned up our noses at the animals, and simulated a patient confidence that we should meet with what we wanted at our own price in good time, and, finally, we got a couple of useful ponies for about eight pounds a piece. Then they had to be fitted with trappings, and we led them through the streets to a variety of saddlers' shops, where we tried on, and bargained for the necessary articles of apparel. Then there was the packing—which to me is always two-thirds of the journey's fatigue—in this case aggravated by the harrowingly dubious division of things, absolutely necessary on the road, to go in the alforjas, from the chaos of a voluminously versatile portmanteau, containing almost all my worldly goods of any importance.

However, one after another, all things came about, and on Tuesday, February 24th, with our voluminous cloaks and plethoric alforjas over our shoulders, many pistols in our fajas, and all got up in the thorough contrabandista style, we sallied forth from the numero tres segundo Calle de Velasquez, where I had lived during my sojourn of four months in Seville. We wended our way across the vast dismantled gap in the heart of the city, left by the destruction of the great convent of San Francisco, and came to the stables. We had a slight altercation with the livery-man, a fat thief, who wished to charge us for more days than our ponies had been in pupilage. It was about ten o'clock of a bright warm morning, when, aiming at the Puerta de Carmona, we hit that of La Carne, and thereby sallied forth upon Spain at large. Having studiously avoided to study the maps and guide-books (which we nevertheless carried with us in case of need) we rode directly towards our favourite peak in the horizon, conversing, *apropos*, of our late brush with the stableman, on the most effectual way of dealing with Spanish louts. In this controversy, H—— advocated the sharp and decisive sternness of an assumed superiority, and I a mild and persuasive gentleness; so it was agreed that, in our next difficulty, I was to shine first—and, if fair weather failed, then he should thunder afterwards. Passing, in discussion, the dark-green golden-dotted orange groves and spiry cypresses which encircle the city, we came to a little bridge with a great hole broken through its arch, and, strange to say, workmen mending it. Then, fording the Guadaira below the dam of a picturesque mill, we came, after a mile or two, to the edge of the dehesa, or wilderness. Here we picketed our ponies—that is to say, we drove an iron spike into the ground; and to that spike there is a ring;

and through that ring there is a cord—which cord, being tied at about seven yards' length round the pony's neck, allows him to graze with much more fresh air and liberty to sweeten his vegetable diet than ever the prisoner of Chillon had. Not satisfied with this, however, my little black beast must needs break away, and, pulling up his spike, scamper back towards Seville, whose spires and towers still appeared in the distance. The other pony followed his example, and we ran after them. I will leave the whole party running while I tell you why we stopped on the margin of the dehesa. If you had ever been a bad little boy run away from school, which I am exceedingly glad you never were, you would know that the first thing one does on emerging from one's immediate troubles or the world at large, is to stop and think. We had broken loose from the trammels of society—disguised in a strange garb—with ponies to carry us wherever we chose, and were about to realize the romance of many dreams. We had, besides, to load our pistols (for we were full of ideas of the dangers of the road) to arrange our saddles, and cloaks, and mantas, which, in the hurry of setting off, had been badly organized; we also intended to take a sketch of the last appearance of Seville. In Spain, the preface to everything is a cigarillo, a little squib of tobacco rolled in thin paper, which it takes a man of average talent six months to learn to make. We had just accomplished this delicate operation, and were about to light, when the ponies ran away and we after them. We had not gone far, though far enough to see clearly that they could go much faster than we could follow, when the thought of our innocent and helpless alforjas left a prey to any ravening marauder who might cross the wilderness, brought us up short. H—— went back to guard the baggage, and I followed the ponies, expecting I should have to go back all the way to the livery-stable in the Calle del Viscaino. At the picturesque mill I heard they had recrossed the Guadaira at full gallop, and I trudged along beneath the sultry sun of February, in much despondence and perspiration, till I happened to think of the broken bridge, where the workmen must have stopped them. So it turned out, for soon after I was met by two of them leading the truants. They had got their saddles round, and trampled off, each, one of his stirrups. Having tried in vain riding the one to lead the other, I led them back, and, arriving hot and breathless within half a mile of our encampment, I was startled by the report of a pistol in that direction. Approaching cautiously, I could see nothing of H——, and the terrible idea flashed across my mind that robbers had found him alone guarding the baggage, and had shot him. Then it occurred to me, that when they found two alforjas, they would presume he had a companion, who might institute a search unless also disposed of, and therefore lie in wait among the low brushwood to shoot me also, as soon as I came within range. I therefore approached by as open ground as possible, that they might not get too easy a shot at me; and, when I came as near as I thought safe, I shouted his name. After an anxious moment or two an answer was returned in well known accents which relieved me from my apprehensions. Still the shot was to be accounted for. Has your imagination prepared you for something dreadful? Mine had—something like what follows. I approached the spot, and found H—— sitting among the cloaks and luggage, smoking, but I saw in an instant by the expression of his face, and the nervous twitch of his lips, which made the cigar end shake, that something serious had happened.

"I have been and done it, and there he lies, poor fellow: but it was his own fault."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, as, turning where he pointed, I saw at about seven yards' distance the foot of a man sticking out of a plot of brushwood. "Good heavens! is he dead?—what is the meaning of all this?—what has happened?—and here is another saddle!—and what is that grey horse?"

"I will tell you, but in the meanwhile we had better pack our beasts and be off as quick as we can. I was sitting here about a quarter of an hour ago, when this man came riding across the dehesa, and, seeing me, turned this way. I had loaded my long pistols, and had one of them ready cocked in my hand, under a fold of the cloak I was lying on. After asking me a good many impudent questions, which I answered with as much patience as I could—he said at last, 'Ah! I see you are a foreigner, probably on a long journey. *Es regular que tienes dinero* (it is to be supposed you have money). That is what I am come for, with your permission. I am Pedro Paredes, for that which your worship may please to command—a notable bandit, at whose name the civil guard tremble.' Saying this, he unslung his escopet from the hinder peak of his saddle, and dismounted to take a steadier shot in case of need. Instead of getting up, I pulled the saddle-bags and cloaks into a heap, and, lying on my stomach, presented the muzzle of my pistol over the battery. 'Now then, you impudent rascal,' I said, 'lay down your gun and go away, or I'll shoot you before you can coax your rusty old piece to go off. And I should advise you never again to try your hand on Englishmen with English pistols!' He hesitated and turned pale, and was stepping back, when I said, 'If you move without leaving your gun, I fire. Here, I have the advantage—at a distance, you might.' 'No English dog shall make a jest of the Andaluz,' he said, a sudden fury flushing his face. He presented his gun as quickly as he could, and we both fired at the same moment, but my pistol had been on his heart during the discussion, and through his heart it went—but I had a nearish escape—look at the rim of my hat.'"

Sure enough, there was a round hole in the broad upturned brim of the Calanies.

"Thank God you are no worse, but what are we to do?"

"We had better leave him as he is, he has fallen with the gun clutched in his hand. If we don't disturb him, and they find him after a day or two, with money in his pocket, and all those silver buttons on his clothes, they will think he has destroyed himself; I have unsaddled his horse and turned him loose. He will probably stray away and not attract immediate attention; we must throw the saddle and bridle into another bush. There now—we had better put earth between us, as they say."

I could easily perceive that he was deeply shocked, though the excitement gave a sort of painful levity to his manner.

Before mounting, I went to look at the corpse, the first I had ever seen of one who had died a violent death. He had staggered backwards and fallen flat on his back, his arms and legs stretched out—one hand grasped the barrel of his escopet, and the other a bunch of slender twilight, the dusk deepened rapidly. We were joined by a man on an ass who entered into conversation.

"By your speech, caballeros, I should say you were not of these parts;—are you not afraid to travel on these roads after dark? There is a formidable band which greatly infests the neighbourhood of Utrera. They robbed a traveller last week of three hundred dollars."

"We are Englishmen, and therefore afraid of nothing. We carry pistols enough to shoot ten men, and if there were a dozen, it is probable the two others would run away. We are on our way to Gibraltar, and if anything were to happen to us the Governor, who of course expects us, would immediately shoot a bomb-shell over La Mancha into the Cortes at Madrid, which would blow up all the Spains in one ruin."

"Ha! ha! you talk roundly—but we know the English are a dangerous people, and it is asserted that they season their ollas with gunpowder instead of salt."

Here we heard voices behind, and a sound of horses' hoofs. Our companion hailed them with some cry which we did not understand, and as our imaginations were prepared for robbers, we took it for a signal, and concluded that the man on the donkey was an accomplice sent on to reconnoitre. We therefore had our pistols ready. Two men on a white horse, emerging from the darkness, overtook us, and shortly afterwards, another horse also with two men on it came up. We congratulated one another on this arrangement, for two bodies close together would of course be much easier than one to hit in the dark. However, the men saluted us civilly, and fell into conversation with our companion. They were coming back from a fair at Alcala de Guadaira, and were slightly elevated. H—— and I were talking to one another in English about the probabilities of their being thieves, and it is a sort of axiom with the lower classes here, who are not much used to foreigners, that people who talk to one another in a language which they do not understand, will not understand what they say to each other in plain Spanish.

"What is come of Pedro that he does not come back with you?" said the man on the ass.

"Quien sabe! probably he dances the fandango."

"According as it appears to me," said one of the men on the second horse, "he follows another affair. I saw him watching a horse-dealer as he put up the price of a very pretty chestnut mare—sixty-three dollars, and not dear either; I think Master Perico has an eye to that gentleman's purse."

"Hush! these strangers may overhear you."

"By no means, you hear their tongue is not the same as ours. Gentlemen," he continued, addressing us, "is it long that you travel in Spain?"

"Three months, and my companion three weeks."

"Indeed, so little, and already you speak a few words of the Castillian. What may be the business on which your worships travel?"

"We are portrait-painters, very much at your service," replied H——.

"At what price do you work?" said a man on the white horse which was a little a-head.

"From three reals to six, according to the size, and if the work of [illegible] give satisfaction to the sitter, he can leave it and pay nothing."

"Carajo! that is an exceedingly honourable way of dealing, and if these gentlemen do not leave [illegible] very early to-morrow, I will have the picture and give it to my wife, carajo."

"We are entirely at the disposition of your worship, for that which your worship may please to command."

In such discourse we began to see distant twinkling lights and to hear the chiming bells (las animas) which were ringing for the departed souls at [illegible], for that was the place on which we had stumbled in the dark in our south-east passage. As we rode up the long straggling street, the white horse stopped before a house out of which came two women. One embraced her husband as he dismounted, the other, who seemed young and beautiful, as far as the dim light of the street (which only came from a few straggling windows and stars) allowed us to judge, after glancing anxiously about among the horsemen, exclaimed,

"Where is my Pedro? Why have you not brought him back to me!"

"Do you expect me to carry your pet hawk on my wrist, pretty Rosita?"

"I don't know what can be the matter with Rosa," said the elder woman, "she has been moping and fretting about her Perrico all day."

Here we said good night, and rode on, still hearing indistinctly through the thickening veil of darkness the maiden's eager tones of inquiry after her lover. It was evident she had felt some mournful presentiment of his fate, which we but too probably connected with our adventure of the dehesa. We went, as we had been recommended, to the Posada de la Spada (Sword Inn), were received as distinguished guests, supped on a clean table-cloth, and were recognized by the ostler in the stable, when we went to see our ponies fed, as having passed a year ago. This we did not deny, but applauded his memory. Since then I have been writing with all the voluminousness of a new-fangled tourist. H—— has been asleep some hours, but the long extinguished cigar, he went to sleep with in his mouth, still points to the doubled-down margin of bed-clothes over his breast, toward the parted lips. It is time for me to go to bed, too, and finish this extravagantly long letter; so good night, my Mab, and farewell!

THE LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

SUPPLEMENTAL EARLY REMINISCENCES, ARTISTIC, THEATRICAL, AND LITERARY.

> "Fond records and pressures past, that youth
> And observation copied on the table of my memory."
> *See "Hamlet."*

The impressions left on my mind of the progress of Art and Architecture in London, from 1817 to 1825, are not favourable to the idea that we have since, on the whole, greatly advanced. West was only a great painter in respect to the size of his canvases, though I well remember that the rage for seeing them, as shilling sights, was strangely at variance with the indifference with which they are now regarded—or rather disregarded. Contrasted with West's tame industry, was the wild energy of the eccentric Fuseli. The graceful, but insipid and mannered purities of Stothard and Westall were opposed by the more racy and freely conceived productions of Smirke, Leslie, and Newton. Northcote was a masculine painter, but not of a power to raise the repute of his country in historical art. Lawrence was at the head of portrait, and Harlowe stood (by Lawrence's authority) at the head of "promise,"—meaning, that he had already *performed* what was far more than "promise," though prophetic of still greater things to come. Wilkie's pictures at the Academy exhibition were railed round to keep off the press of eager spectators; and Mulready followed close in his wake. Stephanoff seemed likely to rival both by the extraordinary merit shown in his "Poor Relations." At the head of landscape art were Turner, Calcott, Constable, and Collins, jointly illustrating power, modesty, freshness, and truth. Haydon was at this time exhibiting great power; but of all the individual things, which "stick fiery off" among vaguely remembered multiplicity, is the great picture by Etty of "The Combat: Woman Pleading for the Vanquished." And why, in the engraving from this masterly work, is the title changed to "*Mercy* Interceding for the Vanquished?" The impassioned abandonment of the beautiful creature, who is hanging, *body* and soul, on the infuriated victor, is not the conduct of divine and dignified MERCY. It is that of WOMAN—loving, natural, genuine woman,—not that of a spirit of virtue in woman's *form*. Mercy, in her female impersonation, would surely be represented as a calm and dignified female, simply arresting, with sedate and commanding power, the arm of the conqueror; and, with a countenance, implying the retaliative vengeance of heaven, forbidding, rather than appealing against, the fulfilled vengeance of man. The sympathy, intended by the artist, is utterly lost sight of, in assigning to overwhelming and passionate emotion the title of an unexcitable and divine principle. Is it to be supposed, that a decent person, like Mistress Mercy, would suddenly jump, unattired, out of bed, like Etty's Woman, to go tumbling and rollicking about on the ground with her arms clinging round a savage fellow? No. I have a respect for Mistress *Mercy*, that inclines me to feel that she would *not*. I have a love—a weakness—towards Mistress *Woman*, that confirms me in the belief that she *would*.

The effects of Danby's tragic "Sunsets after a Storm," &c., are fresh in admiring memory: but I had never an approving feeling for the scenic excesses of Martin. Architect as I am, when interminably columned temples get up into the air, above the "region of the kites and crows," they leave the ken of my appreciation, and become mere dreams without a tithe of the sublimity which belongs to the palpable truths of the snowy regions of the Alps. Castles may be built on accessible rocks of an altitude that leaves them to "dally with the wind and scorn the sun;" but I have a fundamental objection to castles that are simply built in the clouds,—not because the substratum is insecure,—but because they interfere with better things more suited to such a position. The indication of a multitudinous crowd of small people in the foreground and nearer distance, is not sufficient to draw attention from the fact, that the picture is, after all, nothing more than an architectural vision, however it may be called "Alexander and Diogenes;" and I ever lamented that Martin had not been "apprenticed" to Sir John Soane, because he might then, with legitimate pretension, have even more than rivalled the beautiful illustrations which poor Gandy used to give of Soane's architectural imaginings.

This brings me into the "architectural room" of the Exhibition, concerning which I desire to say nothing, but that (with the exception of the gifted Gandy) we have now much more architectural ability, both in respect to design and drawing, than existed at the time of which I speak. During the period under notice, the church architecture of the middle ages, and the palatial architecture of Italy, made those first steps towards the repossession of the public favour which now, in common with many other styles of other ages and other countries, gives acceptance to a range of design that constitutes our country an "omnium-gatherum" museum of the most unprincipled variety. By "more architectural ability" I therefore mean nothing more than the greater amount of such knowledge as enables the professor and draughtsman to conceive better things, and work them into truer examples of the spirit of art. Barry's Brighton church, and Savage's church at Chelsea were, certainly, potent moves towards the practical restoration of Pointed Gothic Architecture; and an architectural exhibition at the present day will be replete with at least a variety of design, forming a striking contrast to the meagre character of what appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy twenty-five years ago. At all events, I had not, as an apprentice, anything like those means for forming a taste and establishing a judgment, which are now placed before the architectural student.

In sculpture, among the great names of the Exhibition Catalogue, were Bacon, Flaxman, Chantry, Westmacott the elder, Gibson, Wyatt, and Bailey. If they can be said to have their equals, it is much as *may* be said.

But, doubtless, in respect to the general question of art in all its varieties, we have something advanced; and there are many able, and several truly great names, the bare mention of which would at once unequivocally prove it.

If I honestly confess to the humiliating fact of having been rejected as a candidate for the honour of student-fame, on first seeking to appear on the exhibition walls, let me be believed in regard to the quickly acquired self-judgment which left me satisfied with the rejection; and let my modesty remain unimpeached if I state the more flattering circumstance of subsequent acceptance. Yes, my name was printed among the names of the great ones! I had my free admission! I walked in—and out—and round about; and again, and again, fondly looked into the architectural room, just to see if my drawing retained its place. And once, of the two or three who were found in the room, I heard one say, as she looked up to it—yes, positively *it*—for she named the number—"Oh, how pretty!" Thinks I, "and so are you;" and she was—for her years. She seemed, good soul! to have an instinctive knowledge that the picture was a beggar for sympathy towards a despairing young architect, who had run violently into debt for a gold frame and piece of plate glass, speculating on no further reward than such as, in her woman's gentle bounty, she now awarded me. If "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," so is a bit of praise, under such circumstances uttered. I only wish my picture had been such a "thing of beauty" as might ever have remained "a joy" to her: God bless her!

But, before my love for the picture on canvas, was the more *moving*—the more *speaking* pictures of the stage. I have before alluded to this, and enumerated the leading actors who then sustained, with such combined strength, the national drama. For any theatrical entertainment besides that, I had no care. Though with a natural aptitude for music, and ever partial to it as an adjunct, I had the ignorant presumption to despise it as a principal, and regarded the professed concert-seeker, with Goldsmith, as one who suffered his "brains to be picked out through his ears." I did not exactly feel with Forsyth, who impudently ranks music with perfumery; for I admitted it valuable as a component, and as an overture, accompaniment, or *finale*, delectable. But there was partly an unamiable John-Bullism in me, which rose at thought of the disproportioned payment to foreign singers, and a jealousy for Shakspeare's sake and that of his eminent representatives, which left me more satisfied with my own principled stubbornness, than free from the smiles of friends. The Opera, it is true, was not like the mere concert, solely a thing of sound. There were the dramatic and the scenic intermingled with the music and singing; and I was not puritanical enough to be shocked by the short petticoats and *pirouettes* of the dancing-women; but it struck me as a thing of "half-and-half,"—the greater diluted in the lesser,—a beverage for such as could not receive the astringent tonic of the true Shakspearian,—a sweet and unsustaining mixture,—a sort of Italian metheglin, suiting the palates of those whose tastes varied between the softly intellectual and the delicately sensual. It is only to be added that no disrespect is intended to the great musical composer, the musician, or the gifted singer. The Mozarts, the Paganinis, and the Linds, are among Nature's eminently favoured ones, music being simply the medium through which their genius, feeling, and enthusiasm have developed themselves. I speak not against the use of melody, harmony, and song; but only in hostility to the usurpation of that share of attention which is due to the high English Drama, as the most staminal of entertainments.

At this time, however, the Italian Opera had not much more than a fair proportion in its hold upon popular regard. Perhaps the unequalled powers of Braham kept it down, for he was to be heard in conjunction with the English drama at Covent Garden. Shakspeare, too, was less *read* than now, and the performance of his plays was consequently more regarded. This, however, it must be admitted, led the ordinary mind rather to admiration of the actor than to a true or severe appreciation of the poet. People went to the theatre, more to see Kean's *Richard* than Shakspeare's; and even a modern mediocre tragedy was all-sufficient in attraction, when Young, Macready, C. Kemble, and O'Neill, were jointly engaged in its enactment. The patent which secured, to only three theatres in the metropolis, the services of such performers, was obviously their safeguard; and the extraordinary party spirit which then manifested itself in favour of the rival actors respectively, (beyond anything of the kind now to be seen), was another stimulant towards the filling of the theatres. The "free trade" now permitted to the drama, may not, however, be denounced; for it must be admitted, that, in spite of the circumstances which have militated against its partial excellence, much general good has been effected. "Star" actors are the fewer, but Shakspeare is more honoured when he appears: for the public now go to see—not the player—but the play, as a well-got-up and self-consistent whole. Macready's grand reform movement, in this direction, has been well followed up by Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells, and by Mr. C. Kean at the Princess's Theatre. I only wish they could have retained in their high service the two great national theatres, one of which (with part of our national church) has "gone over to Rome;" while the other remains open to little else than a succession of performances, under successive managers, of the tragico-farce of "The Road to Ruin."

Kean was the Atlas of Drury Lane, and a little giant he was! I shall never forget the effect of my first seeing him when he slowly entered with his walking-stick, in the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*—by much his most perfect performance—for he topped his poet and made the part. His eye glittered over the pit from out his fine countenance and from under his coal-black hair (a wig, of course), like a star through the break of a cloud, half dark, half light; and the first utterance of his deep and somewhat guttural voice, would have arrested my marked attention had he been obstructed from sight. The incorporation of the character into his own natural intensity, and the display of it through the medium of his condensed power, in its varied exhibition of colloquial smartness, subtle sarcasm, deep humour, coolly pointed assumption, imperative decision, and unmitigated wrath, startled my most highly wrought expectation and crushed all desire that had originated with a previous insight into the part. Marvellous, too, was the sudden music of his tones, when, like the low murmuring of the winds, during a brief interval in the raging of the storm, he accompanied the vain attempt to draw his revengeful weapon with the words,

> "Ha!—I am feeble!
> Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
> And takes away the use on 't; and my sword,
> Glued to the scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
> Will not be drawn."

Macready came out on the London stage in 1816;—so did I: he in *Orestes;* I in St. Pauls! But Young and C. Kemble were already in possession of the parts which were subsequently to perfect the new actor's fame. Sufficient opportunities, however, occasionally presented themselves for him to show his great and peculiar powers; and, in the various parts of modern tragedies, where he was placed on a footing with his seniors, he produced upon a rapidly increasing set of admirers the most overwhelming effects. They who have only recently seen him in the perfection of his *art*, have but a limited idea of the buoyant beauty, and active energy of his former manner; still less of a voice that was truly deemed "the most heroical upon the stage." His acting was not then the consummate *whole* which it became; but there was a romantic fling and impetuosity about it which, at the time, left nothing to be wished. It was yet for him to teach his critics with his own self-teachings; to exhibit and make them appreciate the value of repose in power; to bring forth the thousand subtle delicacies of emotion and characteristic which had heretofore been left unthought of in the general splendour of exhibitory display. Like his great rival, Kean, his name is especially associated, as it ought to be, with Shakspeare; but, like Kean's *Sir Giles Overreach*, the *Werner* of Macready was a peculiar instance of what an actor of great original genius and executive power may do in "making that which was not."

The main recollections I have of Miss O'Neill are those in which all matters of criticism were merged in matters of heart. I have still the two or three portraits of her which I bought, by foregoing my usual allowance of things ordinarily deemed essential to the body's sustenance; and I felt towards her very much as was felt by the hero of a story, told by my dear Jack R., concerning a certain small ironmonger, who fell violently in love with Miss F—, ran round to the stage-door after the performance; found that she had started homeward in her carriage; chased her till he reached her door just as she had entered; rushed madly into the passage, to the astonishment of her servant; up stairs and into the drawing-room, to the amazement of herself; and, falling on his knees, exclaimed, with a truthful, honest energy, worth all the hyperboles in the world (hammering his breast as if he were driving an iron spike into his soul), — "Madam! I'm a gentleman in the nail-way; *but* here's my heart!"

Charles Young suffered under the cool eulogy of having a large host of dress-circle friends, who thought they did him the justice due to professional supremacy in calling him "such a gentlemanly actor." If that had been all Charles Young's merits, he might be left to the tender affections of the "dress-circle;" but Young had more in him than "dress-circle" merits. He was a fine, sturdy, and manly actor; always seen with pleasure; ever deservedly a "favourite" (for that was another questionable term applied to him), and I once saw him play *Beverly* in "The Gamester," with appalling effect.

Charles Kemble was a "favourite" indeed: the actor, distinguished by showing that the second or third characters of "importance" in Shakspeare's plays were neither second nor third—except in quantity: the man, who had fame enough to undertake them without fear of losing his first-rate station, and judgment enough to know what he could undertake. They who have seen C. Kemble's *Cassio* and *Faulconbridge* are to be felicitated. They are more likely to see new *Macbeths* or *Othellos* than any equal to the former representations. I saw Kean and Young play *Iago* in *condescension*. Since then, *Iago* has condescended to put himself into Macready's hands. Who, that saw it, will forget it?

The comic strength of my young time had surely never been surpassed; for there was talent rivalling even that displayed by Elliston, Munden, Dowton, Liston, and Farren. There lived, however, an actor, who, having been long one among many, was soon to prove, in himself alone, legion; and, in 1818, the English Opera House was for forty nights crowded from floor to ceiling to see "Mr. Mathews at Home." Here was the wonder-working exibition of a single man (having no aid but that of an accompanying pianist) filling a stage with his *multum in uno*, and drawing down plaudits from a large auditorium, whose delighted occupants were indeed as a *unum in multo.* From what I have previously said of the coach-driving character of the day, it will be the more readily conceived why Mr. M.'s "Mail-coach Adventures" should form so attractive an opening to the long series of "At Homes," which for years continued with unabated success.

Much of this theatrical matter has to do with my personal life, an explanation that is in a measure necessary. Little did I think when I first saw a certain tragedian of prominent distinction, who has now left the mimic stage, but who yet lives to perform uninterruptedly the greatest of his characters,—his own; little did I think when I first became enraptured with him as *Dumont* to Miss O'Neill's *Jane Shore*, that I should, in future years, become honoured by his close intimacy, and gratified by his cordial regard. Little did I fancy that the gallant *Faulconbridge* and his daughter *Juliet* would one day partake of my board and drink of my cup. Little did I imagine that the two young striving aspirants for dramatic fame, who are now the rival commanders of Shakspeare's chief remaining theatric citadels, would be among my kindlier acquaintance; that the charming Miss T. would ever grace my drawing-room with her presence; or that I should ever take a *recherché* repast with Mr. and Mrs. M. behind the scenes of their theatre. Still less did I conceive that I should ever be truly "at home" with Mathews (Charles the first),—that he would become a fellow member with me in a merry fraternity of "Blue Friars,"—that I should be with him constantly during the last two months of his life—that I should follow him as a selected mourner to his grave,—that I should be commissioned with the preparation of his tomb,—and that my record of his last days should appear in the memoirs published by his widow!

Among the duties which devolved upon me soon after the expiration of my apprenticeship was that of making a series of illustrative plans, &c. of Covent Garden Theatre, for a work then publishing of the edifices of London. The occupation was not less congenial to me than the remuneration was welcome, and I was also to be felicitated in the acquaintance I then first made with my old friend Mr. Britton, who has since continued, from time to time, to manifest, by many a present of his books, rendered more valuable by the kindly writing on the title-pages, the flattering regard in which, for nearly thirty years, he has been pleased to hold me. The opportunity under particular notice was most interesting to me, for I was then not so intimate, as now, with the stage side of the foot-lights. It was something to catch a glimpse of the heroes and heroines of many an illusive hour in their mere personal individuality; and among the more interesting, to see the charming *Viola, Imogen*, and *Clari* in the unsophisticated and lovely person of Miss M. Tree, one of my stage loves, in welcome of whom, on the occasion of her once reappearing after illness, I rendered myself ridiculously conspicuous by shouting out, just as the storm of applause had "dwindled to a calm," "Heaven bless your pretty face!" It was something to see *Macbeth* in a common hat, coat, and trousers, losing his small patience by protracted and oft-repeated attempts to school the "Eight Kings" into the phantom-like movement he required; and droll was the grave simplicity of one of the scene-shifters, who, learning that I had lost my measuring-rods, asked me if I had looked for them "behind the *thunder*?" which, some of my readers may not be aware, is a large sheet of copper.

What a solemn thing is the interior of a large theatre by daylight, if indeed that can be called daylight which is nothing more than "darkness visible," when the sun's rays, having just pierced a few small sky-lights above the back of the remote upper gallery, seem to stop, affrighted at the great gloomy concave below them, and hesitate to proceed further. On the prompter's table is a candle, sadly conspicuous as "a good deed in a naughty world;" and figures which, on the coming night, are to flit about gay as splendid moths in the glare of pervading light, are now mysteriously moving to and fro, like placid sons and daughters of darkness, uttering a sort of murmur-colloquy which, though audible in the most distant positions, is yet so mingled with sulky echo that no syllabic distinction can be made out. Then, there is a bit of argumentative altercation more clear to distant apprehension;—then, a few notes of a violin, just hinting the time and duration of the full music that is to be;—then, a *sotto voce* conference;—then a merry laugh;—then a censure to want of attention;—then, a running across the stage to appointed places;—and then it is all done over again—and perhaps again; and at last there are little actions of courteous adieu; and then, in ones and twos, they all go out, the little candle last, and I am left; in solitude and tomb-like silence, to grope amid the thunder, among stuffed elephants, giants with fixed goggle eyes, aerial cars, rocks, clouds, silvered water-sheets, devils of the deep, the earth, and the sky, and all the chaotic paraphernalia of pantomimic wonder, for my missing measuring-rods.

But when I had done for Mr. B. I could get nothing else to do for a length of time. Applications to architects and advertisements in the "Times" were attended by nothing but disappointment and expense; and I began to think of myself, as my old acquaintance, Captain R——l, thought of the poor artist, who had perpetrated a portrait of his beautiful niece. "What do you think of it?" said I. "Think of it!" exclaimed the gallant sailor, "dam'me that fellow has mistaken his profession." In the natural despondency of my baffled enthusiasm I wantonly believed that no one would have me because I was not worth my hire; and even my friends somewhat encouraged my idea of looking to a new calling. Our little Shakspeare club had met for a reading of "Julius Cæsar." I recited the funeral oration of *Antony* over the body of Cæsar. "Upon my life," said poor Dick W., "I like your delivery of it better than ——'s. Why don't you try the stage?" Now, I was not a stage-struck hero. The idea of becoming an actor had been hitherto no more thought of than that of turning patriot and joining in the Cato-street conspiracy. The latter, indeed, might have answered, for I should, in slang language, have been "*gallows* well provided for," and suicidal speculation would have been legally anticipated. I resolved on the trial, but was too rationally given to make the trial without more conclusive advice. A letter to the magnate of Drury Lane, R. W. Elliston, Esq., was therefore penned. The answer signified that the great manager was "not an encourager of applications such as mine;" but that there was something about my communication which made him "reluctant to give a decided negative." The day and hour were appointed for a meeting at the theatre. I went: waited till two hours past the stated period; departed, and heard no more of the Lord of Drury. Another letter to C— K—. The reply was a curt but gentlemanly intimation (without any offer of a personal interview), that, "if I was resolved on becoming an actor, (which nothing but the impossibility of succeeding in any other calling should induce me to think of) all he could advise was, that I should engage myself in some respectable provincial theatre and there study, theoretically as well as practically, the most arduous of all professions." I feared, however, any such attempt without some prefatory trial before a competent adviser; and therefore finally made up mind to the audacity of writing to *the one* whose answer, be it what it might, should decide me. Well do I remember the postman's double knock at the time when the answer might arrive. It came; superscribed in a small and curious hand, which seemed to indicate the habit of much and rapid writing. It was full of kind words and gentle feelings, of graceful utterance and earnest meaning. An evening interview at his own residence was appointed, when he would give me "the best advice, which the rational sentiments and the interesting tone of my whole letter might prompt him to offer." I give the mere meaning, not the manner of its expression.

I could have, with more self-possession, gone before real royalty than before the disrobed assumer of it; and my knock at his door was more like a short palpitation than a proclaimer. A man-servant opened the door and showed me up into the front drawing-room. It was dusk, and the room would have been almost dark, but for the light of the fire which faintly showed that my expecting adviser was not there. This was a relief; so I looked on the glowing embers and wondered whether they knew in whose room they were burning. A voice on the stairs—a step on the landing—and he entered. His manner appeared at first almost as hesitating as my own; but, after a pause (for I could not speak), he at once opened the matter, soon warmed into an energy like what I had seen on the stage; and, without my wishing to give him "a taste of my quality," he left me convinced of the truth, that my five years' past apprenticeship was too important a thing to resign for the mere trial of five years more in an apprenticeship to come.

Such was my first meeting with one whom I ventured not to think I should ever see more. He was soon after interrupted in his professional exertions by severe illness. I called and left my card, but without any inscribed address; and then remained content with the possession of the valued letter he had sent me.

The idea of a small literary repute had long stimulated me; and, during my too much leisure, I scribbled occasionally with at least sufficient success to "see my name in print." My first little flight was of a poetical character of course. "Lines to Helen, with a Withered Rose." They were morally uncomplimentary, and prophetically incorrect; for they gratuitously informed her that she was to wither like the rose, whereas, poor girl, she died in her bloom! The sonnet concluded with an ingenious horticultural speculation, that, if the remnant article might be consigned to the fair conservatory of her bosom, it might, "perhaps," recover its "faded sweets, and bloom again!" My wife, however, who is by as I write this, assures me that nothing could be more hostile to the revival of floral life and bloom than the tender measure proposed. The "bosom" of mother Earth is another thing altogether; but even that might fail in the state of the case alluded to.

The effect of seeing this sentimental effusion in the pages of a respectable magazine is remembered as among the most intoxicating of my first emotions. Another, and another, of the Byronian or Camoens fashion followed, till I began to wonder why things so well worthy of insertion were worth no *pay*. Then I took to prose, and wrote essays in the line of "Elia and Geoffry Crayon," though I was not sufficiently conscious that the line was a very long one, and that my models were at one end of it, I at the other. Still I was not beneath the favour of unremunerated admission. Like Knowles's "Julian St. Pierre," "I paid me with the pleasure of the task, nor asked the hire." If, however, poetry and essay were confined to mere amateur indulgence, other occasions for my pen were not so unsubstantially remunerative. I have alluded to the literary employment which at one time afforded me at least assistant means; and I, at all events, was practising myself in that which has since, in spite of its weakness and deficiency, proved, on occasion, a moderately productive source.

The literary excitement of this period has no parallel in the present day, but this remark rather refers to the exciting character of the works produced than to their substantial superiority. Macaulay and Dickens are the only men who may be said to retain any of the popular mania which was then excited for any new production by Byron, Moore, Scott, and others, who appealed at once to the common feelings of the people at large. The essays, too, of Lamb and Washington Irving, and the startling strength of the dramatist, Knowles, had their share in promoting an impatient thirst for works that addressed the sensibilities of the readily susceptible. Wordsworth and Coleridge had not yet wrought upon the popular judgment that gentle revolution which is now admitted as having its foundation in truth, however imperfect in its fulness. Child-like simplicity and metaphysical subtlety were distasteful to readers, who loved to be carried away by the tide of passion, stirring narrative, and picturesque or romantic character. The only cause which prevented a more lasting deluge of the outpouring flood of such a tide, was the unapproachable excellence of its great promoters, whose substantial merits have "lived down" the unsubstantial qualities of their imitators, and left the latter to be absorbed in oblivion.

As I have before said, it was Shakspeare who saved at least a few of us from falling into the current of the day, and preserved to us those perceptions of the healthful and staminal, which have since, I trust, been cultivated to the promotion of our happiness and moral strength. We assert no exemption from the popular yielding; but merely the retention of a particular germ of good, which has in ripening years thriven to our comfort and support.

It was soon evident to me that literature, as a means of existence, was still further from my availment than the stage; so I picked up architectural employment as I could; took up my pen as it might occasionally serve my purpose; prosecuted my professional studies when no more lucrative application could be found, and so brought myself to that period when my continental tour was resolved on.

To the preparations for this, I have already alluded in a former chapter, and it will form the succeeding portion of my narrative.

CANADIAN SKETCHES.

The preceding sketches of Canadian life, as the reader may well suppose, are necessarily tinctured with somewhat sombre hues, imparted by the difficulties and privations with which, for so many years, the writer had to struggle; but we should be sorry should these truthful pictures of scenes and characters observed fifteen or twenty years ago, have the effect of conveying erroneous impressions of the present state of a country, which is manifestly destined, at no remote period, to be one of the most prosperous in the world. Had we merely desired to please the imagination of our readers, it would have been easy to have painted the country and the people rather as we could have wished them to be, than as they actually were, at the period to which our description refers; and, probably, what is thus lost in truthfulness, it would have gained in popularity with that class of readers who peruse books more for amusement than instruction.

When I say that Canada is destined to be one of the most prosperous countries in the world, let it not be supposed that I am influenced by any unreasonable partiality for the land of my adoption. Canada may not possess mines of gold or silver, but she possesses all those advantages of climate, geological structure, and position, which are essential to greatness and prosperity. Her long and severe winter, so disheartening to her first settlers, lays up, amidst the forests of the West, inexhaustible supplies of fertilizing moisture for the summer, while it affords the farmer the very best of natural roads to enable him to carry his wheat and other produce to market. It is a remarkable fact, that hardly a lot of land containing two hundred acres, in British America, can be found without an abundant supply of water at all seasons of the year; and a very small proportion of the land itself is naturally unfit for cultivation. To crown the whole, where can a country be pointed out which possesses such an extent of internal navigation? A chain of river navigation and navigable inland seas, which, with the canals recently constructed, gives to the countries bordering on them all the advantages of an extended sea-coast, with a greatly diminished risk of loss from shipwreck!

Little did the modern discoverers of America dream, when they called this country "Canada," from the exclamation of one of the exploring party, "Aca nada,"—"there is nothing here," as the story goes, that Canada would far outstrip those lands of gold and silver, in which their imaginations revelled, in that real wealth of which gold and silver are but the portable representatives. The interminable forests—that most gloomy and forbidding feature in its scenery to the European stranger, should have been regarded as the most certain proof of its fertility.

The severity of the climate, and the incessant toil of clearing the land to enable the first settlers to procure the mere necessaries of life, have formed in its present inhabitants an indomitable energy of character, which, whatever may be their faults, must be regarded as a distinguishing attribute of the Canadians, in common with our neighbours of the United States. When we consider the progress of the Northern races of mankind, it cannot be denied, that while the struggles of the hardy races of the North with their severe climate, and their forests, have gradually endowed them with an unconquerable energy of character, which has enabled them to become the masters of the world; the inhabitants of more favoured climates, where the earth almost spontaneously yields all the necessaries of life, have remained comparatively feeble and inactive, or have sunk into sloth and luxury. It is unnecessary to quote any other instances in proof of this obvious fact, than the progress of Great Britain and the United States of America, which have conquered as much by their industry as by their swords.

Our neighbours of the United States are in the habit of attributing their wonderful progress in improvements of all kinds to their republican institutions. This is no doubt quite natural in a people who have done so much for themselves in so short a time; but when we consider the subject in all its bearings, it may be more truly asserted, that, with any form of government not absolutely despotic, the progress of North America, peopled by a civilized and energetic race, with every motive to industry and enterprize in the nature of the country itself, must necessarily have been rapid. An unbounded extent of fertile soil, with an increasing population, were circumstances which of themselves were sufficient to create a strong desire for the improvement of internal communications; as, without common roads, rail-roads, or canals, the interior of the country would have been unfit to be inhabited by any but absolute barbarians. All the first settlers of America wanted was to be left to themselves.

When we compare the progress of Great Britain with that of North America, the contrast is sufficiently striking to attract our attention. While the progress of the former has been the work of ages, North America has sprung into wealth and power almost within a period which we can remember. But the colonists of North America should recollect, when they indulge in such comparisons, that their British ancestors took many centuries to civilize themselves, before they could send free and intelligent settlers to America. The necessity for improvements in the internal communications is vastly more urgent in a widely-extended continent than in an island, no part of which is far removed from the sea-coast; and patriotism, as well as self-interest, would readily suggest such improvements to the minds of a people who inherited the knowledge of their ancestors, and were besides stimulated to extraordinary exertions by their recently-acquired independence. As the political existence of the United States commenced at a period when civilization had made great progress in the mother-country, their subsequent improvement would, for various reasons, be much more rapid than that of the country from which they originally emigrated. To show the influence of external circumstances on the characters of men, let us just suppose two individuals, equal in knowledge and natural capacity, to be placed, the one on an improved farm in England, with the necessary capital and farm-stock, and the other in the wilds of America, with no capital but his labour and the implements required to clear the land for his future farm. In which of these individuals might we reasonably expect to find the most energy, ingenuity, and general intelligence on subjects connected with their immediate interests? No one who has lived for a few years in the United States or Canada can hesitate for a reply.

The farmer in the more improved country generally follows the beaten track, the example of his ancestors, or the successful one of his more intelligent contemporaries; he is rarely compelled to draw upon his individual mental resources. Not so with the colonist. He treads in tracks but little known; he has to struggle with difficulties on all sides. Nature looks sternly on him, and in order to preserve his own existence, he must conquer Nature, as it were, by his perseverance and ingenuity. Each fresh conquest tends to increase his vigour and intelligence, until he becomes a new man, with faculties of mind which, but for his severe lessons in the school of adversity, might have lain for ever dormant.

While America presents the most forbidden aspect to the new settler, it at the same time offers the richest rewards to stimulate his industry. On the one hand, there is want and misery; on the other, abundance and prosperity. There is no middle course for the settler; he must work or starve. In North America there is another strong incentive to improvement to be found in the scarcity of labour; and still more, therefore, than in Europe must every mechanical contrivance which supersedes manual labour tend to increase the prosperity of the inhabitants. When these circumstances are duly considered, we need no longer wonder at the rapid improvements in labour-saving machinery, and in the means of internal communication throughout the United States. But for the steam-engine, canals, and railroads, North America would have remained for ages a howling wilderness of endless forests, and instead of the busy hum of men, and the sound of the mill and steam-engine, we should now have heard nothing but

> "The melancholy roar of unfrequented floods."

The scenes and characters presented to the reader in the preceding pages, belong in some measure rather to the past than the present state of Canada. In the last twenty years great changes have taken place, as well in the external appearance of the country, as in the general character of its inhabitants. In many localities where the land was already under the plough, the original occupants of the soil have departed to renew their endless wars with the giants of the forest, in order to procure more land for their increasing families where it could be obtained at a cheaper price. In the back-woods, forests have been felled, the blackened stumps have disappeared, and regular furrows are formed by the ploughman, where formerly he had not time or inclination to whistle at his work. A superior class of farmers has sprung up, whose minds are as much improved by cultivation as their lands, and who are comfortably settled on farms supposed to be exhausted of their fertility by their predecessors. As the breadth of land recovered from the forest is increased, villages, towns, and cities have grown up and increased in population and wealth in proportion to the productiveness of the surrounding country.

In Canada, it is particularly to be noted, that there is hardly any intermediate stage between the rude toil and privation of the back-woods, and the civilization, comfort, and luxury of the towns and cities, many of which are to all outward appearance entirely European, with the encouraging prospect of a continual increase in the value of fixed property. When a colony capable, from the fertility of the soil and abundance of moisture, of supporting a dense population has been settled by a civilized race, they are never long in establishing a communication with the sea-coast and with other countries. When such improvements have been effected, the inhabitants may be said at once to take their proper place among civilized nations. The elements of wealth and power are already there, and time and population only are required fully to develope the resources of the country.

Unhappily the natural progress of civilized communities in our colonies is too often obstructed by the ignorance of governments, and unwise or short-sighted legislation; and abundance of selfish men are always to be found in the colonies themselves, who, destitute of patriotism, greedily avail themselves of this ignorance, in order to promote their private interests at the expense of the community. Canada has been greatly retarded in its progress by such causes, and this will in a great measure account for its backwardness when compared with the United States, without attributing the difference to the different forms of government. It was manifestly the intention of the British government, in conferring representative institutions on Canada, that the people should enjoy all the privileges of their fellow-subjects in the mother-country. The more to assimilate our government to that of its great original, the idea was for some time entertained of creating a titled and hereditary aristocracy, but it was soon found that though

"The King can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that,"

it was not in his power to give permanency to an institution which, in its origin, was as independent as royalty itself, arising naturally out of the feudal system: but which was utterly inconsistent with the genius and circumstances of a modern colony. The sovereign might endow the members of such an aristocracy with grants of the lands of the crown to support their dignity, but what benefit could such grants be, even to the recipients, in a country covered with boundless forests and nearly destitute of inhabitants? It is obvious that no tenants could be found to pay rents for such lands, or indeed even to occupy them, while lands could be purchased on easy terms in the United States, or in Canada itself. Had this plan been carried out, Canada would have been a doomed country for centuries.

The strongest incitements to industry are required, those of proprietorship and ultimate independence, to induce settlers to encounter all the privations and toil of a new settlement in such a country. A genuine aristocracy can only exist in a country already peopled, and which has been conquered and divided among the conquerors. In such a state of things, aristocracy, though artificial in its origin, becomes naturalized, if I may use the expression, and even, as in Great Britain, when restrained within proper limits, highly beneficial in advancing civilization. Be it for good or be it for evil, it is worse than useless to disguise the fact that the government of a modern colony, where every conquest is made from the forest by little at a time, must be essentially republican.

Any allusion to political parties is certainly foreign to the object of the preceding sketches; but it is impossible to make the British reader acquainted with the various circumstances which retarded the progress of this fine colony, without explaining how the patronage of the local government came formerly to be so exclusively bestowed on one class of the population,—thus creating a kind of spurious aristocracy which disgusted the colonists and drove emigration from our shores to those of the United States.

After the American Revolution considerable numbers of loyalists in the United States voluntarily relinquished their homesteads and property and came to Canada, which then, even on the shores of Lake Ontario, was a perfect wilderness. Lands were of course granted to them by the government, and very naturally these settlers were peculiarly favoured by the local authorities. These loyalists were generally known by the name of "tories," to distinguish them from the republicans, and forming the great mass of the population. Any one who called himself a reformer was regarded with distrust and suspicion, as a concealed republican or rebel. It must not, however, be supposed that these loyalists were really tories in their political principles. Their notions on such subjects were generally crude and undefined, and living in a country where the whole construction of society and habits of feeling were decidedly republican, the term tory, when adopted by them, was certainly a misnomer. However, hated by, and hating, as cordially, the republican party in the United States, they by no means unreasonably considered that their losses and their attachment to British institutions, gave them an almost exclusive claim to the favour of the local government in Canada. Thus the name of U. E. (United Empire) Loyalist or Tory came to be considered an indispensable qualification for every office in the colony.

This was all well enough so long as there was no other party in the country. But gradually a number of other American settlers flowed into Canada from the United States, who had no claim to the title of tories or loyalists, but who in their feelings and habits were probably not much more republican than their predecessors. These were of course regarded with peculiar jealousy by the older or loyalist settlers from the same country. It seemed to them as if a swarm of locusts had come to devour their patrimony. This will account for the violence of party feeling which lately prevailed in Canada.

There is nothing like a slight infusion of self-interest to give point and pungency to party feeling. The British immigrants who afterwards flowed into this colony in greater numbers of course brought with them their own particular political predilections. They found what was called toryism and high churchism in the ascendant, and self-interest or prejudice induced most of the more early settlers of this description to fall in with the more powerful and favoured party, while influenced by the representations of the old loyalist party they shunned the other American settlers as republicans. In the mean time, however, the descendants of the original loyalists were becoming numerous, while the government became unable to satisfy them all according to their own estimation of their merits; and as high churchism was, unfortunately for the peace of society, associated with toryism, every shade of religious dissent as well as of political difference of opinion generally added to the numbers and power of the reform party, which was now beginning to be known in the colony. Strange to say, the great bulk of the present reform party is composed of the descendants of these U. E. Loyalists, while many of our most ultra tories are the descendants of republican settlers from the United States.

As may be supposed, thirty years of increasing emigration from the mother-country has greatly strengthened the reform party, and they now considerably outnumber the conservatives. While the mass of the people held tory, or, I should rather call them, *conservative* principles, our government seemed to work as well as any representative government may be supposed to work without the necessary check of a constitutional opposition. Favouritism was, of course, the order of the day, and the governor, for the time being, filled up all offices according to his will and pleasure, without many objections being made by the people as to the qualifications of the favourite parties, provided the selections for office were made from the powerful party. Large grants of land were given to favoured individuals in the colony, or to immigrants who came with recommendations from the home government. In such a state of matters the people certainly possessed the external form of a free government, but as an opposition party gradually acquired an ascendency in the lower House of Parliament, they were unable to carry the measures adopted by their majority into operation, in consequence of the systematic opposition of the legislative and executive councils, which were generally formed exclusively from the old conservative party. Whenever the conservatives obtained the majority in the House of Assembly, the reformers, in retaliation, as systematically opposed every measure. Thus a constant bickering was kept up between the parties in Parliament; while the people, amidst these contentions, lost sight of the true interests of the country, and improvements of all kinds came nearly to a stand-still. As matters were then conducted, it would have been much better had the colony been ruled by a governor and council; for, in that case, beneficial measures might have been carried into effect. Such a state of things could not last long; and the discontent of a large portion of the people, terminating, through the indiscretion of an infatuated local government, in actual rebellion, soon produced the remedy. The party generally most powerful in the Legislative Assembly, and the members of which had been so long and so unconstitutionally excluded from holding offices under the government, at once obtained the position to which they were entitled, and the people being thus given the power of governing by their majorities in Parliament, improvements of all kinds are steadily advancing up to the present moment, and their prosperity and contentment have increased in an equal proportion.

Had the first settlement of Canada been conducted on sound and philosophical principles, much hardship and privation, as well as of loss of capital in land speculations, would have been saved to its first settlers, and the country, improved and improving as it *now* is, would have presented a very different aspect at the present time. With the best intentions, the British government may be justly accused of gross ignorance of the true principles of colonization, and the local governments are still more open to the accusation of squandering the resources of the colony, —its lands,—in building up the fortunes of a would-be aristocracy, who being non-resident proprietors of wild lands, necessarily obstructed the progress of improvement, while the people were tantalized with the empty semblance of a free government.

No sooner did emigrants from Great Britain begin to pour into Upper Canada, so as to afford a prospect of the wild lands becoming saleable, than a system of land speculation was resorted to by many of the old colonists. This land speculation has no doubt enriched many individuals, but more than any other abuse has it retarded the natural progress of the country, and the interests of the many have thus been sacrificed to those of the few. Almost all other speculations may be said, in one shape or another, to do good; but land speculation has been an unmitigated curse to Canada, because it occasions a monopoly of the soil, and prevents it from being cleared and rendered productive, until the speculators can obtain their own price for it.

The lands granted to soldiers and sailors who had served in Canada, and those granted to the U. E. loyalists, were bought up, often at merely nominal prices, from the original grantees and their children, and sold again with an immense profit to new settlers from the old country, or retained for many years in an unproductive state. A portion of the lands granted to the U. E. loyalists was, of course, occupied by the heads of families; but the lands to which their children became entitled, under the same benevolent provision of the government, were generally drawn in remote situations. By far the larger portion of these grants, however, were not located or rendered available by the grantees, but remained in the shape of U. E. rights, which were purchased at very low prices by the speculators. These U. E. rights were bought at the rate of 1*s.* 3*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, or 3*s.* 9*d.*, per acre; and it was by no means uncommon for old soldiers to sell one hundred acres of land for two or three dollars, or even for a bottle of rum, so little value did they set on such grants in the then state of Canada. These grants, though well meant, and with respect to the U. E. loyalists, perhaps, unavoidable, have been most injurious to the country.

The great error in this matter, and which *could* have been avoided, was the opening of too great an extent of land *at once* for settlement. A contrary system, steadily pursued, would have produced a concentrated population; and the resources of such a population would have enabled the colonists, by uniting their labour and capital, to make the means of communication, in some degree, keep pace with the settlement of the lands; and Upper Canada would now have been as well provided with canals and railroads as the United States. The same abuses, no doubt, existed formerly to as great an extent in that country, but, being longer settled, it has outgrown the evil. Enough has been said on this subject to show some of the causes which have retarded improvements in Canada.

Another chief cause of the long and helpless torpor in which the country lay, was the absence of municipal governments in the various rural localities. It indeed seems strange, that such a simple matter as providing the means of making roads and bridges by local assessment, could not have been conceded to the people, who, if we suppose them to be gifted with common sense, are much more capable of understanding and managing their own parish business, than any government, however well-disposed to promote their interests.

Formerly the government of Upper Canada was deluged with petitions for grants of money from Parliament to be expended in improvements in this or that locality, of the reasonableness of which claims the majority of the legislators were, of course, profoundly ignorant. These money grants became subjects of a species of jobbing, or manœuvring, among the Members of the House of Assembly; and he was considered the best member who could get the most money for his county. Commissioners resident in the particular localities were appointed to superintend these public works, and as these commissioners were generally destitute of practical knowledge, these Parliamentary grants were usually expended without producing equivalent results. Nothing in the abstract is more reasonable than that any number of individuals should be allowed to associate themselves for the purpose of effecting some local improvement, which would be beneficial to others as well as to themselves; but nothing of this could be attempted without an Act of Parliament, which, of course, was attended with expense and delay, if not disappointment. The time and attention of the provincial parliament were thus occupied with a mass of parish business, which could have been much better managed by the people themselves on the spot.

When the union of the two provinces was in contemplation, it became evident that the business of such an extended colony could not be carried on in the United Parliament, were it to be encumbered and distracted with the contending claims of so many localities. This consideration led to the establishment of the District (now County) Municipal Councils. These municipal councils were denounced by the conservative party at the time as a step towards republicanism! Were this true, it would only prove that the government of our republican neighbours is better than our own; for these municipal institutions have been eminently beneficial to Canada. But municipal councils are necessarily no more republican in their nature, than the House of Commons in England. However this may be, the true prosperity of Upper Canada may be mainly attributed to their influence on the minds of the people.

Possessing many of the external forms of a parliament, they are admirable political schools for a free people. The most intelligent men in the different townships are freely elected by the inhabitants, and assemble in the county town to deliberate and make by-laws, to levy taxes, and, in short, to do everything which in their judgment will promote the interest of their constituents. Having previously been solely occupied in agricultural pursuits, it might naturally be expected that their first notions would be somewhat crude, and that they would have many long-cherished prejudices to overcome. Their daily intercourse with the more educated inhabitants of the towns, however, tended to remove these prejudices, while new ideas were continually presented to their minds. The rapidity with which this species of practical education is acquired is remarkable, and also how soon men with such limited opportunities of acquiring knowledge, learn to think and to express their views and opinions in appropriate language. These municipal councillors go home among their constituents, where they have to explain and defend their proceedings; while so engaged, they have occasion to communicate facts and opinions, which are fairly discussed, and thus enlightened views are diffused through the mass of the people.

The councillors, at first, were averse to the imposition or increase of taxation, however desirable the object might be; but pride and emulation very soon overcame this natural reluctance; and the example of some neighbouring county, with that natural desire to do good, which, more or less, influences the feelings and conduct of all public men, were not long in producing their beneficial results, even with the risk of offending their constituents. When the County Municipal Councils were first established, the warden, or president of the council, and also the treasurer, were appointed by the governor; but both these offices were afterwards made elective, the warden being elected by the council from their own body, and the treasurer being selected by them, without previous election by the people.

Lately, councils have been also established in each township for municipal purposes affecting the interest of the township only, the reeves, or presidents, of which minor councils form the members of the county council. This general system of municipalities, and a late act of the provincial parliament, enabling the inhabitants to form themselves into road companies, have converted the formerly torpid and inactive townships into busy hives of industry and progressive improvement.

Our agricultural societies have also played no mean part in furthering the progress of the colony. In colonies fewer prejudices are entertained on the subject of agricultural matters than on any others, and the people are ever ready to try any experiment which offers any prospect of increased remuneration for labour. Education, of late, has also made rapid advances in this province; and now, the yeomanry of the more improved townships, though they may be inferior to the yeomanry of England in the acquirements derived from common school education, are certainly far superior to them in general intelligence. Their minds are better stocked with ideas, and they are infinitely more progressive. When we consider the relative periods at which the first settlements were formed in the United States and in Upper Canada, and the accumulation of capital in the former, it will not be difficult to show that the progress of Canada has been much more rapid.

The excavation of the Erie canal, the parent of all the subsequent improvements of a similar nature in the United States, opened-up for settlement a vast country to the westward, which would otherwise for many years have remained a wilderness, unfit for the habitation of man. The boundless success of this experiment necessarily led to all the other similar undertakings. The superior advantages Canada enjoyed in her river and lake navigation, imperfect as that navigation was, operated in a manner rather to retard than to accelerate improvements of this kind; while the construction of the Erie canal was a matter of prospective necessity, in order to provide for a rapidly increasing population and immigration. In the same manner, the recent completion of the works on the St. Lawrence, and the enlargement of the Welland Canal, connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, will just as necessarily be followed by similar results, with the additional advantage of the whole colony being greatly benefited by the commerce of the United States, in addition to her own.

We have now, thanks to responsible government, municipal councils, and common schools, no longer any reason to consider their institutions better calculated to develope the resources of the colony, than our own. Our interests are almost identical, and with our canals and railroads on both sides mutually beneficial, our former hostility has merged into a friendly rivalry in the march of intellect, and we may now truly say that, without wishing for any change in political institutions, which are most congenial to the feelings of the people where they exist, each country now sincerely rejoices in the prosperity of its neighbour.

Before concluding this chapter, I shall endeavour to give the reader a short description of the county of Hastings, in which I have held the office of sheriff for the last twelve years, and which, I believe, possesses many advantages as a place of settlement, over all the other places I have seen in the Upper Province. I should premise, however, lest my partiality for this part of the colony should be supposed to incline me to overrate its comparative advantages to the settler; that my statements are principally intended to show the progress of the Upper Province generally; and that when I claim any superiority for this part of it, I shall give, what I trust the reader will consider, satisfactory reasons for my conclusion.

The settlement of a thickly-wooded country, when it is left to chance, is a most uncertain and capricious matter. The narrow views and interest of a clique in the colony, or even of an influential individual, often direct emigration out of its natural course, involving unnecessary suffering to the settler, a waste, or absolute loss of capital, and a retardation of the progress of the country. The circumstances and situation of the United States were less productive of these evils than those of Upper Canada, because settlement went on more uniformly from the sea-coast towards the interior. The mighty rivers and lakes of Canada, though productive of boundless prosperity, operated, in the first period of its settlement, most unfavourably on the growth of the colony, by throwing open for settlement an extensive inland coast, at that time unconnected with the ocean by means of canals. Hence numerous detached, feeble, and unprogressive settlements, came into existence, where the new settlers had to struggle for years with the most disheartening difficulties.

European settlers know but little of the value of situation. In most cases they are only desirous of acquiring a large extent of land at a low price, and thus, unless restrained by the wise regulations of a provident government, they too often ruin themselves, and waste their capital in a wilderness, where it does good to no one. When emigration from the United Kingdom began to set in to Upper Canada, the pernicious speculation in wild lands commenced in earnest. As most of the land-speculators possessed shares in the steam-boats on Lake Ontario, the interests of both speculations were combined. It was, of course, the interest of the steam-boat proprietors to direct emigration as far to the westward as possible; and influenced by their interested representations and those of the land speculators settled in Toronto, Coburg and Hamilton, the greater portion of the emigrants possessing capital were thrown into these towns, near which they were led to expect desirable locations. In the same manner the agents of the Canada Land Company, who were to be found on every steamer, were actively employed in directing the emigrants to the Huron tract.

By a simple inspection of the map of Upper Canada, it will be seen, that as the Bay of Quinté was out of the general route of the steamers, and too near the lower end of the lake navigation, it did not suit the views of the parties most interested to direct emigration to its shores. Thus the beautiful Bay of Quinté, with the most fertile land on its shores, and scenery which exceeds in variety and picturesque beauty that of any part of Upper Canada, Hamilton and Niagara alone excepted, has been passed by for years for situations much less desirable or attractive to European settlers.

The forbidding aspect of the country near Kingston, which is situated at the entrance of the bay from the St. Lawrence, where the soil has a rocky and barren appearance, has no doubt deterred emigrants from proceeding in this direction.

A FAMILY TRIP TO THE SEA-SIDE.

It really is *impossible*, my dear, to remain in town any longer in this dreadful heat. I declare I am half dead myself, and those poor children look quite wretched. As for you, I never saw you look so ill since we've been married. We really *must* go to the sea-side."

"Very well, my dear; but——"

Such was the commencement of a conversation which took place in the dog-day month of July, 1852, between Mrs. Peter Swaddle and her husband—myself. It certainly had been terrifically hot weather, and if —as is commonly reported—there is but a sheet of paper between India and the regions we only refer to in print by ****, in the case of London there did not seem to be even half a sheet of the finest tissue intervening. It was truly *diabolically* hot. We are rather well versed in the statistics of heat, and we venture to affirm that a hotter summer was never known in London for thirty years. The returns of iced champagne and pale ale consumed at Long's and Stevens's, in Bond Street, and of "heavy wet" at the Pig and Whistle in Ratcliffe Highway, alone prove the fact: to say nothing of Lady Tabitha Tattledom having actually muzzled her pet Blenheim for the first time in its existence, lest even the dearest and sweetest of spaniels should go mad in *such* weather, and bite its mistress, instead of everybody else, according to its usual habits.

My wife had given utterance to the authoritative "must," and I was too much of a husband to think of resisting that awful monosyllable from conjugal lips.

"Very well, my dear," replied I; "but where are we to go? You don't like Brighton?"

"Detestable!—hotter than London—no trees—no shade. Besides, it is n't the Brighton season."

"Ramsgate, then?"

"Worse and worse. If there 's a place I hate more than another it 's Ramsgate. Margate 's far better, in spite of all people say."

"But is n't it very vulgar?" asked I, not wishing to be meeting my butcher and baker on the pier every day—for more reasons than one, perhaps—humph!

"It certainly *is* vulgar," replied my darling spouse. "Now, Broadstairs is a nice place, but it 's so very expensive."

Like Mrs. Gilpin, my wife, "though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind." And so we settled that Broadstairs would n't do.

"What do you say to Herne Bay?" cried my wife, as if a bright idea had struck her.

"'Punch!'" said I.

"What do you mean?" inquired the lady, rather angry, as ladies always *are* when they don't understand you, and think you want to be witty at their expense.

"I say, my dear, I have read 'Punch;' and from my reminiscences of 'Punch's' description of that benighted locality, I have a horror of Herne Bay. Does it really still exist?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Peter," said my wife snubbingly. "The Tomkinses were there last year, and liked it very much, though it is n't very *lively*."

"Tom Filigree told me that several friends of his had *gone* there, but were never known to come back," said I; "it 's supposed that they all sunk under the weight of the atmosphere there."

"Never mind what any of your scapegrace bachelor friends say about the place; but we *won't* go there, for I fear it 's expensive also."

Gracious heavens! thought I, then people *do* go there, in spite of "Punch."

"I 've been told that Sandsend is a charming little place," said Mrs. Peter, after a pause: "they say it 's pretty, and quiet, and nice air, and *very* cheap."

"All excellent recommendations—especially the last," said I, deeply touched by the particular virtue which appealed to the scanty purse of an author and a father!

And so it was settled that among the earliest forthcoming departures from town should be that of "Mr. and Mrs. Peter Swaddles and family from Bloomsbury to Sandsend."

I wonder whether any one ever liked "packing-up," as the ingenious process of cramming an indefinite number of habiliments into impossible spaces is termed. When I was a bachelor I detested it, though *then* it consisted of little more than throwing things in a heap into portmanteaus and carpet-bags, and stamping and sitting on them to make the locks close. But, mercy on us! if I were to attempt such a process now, Mrs. Peter would stand aghast with horror at my depravity, and rate me for a week afterwards on my slovenliness, carelessness, want of economy, and ten thousand other little domestic vices, making in the aggregate an amount of moral turpitude perfectly shocking to a correct lady's notions. I am obliged to fold every individual shirt separately, and flatten the collars, and lay them neatly between each shirt; I have to make my coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons into neat and convenient packages, roll my pocket-handkerchiefs, neckcloths, and socks into little cylinders, twist the tops of my Wellingtons round the feet, and wrap each one separately in paper, while even then, if I should deposit one of them in the same compartment with my clean shirts, I verily believe my spouse would faint. And then when I fancy my labours are at an end, and that I have done the thing as it ought to be (for positively the locks *will* close), Mrs. Peter will suddenly exclaim, in the blandest of tones,

"And now, dear, I want you to make room for two or three dozen 'baby's things' in your portmanteau."

"Baby's things!" and in my portmanteau, too! Why, there isn't space left to cram in the leg of a fly. Nonsense! nonsense! Mrs. Peter will soon show me that there's plenty. Out go my boots, out goes my razor-case,—ladies never treat razor-cases with proper respect,—out go half a hundred things which Mrs. Peter re-folds, and squeezes into smaller compass, adding, perhaps, when she comes to the razor-case, "Can't you put this nasty thing into your pocket, dear?" There, again, is a fallacy of the female sex—they think that a man's pockets will hold everything. If you object, they say, "What! not hold a little bit of a thing like that?" perfectly forgetful of the five hundred other "little bits of things" which they have already entombed in the same place, making you feel as heavy as a felon in fetters, and fearful to sit down, lest you should smash a scent-bottle or a fan, a sandwich, or a pomatum-pot.

However, the feat is accomplished—six square inches of space are gained, and two dozen "baby's things" are crammed into it. After all, your own packing-up is nothing to your wife's and your children's. The infinite number of delicate, gauzy, flimsy little things that make up the sum of a modern lady's wardrobe are awful to contemplate; and if, instead of cleansing the Augean stable, Hercules had been set to "pack up" a fashionable lady's wardrobe properly, and within the space of three days, my private opinion is, that he would have pitched up the labour as a thing impossible of accomplishment. Perhaps it would more resemble his battle with the Hydra, where two fresh heads sprang up as soon as he had knocked in an old one, for as soon as everything that it seems possible for a lady to put on any part of her person is knocked in to the portmanteau, half a hundred others, that no one but the oldest and most experienced of Benedicts in our sex ever dreamt of, start up and claim admission into the already-crammed receptacle. And then the children! Master Tommy's bath and Master Bobby's cradle; and both young gentlemen's wearing apparel, toys, baskets, jugs, mugs, and everything that the infantile mind or infantile body can require for its amusement, sustenance, or cleanliness—all these, with household articles without end, and Mary's box, and the nurse's box, both without locks, and with very weak cords, and two or three bandboxes that gape and look rickety, complete an amount of travelling discomfort clinging to your back, compared with which the barnacles on a whale, or the parasitical insects that stick to various animals, and torment them to madness or death, appear but trifling inconveniences.

By the aid of unnumbered cabs and porters we got on board the boat for Sandsend. How thankful I was to have accomplished it at last! How little did I dream that I was mentally expressing my gratitude too soon! and that within five minutes on counting the parcels, of which there ought to have been twenty-nine, only fifteen were to be found—the others having been left behind! Of course I swore at everybody except my wife (that's dangerous) like a true Briton, threatened the servants with dismissal, and the cabmen with a magistrate—at length, settling down into the calm conviction that it was all my own fault—and that as a punishment, not a single article of *mine* had been brought with us.

Away went our boat steaming and puffing down the Thames, threatening wherries with destruction, and colliers with collisions. Of course I bought a "Times" to read, rejecting the attractions of a *new* panorama of the Thames, which I recollect to have seen sixteen years ago, and of "The Penny Punch," consisting of our Fleet-street friend's puns of ten years ago, newly dished up and spoilt, like all other *rechauffés*. Having secured the greatest blessing of life, my morning paper, I sneaked off while my wife's back was turned, and sought refuge in one of the little paddle-box cabins to read the news.

The "Times" was very strong that day, pitching into Lord Derby with more than its usual vigour, and though I'm a bit of a Derbyite myself, I like to see a good fight, even if my own favourites get the worst of it. At all events I was greatly interested in the "leader" in question when my ears were saluted by well-known accents, saying, "Where can papa be? Let's come and find papa, dear." It was my wife with the senior olive-branch. Papa instantly crouched behind the broad-sheet of the Times, and pretended to be anybody but himself: but it would n't do. Olive-branch No. 1 has the eyes of a lynx, and found me out directly. Of course I was pounced on at once, and made to perform all sorts of little domestic offices, leaving Lord Derby to the mercies of the "Times" for an indefinite period.

What an extraordinary capacity for eating children have! I verily believe that a "fine, healthy, little darling" of two years old can consume about his own weight in food every twenty-four hours. I won't tell how many cakes, biscuits, buns, sandwiches, &c., I paid for between London and Sandsend, because I desire to be regarded as a truthful chronicler, and I fear that my veracity would be impugned by the publication of the bill in question.

They have an extraordinary habit on board steamers of waiting till the sea just begins to be troublesome to Cockney travellers, and then two frantic stewards rush about the deck proclaiming "dinner on table," and running over a very greasy bill of fare by way of enticing you to partake of it. The consequences may be imagined, but cannot with perfect delicacy be described. Suffice it that very few go down to dinner at all, and fewer still sit it out; for of those who determine to be nautical, and to think nothing about a rolling sea, most get very pale when they ought to be ready for a second cut of the joint, and dash precipitately up the companion-ladder as if they were intent on running away without paying.

We would suggest to stewards of steamers the propriety of not postponing the dinner beyond Gravesend, as that is about the limit which can safely be allowed to a Cockney stomach. It would be a different matter if people were bound to pay for the dinner provided, whether they partook of it or not—in that case the stewards' present custom would be perfectly defensible on the usual well-known principles of trade in general, which consist in getting all you can out of your neighbour, and giving him as little as possible in return. And right well do we recollect paying 18 francs for two days' "provisions" on board a French steamer in the gulf of Lyons, when we had not even seen a crumb of them, having been lying in our berth foodless the whole period, and only wishing we could be quietly thrown overboard.

"Fine fresh breeze, Sir," says an amphibious-looking man to a pale-faced cit, who has been trying to persuade himself for the last quarter of an hour that it is only the heat of the sun that slightly incommodes him: "fine fresh breeze, Sir."

"Ve-ry," falters White-face.

"Been to dinner?" asks the other in friendly anxiety; "boiled mutton, rather underdone, in capital order—fowls and boiled bacon, not bad."

White-face has vanished—no one knows where. The next time he is seen he is paler than ever, and is receiving with languid hands a glass of brandy and water from the steward's mate.

A sudden shriek from a well-known female voice startles me, and I am just in time to save Olive-branch No. 1 from breaking his neck by dragging him out by the leg from the skylight of the cabin, down which he was apparently plunging headlong.

We have not a very long voyage to go, and at length some one points out a white spot ahead, and tells us that is Sandsend. We observe a very long projection into the water, and are told that it is the pier. As far as we can guess it must be twice the length of any other we have ever seen. We approach nearer and nearer, and at length we distinctly discern this said pier, which is of enormous length, but very low out of the water, so that it strikes us it must be under it in heavy weather. At last our boat draws alongside the pier-head, and the first thing we see is a large board, notifying that "This pier is a mile and a quarter long. You may ride on the railroad for 3d." We are puzzled to know the connexion between a pier and a railroad, and we thought that the latter convenience was unknown at Sandsend.

With a few casualties—such as the cracking of the weak cords of the servants' boxes, and the strewing their contents on the decks, the upset of Master Tommy, and the knocking of Master Bobby's head in the effort to pick him up, which produces a concert of screams—we got on to the pier, and then the mysterious connexion between railroad and pier is explained.

The Sandsend pier is *said* to be a mile and a quarter in length; but we believe, from having tried it, that it must be two miles at least. It is very narrow, and two-thirds of its width are occupied by a line of rails, on which trains of open trucks are drawn by a single horse. We get into the train, and are broiled for about five minutes in the blazing sun, for there is no protection against its rays.

Mrs. Peter, in maternal anxiety, anticipates a stroke of the sun for each of the Olive-branches, and a headache for ourselves. At last we start, and are jolted along the rails. We observe the ingenuity with which it has been contrived to make the walking space of the pier so narrow, that when the "train" comes by, the foot-passengers draw up in single file, with their backs tightly jammed against the opposite railways, in an unpleasant uncertainty even then whether they may not be smashed on the spot.

All things have an end—even the Sandsend pier, or an Irish orator's speech. We reached the shore at last, and calling a fly and a truck, prepared to depart from the wooden abomination.

"Five shillings if you please, Sir—No, I beg pardon, five and twopence if you please, Sir," says a woman at the gate, in the politest of tones.

"What for?" we ask in amazement.

"Fifteen large packages at 4d. each, and one small one [our own overcoat hanging over our arm] at twopence," replied the dame.

Again did our true British bile rise, and we felt disposed to anathematise something or somebody; but we were referred to a certain table of fees authorised to be levied at the Sandsend pier by virtue of a certain Act of Parliament, for that purpose made and passed. Amongst other curiosities we discovered that we were lucky in being alive, for had we been "a corpse," the same Act of Parliament authorised them to charge one guinea for our passing their gates. Who says dead men are not taxed? It 's a vulgar fallacy, and we have proved it.

"Where to, Sir?" says the driver of our fly, which by-the-by is the most antediluvian sort of vehicle we ever saw—the seats are so narrow, and the whole thing seems stuck up so high, that we feel as if a stumble of the horse would shake us all out in an instant—"Where to, Sir?"

Now this was an exceedingly puzzling question to a man who had never been in the place before, and did n't know the name of a street, or a house or a hotel in it.

"Anywhere but *there*," we said, pointing up to a grand-looking establishment stuck on a hill, and which had the air of a guinea a day for a sitting room, half for a bed-room, and three and sixpence a head for every mouth opened.

"Try the 'Dolphin,' Sir?"

"Certainly—the 'Dolphin' by all means."

And so we drove along in our Shem-Ham-and-Japhet vehicle (as Sydney Smith designated such a turn-out) till we came to the "Dolphin," which modestly called itself only a "Tavern." At first we doubted whether we ought to take our wife and children into a tavern; but as the place looked like a hotel, and was decidedly the most respectable edifice about us, we entered. The landlady first greeted us with the information that she could n't give us beds "for love or money," as a lady and gentleman already slept on the hearth-rug in the parlour, and their three children on the sofa. This was pleasant—not that we wanted beds at the Dolphin, but if such was the state of affairs there, what must it be everywhere else? We begged for a sitting-room *pro tem*, and something to eat. The landlady politely resigned her own parlour to us (which had a broken window, letting in a draught strong enough to blow your hair off—if you wore a wig) and sent us some provisions and weak tea.

After demolishing the cold meat, Mrs. Peter and myself sallied forth to look for lodgings. At all times and places, and under all circumstances, we consider this about the most detestable of employments. Ordinarily you enter a house by means of a door and a dirty servant, who however keeps you waiting five minutes while she smears her greasy face with the jack-towel, under the delusion that she is cleaning it. Then you are shown into a room where the most violent efforts have evidently been made to give an air of comfortable respectability to everything. But it won't do. You know that the seedy drugget is not put to preserve the carpet, but to hide the holes. Those brown holland covers to the chairs are for the same purpose, and when you come to sit on them you know that they will soon get soiled, and never be washed. The gauzy-looking curtains of white muslin are all very fine now that the sun is bright, the weather warm, and the curtains clean; but rain will come, winter will come, and dirt will come, and still the same curtains will hang there—cold, miserable, dirty affairs. That loo-table is rickety, though it looks so neat, and when you write on it, it will bob up and down, and creak and squeak, and you will be eternally diving under it to tighten the bolt, but all to no purpose. The hearth-rug has a hole in it, through it has been darned, and before you have used it a week you will find your foot in it, and probably yourself stretched on the floor in consequence. Look at yourself in that glass—Did you ever see such a wrinkle-faced, squint-eyed brute as you appear to be? Have you grown suddenly ugly and deformed? Not at all—but the glass was bought for one pound two and nine at a Jew auction in the Poultry, and is made of common window glass badly silvered. The landlady comes in: she tells you almost in the first breath that she has n't been accustomed to let lodgings, but since the decease of her poor husband (whom she called a villain and a *vagabone* while he was alive) she has been driven to it. She is very polite, but not *very* clean, especially about the finger-nails: she expatiates on the beauties of her rooms, and shows you the bed-room—two yards of drugget, a tipsy-looking chest of drawers, a dubious dressing-glass, and a four-poster, with dimity hangings, and a bed stuffed with bad feathers, and —— but, no! you 'll find out what else soon enough. She asks two guineas a week for *those* two rooms, and when you stand aghast, she talks about the advantage of the "situation"—even if it be in Whitechapel—the gentility of the house, and the excellence of the attendance. The truth of the matter may be written in three words—robbery, dirt, and nightly visitors that you would rather dispense with when you wish to *sleep*.

Such is a specimen of lodging-hunting in ordinary, but very unlike ours on the present occasion.

The town of Sandsend—village, we mean—consists of one straggling street by the shore. The houses are one story high, and average about four or five rooms, the dimensions of which are about eight feet by six, though many by no means attain to such dignified proportions. The ordinary inhabitants we take to be fishermen, boatmen, and very small tradesmen. When we went to look for apartments we naturally expected to see some kind of house that would be termed "respectable," but we were disappointed in that anticipation. Little wooden huts constituted the village, and a few of these exhibited "Apartments furnished" in the windows. More from curiosity than with the idea of finding a habitable place in them, we knocked at one of the doors.

"What apartments have you?" we inquired mildly.

"Two bed-rooms and a *drawing-room*, Sir."

We were anxious to see the "drawing-room," and so we entered. We saw a little ladder opposite us, with some drugget stretched over it, and which was meant for a staircase. Up it we were desired to crawl, and we did so. Then we were told to dive into a certain doorway—and we did so. We then found ourselves in a kind of cupboard—but we suppose we must call it a room—and were told that "*that* was the drawing-room." It was about eight feet by six (as we have above mentioned): it had three cane chairs, a table, and the smallest specimen of a couch we ever beheld. A piece of drugget on the floor, and some family portraits in black paper on the walls, completed the furniture. Then we were shown a bedroom, in which there was certainly a four-post bedstead, cut down in the posts to let it stand under the ceiling, and we suppose there were other articles of furniture also, but as the bedstead occupied about nine-tenths of the room, we could not see them. The other bedroom was evidently misnamed, for the bed occupied the *whole* of it—indeed, I rather think that a corner of the bedstead projected through the doorway. The whole affair amused us greatly, but our amusement was changed into horrified surprise, on being informed that the sum asked and obtained for this miserable little hole was "two guineas a week—extras *not* included."

Thinking that the landlady might be a maniac or a humorist, we tried some others of the little wooden huts, and with a similar result. It now struck us that our "quiet, pretty, little, cheap place" was likely to prove a very den of thieves, and we looked at one another in dismay. Mrs. Peter Swaddles was decidedly melancholy, and Mr. Peter Swaddles decidedly savage.

However, we determined to do the best we could, and so, going to a certain little inn by the water's edge magniloquently called "The Tower," ve made a bargain for some rooms, at a price which I won't mention, st it should sound fabulous, and finding our flyman again, we removed ur new abode with Olive-branches and baggage.

now we were settled in our charming little sea-side village of

Sandsend. Well—the place was not ugly, we confess. It was rural and primitive—something attractive in our cockney eyes: it had trees overtopping the cottages close to the water's edge: it had a kind of esplanade of grass, that would have been green if the blazing sun would have let it. It had a tolerable beach: we heard much of a certain spot called "the Dell," at the other end of the village: we were told that there was an excellent reading-room and library, and on the whole we tried to persuade ourselves that we should like it very much, despite the heavy weekly bill for lodgings.

Night came, and with it came those terrible little plagues into our beds that seem to exist everywhere in the civilized or uncivilized world. We have writhed under their abominable little fangs (if that is the correct term) in half the countries in Europe, in America, in Africa, on the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean, and we consider all other human torments, on a small scale, as nothing to them. Call a thing a "flea-bite" when you mean to express a thing of no consequence!—why, I would rather be bitten by a dog any day (provided he had not hydrophobia), than one of those irritating little venomous insects. Musquitoes are nuisances, but there are means of avoiding them and excluding them; a certain unnameable odoriferous insect of the same propensities is offensive enough, but you can catch him; but a flea—a nasty, hungry, vivacious, unprincipled, insatiable little monster of a flea—will torment you to the verge of madness, and defy all your endeavours to catch him, though you keep him in sight for an hour and dodge him in every corner and crevice of the bed, the clothes, the curtains, or your own dress. Decidedly these little wretches are livelier, wickeder, and more insatiable at Sandsend than at any other place where it has been our ill-luck to pass a night.

In the morning Master Tommy had a face like a speckled hen, and Master Bobby looked like a red Indian, from the same cause; while neither young gentlemen possessed the power of extending his eyelids open to their natural dimensions. This was the first drawback to the delight we intended to feel: we mentioned the matter to the landlady, who was greatly surprised, and "never see a flea in the beds in her life." We verily believe she was flea-proof, for her skin looked so tough and leathery that we don't believe any flea of sense (and they are insects of *penetration*) would have wasted his time on it.

After a breakfast of good eggs and bad tea (why is tea *always* bad at the sea-side?) we went out to examine the beauties of Sandsend. First there was "the Dell"—pretty enough. A few stunted trees grew up a certain shelving bank by the sea-shore: some ingenious individuals have made paths through them, and so a "charming and romantic spot," as Mrs. Peter called it, is formed. We wanted a bath, but as you can only bathe at high-water, and as that would be about our dinner-hour we postponed our luxury. We sat down on the beach. Master Bobby was discovered devouring sand and sea-weed, to the consternation of our paternal and maternal feelings. Master Tommy tumbled headlong (that boy never gets hurt when he falls on his head) into a boat on the beach, and screamed till he was dragged out again.

And so passed the day till dinner-time. We were very hungry and had ordered some roast-lamb. By all that is detestable in cookery, they had *baked* it! Mr. Peter Swaddles got sulky and would not eat, till he found his appetite too strong for him, and then bolted his food like a hungry tiger. The tart had no juice in it—the "Sherry" was "Cape" of the lowest order, and was charged as "the finest pale imported.

One other evil to complete our misfortunes. Allsopp and Bass were unknown in the house! and the substitute was some horrible country ale which had that detestable flavour commonly called "hard."

Considering that we were within fifty miles of the great metropolis, we consoled ourselves with the anticipated comforts of a late post to despatch our letters to town. We found out that it left at four every afternoon! This was very pleasant information, as we had an important correspondence on hand at the time; but it was explained by the circumstance of the nearest railway-station being twenty-two miles distant.

In the evening we sought the reading-room to see our beloved daily paper, which by a violent mental effort we had foregone seeking the whole morning. A very small girl greeted us on entering, and referred us to a table of subscriptions on our asking the "terms." We found them the highest we ever remember to have seen, but of course we anticipated advantages in proportion.

"What papers do you take in?"

"The 'Times,' Sir, the day *after* publication."

It was true! Not a paper of any kind was to be had in this benighted little hole till the day after publication, and then not till afternoon. A revolution might have broken out,—the French might have landed under Louis Napoleon,—Joseph Hume might have been made premier and Chisholm Anstey Lord Chancellor,—the Pope might have preached in Westminster Abbey and Cardinal Wiseman in St. Paul's,—the Bank of England might have stopped payment, and all the gold from Australia turned out to be brass,—"Bentley" might have failed to appear on the first of the month—in fact, any great political, religious, commercial, literary, or any other event, might have occurred, and for thirty hours at least Sandsend would have known nothing about it.

This settled the matter. A man may submit to be robbed, to be bitten to death, to be starved on baked mutton, to drink bad "Cape," to write his letters at mid-day, to live in a room no larger than a bird-cage at the Pantheon—to undergo all kinds of mental, bodily, and pecuniary torture,—but to go without a newspaper, or to read a second day's one (which is the same thing), is too much for the philosophy of a Briton, a gentleman, and a cockney.

Mr. Peter Swaddles announced his intention of quitting Sandsend. Mrs. Peter Swaddles coincided—the place was dull, stupid, dear, and inconvenient.

We drove about the country as a sort of farewell to the place—it was pretty enough—but who could live in it without a newspaper? Next day we departed, and to people who wish to do anything more than vegetate like a cauliflower, we say now—Don't be tempted by descriptions of "pretty, quiet, *economical*, little" watering places, and don't—oh, *don't go to Sandsend!*

THE VALETUDINARIAN IN ITALY.

The throng of fashionable tourists is on the wing for, if not already luxuriating in, the glorious scenery of Switzerland and Italy. Italy! there is a charm in its very name. It would appear as if all the sad and bloody scenes connected with her late ineffectual attempt to shake off the chains of Austrian rule were already effaced from the recollection, and that she had sunk again into her old lethargy. But is this always to continue—will she never again take her place among the leading nations of the world, but be content to live only on the past? Will the petty feuds of its various states for ever interfere to prevent a coalition in Italy for the common weal? This is away, however, from our present purpose.[*]

Among the most pleasant books on Italy at the time it appeared, we considered Mathews' "Diary of an Invalid" to be the most interesting, and Mrs. Jameson's charming "Diary of an Ennuyée" is a favourite always. Italy, notwithstanding the numerous instances of the early death of those who seek her shores in pursuit of health, still seems to possess a spell for the Valetudinarian.

The visitors to Italy and the Eternal City are now to be found wending their way—some to realize on the very spots all the dreams of study—the artist to gaze on the glorious monuments of art, which Roman genius in sculpture and painting left to admiring posterity—the *fast* man to *do* Italy in the shortest possible time, and with superficial mind to gaze, and to forget: while another class, alas! numerous! to seek in its sunny clime the renovation of exhausted nature—to repair the ravages of insidious consumption. How many in beautiful Italy have thus found a grave! The cemeteries of this lovely land contain sad memorials of those who, in this attempt, have vainly sought its shores.

We hold that in our own island may be found climate suitable, ay, much more suitable to those who suffer under this dire infliction of Providence. In the mild climate of Devonshire, on our own southern coast also, and particularly in the Isle of Wight, let the patient seek for aid, if it is ever to be found; for,

> "Perhaps, no greater popular delusion prevails, than the belief in the existence of some undefinable specific virtue in the climate of Italy, for pulmonary consumption.
>
> "Although this mistake has been pointed out by several modern writers on climate, and it is difficult to conceive how so erroneous a notion ever gained possession of the public mind, it still prevails very extensively. Even at the present day, consumptive invalids are hurried away from these islands to the shores of the Mediterranean or elsewhere, with an unbroken faith, or rather blind credulity, in the talismanic efficacy of foreign climates, on the part of their friends and relatives, worthy the days when the sulphureous vapours of Mount Tabio, near Vesuvius, were supposed to cure phthisis, and patients were sent there to breathe the volcanic air, drink milk, and die.
>
> "During a recent sojourn in Italy, and in the south of France, I have had frequent opportunities of observing the misery, nay, the positive evil which patients of this class incur by migrating from England to those countries, when labouring under confirmed phthisis. And it is only when the disease is confirmed; when the condition not merely of hepatization but of softening exists; that, in the great majority of instances, the patient seeks in a foreign clime that relief or cure which

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[*] Dr. Burgess on "The Climate of Italy."

he believes nature has denied him in his own. The fatigue inseparable from an overland journey of some two thousand miles; the discomfort, or rather the total want of English comfort, *en route*, and even in the promised land,—to a person in tolerable health bad enough, but to a phthisical invalid absolute torture,—the severity of the spring and autumn, and, above all, the great and rapid variations of temperature, have sufficiently shown to me the mistake of sending patients of the class referred to, to so great a distance, in search of a bubble, who ought rather to have been allowed to die in peace at home, in the bosom of their families.

"The climate of Norway, for example, is admirably suited, during several months of the year, between the middle of May and the middle of September, for certain forms of dyspepsia, lesions of the nervous system affecting the mind, or that form of general innervation which results from an overwrought brain, and diseases of repletion."

Madeira has been found beneficial in many instances of consumption.

"Madeira, one of the 'islands of the blessed,' which Herodotus described as situated on the confines of the earth, in an ocean warmed by the rays of the near setting sun, is now, perhaps, the most frequented of all the foreign depôts for pulmonary consumption, not excepting the Nile. Opinion is divided as to the sanative effects of the climate of this island in tubercular phthisis."

"Madeira is pretty generally regarded, in this country, both by the profession and the public, as affording the climate, *par excellence*, for promoting the cure of pulmonary consumption. Dr. Mason, who ultimately fell a victim to phthisis, went to Madeira with the belief that he would recover his health under the alleged sanatory and benign influence of the climate of that island. He remained there nearly two years."

"Madeira has its sirocco as well as Italy; but the characters of the wind so named in the two localities, although equally injurious, are yet essentially different. The wind, called by the Italians *sirocco*, which visits Naples and the south of Italy from the opposite shores of the Mediterranean, is hot, *moist*, and relaxing. On the contrary, the wind denominated by the Portuguese *leste*, is essentially hot and dry, and of a highly stimulating nature; so it soon exhausts those in health by means of its exciting qualities."

"Madeira seems to have no more immunity from disease than other places. Dr. Heineken and Dr. Gourlay both agree that no disease is more common amongst the natives than pulmonary consumption."

"The fate of the author was a melancholy one, and a telling comment on the blind credulity which prevails respecting the virtues of *foreign* climates in pulmonary consumption. It is briefly related by the editor, in these words;—'Having completed the present work at Madeira, the author determined upon repairing to Nice, the climate of which, as he had been always persuaded, was far better adapted to his case. This step, had it been taken at an earlier period, and in the proper season, might have ultimately led to his recovery. (?) . . . He accordingly embarked for Havre. Proceeding thence towards Nice, partly by land and partly by river conveyance, they reached Avignon, where they took the diligence, without being aware that there would be no stoppage on the road for refreshments. Some fruit and bread, accidentally provided, was the only subsistence for four and twenty hours. They arrived at Nice as dinner was serving up; but scarcely had they sat down to it, when Dr. Mason felt himself compelled to exchange the table for his bed, to which an attack of dysentery confined him from that moment, until, after the lapse of a fortnight, his death took place.'

"How many consumptive invalids have fallen victims abroad to the same delusion!

"'The strangers' burying-ground,' says Mr. White, 'has a melancholy appearance, and one lingers, not unwillingly, among its rich and fragrant flowers, while reading with sadness the simple tale of many who, in the bloom of joy and youth, having sought these shores for a relief to their sufferings, through the influence of its balmy climate, and far removed from the endearing ties of friends and home, have only found that relief in the grave.'"

Aix and Montpellier are most unfavourable to patients suffering from organic diseases of the lungs.

"In this part of France, there is generally a clear blue sky, but then, the air is sharp and biting, especially in the spring, and the frequent recurrence of the noxious winds—the *bise* and the *marin*—one cold and cutting, the other damp, irritates weak lungs, and excites coughing. No atmosphere, however pure, if occasionally keen and piercing, can prove beneficial for pulmonary consumption, and this is the true character of the air of Montpellier. Provence is, moreover, the land of dust, from the nature of the soil. Indeed, there are parts of this 'Province of the Sun,' properly so called, which might vie, in whirlwinds of dust, even with the banks of the Nile, the most recent foreign fashion for consumption.

"THE MISTRAL.—The south of France has been, ever since the earliest period of history, famous for violent and impetuous winds, amongst which the north-west wind, or *mistral*, enjoys an unenviable pre-eminence for its injurious character. This wind, or plague, as it is called by the inhabitants, forms the subject of an ancient Provençal proverb, which says:—

> "'Le parlement, le *Mistral*, et la Durance
> Sont les trois fléaux de la Provence.'

And the description of it given by Strabo has not been invalidated by time, for it is now the same as when he described it thus:—'The whole of that region situated above Marseilles and the mouths of the Rhone is exposed to impetuous winds. The north-west (mistral) precipitates itself with intense violence in the valley of the Rhone, driving stones before it, overturning men and their vehicles, and stripping them of their clothes and arms.'—(Georg. lib. iii.)

"There is not, throughout all Europe, so arid, so monotonous, and in every way so unattractive a region for consumptive invalids as the Provence of Radcliffe and De Staël, when entering from Italy by the treeless, dust-enveloped road. In the midst of a region of low, calcareous undulations, producing dust in astonishing quantities, stands Aix, the capital of Provence. From Aix to Arles, extends the barren, stony plain of the Crau, presenting a picture of utter desolation, without any variety whatever to interrupt the horizon. This picture seems, doubtless, a violent contrast to the seducing descriptions we have been accustomed to read of the 'smiling vineyards, olive-groves, limpid streams, and verdant valleys of sweet Provence,' but the fact is not the less true. Leaving the dusty roads and arid and dust-covered fields even out of the question, the rapid and extensive *variations of temperature* met with in Provence are more than sufficient causes to make that part of the continent shunned by consumptive invalids.

"For several days in spring the climate may no doubt be delicious, although, however, always too warm about mid-day, when suddenly the mistral, of evil celebrity, begins to blow. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the change, or of the injurious effects of the climate under the influence of this scourge. The same sun shines in the same bright blue sky, but the temperature is glacial. The sun is there only to glare and dazzle, and seems to have no more power in producing warmth than a rushlight against the boisterous winds which chill the very marrow in one's bones. During the prevalence of this wind it is impossible to stir out of doors without getting the mouth and nostrils filled with dust. All nature seems shrivelled and dried up under its baneful influence.

"The district of the mistral is nearly confined to the valley of the Rhone. The baneful effects of this wind are dreadfully felt at Marseilles, at Aix and Montpellier in a less degree, but still sufficient to cause much mischief to the class of patients under consideration. Although Arles seems to be its head-quarters, the vast plains of the Crau and the Camargue afford full scope to its fury. The general character of the climate of Provence is, then, hot, dry, and irritating, subject to sudden and extensive variations of temperature, and therefore highly injurious to phthisical patients, and those suffering from irritation of the stomach and air-passages. For nervous and hypochondriacal invalids, the dryness and bracing qualities of the air of Provence may be, perhaps, useful, provided their lungs are sound; but if there is the slightest tendency to tubercular disease, no patient should ever go to that country, for I know of no district in any part of the British Isles so unfitted—nay, so injurious—for patients of this class, as the parched and dusty plains swept by the mistral. There is actually no part of France where phthisis is so prevalent amongst the native population as in Montpellier and Marseilles; in the latter especially, where the ravages by this disease, amongst the youth of both sexes, are very great.

"Hyéres, a small town near Toulon, and within a mile and a half of the Mediterranean, is considered to be less trying to consumptive patients than any other part of Provence, because vegetation is more luxuriant, and there is little dust; but still the mistral extends its baneful influence to the olive and orange plantations of Hyères, as well as to the arid plains of the Crau."

Milan has been selected by some invalids; for

"Although the city of Milan is not recommended as a permanent resort for consumptive invalids, it is nevertheless frequented," observes Dr. Burgess, "by a great many of this class of patients, on their way to the south of Italy, or when returning; and its proximity to the lakes of Como and Maggiore, together with the attractions of the place itself, such as its superb opera-house (La Scala), its splendid architectural monuments, including the Duomo, ornamented by three thousand statues of white marble, besides the celebrated paintings of Guercino, Guido, and the Caracci, in the museum of Brera,—these induce many a way-worn invalid, when flying from the scorching summer heat of the south, to rest a little there, and so avail himself of the shade of the narrow streets of the ancient city of the Visconti.

"Here, for the first time since entering Italy, I witnessed these 'spectacles of human misery' described in the introductory chapter, with whom I subsequently became painfully familiar in the different towns farther south. In the cool of the evening, or during the day, when the sun's rays were obscured by a hazy state of the atmosphere—a common occurrence in Lombardy—Englishmen are sure to meet some of their compatriots in the advanced stages of phthisis, with '*pallida mors*' visibly stamped upon their countenance, crawling along the streets, or dragged in invalid chairs—to see sights perhaps the last they will ever witness. Indeed, I have noticed some of the more adventurous, regardless of the heat of the sun, or of the effect produced by sudden transitions of temperature, proceed to the Duomo at noon, when the meridian is taken, that being a favourite rendezvous and pastime for strangers."

"The immortal inscription of Dante, referring to a gloomier place, might be appropriately fixed over the gate of Milan for the benefit of the deluded consumptive patients of other countries who may pass through that city on their way to the south:

"'Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate.'"

Venice is, perhaps, the preferable place for the consumptive patient.

"Venice has been called by enthusiastic writers, the Queen of the Adriatic, although built on piles in the midst of a lagune, and lauded as one of the wonders of art, if not the greatest triumph of man. However true this fanciful assertion may be in reference to her early history, she is now merely the corpse of a city, fast crumbling to decay, whose gorgeous relics of former greatness only add to the desolation and mournful aspect of everything around.

"Although Venice, I believe, is rarely recommended as a resort for consumptive invalids, yet patients of this class may be always found in her public buildings and promenades. Indeed, there seems to be a mysterious attraction between hectic patients, wandering after an *ignis fatuus*, and various desolate and woe-begone cities in the south of Europe. Take, for example, Pisa, Rome, and even this place. But Venice has other, and more substantial, claims for the consideration of those consumptive patients who go to Italy in search of health, than her melancholy aspect, solitude, and decay.

"The climate of this singular city possesses a certain mildness of character and equability, often unknown in some of the more southern parts of Italy, usually frequented by consumptive invalids. The mildness of its air is caused in a great measure by the moisture arising from the lagune, &c., modifying the temperature; farther, the equability of the climate is owing to a kind of balance existing between the warm and cold atmospheric influences, which again results from the distribution of prevailing winds. These different agencies I shall explain more fully as we proceed.

"Independently of the ordinary atmospheric constituents, the air of Venice is impregnated with emanations of bromine and iodine, according to the chemical researches of Cenedella and of Pisanello, (1847,) who state that these elementary bodies are found in abundance in the plants growing in the lagunes, and to certain extent even in the water itself. The native physicians place great faith i the resolutive properties of the climate, in scrofula and in incipient phthisis, owin to the presence of these emanations. So far as the latter disease is concerned, suc alleged sanative effects are purely imaginary, as shown by the prevalence consumption amongst the inhabitants.

"It is not, however, the chemical constituents of the atmosphere, nor the su posed salubrious influence of the climate that attracts English consumptive invalids to Venice. It is the magic of its name. Various historical associations connected with the place, the splendid ruins, and the paintings of some of the greatest masters that Italy has produced, are proverbial attractions. The paintings of Canaletto have familiarised foreigners with the harbour, the squares, and the monuments of Venice, as they existed in the palmy days of the republic; although those of Bonington, an English artist, not quite so famous, are faithful representations of its present state of desolation, and compared with those of the old Venetian painter, as a French critic observed, they resemble the picture of a woman still beautiful, but worn down by age and misfortune.

"I have repeatedly seen patients positively moribund, conveyed about this city, sight-seeing, under the impression that constant *change of scene* was as necessary for their cure as change of atmosphere. Change of scene may, and does, produce good effects in nervous and dyspeptic invalids, or upon those exhausted by over-exertion, shock, or mental anxiety; but what benefits it can accomplish in patients with organic disease, like tubercular consumption in an advanced stage, I am at a loss to conceive. The invalids alluded to, or their advisers, however, seemed to think otherwise; for, apparently, their sole object in view when visiting Venice, was to contemplate the works of Titian, the frescoes of Tintoretto and of Paolo Veronese, the statues, palaces, temples, the mausoleums of Sansovino and Palladio, whereas they seemed as if utterly unconscious of the injury they were thus doing to their health, or their frail tenure of life.

"The promenade most frequented by invalids is the Piazza of Saint Mark, the largest open space in Venice, besides being the most lively part of the city. One side is occupied by the Ducal Palace and the Church of Saint Mark, with its angular front and cupolas, which remind the stanger of a Turkish mosque, rather than a Christian temple. On the other, it has regular arcades, with shops similar to the Palais Royal at Paris. The Florian coffee-house, in one of the arcades, forms the constant resort of male invalids who visit Venice, and are at all able to go about. Here they form a motley group along with Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, who seem to pass their time, reclining under large awnings, in drinking sherbet and coffee, and smoking perfumes in long rosewood pipes. The basilic of Saint Mark adjoins the end of this arcade, and is not a minute's walk distant; hence, in this extraordinary building of chequered architecture,—a mixture of Greek, Roman, and Gothic,—invalids of both sexes seldom, almost never, fail to pass a portion of the day.

"The attractions of the basilic of Saint Mark, a church which has not its parallel in the world, are certainly of no ordinary kind. The mosaics, sculptures, basso-relievos, and arabesques with which it is profusely ornamented, together with the gilded arched roofs, the pavement of jasper and porphyry, the five hundred columns of black, white, and variegated marble, of bronze, alabaster, vert-antique, and serpentine, are irresistible to the foreign invalid, who soon finds his way thither, and passes hours, fatiguing his frame, gazing at the marvels of the building, standing on its cold and sunken floor, for the piles underneath have given way in many places, and hence he breathes an air damp and impure.

"The Ducal Palace, close by, has also various attractions, and I doubt whether the master-pieces of the greatest painters Venice has produced, with which the ceilings and walls of the different apartments are adorned, are so eagerly sought after as the Piombi and the Pozzi, the latter being the dungeon cells in the vaults of the palace, over which the boats on the canal pass, and with whose history so many tales of horror are connected. These horrible dens are still dismal and damp, although the walls are boarded to prevent the humidity from penetrating.

"Apart from this inveterate sight-seeing mania, and the evils sure to arise in consequence, there are many circumstances connected with Venice and its climate favourable to invalids, which do not exist in localities commonly recommended for phthisical patients, farther south. The entire absence of dust, in the first place, is no small advantage—the peculiar constitution of the climate before mentioned depending so much on the topography of the city, to be described presently; and above all the gondola exercise—the soothing and gentle motion of which is so particularly adapted to consumptive individuals.

"The general aspect of these boats—for they are all painted black—is not calculated to cheer the mind, and especially at night, when they move along so silently and mysteriously, being more like floating sepulchres than the gay and illuminated boats of pleasure which at one time occupied their place. Even the boatmen seem to be influenced by the mournful appearance of their barks, or else they must be a different race from their predecessors; for instead of singing the verses of Tasso and Ariosto, as formerly, their only music is a shrill screaming, *ah eh*, which they utter at the corner of each *calle*, or street, to avoid collision with other gondolas. However, interiorly the gondola is well fitted for the ease and comfort of invalids, who can recline at full length on a soft couch, of which there is one on either side, and thus inhaling free air, when taking exercise not likely to fatigue, the gliding motion and gentle oscillation of the gondola, when passing over the smooth waters of Venice, often soothe the mind, and induce a state of tranquillity and repose.

"The situation of Venice, built upon piles in the centre of a vast marsh, covered with algæ and marine plants, would apparently indicate the inappropriateness of such a locality for invalids; but the following topographical details, given by M. Carrière, may in some measure explain the peculiar condition by which this place remains salubrious, irrespective of any diurnal exposure of the vegetation of the marsh to atmospherical action:—

"That part of the lagune at the north-west extremity of the Adriatic, in which Venice is situated, is of an oval form, the greatest diameter of which reaches to nearly eleven leagues, and extends from the north-east to the south-west, whilst the smaller diameters vary from two to four. The lagune is bounded by the main land from the north-east to the south, and from the latter point a strip of land is continued, with some interruptions, so as to cut off all communication between the sea and the basin of Venice except by these openings. The maritime boundary, or *Lido*, is formed by the approximation of a series of islets, on the eastern aspect of which are placed the *murazzi*, formidable groups of rocks protecting the whole from the troubled waters of the gulf. The openings between the islets serve the purpose of sluices, always free, through which the waters diurnally ebb and flow.

"The north-east extremity of the lagune, being nearest to the Julian and Carnatic Alps, and not sufficiently sheltered in that direction, is exposed to the cold and impetuous wind passing over those mountains. Due north, the Alps are much more elevated, and sufficiently so to arrest, in great measure, the wind which blows from that quarter. The west and south-west winds are interrupted by the mountain range which skirts Lombardy, but those which are not impeded in their course, and play freely over the Venetian lagune, are the south-east, or sirocco, and the east, which enters from the sea.

"The south and the south-west winds also blow over the lagune, in spite of the transverse ridge of the Apennines, which at some distance crosses their path, but, according to the observations of Dr. Traversi, without the peculiarities which they present along the Ligurian shore and the western coast of Italy. Thus the west and the north, properly so called, are the least frequent, owing to the barrier caused by the elevation of the central Alps and the adjoining summits; and the north-east, the east, and the south-east, are the winds which principally influence the climate of the lagune.

"The streets and lanes of Venice are, as every person knows, navigable canals; but, besides numerous minor passages, there are three large canals, which intersect the city in different directions—viz., the Guidecca, Canalle Grande, and Canalle Regio, and, by promoting a free circulation of air, materially contribute to the salubrity of the place. The direction and disposition of these canals enable the land, as also sea breezes, according as they may prevail, to traverse the whole extent of the city without interruption."

"The climate of Venice and its topography favour a life of indolence and voluptuous ease; indeed, the *dolce far niente* practice is more thoroughly carried out there than in any other part of Italy. The countenance of the Venetians, with its tinge of melancholy and graceful dignity, indicates a life of inertia, in which neither the moral nor physical energies are called into activity; while the marvellous silence which reigns over this city of 120,000 inhabitants, is by no means calculated to disturb the death-like vitality so apparent in the people. All these circumstances favour the development of the nervous temperament, and hence the Venetians generally exhibit this form of constitution, sometimes even to feminine excitability."

Genoa is not to be recommended to the consumptive; and of Florence it is said,

"In no part of England could a climate be found more unfavourable for consumptive invalids than that of Florence, a town built in a deep ravine, almost surrounded by the Apennines, and intersected by a squalid river. But Florence is within a few hours' ride of Pisa, one of the chief depôts for foreign patients of this class in Italy, and the fame and artistic attractions of the city of the Medici are irresistible to the dying visitors who can at all move about. In the renowned capital of Tuscany, wandering amongst its splendid, but cold and damp, churches, its palaces and picture galleries, many an English invalid annually hastens his end; and it not unfrequently happens here, as in other cities of the south, that the places most frequented, and possessing the greatest attractions, are of circumscribed dimensions and badly ventilated.

"For instance, visit the far-famed Tribuna of an afternoon, in autumn, and there you will find in a small octagon chamber, like a moderate-sized boudoir, containing the most valuable gems of antiquity, and some of the finest paintings in existence, a crowd of eager spectators, even including invalids, jostling each other from want of room, gazing for hours together upon the immortal works of art around, whilst breathing all the time a heated, confined, and impure atmosphere. An observer will not remain long before his attention is arrested by the ominous, short, dry, jerking cough, and, on looking round, he is sure to see the same stereotyped picture of the 'English disease' so painfully familiar to travellers throughout Italy, supported on the arm of an attendant, staring at the marble statue 'that enchants the world,' which often seems more alive than the gazing invalid.

"But the injurious effects of breathing heated and confined air in this sanctuary of the arts, are unheeded by its votaries. The visitor is dazzled with the marvellous productions in sculpture and painting, which surround him. The divine statue of Cleomenes, the goddess of the Tribune, set in the middle of the apartment, in vivid contrast with the voluptuous painting of the same deity by Titian, suspended on the wall behind, the colouring of which is sublime, and appears as if painted yesterday; the Apollo, the group of wrestlers; the graceful Fornarina, and other chefs-d'œuvres of Raphael, are a few amongst the unique objects of art contained in this cabinet, having its cupola inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and pavement of tesselated marble, which are sure to rivet the attention of every invalid, and detain him perhaps for hours, unconscious of the price he will have to pay for all this pleasure.

"At length, leaving the Tribuna and its heated atmosphere, he wanders through the adjoining galleries and corridors, where the 'climate' is totally different, or perhaps visits some other public building, until tired nature reminds him of the fatigue he has gone through, when he returns home wearied and exhausted. As long as the excitement continues, little or no fatigue is experienced; indeed, it is often surprising how much physical exertion even the frailest will endure under this temporary stimulus; but reaction assuredly follows, attended by prostration, which cannot improve the health of a consumptive invalid. I have seen many examples of this description in different parts of Italy, and have often myself personally experienced the ill effects attendant upon sight-seeing in that country, although at the time in good health. It was not the ordinary fatigue of long-continued bodily exercise, but the depression resulting from breathing impure air in damp, cold churches, the heated and confined atmosphere of crowded apartments, or the malaria generated amongst ruins.

"It will not be sufficient to warn invalids against the evil results following sight-seeing. Patients able to accomplish so long and so fatiguing a journey as that from London to Rome or Pisa, are not likely to display such abnegation as to resist the powerful attractions by which they are surrounded, however warned as to the consequences. At least such was my observation when sojourning in Italy; for, go to whatever point of attraction I would, in any town of note in that country, I was certain to meet some of those 'melancholy spectacles' of human misery before mentioned, who ought never to have left the comforts of their own homes.

"When all the 'lions' of Florence are exhausted, excursions are frequently made to the neighbourhood; for example, to the ruins of the villa of Pratolino, associated with the adventures of Bianca Capello, to the supposed site of Boccacio's gardens; even distant Valambrosa, with its gloomy shades and dark avenues, where the sun never penetrates, presents no impediment to the adventurous, sight-seeing invalid, as I can testify. Amongst the public walks and promenades generally frequented, the gardens of Bobboli are the best situated, whilst the Cascine, or public drive, is the worst. The latter corresponds to Hyde Park, and is a long, narrow strip of reclaimed ground, in the valley of the Arno, between the hills, partly planted, and skirted by the river, which forms a turbid stream in summer, and becomes a mountain flood in winter; or even, occasionally, inundating both

Cascine and town, so that boats have been employed to go from house to house, as occurred in 1844.

"From its sunk situation, the Cascine is exposed to the mists and fogs of the valley, as also the damp vapour of the river banks, and the air circulates freely in but two directions—namely, up and down the course of the river. The mountains on either side exclude the lateral winds, except when they come in gusts. During winter, sometimes intense cold prevails in Florence, more so even than in England. The surrounding hills are frequently covered with snow, and a sharp cutting wind from the Apennines often blows like the blasts of Siberia.

"The road from Bologna to Florence crosses the Apennines, which, on that side, are gloomy, arid, naked mountains, exhibiting scrubby vegetation, and an appearance altogether different from the grandeur of the Alps. However, on arriving within four or five miles of the city, the scene is entirely changed. From this distance, the approach, or rather descent, to Florence and its environs, is enchanting. The aspect of nature is now gay and brilliant, the cultivation excellent, every eminence is studded with charming villas and undulating shrubberies, in which the olive tree abounds. The walls on either side of the way are covered with flowers of every hue growing in profusion, and which form, as it were, a continuous parterre almost to the city gates.

"The view of Florence, on a fine day, from the top of the last hill, with all its domes and towers glittering in the sun, and surrounded by its charming environs, is rich beyond description. The 'fair' city lies at your feet, and the Arno, by which it is intersected, winds along the valley until finally lost to view in the bendings of its course through the Apennines. Such is the first aspect of Florence; and when we remember, that within its walls are contained the wonders of ancient and modern art, and many objects sure to gratify the senses or delight the imagination, we can scarcely wonder that such attractions should prove irresistible."

"The English cemetery at Leghorn is singularly touching. In spite of the excessive brilliancy of the marbles, the aspect of so many tombs of foreigners, who died on their arrival or when about to embark on their way home, is melancholy. Most of the inscriptions are remarkable for an affecting conciseness and simplicity. Many of those strangers, full of youth and hope, came to recover their health in the land that has devoured them. The tomb of Smollett is the chief point of attraction in the English burying-ground."

"The approaches to Rome, either by the Florence road or that leading from Civita Vecchia, are anything but imposing. When the invalid arrives at the gates of the Eternal city, after traversing, for several hours, a wild heath, without a human habitation to be seen, the first impression is invariably a feeling of disappointment. The Porta del Popolo is but a poor entrance to Rome, and far inferior to the gloomy, desolate, ruined aspect presented by the Coliseum, approaching by the road from Naples.

"The pilgrim in search of health is at once struck with the sunk and low-lying situation of the modern city, under the Pincean hill, where he is to terminate his wanderings for a time and pass the winter. Parts of the modern, or Christian city, as it is called, to distinguish it from the Rome of antiquity, are lower than the banks of the Tiber—still the 'flavus Tiberinus,'—and during the autumn and some portion of the winter are constantly inundated. The market place in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, and that building itself, are often flooded, and even towards the end of October I have seen two feet of water in this open space. During the same month the road to Civita Vecchia was impassable for several days, owing to heavy rains.

"This, however, was an exceptional season, for the month of October is generally the most agreeable at Rome, and invalids are recommended to arrive at that period. The soil, refreshed by the September rains, is verdant and flowery. The city has a lively aspect during the celebration of the October fêtes, and the streets are thronged with gay-dressed citizens, proceeding to the cool cellars of Monte Testaccio, singing the popular ballad, 'Viva Ottobre che passio ci da,' and other groups dancing the 'salterello' to the sound of the mandoline.

"When these fêtes are over, Rome returns to her sullen solemnity; and the enervating nature of the climate, together with the mournful aspect of her vast ruins, are more calculated to depress the mind than to inspire hope."

"A consumptive invalid and a keen observer, who had made the tour of Europe in search of the fabulous climate supposed to exist in some favoured country in the south, but which he never could find, thus writes from Rome, where he had spent a winter:—

"The more I see of Italy, the more I doubt whether it be worth while for an invalid to encounter the fatigues of so long a journey for the sake of any advantages to be found in it, in respect of climate, during the winter. To come to Italy with the hope of *escaping* the winter, is a grievous mistake. This might be done by alternately changing your hemisphere, but in Europe it is impossible: and I believe that Devonshire, after all, may be the best place for an invalid during that season. If the thermometer be not so low here, the temperature is more variable, and the winds are more bitter and cutting. In Devonshire, too, all the comforts of the country are directed against cold; here all the precautions are the other way.

"The streets are built to exclude, as much as possible, the rays of the sun, and are now as damp and cold as rain and frost can make them. And then, what a difference between the warm carpet, the snug elbowed chair, and the blazing coal fire of an English winter evening, and the stone stair-cases, marble floors, and starving casements of an Italian house!

"The only advantage of Italy, then, is that your penance is *shorter* than it would be in England; for I repeat that, during the time it lasts, winter is more severely felt here than at Sidmouth, where I would even recommend an Italian invalid to repair from November till February, if he could possess himself of Fortunatus's cap, to remove the difficulties of the journey."

In these concluding observations we entirely concur, and earnestly recommend this work, which will be found to contain matter of interest for all readers.

MY PORTRAIT.

TO MR. LUCAS,

Written while Sitting to him for my Portrait.

OH, young and richly gifted! born to claim
No vulgar place amidst the sons of fame;
With shapes of beauty haunting thee like dreams,
And skill to realize Art's loftiest themes,
How wearisome to thee the task must be,
To copy these coarse features painfully,
Faded by time, and paled by care, to trace
The dim complexion of this homely face,
And lend to a bent brow and anxious eye,
Thy holiest toil, thine art's high mystery.

Yet by that art almost, methinks, divine,
By hand, and colour, and the skilful line,
Which at a stroke can strengthen or refine,
And mostly by the invisible influence
Of thine own spirit, gleams of thought and sense
Shoot o'er the careworn forehead, and illume
The heavy eye, and break the leaden gloom.
Even as the sunbeams on the rudest ground
Fling their illusive glories wide around,
And make the dullest scene of nature bright
By the reflexion of their own pure light.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

WRITERS AND CADETS.

There is nothing more complete in its way than the hospitality of John Company, when, from his big house in Leadenhall Street, he sends you an invitation to attend the examination of his boys at Haileybury or Addiscombe; and, on a fine morning in June, there is nothing pleasanter than to be the recipient of it. It is well worth the expenditure of a day even in a busy season. You have nothing to do but quietly to abandon yourself to the recreation. The liberality of your host begins, so to speak, at your own door. You are not left to make your own way, at your own charge, to the place of entertainment. Everything is done for you, without cost and without trouble to yourself. A special train whirls you into Hertfordshire, or a comfortable Clarence picks you up at your own house, and carries you into Surrey. You have nothing to do but to accept the invitation—everything else, we say, is done for you.

You are going to the Civil College at Haileybury to attend the public examination of the young "writers." The special train on the Eastern Counties railway carries you down to the Broxbourne station, and there you find gathered together, *en masse*, all the vehicles that Hertford and Hoddesdon can turn out, pressed for the occasion into the service of John Company, and ready to convey you up to the College square. You do not "pay your money and take your choice." You take your choice without paying your money; and the choice is a wide one, too—anything from an omnibus to a dog-cart is at your service. You stand upon no ceremony—you ask no questions. The Chairman, who is sure to have some illustrious visitors in his train—a royal duke, a foreign prince, a stray ambassador or two—takes the lead in some appropriated vehicle; and then, what Major Beresford would call the "rabble" help themselves to what they can get, and stand not on the order of their going. Soon the road is astir with as motley a stream of vehicular life as is to be seen *en route* to Epsom on the Derby day. The drive is a pleasant one, and not too long. You catch a glimpse of some fine country over the trim hedge-rows, and you are at your journey's end before you have time to be tired.

Haileybury College is built not for ornament, but for use. There are no architectural beauties to enrapture you,—there is nothing venerable, nothing solemn about the structure: it is altogether very smug and prosaic—not at all like a bit of old Oxford, though caps and gowns cluster about it, and there are other signs of academical life. The interest of the scene is not in its dead-stock, but its live-stock. All over the grass-plot in the quadrangle (*Academicè*, "quad") stand little groups of students, and visitors more or less illustrious, waiting the hour at which what is called the "Examination" is to commence. The magnates of Leadenhall Street, known as Directors, or, in college phraseology, "Di's," muster there in some strength. A good show of both Houses of Parliament—Peers and Commoners, some of the most distinguished of both, members, perhaps, of Parliamentary Committees sitting to investigate the whole question of Indian government,—one or two mighty generals, just returned from fighting John Company's battles on the banks of one of the far-off Indian rivers,—a small scattering of judges and collectors at home on furlough, or just retired from the service,—and a few well-known authors and *savans*—may be seen standing or sauntering about on the grass, occasionally looking up at the clock and wishing that the ceremony would commence. And presently it does commence. You all stream into the College library—the Chairman and the *Illustrissimi* leading the way—and then the "Examination" commences.

It is not much of an Examination after all—for no one is examined—no questions are put. The Chairman sits in the centre of a cross-table, covered with prize-books, and on either side sit the *Illustrissimi.* The students sit opposite, on cross-benches, flanked by the professors, looking learned at small tables of their own; and the "rabble,"—a very respectable rabble, composed of men of some note in the Eastern or Western worlds,—sit wherever they can find sitting-room. The show does not last very long. The prize essay—an English one—is read by the successful competitor; and then other prize-holders read some translations of English passages into Persian, Hindee, or Sanskrit—and that is nearly as much as the "Examination" embraces. But one knows very well that there have been stringent private examinations, such as the *Illustrissimi,* if they were condemned to listen to them, would incontinently fall asleep over,—and one cannot help suspecting, from the pale, lank visages of some of the students, that they have not played at cricket enough. The study, indeed, has been no sham. When the successful students in each term are called up to receive their prizes from the Chairman, one sees *that* plainly enough in their faces.

The prizes having been distributed amidst uproarious rounds of applause from the students, varying in intensity according to the popularity of the recipient, and a few complimentary words addressed by the Chairman to each, John Company, as represented by the said Chairman, commences his valedictory address to the students leaving college, and about to enter his "civil service" at the different presidencies of India. The address is earnest, solemn, affectionate—running over with good advice very cordially offered.* It is listened to, alike by students and visitors, amidst a "pin-drop silence,"—is received with befitting applause at the conclusion—and then the academical part of the day's business is at an end. But there is still something to be done. All the visitors have started early from their homes; many have come from a distance—a score or so of long miles on the other side of London—and human appetite will have its way. This is an infirmity of our nature against which you may be sure John Company provides. He will not "send you empty away." An excellent collation, laid out in the College Hall, crowns the entertainment of the day. You eat, drink, and are refreshed—hear a speech or two in honour of the Institution—and then find a seat in one of the carriages which are clustering about the College gates—are carried in pleasant company, rendered not less pleasant by the inspiriting effects of good cheer, back to the railway-station, and thence, by a special train, to London.

Such, too, *mutatis mutandis,* is the jaunt to the Addiscombe examination. Here, John Company carries you from door to door in an easy carriage. The affair is a livelier and a noisier one. The Chairman is received with a salute of artillery fired by the Cadets. After the in-door Examination (a mathematical one) are exhibitions of the practical and experimental kind, as of pontooning, and sub-marine explosions, and demonstrations in the model-room, and marchings past in review order—manual and platoon exercises, broadsword ditto, artillery practice, all gone through *secundum artem*, and with a precision that would shame almost any regiment of adults in the service. The visitors are very much of the same class, except that there is a larger gathering of military officers.* The Examination is something more of an examination, and there is about it an interest, derived from uncertainty and suspense, which does not belong to the Writers' exhibition. A certain number of Cadets, who have spent four half-yearly terms at Addiscombe, go up to the public examination, and receive appointments in the Company's service. But these appointments are of three kinds—engineer appointments, artillery appointments, and infantry appointments—the value of each ranging in the order in which we have written them. The number of appointments in each branch of the service, dispensed at the half-yearly examinations, vary according to accidental circumstances, and the proficiency of the Cadets; and, with the exception of the students at the very top and the very bottom of the list, every boy enters the Examination hall in a greater or less degree of incertitude regarding the branch of the service to which he is about, in an hour or two, to be authoritatively appointed. At the close of the Examination, the official list is read aloud, amongst eager faces and throbbing hearts—not confined to the students themselves, for their parents or guardians, perhaps, are there—and there is a world of domestic romance beneath the surface, into which we would not dive if we could.

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* Any one who has heard the excellent addresses delivered by Sir James Weir Hogg, on these occasions, will have carried off a very lively impression of the fact, that John Company knows how to exhort his youngsters to well-doing, and leaves nothing unsaid that is likely to do them good.

Such, described in hasty outline, is the final process by which Writers and Cadets are made. Thus are launched into active life the men who are to govern India with pen and sword—the heroes of the Cutcherry and the Camp. It is pleasant to see so many fine ingenuous youths, full of hope and full of ardour, standing thus on the very margin of manhood, eager for the first plunge. But it sets one a-thinking too. When we survey in imagination the immense continent of Hindostan, number the hundred millions of people who inhabit it, and remember that mainly by the *alumni* of Haileybury and Addiscombe the affairs of this mighty country are administered, there is wonderful suggestiveness in these half-yearly examinations. Not that the examinations themselves reveal much of the real acquirements of the students and the efficiency of the system. One needs not to have been educated at Haileybury or Addiscombe to know that at these "publics" there is little more than a parrot-like recitation of a well-studied part—that the whole thing is got up for show. All this is well understood. But these spectacles have been preceded by other examinations real and searching, and by months of hard study in closet and hall. The study is no sham. Perhaps at no educational institutions in the country is there more of hard and continued fagging than at John Company's civil and military schools—perhaps at no educational institutions in the country is so much learnt within a given space of time. The system pursued at both academies is admirable in itself, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended. And it is surprising how very soon after their arrival in India these young Writers and Cadets are qualified to take their place on the great arena of the world, and to play their parts with clear brain, steady eye, and strong nerves—often, indeed, to carve out for themselves niches in History before we have forgotten precisely how they looked when they went up to receive their medals or prizes in the old Examination-hall.

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* And yet it was observed, that at the last examinations, whereas the Duke of Cambridge was foremost amongst the *illustrissimi* at the civil College of Haileybury, not the least remarkable of the distinguished guests at the Addiscombe Military Seminary was Richard Cobden.

We do not know any service in the world resembling the Civil Service of the East India Company. It stands entirely by itself. In England we have the Legal Profession—and the Diplomatic Service—and the Inland Revenue Department—and the Customs—and the Exchequer, &c.—and to be experienced and efficient in the details of any one of these departments demands the energies of a life. Men are not suddenly called from the collection of the Revenue to sit on the Bench—nor is a lawyer taken from his Court to assume charge of a Foreign Embassy. But a member of the Indian Civil Service is a revenue-collector, or a judge, or a diplomatist, or a financier, or a secretary of state, or a manager of a bank, or a salt-agent, or a police-commissioner—just as the exigencies of the state may require the employment of his energies in one direction or another. And it is no small thing if in all these different offices he acquits himself with tolerable address. But he does infinitely more than this. There is something in the environments of Indian official life which qualify a man for a large range of public duties. In spite of the severity of the climate—and all its enervating exhausting influences—the Indian official leads a much more active, stirring life than his brother, who is employed in the Public Service at home. There is in India much less of the go-cart of official routine—much less of that mechanical desk-work which belongs to our public offices. The duties of the Indian official bring him into communication with a larger number of men, and evolve more stirring incidents in a month than years in a department at home. He leads a busy and a varied life; he is necessarily a man of catholic sympathies—fertile in expedients, ready of resource. Early in life he learns to rely on himself; there is no one to help, no one to support him; he is thrown into the water, and left to sink or swim; so he strikes out manfully, and in a little time rejoices in the very isolation, which at first alarmed his youth and startled his inexperience.

In England, official life is for the most part one of gradual rise in a single department. Men grow grey in the service, looking out of the same window. The caricature in '*Punch*,' which not long ago represented a young gentleman, from a public office, undergoing catechisation by an inquisitive young lady at a ball—

"*Young Lady.* When are the holidays at your office, Mr. ——?

"*Young Gentleman.* Holidays!—ah!—ah!—y-e-es—*Every day from ten to four*—"

may have shot a little a-head of the truth. But there is a vast deal of difference between that official life, which is surrounded with an atmosphere of red tape, and the *Times*' newspaper, and steps out into the whirl and bustle of Whitehall or the Strand at four o'clock, and that which is here set forth, very truthfully and very cleverly, by a Bengal civilian, who has spent the best part of his life (though still young) in the North Western provinces of India.

"The early morning sees the up-country magistrate, riding or walking, far or near, to examine some road or other public work in progress, to visit some disputed tenement, or, failing these objects, to inspect his gaol or prison-factories. On the road he is beset by people, who, notwithstanding the many hours daily spent by him in Cutcherry, vow that they have been unable to obtain a fair hearing. On his return home, a heap of police reports, which the district dawk has brought in, is waiting; and the public post comes in, too, with its own budget of demands for statements, explanations, and so forth. The police diaries being read and disposed of, with their list of crime, native visitors begin to send in their names before the morning meal is over. It is time to go to Cutcherry, but three or four applicants for an interview remain unsatisfied. One word only they have to say, but when once they find themselves inside the house, the one word swells into a long story. At length the magistrate makes a rush to the door, but there he meets a tehsildar from a distant post, with returns which require immediate attention. After some half hour of examination, the tehsildar is dismissed, and once again our functionary, already half-fagged, sets off for Cutcherry. At his gate a police report is thrown into his carriage, from a glance at which, and a dead body stretched on a litter, and carried by four villagers, he finds it necessary to go at once to the civil surgeon, to ask for details of a *post-mortem* examination, which must be made without delay. He is already late for Cutcherry, and when he gets there has to pass through a long line of impatient suitors. It takes an hour to receive, read, and explain the orders passed on the petitions thrust upon him by the people. Then comes the regular work of the day. The list of criminals under trial, of witnesses in attendance, of cases ready for orders, is produced; letters to the commissioner of police, the inspectors of prisons, are written, and the day is wearing on, when the head-man of the revenue-office makes his appearance, and produces a goodly bundle of papers. The magistrate asks whether the parties interested in these cases are in attendance, and is answered in the affirmative. The papers are ordered to be brought forward. It is the rule to keep no man waiting; but before the suitors and their witnesses have been collected, the head-gaoler brings his books; after him comes the stamp-keeper, then the man who prepares the road-making accounts, each with a pressing request for one moment's attention, and to them succeeds the record-keeper. The rule is, as we have said, to detain, if possible, no witnesses or people over the day; so that the magistrate finds it nearly dusk before he gets home, weary and worn-out. He takes his ride or drive round the same road, and sees the same people that he has seen for the last nine months, eats his dinner, tries to get through an article in the 'Quarterly,' or a more than usually tempting official printed report. If he goes into society, he is too tired to enjoy it, and wishes himself in bed. Such is the every-day life of the magistrate."*

This is really not over-drawn. The life of an up-country magistrate is not described by the words "office hours from ten to four." It is busy, stirring work—and there are lassitude and exhaustion in its train; but the picture has a brighter side;—

"How mysterious is the providence which has placed a handful of English gentlemen at the head of Indian affairs. Never let it be said that they have neglected the wonderful opportunities of their destiny. The duties of the English in India are to the people. The more an officer in the government can mix with them the better. Let him know them thoroughly; to do this he need only listen to them patiently. They are prone to confide in the justice and kindness of their European masters. That they are incapable of feeling and gratitude is false. His must be a cold heart and barren imagination that can respond to the feelings with which our Indian subjects regard their village homes,—homes which, to their simple minds, are little worlds of history and romance, as well as of common life. With some kindred feelings will they revere the man of power, who will take the pains to do them justice, and will not refuse them sympathy. Nor is it only in its [illegible] aspect that official life in India may please. We allow the physical privations and sufferings of Cutcherry work in the hot season to be severe; but when the [illegible] gives some respite, there are many enjoyments in store for the man of simple tastes and contented mind. Then is the time to sally out into the fields amongst the

* Notes on the North-Western Provinces of India, by Charles Raikes. Chapman and Hall.

> people. Amidst their pleasant villages, under the shade of the tent, or the well-grown mango-grove, the wanderer may almost forget that he is in a strange land. India need not, and can not, rival England in our affections. We miss the hill and dale, the steaming pasture, the clear trout-stream, of our native land ; but still we may rejoice in the rural beauties of a less-favoured scene. The freshness of an Indian morning, in the cooler season, may charm us, if only by contrast. 'Tis true we do not wake to the carol of the thrush, nor to the voice of the 'newly-wakened herds' lowing across the meadow ; our dreams are not mixed up with the sound of the gardener's early scythe under our window ; yet still we wake to a glorious morn. The air is clear and frosty ; the dew glistens on the broad fields of springing wheat and barley ; all nature seems instinct with life and joy. A mixed sound, the shouts of the villagers driving out their cattle to the field, the barking of their dogs, the shrill voices of their children, come sweeping down the morning breeze ; nearer still is a chorus of birds, amidst which the silvery note of the dove rises ever clear and long. Man and horse alike seem inspirited by the fresh breath of the morning, as we gallop along, throwing '*atra cura*' to the winds. If there be any country in which Nature never smiles to win poor man away from his cares, it is not India. Mornings passed in exercise or rural sport, days under the trees, or in the cheerful tent, the village people all around to claim our care and protection ; time thus spent flies fast and well. If home and home scenes linger in the memories of the Englishman in India, it is well ; but well, too, if he remembers how valuable the passing hour may be. Each day may see some old feud reconciled, some village strife composed, some benefit conferred upon a grateful people. And, if the official man look forward to a time when he may hope once more to be at home, and amidst the enjoyments of private life, how pleasant is the hope that he may even then live in the regard of a wild, yet noble race, who love his memory because he felt for them, and tried to do them good."

To this some objectors, of the churlish class, may answer that the recompense is to be found in the monthly bag of rupees. Sir James Stephen, writing of the career of Henry Martyn, said it was an awkward circumstance, that he had to receive monthly a thousand rupees of the Company's money, as a chaplain upon the Establishment; and, doubtless, in the Indian Civil Service, there is some consolation in the thought of the monthly rupees and the retiring pension of £1,000 a year, obtainable at the age of forty. But we.do not mistrust Mr. Raikes when he says—

> "It is not money that flings a charm around civil honours in India in these days: even the most able servants of government, who have grown grey in the study of local laws, manners, and languages,—who have worn-out a life in heaping-up knowledge, for which, beyond the limit of their own presidencies, there is neither use nor demand,—even these men are not better paid than their fellow-men of equal talent and application at home. But, none the less, there is much to reconcile a generous mind to the sore labours and privations which wait upon civil life in India. Power, a shade, a pretence, a slavery in England, is a reality here. The power of doing good, not to one or two persons or parishes, but to thousands, is what every civil servant may justly aspire to. The power of mitigating the ills of life, of smoothing its inequalities by lessening injustice, by putting down tyranny, and by encouraging honest exertion,—all this lies in the civilian's daily path. All round the world, in every other country, English statesmen debate, deliberate, argue, or protest, in India alone they seem still privileged to act."

All this is very true; and the matter and the manner are both excellent. The Indian civilian has great opportunities, and our belief is, that he does not neglect them. Of course there are, among so many, some idle and apathetic functionaries, whose chief thought is of the rupees and the advantages they will purchase; but as a whole, how great a change has come over the service since the old days of Clive and Hastings! Time was when the thought of benefiting the natives of India never entered the minds of the Company's servants. They *were* traders — they *are* administrators. "We looked no further," wrote an old Company's servant (Mr. Verelst) "than the provision of the Company's investment. We sought advantages to our trade with the ingenuity, I may add selfishness, of merchants. . . . . All our servants and dependents were trained and educated in the same notions; the credit of a good bargain was the utmost scope of their ambition." This was intended to be a commendatory picture of Indian official life in the middle of the eighteenth century. What a contrast does it present to that which, in the middle of the nineteenth, we see another Company's servant has given us. Though the Civil Service of the present day comes directly from the old stock of merchants, factors, and writers, and the old titles are still retained, it has little or nothing in common with the ancient establishment of traders. A writer now goes out to India to take his part in the government of the country. He has no longer anything to do with investments. He receives a fixed salary for doing certain specific duties; and he is neither permitted to trade on his own account, nor to receive bribes from the natives. Formerly these were the main sources of emolument. The pay of a Writer barely sufficed to keep him in clean linen. Even the legitimate perquisites which he was allowed were not sufficient to secure him a competence, and he was compelled therefore to grow rich by irregular means. The improvement in the character of the Civil Service, dated from the time when a more liberal and enlightened policy provided for the servants of the Company a fixed rate of remuneration proportionate to the magnitude of the responsibilities which were entrusted to them, and the high qualifications which the due discharges of their duties necessarily demanded. The average pay of the civilians on the Bengal Establishment amounts to about 2,000*l.* a year. Many receive much less; and many considerably more. But this may be taken as about the average. And we do not believe that any advantage to the State would be derived from the reduction of it.

The salary, however, is sufficiently good to render a writership a great prize,—and happy the family which can obtain one for Master John or Master Harry. Cadetships are not to be despised, but they are more numerous and less valuable. A Director of the East India Company has seldom more than one Writership to give away every year; but he has, perhaps, eight or nine Cadetships. The Company's military service, as compared with the civil, is poorly remunerated; but it is the finest military service in the world. No army is so well paid, or—what is of still more importance—so well pensioned. The qualifications required from, and the responsibilities imposed upon, the Cadet are lighter, in proportion with those which the civil service exact, and it is right, therefore, that the general scale of emolument should be lower. But some of the most important political offices of the State are open to the military servants of the Company, and the remuneration attached to them is commensurate with their importance. And it is not a little to the honour of these military servants, that many of these most important political offices are not only open to, but are *held by*, the Company's military servants. Every Addiscombe Cadet, who goes through the manual and platoon exercise before the Chairman of the East India Company on Examination day, knows that he may, at some not very remote period, be at the head of the Board of Administration, like Henry Lawrence, at Lahore, or like Low, Caulfield, Nott, Pollock, and others, be Resident at Lucknow.

These are the great prizes of the Company's military service, gained by men of more than ordinary vigour and intelligence—athletes of the highest order; but it must be admitted that the dead level of this service, in its ordinary environments, is far below that of the civil department. We cannot find a picture of the Company's military officers, "painted by themselves," which we can set beside that which Mr. Raikes, magistrate of Mynpooree, has given us in illustration of his own branch of the service. One of the best limners with whom we are acquainted is Lieutenant Burton of the Bombay army, who, in his recent admirable work on "Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley," gives us these two sketches of a subaltern and an old captain in the Company's service:—

> "See how that young gentleman—a 'fast' infant, who has been smoking all day, crushing and throwing away every second cigar with an air, drinking at least two gallons of ale, and yet complaining that he is stinted 'in his liquor,'—undresses himself. Stretched upon his litter, and presenting the appearance of a spread eagle couchant, he superintends the operation of unbooting, unsocking, and unpantalooning, as performed by Baloo, a 'boy' of fifty. Mr. Ensign Snooks' temper has been ruffled—how, I cannot say, but the fact is unimpugnable. He does nothing but kick the said Baloo's shins, and indulge in curious physiological allusions to his (Baloo's) maternal progenitor, his wives, sisters, and the other ladies of his family. Not that the boy cares much about that matter; he has taken the 'griffin'-line, angles for embryo commanders-in-chief; fleeces them for the few first months after their arrival in the country, convoys them to their first out-station, and turns them off when they begin to study Hindostanee.—Turn we to another picture—I may scarcely term it a smiling one. For instance, that old captain, with a stock-fish complexion, and a forehead which looks as if the skin had been pinched up into a hundred wrinkles. He is going to grumble himself to sleep, and to enliven the last hours of discontented day, by witnessing the dire discomfort of some sleepy black, who is ordered to shampoo the old benevolent's arms and legs till, to translate his own phrase, his 'eyes turn white' with fatigue."

These are not very flattering pictures—they represent men whose principal occupation seems to be to have their feet washed, to have their legs shampooed, to smoke cigars and to drink beer. Such pictures do not cut a very imposing figure, hung up beside Mr. Raikes' portrait of a model Bengal civilian. But Mr. Burton, like Fuseli and other men of genius, delights in the representation of atrocities, and gives us only the pet monsters of the class. They exist: the pictures are not unreal. But they are faithful pictures of very unpleasant realities, and do not fairly represent the *genus* Cadet. Your Pottingers and Lawrences—your Rawlinsons and Outrams—your Abbotts and Conollys—your Edwardses and Lakes—are men of a very different order. We may some day, perhaps, give an account of the chivalry of the Indian army.

Our space is limited—but before we conclude we must offer, in behalf of English literature, our thanks to the "Writers and Cadets." Looking around our library we see at a glance how much our shelves are indebted to the officers of the civil and military services of the East India Company. Not to speak of such earlier works, as the Malcolms, the Elphinstones, the Todds, the Briggses, the Galloways, the Wilsons, the Prinseps, the Sykeses, the Hendersons, and others, we might readily name, who have contributed to our literature, in volumes with which we would not willingly dispense, we may summarily allude to the more recent works of Sir Henry Elliott (on the "Mahomedan Historians of India"), to his brother, Captain Charles Elliott's contributions to the Papers of the Royal Society (on the operations of "The Magnetic Survey at Singapore")—to Mr. Henry Torrens's admirable translation of the

"Arabian Nights," and his later work on the "Study of Military History," a book overflowing with curious information, but too little known in England—to Lieutenant Ouchterlony's valuable history of the "War in China"—to Sir Henry Lawrence's "Adventures in the Punjab," a book which conveys, through a slight and unassuming vehicle, more sound intelligence regarding the Sikh rulers and people than many a more pretending and elaborate work—to the "Rambles and Recollections" of Colonel Sleeman—to Captain James Abbott's "Journey to Khiva"—to Captain Cunningham's able "History of the Sikhs"—to Major Edwardes' "Year in the Punjab"—to Colonel Everest's account of the "Great Trigonometrical Survey of India"—to the excellent work, on the "Revenue Survey of India," by Captains Thuillier and Smith—to Colonel Dixon's accounts of the humanizing efforts of himself and colleagues in "Mhairwurrah"—to Captain Baird Smith's recent book on "Italian Irrigation" — to Mr. Burton's very clever works on Goa and Sindh— to the lively volumes of Captain Hervey ("Ten Years in India")—to Mr. Campbell's recent valuable work on "Modern India"—to Captain Macgregor's exquisite "Translations from Petrarch,"—and above all, to the learned labours of Colonel Rawlinson, of whose genius not only any service but any country may be proud,—to show how much the literature of the country is indebted to the "Writers and Cadets." Lord Brougham once wrote that in India "eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs," and there is a tradition to the effect that an aspiring youth, who inquired what style of writing was most welcome at the India House, was told (in a spirit, however, which seemed to belie the assertion) that "the style we affect most is the *hum-drum.*" But our Indian writers seem to have abjured the hum-drum, and the once-evaporated eloquence has come back to them with renewed vigour. We often wonder, when we think of the enervating and exhausting effects of the Indian climate, at the amount of freshness and animation that is to be found in the writings of our "Writers and Cadets."

TO MISS MITFORD.

Ah, Lady! deem not his a task of pain
  Who privileged by noble art and power,
  May dedicate to thee the envied hour,
And from thy votaries grateful homage gain.
For who that o'er thy charmed page hath bent,
  But thrills with pleasure e'en thy name to hear,
  And shall we not the master-hand revere,
Which makes familiar each dear lineament?

The sweet, serene expression of thy face,
  The tranquil smile, the mild benignant eyes,
Where all the charities of life we trace,
  Warm, as we gaze, our heart's best sympathies,
And with delight we ponder on the mind
Of rarest worth and beauty there enshrined.

A. M. R. 1848.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE LA MARCK.

"THE first object which Mirabeau had in view was to endeavour to save the King amidst the general overthrow of things, and to rescue him from the hands of the anarchists, who could not fail in time to become his executioners. If he could succeed in this object all would not be lost; but what means had he in his power for carrying out so bold a project? He possessed, indeed, many personal resources, but he stood alone, and would be obliged to act in the dark. He would have to combat all kinds of prejudice; for had he not provoked it by his past life? he was surrounded by persons who feared his talents and were envious of them, and who did not scruple to calumniate him. Even the apparent representatives of power opposed him; for the Ministers, who should really have possessed it, were only nominally invested with it, and were, besides, quite incapable of forming any decided and courageous plan of action, even with regard to matters which concerned them personally; at least they did not seize the right moment for carrying it out. Finally, had he not been one of the principal authors of this very Revolution, the errors and excesses of which he so much deplored, and the progress of which he so vainly endeavoured to arrest? He could only hope to alter its course by still adhering to it; in order to overthrow anarchy he must appear to make common cause with her.

"Such was Mirabeau's position when he resolved to devote himself to the King's cause. He had come to this determination even before he pledged himself in the letter of the 10th of May. Of course, he would risk his life, and, perhaps, would have perished like many others on the scaffold, if he had not died a natural death in the midst of the struggle. At that period the Ministers, instead of seconding his views, only contrived to harass him and cast obstacles in his way; it was, therefore, his business to get them dismissed, and to have their places filled by men who were favourably disposed to his ideas of government. This was the reason he so frequently attacked the Ministers; but the chief obstacle to his plans arose from another and much more powerful quarter, and was one which he would find much more difficulty in removing from his path than the Ministers, against whom, upon the first opportunity, he might obtain a majority in the Assembly. This stumbling-block in his way was M. de La Fayette, who was a furious republican, and full of presumption; he was the idol of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, who now formed the National Guard. Though this body was in itself essentially anarchical, it was the only public force which was capable of establishing some degree of order amidst the general confusion, and M. de La Fayette was its commander-in-chief. From the nature of his office, he was admitted at all times and seasons to the King's and Queen's presence, under the pretext of watching over their safety; the honours and lucrative posts which the King had yet at his disposal were, for the most part, bestowed according to his request, it would have been unwise to refuse him what he asked, although his principles and actions could only tend to the destruction of the legitimate power of his sovereign. The King, however, was obliged to be cautious in his behaviour towards him, and even to treat him with a kind of familiarity, which only served to increase the insolence of deportment which the intoxication of success had induced him to adopt. It was quite necessary, therefore, either to remove M. de La Fayette from the scene of action, or to put it out of his power to do mischief; but it would be almost a matter of impossibility to execute either of these plans. The whole of France was at his feet; the Assembly itself, the only authority which could oppose his own, looked upon him as its protector, and as the firmest support of the Revolution which it desired to see progress.

"As La Fayette could not be removed there was nothing left but to make a compromise with him, and thus endeavour to diminish the difficulties of the case. Mirabeau thought that it would be better for the King's interest if he were to make the first advance, and for the same reason he did not feel any scruple in speaking warmly of the talents and good qualities of La Fayette, although he knew that he did not possess them, for he believed that this flattery was likely to be the best instrument for winning a man who was full of *amour propre* and ridiculous pretension.

"He accordingly wrote the letter to him dated the 1st of June, 1790, which will be found among the other materials. This letter did not find M. La Fayette in a more tractable mood than those which had preceded it, and Mirabeau did not persist for the present in attempting to establish the political alliance which he had wished to contract in this quarter. I do not believe, however, that these two men could have long pursued the same course. La Fayette was yielding more and more to his republican inclinations, and Mirabeau held very decided monarchical principles, which he did not strive to disguise, whenever he was able to disclose them without endangering his popularity. When two men clash who are playing such important parts, it is not easy to imagine that a good understanding could ever subsist between them. Mirabeau took no pains any longer to conciliate La Fayette, and expressed his opinion of him very freely, especially when conversing with his friends, who never forgot to repeat the cutting remarks which they had heard. La Fayette, for his part, affected to treat Mirabeau with contempt and *hauteur*. 'I succeeded in vanquishing the King of England in his power,' said he one day to M. Frochot, 'the King of France in his authority, the people in their fury; and I shall certainly not yield to M. Mirabeau.' These two men unceasingly contradicted each other, but without daring to make open war upon each other,—for under those circumstances each would have compromised himself, and would have afforded his enemies, who were observing their proceedings, great advantage over them.

"When Mirabeau gave me his letter to the King, I took it sealed to the Count de Mercy, and begged him to get it placed in the King's hands through the medium of the Queen. I saw the Count de Mercy very shortly after, and was anxious to learn the impression which this letter had produced; the King and Queen had shown it to him, and seemed to be much pleased with it; the satisfaction which they appeared to feel at its contents far exceeded that which I experienced. I had been brought much more into contact with the men and circumstances connected with the Revolution than their Majesties, and therefore I arrived at quite another conclusion from themselves, and foresaw widely different results to those which this brilliant but vain illusion led them to anticipate. I observed to the Count de Mercy, that, whatever my confidence in Mirabeau's talents might be, I could not help looking upon the French monarchy as utterly overthrown, at any rate for some time to come. I considered the evil so deeply rooted that it would be in vain to endeavour to stem such a torrent. I did not conceal from him, either, that I thought Mirabeau would be of little or no use, from the manner in which the King intended to avail himself of his assistance. My fears aroused those of M. de Mercy, but he did not deem it the less necessary to secure Mirabeau's services to the King.

"After speaking to me of the impression which Mirabeau's letter had made on the King and Queen, M. de Mercy made me promise to see the latter as soon as I could contrive to do so; I went to the Tuileries, therefore, immediately I learned that Madame Thibaut was in waiting. The Queen on this occasion received me in the apartments of her lady in waiting, instead of in her own, as before; she confirmed M. de Mercy's account of the satisfaction which the King experienced in reading Mirabeau's letter; she again declared that his Majesty had no idea of regaining the same degree of authority which he formerly possessed,—that he was far from imagining it essential to his personal happiness, any more than to that of his people. She then proceeded to inquire of me how it would be best to act, in order that Mirabeau might be satisfied with herself and the King. I replied that I would think over the matter; but one of the first things which occurred to me was the necessity of placing him in sufficiently easy circumstances to enable him to attend to State affairs, and for the time to throw aside all care about his personal concerns, for I knew very well that he sometimes lacked the actual necessaries of life. However, the next time I should have the honour of waiting on her Majesty, I would inform her as to the conclusion at which I had arrived after duly weighing the subject.

"After we had finished discussing this matter, the Queen began to talk to me of past times; the hopes which she seemed to have formed with regard to the service which Mirabeau could render the throne apparently veiled from her eyes the dangers which awaited her on all sides. In her trusting and sunny view of the future she bestowed upon me fresh marks of that kindness and interest with which she had been in the habit of treating me in happier times—times which, alas! had fled for ever. She was completely carried away by the recollection of past days, and began to talk upon those indifferent topics which serve to promote ordinary conversation in society. This interview lasted more than two hours, during the chief part of it the Queen chatted with that winning gaiety so natural to her, and which arose as much from the goodness of her heart, as well as from the amiable roguishness of her wit. The purposes for which I had solicited this audience seemed likely to be overlooked, for the Queen did not approach the subject. As soon as I began to speak of the Revolution she became serious and sad, but directly the conversation turned upon other matters she resumed her lively and charming manner: this little incident will give a more faithful idea of her character, perhaps, than any other which I can remember; in short, Marie Antoinette, who has been so frequently accused of desiring to mix herself up in public affairs, had in reality not the least taste for them. To a noble heart and superior mind she added great promptness of decision and energy of purpose; she gave proofs of possessing these qualities on more than one trying occasion. This strength of resolution was precisely what Louis the Sixteenth lacked; and the enemies of Royalty, who became early aware of it, directed all their attacks against her whose influence they most dreaded—thus even from the very commencement of the Revolution it will be observed that, when the King's virtues were enumerated a rigid silence was maintained concerning those of the Queen. The Revolutionists, emboldened by their success, were not long before they began to speak of Marie Antoinette as the great criminal, because they already traced in her character that energy and courage which was calculated to offer a firm resistance to their encroachments. From this period, therefore, till her death she was assailed by reproaches and accusations, the perfidy of which was only rivalled by the infamy. It is quite sufficient to read the debates which went forward during the Queen's trial to see that, after three years of a perfectly delirious Revolution, not one accusation against her of the slightest importance could be substantiated before an impartial jury, recourse was obliged to be had to the most wicked and disgraceful inventions, in order to afford sufficient grounds for the trial—but not even the suspicion of a real crime could be established. I do not hesitate to say, therefore, that if the death of Louis the Sixteenth is viewed as a crime, which must ever cast a stain on the name of those who committed it, the trial and death of the Queen present a still more revolting picture of cowardly perfidy, of the denial of justice, of the abuse of strength—in short, of the complete overthrow of everything that is most sacred among men.

"As she took leave of me, the Queen said, the next time you visit me the King must see you; he has several things to say to you. I took my departure, but not without being again the prey of the most painful thoughts, the result of all that I had just seen and heard. It was quite evident that neither the King nor Queen had formed the slightest idea of the dangers which threatened them; from their birth they had been accustomed to meet with respect, and the most exalted love which men could bestow, and how was it possible for them, who were naturally good and confiding, to imagine for one moment the frightful atrocities of which they were soon to become victims? but my chief sorrow was occasioned by the idea that the means which they had chosen to rescue themselves from their present position were not in the least calculated to accomplish their purpose. The Queen had commissioned the Count de Mercy to ascertain from me what it would befit the King to do for the Count Mirabeau. M. de Mercy, in discussing the subject with me, was the first to suggest that it would be proper that the King should pay his (Mirabeau's) debts. I quite agreed with him; for I knew very well that the duns were the enemies which most tormented Mirabeau. 'But,' observed the Count de Mercy, 'his debts are very considerable, are they not?' I replied, that on this head I had no very precise notion, but of one thing however I was quite certain, that he was in the greatest distress; that he had lived on the money which he had borrowed from numerous quarters; and that for some months past I had regularly allowed him 50 louis a month. I promised the Count de Mercy that I would take care to inform myself more particularly on the subject. The day following this conversation I saw Mirabeau, I at once approached the question, and told him that I was commissioned by the King to inquire of him how his Majesty could be useful to him? I then hinted as to the payment of his debts, as if the idea came entirely from myself, and asked him to what they amounted? He replied that he really knew nothing about them, but they must be considerable; he observed, however, that he would soon look into the matter, but that he should be perfectly satisfied if he could depend on receiving 100 louis a month. A few days afterwards he showed me a list of his debts; some of the details of his expenditure were really quite droll, and showed too well what were the vicissitudes of his restless and anxious life; for instance, he had not yet paid for his wedding clothes; the sum total, including the 400 louis which he had received from me, amounted to 208,000 francs. For a man who possessed landed property, which would bring him in 50,000 francs yearly, it would have been the easiest thing possible to have rid himself of this embarrassment if he had only had time to look into his affairs. I put the list on one side, and we spoke of other matters; but when I left off talking of his debts, he brought back the conversation to the same point. 'They are too considerable to be paid for me,' said he; 'but, my dear friend, do all in your power to secure me 100 louis a month.' I satisfied him on this head, for I was perfectly sure that the King would not think this demand exorbitant.

"When I informed the Count de Mercy of the amount of Mirabeau's debts he remarked to me, that, as they were no more, the King would do well to pay them all, in short I shall express my opinion to the Queen. After the lapse of a few days, the Queen sent to request my presence; upon this occasion I was received by Madame Campan, her Majesty's second lady in waiting; I had seen her formerly in the company of the Queen, but scarcely knew her. She did not possess much grace, nor a very attractive countenance—even the sort of beauty which she did boast of was quite marred by her disagreeable and presuming manners. She received me as a person in society would receive any one who paid her a visit, and told me that the Queen was still engaged, and would be obliged to see me rather later than she had expected. She then occupied me in conversation; but here she discovered so much affectation, that she entirely neutralized any agreeable impression which her intellectual powers might have produced on the mind.

"The Queen, however, was not long before she sent to inquire for me, and accordingly I proceeded to her apartments. 'Before the King comes,' observed she immediately, 'I wish you to know that he is resolved to pay the Count de Mirabeau's debts; he has also formed other plans on this head, but he will speak to you of them himself. M. de Mercy has, I daresay, already told you that the King was very satisfied with M. de Mirabeau's letter; he merely desires—nay, he could not desire more—what M. de Mirabeau promises in this letter; we only hope he will keep his word; we quite depend upon him, and of this you may assure him. The King requests you to undertake the payment of his debts, and the management of the whole affair; but do not for one moment forget that our relations with M. de Mirabeau must remain secret.' I was first careful to satisfy the Queen on this last point, but I entreated her to select some other person than myself to undertake the business of discharging Mirabeau's debts. I told her that it would not be difficult to find a discreet and trustworthy person to whom this commission could be confided. The Queen, however, eagerly urged me to execute it myself; but I persisted respectfully in my resolution, and she ended at length by agreeing in my objections. I begged her to observe, at the same time, that it would be essential for her to choose somebody who was often about her person to transact the affair, in order that I might apply also to this person whenever I might have occasion to forward written documents containing advice, &c., which, of course, would often be the case, now that relations were established with Mirabeau. This precaution would be absolutely necessary, for, without it, unpleasant conclusions might be formed concerning my intimacy with Mirabeau and my frequent appearance in the Tuileries. The Queen, after considering a few minutes, named M. de Fontanges, Bishop of Toulouse. He was formerly one of her almoners, and owed his bishopric to her kind feeling towards him; he was much devoted to her, and she saw him or communicated with him every day. When this matter was settled, I expressed my conviction to the Queen that the relations established between Mirabeau and the King could be of little utility if they were to be kept so strictly secret. I endeavoured to make her understand that the first thing which ought to be done would be to put Mirabeau in connection with the Ministers, in order that he might have their voice and assistance in carrying out his measures in the Assembly. The Queen replied that she thought this would be altogether impossible, with the present feelings of the Ministers; 'but,' observed she, as she saw Louis the Sixteenth enter the room, 'you will do well to consult the King about it.'

"The King began by repeating all that the Queen had told me concerning his satisfaction at the perusal of Mirabeau's letter. He seemed to have, if possible, still more sanguine hopes of the future than even the Queen entertained. He appeared to think that there would be no difficulty in the world in establishing matters on at least a reasonable footing; but I must do him the justice to say that personally he desired little enough; he imagined, too, that if the Ministers would have to grapple with more difficulties, that he would have less responsibility, and consequently more repose. The King only saw, in his personal relations with Mirabeau, a means for securing this repose; but he at once scouted my opinion with regard to the absolute necessity of extending these relations to his Ministers? Did this arise from suspicion of his Ministers, or from suspicion of Mirabeau? This question I could not succeed in resolving, and I should be rather inclined to think that it arose from the natural weakness of his character, which rarely allowed him to form a decided resolution, or to carry it out, whatever the consequences might be.

"Such was really the nature of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth's mind, who was certainly never fitted to be a king at a period like that during which the French Revolution took place; in England he would have made an excellent constitutional monarch. The King put the original of Mirabeau's letter in my hands, saying, 'You will be so good as to take of this as well as these four promissory notes each for the amount of 250,000 livres. If M. de Mirabeau serves me well, as he promises to do, you will be good enough to present him with these notes at the close of the session of the National Assembly; thus he will have a million of money at his disposal.* I shall see his debts paid and you yourself shall decide what sum I shall give him monthly in order to meet his present embarrassments.'

"I replied that I thought 6000 livres a month would satisfy him.

"'That is well,' said the King, 'and I shall willingly agree to give him that amount.'

"Our interview came to a close soon afterwards, and the King dismissed me. I lost no time in seeing Mirabeau, and told him that he would receive 6000 livres monthly, and that his debts, to the amount of

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* After Mirabeau's death I returned these notes to the King.

208,000 livres, would be paid; then, after mentioning to him that the King was well pleased with the principles and feelings manifested in the letter which he (Mirabeau) had addressed to him, and assuring him that his Majesty placed unlimited confidence in his zeal, I showed him the original of this letter which was to remain in my hands as well as the four notes of 250,000 livres each, of which I was also to take charge. I informed him of the King's intention to present him with this sum at the end of the session of the National Assembly if he should have faithfully fulfilled the promises which he had made in his letter. Mirabeau was perfectly intoxicated with joy, but I confess I was somewhat astonished at the extravagance of his delight, though, after all, it might be easily explained by the satisfaction he must have experienced at the idea of escaping from the harassing and adventurous mode of life which he had hitherto led, and also by a just feeling of proper pride that it had been found necessary at length to have recourse to him. His happiness knew no bounds, and in his excited frame of mind, he began to discover in the King all those noble qualities which a sovereign ought to possess, and if he had not yet given proof of them, he said, it was the fault of foolish and inefficient ministers, who had not presented him to the nation in a proper light, but it should not be so in future, and soon he should be seen occupying a position worthy of his noble and generous character.*

"I reported to M. de Mercy all that had passed, for the Queen admitted him into her full confidence, and therefore he was to be put in possession of all particulars. I was besides anxious to associate him in all the proceedings of the anxious undertaking upon which I had entered: accordingly I made arrangements for him and Mirabeau to meet at my hotel as soon as possible. The interview passed off very pleasantly; Mirabeau's frank and easy manner, and his brilliant and animated conversation delighted M. de Mercy, and inspired him with great confidence; but in this feeling of confidence it will be remembered I did not share.

"The King and Queen had spoken in the same strain to him as to me. Mirabeau's letter had filled them with hopes which they had already converted into realities. After Mirabeau had taken his departure and I found myself alone with M. de Mercy I ventured to make a few remarks which I had not hazarded in my interview with the King and Queen, and which indeed would have been altogether out of place in the present state of affairs. I endeavoured to make M. de Mercy see that in reality nothing was changed; that Mirabeau had always defended his monarchical principles, and that on this head nothing need have been feared from him; this was not the quarter from which mischief might be apprehended; it was from the utter incapacity and weakness of the ministers, who would be ignorant of the nature of the influence exercised by Mirabeau that danger was to be anticipated, therefore no great nor decided result could be expected from his cooperation. M. de Mercy at once acknowledged the justice of my remarks, but, observed he, we shall soon succeed in forming another ministry; it will consist of men who will enter into Mirabeau's views, and consequently we may look for improvement in the state of affairs. In this way I learnt that the King and Queen had confided their intention to the Count de Mercy of changing the Ministry and of appointing Ministers who would act in concert with Mirabeau; this news gave me a slight ray of hope amidst all my uneasiness.

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* Instead of endeavouring to bring him round to a more moderate view of matters, I was careful to profit by this burst of gratitude, in order to stimulate still more the passionate devotion which he evinced, and which I am sure was sincere.

"It will be remembered that the Queen had arranged that I should enter into communication with her former almoner, M. de Fontanges, Archbishop of Toulouse. I knew very little of him, for I had only seen him at a distance in the National Assembly, of which, like myself, he was a member. I was on the point of visiting him when he came to me; the Queen had already given him some explanation of her purpose, therefore we at once understood each other. I proposed that we should take a walk in the garden of the Tuileries, in order that we might talk more at our ease; I found him a most excellent man, as the Queen had described him; he was exceedingly frank, but he possessed so much discretion, that all fears as to want of caution were perfectly idle, and his gratitude and devotion to the Queen were without bounds. The Archbishop, who was aware of the nature of the relations which had already been established between Mirabeau and the court, expressed a wish to me to be introduced to this extraordinary man, if I did not see any objection. I told him that on the contrary I thought it absolutely necessary that he should see Mirabeau as soon as possible, and consequently it was agreed that they should meet at my hotel, but that in the Assembly they should avoid all appearance of intimacy. I was particularly anxious that all money matters between Mirabeau and the court should be transacted solely by the Archbishop, so that I lost no time in arranging a meeting, and accordingly they dined with me a few days afterwards. They were much pleased with each other, and Mirabeau, who felt justified by the consciousness of his power as well as of his loyalty in counting upon the exercise of immense and irresistible influence, succeeded in inspiring the Archbishop with the same sanguine hopes which he himself entertained.

"My relations with the Archbishop of Toulouse continued without interruption till the year 1791, at which period I quitted Paris; scarcely a day passed without his coming to see me, or without our exchanging letters. An idea of our great intimacy may be formed by the numerous letters which I received from him, most of which I have preserved. The Queen confided nearly all her thoughts to him, and nearly all she did and said. She had spoken to him in reference to the objections which I had raised concerning the settling of Mirabeau's debts by myself, so that when our conversation turned upon this point, I explained all my reasons for wishing him to undertake the management of this affair. I represented to him that, in consequence of such an arrangement, Mirabeau would be made to feel a kind of deference towards him, which would have a salutary effect upon his (Mirabeau's) character, and that I should thus be enabled to watch over his political conduct, so that by this means he would be kept in check by two distinct influences, which he could not fail to respect. The Archbishop did not at first very willingly yield his consent to this plan; but his devotion to the Queen outweighed all other considerations, and at length he agreed to do what was required of him.

Matters being thus arranged, I placed in M. de Fontanges' hands the note for the amount of 208,000 livres, for the arrangement of Mirabeau's debts, according to the list with which he had furnished me. I told Mirabeau what I had done, while at the same time I assured him that I had had his interest in view, inasmuch as he would be brought into intimate connection with the Queen's real confidant, who, from having an opportunity of seeing her every day, could choose the fittest moments for placing any papers in his hands, acquainting him with any information, &c., which he might desire him to possess. This connection soon turned out to be of great advantage to Mirabeau, for, besides the 6000 francs which he received monthly, the Archbishop also gave him 300 francs a month for a copier, M. de Comps, who was not his secretary—M. Pellence was Mirabeau's real secretary, but of him I shall have occasion to speak at a later period; it was, however, important to pay the silence of the man who copied Mirabeau's notes, &c. for the court.

"A few days only elapsed when the Archbishop again came to dine with me at my hotel and meet Mirabeau, which now became frequently the case. In this manner the Archbishop learnt many things, which afterwards furnished subjects of conversation for himself and the Queen. Mirabeau on his side did not lose any opportunity of making himself valued, for he imagined, and with justice, that anything important which was discussed on these occasions would be reported to the Queen. I too was well pleased with these little dinner meetings, as they prevented the necessity of my often seeking an interview with the Queen. I must confess that Mirabeau took some advantage of the favourable opportunities which these dinners afforded him to bring the Archbishop round to his own ideas; the following circumstance is an instance of this kind:—The Booksellers' Company in Paris was labouring under some pecuniary embarrassment, which rendered it unable, it was said, to fulfil its engagements. Mirabeau, as a literary man, knew many of these booksellers, and was anxious to be useful to them, as well as to compromise M. Necker, who in his quality of Minister of Finance, as will be gathered from the papers in my possession, would of necessity take up the affair.

"Mirabeau persuaded the Archbishop that this was a happy opportunity for making the King and Queen popular. The question was to come to the assistance of the booksellers, whom he represented as placed at the head of the worthy *bourgeoisie* of Paris. By picturing the misery to which the numerous working class employed by the booksellers would be exposed, if thrown out of occupation, by repeating that the King and Queen would draw down upon them numberless benedictions if they came to the succour of this class, he succeeded at length in convincing the Archbishop that this was an object of great importance, and the Queen of course placed implicit faith in all that the Archbishop said. Mirabeau drew up bills and petitions for these booksellers, to whom the King gave considerable assistance in the shape of a loan; but the popularity, which Mirabeau had declared to be a necessary consequence of this step, was of a very feeble and fleeting description.

"I could not help blaming Mirabeau for giving so much of his time to private affairs when such grave interests claimed all his attention. He repeated to me exactly what he had said to the Archbishop, that this was a means of making the Court popular with the working class, where lay the greatest physical strength, and therefore it was essential to win it over to the cause of royalty. This was all very well, but unfortunately the results did not answer to the promises. I did not attempt to conceal my vexation from Mirabeau, who declared, however, that from that time he would never propose anything to the Court without previously consulting me."

LITERATURE.

Literary Portraits. First and Second Gallery. By George Gilfillan. 1852.

The author tells us with modest pride, in his preface, that his first "Gallery of Literary Portraits" was received with favour by the public, and he has aimed, he says, in his second collection of pictures, at a tone somewhat more subdued, and a style of criticism more discriminating than in the former. Mr. Gilfillan did well in endeavouring to mitigate his tone, and to give individuality to his portraits; but he has not succeeded in banishing all the vices of his original style.

Mr. Gilfillan is evidently a man who warmly sympathises with genius in whatever form it may disclose itself, and his great ambition has been worthily to speak the praises of the ingenious, the learned, and the great. This ambition has often misled him into a sort of wild, rhapsodical, and sometimes incoherent way of writing. He has been so thoroughly determined to "lay it on thick," in order that "some may stick," that some of his sitters have been more bespattered and disfigured than beautified by his handiwork. A form appears before him, like Mr. Disraeli's promised happy future "looming in the distance;" it gradually approaches, he rushes towards it (Scotchman though he be) with ultra-Milesian fervour, and if he does not now and then embrace a shadow, he sometimes almost stifles the object of his admiration.

The truth is, Mr. Gilfillan has undertaken a task which we will not say he is incompetent to grapple with, but which required at his hands a more earnest and conscientious discipline of his critical powers. It is a task of no ordinary difficulty justly to describe and to apportion the various merits of more than fifty men (besides others incidentally mentioned) small and great, who during the last fifty years have risen, clambered, pushed themselves, or been pushed, into public notice. The title of a great man to such fame as his contemporaries can bestow, is a matter to be investigated, and this is a task to which a true critic will cheerfully but anxiously apply himself. He will be rather less apt to be cautious of his censure, than to be chary of his praise; because it is of some importance to the world that the real dimensions of a celebrated man should be settled and recognized, so that no counterfeit be admitted within the hallowed precincts of the immortals. But when the same critic proposes to furnish a "Gallery of Literary Portraits," likenesses of lesser men will appear upon the walls, and a spirit of generosity, indulgence, or kind consideration, will almost inevitably urge the painter to enlarge, or elevate, or refine, the features of these smaller notabilities.

It has so happened in this work, that while Mr. Gilfillan has been showering his barbaric pearl and gold upon some who are doubtless very grateful for so handsome and so unlooked-for a contribution, a claim to the title of a man of genius to be bestowed on no less a person than Thomas Babington Macaulay is most painfully considered, and after much scruple, grain, and pennyweight praise, rejected!

Passing strange are some of the critical verdicts of Mr. Gilfillan. We must give one or two instances. "Cain," we regard, "not only as Byron's noblest production, but as one of the finest productions in this or any other language. *It is such a work as Milton, had he been miserable, would have written !!*" There is "nothing in *Shakspeare* superior to his conversations with his wife Adah !"

Now, we ask, can this be fairly called criticism ? Milton must have been miserable indeed, and mad as well as miserable, before he could have written such a drama as "Cain," and he *could* never have written such miserable blank verse.

The "Isabella" of John Keats excites Mr. Gilfillan's admiration. "Two expressions, instinct with poetry," cling to his memory, as they had years ago clung to the memory of Leigh Hunt. We give one of these instances.

> "So the two brothers *and their murder'd man*
> Rode past fair Florence—."

"What an awful leap forward of imagination," remarks the critic, "in the first line !" This method of anticipating doom, however, awful though it may be, is awfully old. "I 'm lost ;" "I 'm a dead man ;" "I 'm kilt entirely," are old favourites on the melodramatic stage.

Lastly, Shelley's "'Cenci' is the first tragedy since Shakspeare !" Elsewhere, nevertheless, the critic truly tells us, that the principal male character excites disgust. And so he does—a furious old ruffian, the fierce and unlicensed swing of whose passions had made him mad, a circumstance of which the dramatist was not aware. There is a tragedy on a similar subject, written by an obscure dramatist named Philip Massinger, and entitled "The Unnatural Combat," which is a little superior to that crude performance, "The Cenci."

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE IN BAFFIN'S BAY AND BARROW'S STRAITS in the Years 1850-1. By Peter C. Sutherland, Surgeon to the Expedition. London, 1852.

Our readers are doubtless well aware that considerable anxiety has been felt by the public as to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his gallant and enterprising fellows ever since 1847, when the third winter was passing since the sailing of what began then to be called "the missing expedition ;" nor need they be told that since that time several expeditions have been despatched to the Arctic regions, in various directions, in quest of the "Erebus" and "Terror," which expeditions, although commanded by men of the most extensive experience as Arctic voyagers, returned to England unsuccessful.

However, in 1850, the Admiralty despatched an expedition to Behring's Straits, and placed four ships under the command of Captain Austin, that he might investigate Barrow's Straits ; and it being thought advisable that the experience of the whaler might be brought in aid of the Navy, Mr. William Penny, an experienced Dundee whaling captain, was selected by the Admiralty, and associated with Captain Austin. Mr. Penny bought two new vessels, which he named "The Lady Franklin" and "The Sophia," and proceeded on his expedition. The two volumes before us contain a journal of his researches, kept by Dr. Sutherland, evidently a most able and intelligent person, and they convey a body of the most interesting and instructive information, which, however, will be read with less pleasure than anxiety, till the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions be ascertained,

The sentiment we have arrived at, after a careful perusal of this work, is one of strong faith and hope that the crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror" may yet be restored to us. Reasons are given for such a belief, based on historical facts which cannot be gainsaid; and we need not point out the value and importance of a publication suggestive of, and inciting to, further and even more zealous efforts to preserve our enterprising countrymen, and pointing out the means whereby, and the direction in which, these efforts will most probably be successful.

CONSTANCE TYRRELL; or, The Half-Sister. By P. H. Pepys, Esq. London, 1852.

The heroine of this novel, a young, beautiful, and noble-hearted girl, who has been a very little spoiled by a doating mother, is the heir-at-law of her half-brother, who has long been in declining health. At his death, an informality is discovered in the disposition of his estate which vitiates his half-sister's title to it. Of this discovery one James Mason, a distant relative, and a rejected suitor of Constance, is not slow to avail himself, and with little ceremony and less remorse he turns mother and daughter out upon the world to battle with the evils and to encounter the trials of poverty. It might impair the pleasure which the reader is certain to derive from the perusal of this excellent novel, were we to indicate the nature of these trials, to reveal how they are borne, or to state the nature and the extent of the compensation which at last awaits them. These will be duly unfolded as the reader proceeds with still-increasing interest towards the termination, which is so contrived that it will captivate all classes of readers.

It is a long while since we have taken up and determinedly read through so good a novel as this, or one so well written. Without an atom of cant, or a moment's riotous indulgence in moral superlatives, the author, with great good sense, good taste, and good feeling, has calmly and gracefully introduced us into the company of a number of people who impress our fancies and excite our feelings strongly,—for whose sorrows we mourn, and in whose triumphs we rejoice. Seldom has the text which the author has taken for the motto on his title-page—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"

been illustrated in a more complete and satisfactory manner. "Constance Tyrrell" reflects great honour on Mr. Pepys in every way.

BLONDELLE: a Story of the Day. 1852.

If we are to believe the author of this remarkable volume—and it would be discourteous as it is difficult to doubt him, when he so frequently reiterates the assertion—what we see recorded in "Blondelle" is pretty nearly a literal relation of events which have happened in high life, and in our own time. That worldly considerations, combined with a deferential regard to aristocratic exclusiveness, enter largely into the composition of marriage-contracts, prepared and fulfilled by parents who inhabit the "far west," we were perfectly aware; but that such a fearful sacrifice of a girl's happiness, preceded by such a shameless abandonment of dignity, honour, and human feeling, could ever have been consummated in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in the regions of Belgravia, is what it pains us very greatly to believe. Who Sir Guy Trevethan and Sir Basil Brooke and his lady may be, we know not, and have no wish to know. Far from desiring an introduction to them, we should be by no means flattered at finding ourselves in the company of either; and assuming, as we must, that our author has " writ his annals true," there are few ladies and gentlemen, in whatever quarter of this great metropolis, or in any of its suburbs, who, confessing to a knowledge of these circumstances, would not blush to own to even a casual acquaintance with such essentially low and degraded monsters.

There is extraordinary talent in this volume—talent which has been quickened—vivified—inflamed by the mingled resentment, contempt, and scorn, the author must have felt of the wretches he has made it his task to hold up to public execration. Let them pass:

> " There on the bed of torture let them lie,
> Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy;"

whilst we pay a tribute to the sorrows and sufferings—ending in the untimely death of Blondelle; and to the heroic virtues of her twin sister, Emmeline. Creations we are told they are not; then, never were more charming creatures drawn out of real life to transcend the laboured patterns of fiction and poetry. Neither must we forget Charley Dalrymple and Mary Archer, characters which are drawn, considering the smallness of the canvas, with wonderful precision and distinctness.

Were "Blondelle" purely a fiction, it would assuredly obtain an uncommon success,—being an awful reality, all eyes will be turned towards it.

THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE. By John Mills, Author of the "Old English Gentleman." 1852.

Mr. Mills is on the whole a pleasant writer; but he cannot—or will not take the trouble to—construct a good plot, and he seems unable or unwilling to give us any but long-stereotyped characters. " The Belle of the Village" is a very rambling and disjointed story, and sooth to say, as a story, has no great interest to recommend it. There are far too many scenes at " The Harrow and Pitchfork," a village inn presided over by a comely widow, one Mistress Twigg, a lady whom we have so often met in fiction, that we cease to greet her with that warmth which, many years ago, she may have kindled within us. Neither is Corporal Crump, nor his elder or younger brother (in character), the old Peninsular, much to our mind. Not to mention that such characters have been drawn over and over again (as also Jacob Giles, equally a philanthropist), they are not copies from nature; but imitations of warm-hearted fellows who are to be found scattered through the pages of one of our most popular novelists, such warm-hearted fellows being resuscitations of those clamorous and bosom-thumping humbugs who figured on the stage, and raised such gallery (and, we fear, pit and box too) enthusiasm in the days of Morton. The character of Miss Baxter, the governess, is taken directly from Miss La Creevy, the miniature painter, in "Nicholas Nickleby." Squire Woodbe is a wretch who never could have been brought to repentance upon "cause shown," such as we find it here; and Dr. Starkie is an outline who, we may add, might have been rounded into a character.

Mr. Mills is not without humour, but it is apt to run into extravagance, and to degenerate into flippancy. He should never have presented his readers with the two bed-room scenes between Dr. Grimes and his lady. There is no humour, still less is there wit in them; and they are suggestive of the gross, a fault which we hope Mr. Mills will eschew in future,—for in our days (and very properly) it is not readily pardoned.

THE LOST INHERITANCE. A Novel. London, 1852.

An author who writes an autobiography is bound absolutely by the conditions he has himself laid down. He must tell nothing but what he is supposed to know of his own knowledge, what has fallen under his observation, or what, told to him by others, he has reason to believe. The author, on the other hand, who proposes to tell us a story, relating to John Smith and Mary Brown, or Lord Listless and Lady Fidget,—as the case may be—places himself in his chair, tells his story concerning these persons, and calls upon us for our belief, our sympathy, or our attention. He has a right to demand either. He may justly claim an absolute dominion over every character he chooses to call up before us. It is no business of ours to inquire how he came to know the inmost thoughts and feelings of the creatures of his will—why it is that he

> "Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm"

of their passions; how he came to know that the heroine "wafted a sigh from Indus to the Pole:" he is the enchanter, and during the influence of his spell, he may "do what he likes with his own."

There are, however, in modern fiction literary "lookers on," that is, authors who profess to tell us what (not themselves immediately or intimately interested) came under their own notice. These are, or ought to be, constrained by the same rule which binds the autobiographer. But when Mr. Courtenay, in "The Lost Inheritance," tells us that, at a party he was strongly interested in Marion Howard, that he watched her every movement, that he overheard what she said to Mr. Murray; and afterwards proceeds to detail a conversation which took place between two young Templars on their way to their chambers, and after that to depict many scenes at which he was not present, we feel that such a bill is drawn upon our credulity (to use a commercial illustration) as we can by no means honour.

Setting aside the fault of mechanism in this novel, it is a very good one. The characters stand out with tolerable distinctness, and the story is more than commonly interesting. It will well repay a perusal.

THE SADDLEBAGS;

OR,

THE BRIDLE ROADS OF SPAIN.

My Mab will easily imagine we did not wake very early next morning. I had sat up till very late writing after a hard day's work. We both awoke suddenly, and found a couple of carabineros standing at the foot of our beds. We started up, thinking ourselves arrested, but it appeared they had only come to inspect our passports, which were shown and found satisfactory. H—— handed a paper of cigarillos to them from under his pillow, and they began to smoke. There was another tap at the door, and in walked a tall, long-nosed, bushy-whiskered man, with sharp eyes, glancing rather furtively from beneath dark, shaggy eyebrows. We soon recognised him by his voice to be master of the grey horse who had bespoken a portrait over night. He begged, with a profusion of politeness, to have the pleasure of receiving us at his house, which was entirely at our disposition, where we might proceed to business. He seemed slightly uneasy in the presence of the soldiers, and as soon as we told him that we would wait upon him after breakfast, he decamped, with a sort of half slink, half swagger. When he was gone, one of the soldiers said,

"May I be pardoned for my curiosity in inquiring what business your worship may have to transact with that man?"

"Simply to take his portrait in water-colours," replied H——. "You see by our passports we are travelling artists,—we met casually on the road last night. Is there anything against him?"

"Why, not exactly against him, for there is nothing proved; but he is shrewdly suspected of having a hand in two or three murders, and a dozen robberies or so. But he is sly,—indeed, he may be said to know some few points more than the devil,—and we have never yet been able to lay our hand upon him."

With this the carabineros made their bows and departed. Over our breakfast we compared notes on our dreams. H—— had been taken up before the alcalde, and received sentence of death. I had dreamed that H—— was shot, and that I had sat by his body watching the blood come bubbling out of a round wound in his breast so fast, that the whole dehesa was flooded, and turned to a great sea of blood; and then the body turned into an island, and I was the corpse lying upon it. Though I was dead, and in a very ghastly state, lying stark and stiff, I could see perfectly well that a shallop, with a gleaming sail, came towards me over the vermilion sea, and I lay still, knowing that my Mabel was in that shallop. It neared and touched the rocks—she recognised the corpse, shrieked, and fell into the sea. I, entirely irrespective of my social position as an inanimate body, started up, and dived to the rescue, in which inappropriate act I awoke.

We went after breakfast to our respectable friend's dwelling. H—— drew him, and I persuaded the mournful Rosita to let me take her. She was more beautiful than we had any idea of in the dark the night before. Large, deep, black, flashing eyes, and the richest mass of glossy, raven tresses. The fault of her face was in the size of her nostrils, and a somewhat fierce expression, which from time to time flickered about the corners of her mouth. She was sad now, mostly, for she was afraid something had happened; but now and then the thought would cross her of her Pedro's having gone to visit a certain Conchita, whom she usually mentioned by the uncomplimentary nickname "La Zorra," (the she-fox). She talked, in a rambling sort of way, every thing that came into her head, all the time I was drawing her, and answered all the questions I put with perfect freedom. It appeared that she had had a most severe quarrel with Pedro the night before he had gone to Alcala, and after it had dreamed he was dead. While I was colouring the portrait, there arose a sound of voices outside, and drew nearer. The women were out in a moment, and we followed. Four of the Guardia Civil, with a horse, were surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, All were eagerly pressing round and peeping under the gay Valencian manta which covered the horse's burden. We were just in time to see Rosita dash frantically through the crowd and tear off the manta. She shrieked with a more terrible cry than I had heard in my own bloody dream, and fell among the horses' feet. The body of her lover was slung across the saddle, with its head and feet dangling on either side. They had found, and recognised the body, and corded it over the horse's back; but the stiff arms and legs stuck out awkwardly, and indeed it was a very horrid sight. But you have had enough horrors nearly to make you ill, my tender-hearted Mabel, so I will describe no more. In the hurry and dismay of our host's establishment, we disappeared unobserved, and as we had not been paid, we thought it no robbery to carry away our drawings. Mine I send you. It gives but a poor idea of her, but she never sat still a moment.

We set off shortly for Arahal, and rode by an old convent, through olive groves, till we came to a bare, arid, undulating plain. The road skirted the mountain range at about three leagues' distance. We rode along, conversing on the strange romance in which we had so unforeseenly become implicated, and congratulating ourselves that we had got so well out of it.

Getting tired of the monotony of the road, and the uncomfort of our rude, straw-stuffed pads, we dismounted, hoppled our ponies' fore-legs with the *trabas* (a soft, woollen bandage in the manner of a cow-tie), and sat down to smoke by the way-side. During this operation H——'s pony tried to roll and broke his traba, whereupon H—— calmly observed that this escape would probably form the adventure of the day. To this I agreed; but suggested, that as our troubles and trials would probably come soon enough, we had better finish our pipes in peace before we made any overt demonstration of catching the little beast. This apathetic conduct turned out well; for the pony soon entangled his legs in the trailing bridle-reins, and was pounced upon by his master. We continued our course, and shortly saw Arahal, an unremarkable white town, on a slight eminence. H—— asked me how far I thought it was, and I guessed it about three or four miles.

"It is further than that. Do you see that turnip-field on the knoll, which is, if anything, nearer us than the town?"

"Yes—very plain!"

"Well, that turnip-field is an olive-garden, and the turnips are great olive-trees."

We now had passed the shoulder of the mountain-spur, and behind it we saw a town, to which we resolved to direct our steps as soon as a way branched off to the right, which we surmised could not be long; but there was nothing of the kind till our road reached Arahal. As we rode up the hill into the town, the sunset was gilding the ruined arches of the broken-down, but not ancient, church, and doing its best to make this unpicturesque place as pretty as possible; and it succeeded very well, for, after all, everything depends on the light you see it in. The broad valley between us and the mountain range was all filled with golden splendour, which burst in upon us through gaps in the straggling street. We got to the posada, and ordered supper. While it was cooking we studied the guide-book. Here we discovered that the town we had seen at the foot of the mountains was Moron, a celebrated den of thieves; and that the next town on the way to Ronda was still worse, no other than the notorious Olvera mentioned in the proverb,—"Mata al hombre y ve te a Olvera" (kill your man and get you to Olvera); being the most safe and congenial refuge for the desperately wicked which Spain could afford. However, we congratulated ourselves that if we had less safety we should have all the more adventures; and our supper being ready, and we very hungry, we ate ravenously of fried pork; which, as I went to sleep before digesting it, gave me an indigestion, and made me quite unable to eat any breakfast next morning. I, however, foreseeing that I might be hungry further on in the day, sallied forth and bought a small loaf, a few oranges, and a bit of Dutch cheese, as a provision for the way. We were, to the best of our judgment, overcharged by the host of the posada, and when we made our indignant protest, he appealed to a most sinister-looking personage with one eye, whom we at once had picked out of the assembly round the chimney-corner, as the captain of a band of robbers. This impartial umpire at once took the side of the Señor huesped, and I thought H—— and he would have come to blows. In the end we, of course, had to pay. As we were departing, the bandit captain inquired if the buttons (with which we were profusely ornamented) were silver, and this settled our conviction that we should be waylaid this day if any. Everything seemed unlucky. I felt sick and ill; and, as I was leading my pony, who kicked and reared, and was very unruly, out of the market-place, my alforjas rolled off his back. A man, who came forward civilly to help it on again, remarked to the crowd how heavy it was, and as they always conclude that Englishmen are laden only with the precious metals, this would, of course, afford an additional incentive to the marauders of the district. We, however, had all our pistols ostentatiously displayed in our fajas, and tried to look as fierce as we could, in hopes they might think us dangerous.

We descended the hill and mounted. So full were we of the idea of robbers, that we seriously suspected a poor man, with a donkey laden with pipkins, whom we overtook on the road, of being in some way or another implicated in the conspiracy against our lives and property. The road across the valley was not very clear at best, and in crossing a puddly stream we missed it. After wandering about some time we came in sight of a miserable hut: hard by there was a miserable little garden, saw in the garden a miserable little man hoeing languidly. To him we shouted but got no reply; as I felt sure he must have heard us, I rode up in great wrath, and began to upbraid him for not attending when he was spoken to. Thereupon he left his cabbages and came up, looking very thin, half-starved, and sickly. We inquired our way to Moron, and he offered to put us in it. I, seeing he was about to make a job of showing us the way, began to speak sharply to him; but H—— said he was evidently a poor wretch on whom some coppers would not be thrown away, and we had better let him show us. The man, seeing he had an advocate in the enemy's ranks, immediately began to beg, and to state a very piteous case, of which ague and want of money were the principal ingredients. H—— had provided himself in England with lots of drugs to physic the barbarians, and here was a case. He immediately jumped off, pulled his medicine stocking out of the alforjas, and began studying his receipt-book of cottage physic and cookery. Making a desk of his saddle, he stood turning over the leaves. "How to make suet dumplings!" that wouldn't do. "A good receipt for brewing beer at threepence a gallon," &c., but nothing was said about the proper way of treating tertiary ague. Hereupon I was called into consultation, and I suggested that, "an he had never tasted blue pill before, it should go near to remove his fit." So H—— discharged a raking fire of blue pills upon his patient.

"But," said the poor man, "I cannot buy your remedies, *for I have nothing*," and he seemed greatly distressed by the idea of losing these wonderful little bullets, on whose sovereign merits we had been lecturing him.

"Never mind that," said H——, "we require no money from those who have none; but it is the custom of English professional men to cure everybody who is sick."

"God will repay your worship, most benevolent of medicos," said the invalid, with a meek and lowly reverence.

I added a couple of quartos to give the prescription a flavour of sincerity, for I thought that, perhaps, upon reflection, he might be afraid to take the pills from unknown hands, for fear they might prove poison. The huge blue pill-box was replaced in the stocking, and we proceeded by the instructions of our patient. It was about two o'clock, and I was beginning to feel hungry and weak, having been inwardly deranged all the morning.

About half way to Moron we got off and sat in a ditch by the way-side under the huge green teeth of the Aloe. Here I ate some of my loaf and cheese, but did not eat the oranges, for reasons which I will not explain. On the contrary, I seasoned the simple aqueous contents of my bottle with fifteen drops of laudanum, which, with the concurrence of the "most benevolent of medicos," I ventured to prescribe for myself. While I ate, and H—— smoked, my pony observed a great herd of horses feeding in the dehesa at about a quarter of a mile off. He got his feet out of the traba and galloped away. H—— had bought a new one at Arahal to supply the place of that broken the day before, so that the Cid had to follow the Moor with his feet tied, for the new hopple resisted all his efforts. He, however, managed to go a surprising pace, much quicker than H—— could run after him. I, being an invalid, lay still to wait the result, and of course expected to be attacked in H——'s absence on the model of our former day's sad experience. By the way, I don't think I have told you that we christened H——'s pony the Cid, and that we intend to christen or rather Paganise mine when we discover the name of the Cid's principal antagonist, for which we are not sufficiently extemporaneous historians. In abeyance, mine is provissionally invested with the general title of "the Moor," sometimes Othello, for short.

After a while H—— returned with the ponies. He had been helped to catch them by two horseherds, who were tending the flock of horses. The Moor had been received with kicks and bites, and all sorts of indignities by the society with whom he had amiably desired to be better acquainted. The Cid, who was an older hoof, had not galloped so confidently into the fray. We proceeded and were within about a league of the broad-topped citadel of Moron, when the Moor became unruly and troublesome, and in the little misunderstanding which ensued, my saddle slipped round and rolled me off. The bridle, which I still held in my hand, also slipped off, as tugging hard with outstretched nose he got his ears squeezed through and galloped away. H——, who had just had a good deal of trouble with the ponies, and who had a just right to complain of my management in letting the little beast get away (for I had lost my temper over the Moor's troublesome caperings, and laid about his head and ears with my switch), did not say anything about what I ought or ought not to have done, but with great patience and good humour galloped back on the Cid after the runaway. I carried his alforjas and mine to a little gully in the dehesa, whence, through the rustling reeds and palmitas, I could see the ramparts of Moron. I wrote up my journal and grubbed up what I supposed to be a palmita root with my navaja. When I had eaten it, I found by the top that it was a sort of lily which might be rank poison for anything I knew; for in my anxiety to get at the root of the mischief, I had neglected to examine the leaves which bore only so slight and general a resemblance to those of the palmita, that I wondered how I could have been so stupid. I then did a little sketch of Moron as it appeared through the reeds, which carried me on without impatience to H——'s return with the ponies.

We rode up into the town, which is quaint, antique and compact, and got to the Posada delos Caballeros, a very good sample of a queer old massive posada. The stables were a dark, low, heavy-vaulted, round-arched sort of cloister-crypt. After seeing to our horses we ordered dinner, and sat waiting for it in a sort of deep gallery (something like the Rows of Chester), which ran along one side of the crooked little court-yard. To wear away the time we got out our sketch-books and tried to get the crooked angles, and nooks, and crannies of the tenement into perspective. *A propos* of the sketch-books, I delivered from the gallery a neat little address to the court-yard, informing all whom it might concern that we were celebrated artists from London, come to take the portraits of the beauty and valour of Moron, at from three to six reals, and that any one who wished to have a portrait must give notice overnight, otherwise we should depart early, and Moron would probably never again enjoy a similar opportunity.

We dined on eggs and salad, and bread fried in oil, then went out and turned up the main street, which rises with a gentle slope to the foot of the castle hill. At the end of the street and below the castle is a nice-looking church, whose tower reminded us mildly of the Giralda.

[illegible] is very steep climbing. The [illegible] one patched up by the [illegible] The sun had disappeared [illegible] of the western sky was [illegible] of the town below us. We [illegible] commanded on one side the [illegible] the vast expanse of un-[illegible] where the Sierra Morena [illegible] afterthought [illegible] of heaven appeared in the [illegible] of their radiant [illegible] through the windows [illegible] from the snowy [illegible] necessary to tell you whether [illegible] the northern constellations of the night, [illegible] me back on their swift wings, [illegible] sheltered beneath the broad wing of my [illegible] pretty things, and sing pretty little [illegible] the stars as they "pierced the fading veil of night, [illegible] bright, making beautiful the night. And [illegible] things I imagine, I should have to leave [illegible] and this plain, unvarnished record of our [illegible] are, would become little better than the [illegible] of a tourist's tale. I am getting sleepy and must [illegible] lie down as I am, wrapped in my cloak on a [illegible] which I have laid together on the floor. The [illegible] and eked out with a folded plaid forms the [illegible] pillow.—Good night.

[illegible] of the unpromising preparations I described last [illegible] near day-break. Then, feeling rather cold, I got [illegible] and went down stairs where I found a crowd of muleteers [illegible] the court on their mantas. I got the great archway [illegible] to the castle to see the sun rise. The morning was [illegible] the top of the great tower, while Phosphor faded in the [illegible] and the mountains, peak after peak, were touched with [illegible] while the baby day crept along the plain. And at last [illegible] from behind the mountain range and cast the tall shadow [illegible] across the land, almost to the horizon; but as the chorus of [illegible] grew louder the shadow shortened. So I went down and [illegible] barley to the ponies, and ordered chocolate, and wrote [illegible]. H—— is getting up. He has been terribly bitten by [illegible] He had a mattress which, in consideration of my being an in-[illegible] he wanted me to sleep on, but I liked my own inventions better, [illegible] was a very suspicious looking article. H—— is so disgusted with [illegible] that he will not stop here to paint a customer who called last [illegible] a portrait. The chocolate is ready,—farewell.

[illegible] among the mountains, Mabel mine! In among the toppling [illegible] that lean with rugged elbows on the brink of rushing mountain-[illegible] and glass their overhanging brows in dark, clear pools, and [illegible] trailing branches down to catch the floating flakes of froth as [illegible] round and round. In among the tall majestic giantesses of the prime, who awfully look down through leagues of filmy distance on the green winding valleys and ravines of the fairy land they guard. To woo them, clouds, those vague and mournful bridegroom-ghosts, exiled by the tyrannous wind from native ocean plains, come sailing sullenly before the howling host of Æolus, and here find they a refuge. Here they throw their long pale arms around the stately maidens of the Sierra, on whose broad bosoms pillowed they weep themselves away. They perish, but leave a noble race of rivers that, in the pride of youth and led by an inborn instinct, leap joyously down to the sea. There they enlist among the turbulent billows that clap their hands with a shout, and wrestle with the blasts, till, slain by a treacherous smile of sunshine, the thin and vaporous ghosts are dispersed and driven away to revive, Anteus like, by the touch of their mother earth.

I read this little poetical fragment to H——, thinking it (in confidence) rather fine. And he heartlessly says that my rhapsodies on the Sierras are old saws. You know Sierra is Spanish for saw (as well as mountain), "which, it serves him right" for his unfeeling joke to have it explained before his face.

In order to mislead any of the blood-hounds who might be upon our track, leaving Moron, we inquired for Saucejo, and set off by the map and the sun's guidance for Olvera, which lies in the contrary direction. We left the Rosa Spur to the right and plunged into the heart of the hills. After winding in and out and up and down rugged and, in places, almost impassable roads, which in the metaphoric idiom of the country are called, paths for partridges, and in truth they are *perdicious* enough, we found ourselves in a wild, solitary, picturesque valley, where it was often difficult to distinguish the way from the bed of the rivulet by which it ran. As we were threading our way with cautious steps among the boulder stones, we saw a cloaked horseman overtaking us. As he came near we saw he had an escopet slung behind his saddle. We immediately settled that he was the Roderick Dhu of a numerous band, and expected him as he approached to blow his bugle and raise a crop of bristling muskets from the thick brushwood which surrounded us. He turned out, on nearer inspection, to be an amiable young squire who was riding to overlook a cortijo of his father's, called "La Gallena," after which this beautiful valley was named. I gave him a cigar and his heart opened. He praised our ponies, and pressed us to bait our horses and descansar (untire) ourselves at his farm. I got him to tell me the names of the various beautiful and fragrant shrubs which clothed the vale and scented the gale; so that in the voluminous volumes we shall be able to speak familiarly of a whole family of barbarous Arabic botanical names, such as retama, lantico, lechera, tomillo, aelfa, &c., which I took down in my pocket-book, with notes for subsequent descriptive scenery. Our friend turned off to his farm, where the valley widened, and a grassy knoll was dotted with park-like trees, a striking contrast with the wilderness surrounding it. We dived down a ravine which seemed most in our direction, but the path soon became so narrow and rugged that we once or twice thought of turning back. A great red-legged partridge ran cackling up one of the steep banks, and H——, who is a good shot with his long pistols, pulled one out, but the bird was in the bushes before he could fire. We came, after much rough winding work, upon the venta of Zaframogon, a picturesque venta in a charming valley. Here we baited our ponies, and sallying out with our sketch-books, set about selecting a point of view with all the formality of consummate artists. We drew, and dabbled, and daubed at random, for we neither of us knew what colour to use. We had intended, with true Prerafaelite ignorant audacity, to stick to nature and paint what we saw, but all our efforts only served to show us that we couldn't. Our principal stumbling-block was a beautiful mountain with precipices and jags of grey rock delicately tinted with various vegetation, and overdrawn with a fine transparent veil of air. At last I mixed a great pool of lamp-black and indigo, with which I washed the whole landscape, except a little round spot on the sky, by which process it became a very respectable moonlight piece.

We rode on along the valley, which had now a better road. Indeed we had missed the best road in the morning and had been struggling through inconvenient but very beautiful by-paths all day. Crossing a green valley, we saw a little boy and a bull-calf playing at matador and toro to an audience of five cows and a cow-keeper. The boy had a stick to represent a sword, and as the calf bobbed at him he stepped aside and poked the stick at his shoulder. The cowherd seemed much interested, and alternately cried " bravo, spada," and bravo, toro, as the sword or bull got the best of it. Oh, seeds of bloodshed sown in infancy!

We topped a high level of mountain road and saw Olvera, a pyramidal group of spires and towers crowned with a pointed castle rock. It seemed much nearer than it was, for about half a league brought us to a tremendous, deep, broad valley, whose sides had to be gone down and up before we could get to our resting-place. The flood of sunset was beginning to break in billows of fire over the ragged sky-line, and the sun's beamy skirmishers were knit, in a last struggle ere their lord's retreat, with giant mountain-shadows, as we dipped into the great gap and left the sun leaning on the shoulder of a great peak. As we crossed the valley the road became more and more crowded with peasants and donkeys returning from the field; and as we reached the foot of the long, steep ascent into Olvera, there must have been one hundred and fifty men, women, and children to climb the hill with us. The road ran straight up the mountain's flank, from which the stony ribs protruded. As we ascended, these stony excrescences got bigger and bigger; first as big as waggons, then as haystacks, then as houses, and then as churches.

At the top of a mile of steep climbing, the straight road became a corkscrew staircase street, winding in and out among the huge protruding hulks of rock, patched here and there with houses, which seemed in comparison as small and frail as cobwebs in a quarry. After another half mile of this corkscrew street, still steeper than the road, we came to the market-place, from whence we saw the castled crag still towering high above us. However, we were luckily at the end of our day's journey, for here we entered the Posada de la Plaza. It was chock full and in a great bustle. The stable, moreover, was, if possible, still chocker full, and indeed two mares had to be turned out somewhere else to make way for our ponies. My little beast, who is an entero, that is, an untamable little demon, who on all occasions wishes to prance, and snort, and fight with his compeers, made a tremendous uproar in the stable going in; and in passing them no doubt very much shocked the nerves of the unprotected mares who were so ungallantly turned out for his accommodation. I gave him his barley, but instead of eating it he kept pawing and whinnying over the sore backs of some peaceable decrepit old mules at another entero, who snorted back contemptuous defiance in return. I left him to go and provide for our own supper; and after my manner when I am hungry and cross, began to order everybody about in a great hurry, speaking with much authority. The landlady seemed impressed with the necessity of making an effort towards getting our supper ready, but the landlady's son, who acted also in the capacity of Mozo de la Cuadra, set up his bristles and said, "Who is this man in the garments of an arriero who gives himself the airs of a grand duque, that the suppers of all our guests should be postponed for the convenience of his belly?" "I am an English gentleman and hungry, therefore, though the sun and moon and all the planets were brought to a stand, I must have my supper, and that presently." "An English gentleman! that alters the case greatly. I judged by his lordship's accent in speaking the Castilian (which, by the way, his lordship speaks 'perfectamente'), that his lordship was an Italian. His lordship will be glad to hear that there are two countrymen of his arrived here this evening, another lord of London similar to his lordship, attended by a very pretty young gentleman, who shall perchance be brother to his excellency. They have a supper in preparation, muy rico, partridges and rabbits, with a dish of eggs and bacon; there will be well enough for all four, and it will be a pleasure to your lordship to sup with your countrymen." He did not wait to hear what I had begun to grumble about my having seen a considerable number of English in my time, and indeed the mention of pàrtridges and rabbits balanced almost that natural antipathy which an Englishman usually feels to encountering another Englishman anywhere, but especially abroad. My eye naturally followed the now obsequious Mozo as he elbowed through the crowd toward a dark recess in the chimney-corner. I felt sure there would be some awkwardness from the exceedingly vicious principle on which our self-constituted ambassador was about to act—viz. that Englishmen meeting with one another in a far country, must be glad to see one another, and eat at the same table. Therefore, feeling it was better to be impudently than bashfully intrusive, I followed up my *corps diplomatique*, and emboldened also by hunger, approached the awful strangers. The Mozo had stopped on the great hearth to rake up some embers which smouldered dimly round a huge rooty log something of the size and shape of a sheep (and, indeed, with the heterogeneous company of sticks around it, it reminded me of Isaac and the ram caught in the thicket), and was giving, in a sort of casual manner, on account of our arrival. Meanwhile, the twigs, which did not understand being raked at for nothing, took fire, and by the blaze I saw the little group in the corner. A tall, lathy, good-looking man of five-and-twenty, dressed in the dark zamarra and black leathered riding trousers, black silk faja, and a jaunty calaniés of the last fashion, sat smoking the cigarillo of patience, and watching a stout earthen jar among the embers before him. His companion, who fully came up to the Mozo's description, as "a very pretty young gentleman," seemed about fifteen. He was apparently wearied with the day's journey, and leaned with his glossy auburn curls spread on the shoulder of the other, who held him tenderly with an arm round his waist, and now and then blew away the smoke, and peeped down into the innocent, sleepy face. He seemed to take very little notice of the garrulous relation of the

Mozo. However, at length he cast his eyes across the blaze, and our glances met.

"Adios, Señor A——; m'alegro muchissimo de ver a V^{md}," said I, for I saw it was no other than A——, who was a great friend of mine at Cambridge, though I have seen very little of him since.

"Adios, señor," he replied in Spanish; "tambien m'alegro yo, pero francamente no m'acuerdo de V^{md} tampoco sabré como V^{md} conoce mi apellido."

"Tuve el gusto de pasar dos o tres años de mi vida con V^{md} en la universidad de Cantabrigia y me llamo Jorge Juan C——."

At this he started and laughed so loud that the sleepy boy started up and we shook hands over the fire. At this moment H—— came up, too, who was also a great friend of his. Amid the general ebullition of cordiality, the Mozo, who had almost despaired of establishing any sort of relations, but now concluded that his representations had suddenly taken effect, conceived it a fit time to effect a coalition of suppers. His suggestions were at once agreed to, and in the meantime A—— introduced to us his younger brother, Juanito, who blushed and shook hands —very soft hands, more like a lady's than a boy's. But I was busy asking A—— fifty questions, and took no notice of that or the blush, and went on.

"Why, I thought you were to have been married to the lovely lady Jane before this. I heard it was to be in November for certain."

"So I was; but she had the scarlet-fever, poor child."

"And so you left her to recover at her leisure, while you travel about to amuse yourself!"

"Not exactly,—but they are dishing up the olla, so let us to supper."

We supped in a spacious apartment up-stairs, whose walls were hung with frying-pans and gridirons, and other utensils of cookery. On inquiry, we were informed by the handmaid, that in the summer families come here from Ronda; for it appears, that when the inhabitants of the sultry plains are baked out of their cities, and come to Ronda for fresh mountain breezes, the inhabitants of Ronda come up to this still loftier level, and this is then used as a kitchen. It turned out, in the course of the meal, as the superior perspicacity of my Mabel may have anticipated, that Master Juanito, (who had got into a great perplexity under cross-examination about Eton, whence he was said lately to have emerged, but of which seat of learning he seemed to have preserved very limited and equivocal recollections,) turned out to be no young gentleman at all, and, by way of explanation, was, to his great confusion, introduced to us as Lady Jane A——.

"The fact is," said A——, "Johnny, like most other new married young ladies, had a strong desire to travel, and do something strictly romantic. I, who had observed, in the course of my European experience, the misery and bother of trailing about a cumbersome train of serving-men and women, immediately laid it down as an irrefragable axiom that nothing romantic could possibly be done with a courier and lady's-maid. I thought this would be final, and that we should have gone down home and improved the place, which has been a good deal neglected during my long minority. I laid out a very pretty little programme, in which I was to figure as the gay backwoodsman, and Johnny was to come, stealing like a sunbeam in among the crowded boles, to surprise me with a nice little napkined basket of sandwiches and grapes, and sit on mossy mounds, singing 'Woodman, spare that tree,' while I thinned the timber; which, I am sorry to say, is sadly choked up. But Johnny (who is getting a little wiser now from sad experience, poor young man!) at that time infinitely preferred romance to reality. She observed, with some show of plausibility, that she could do without her maid very well, (now that her bonny brown hair had been cut short in that cruel scarlet fever, which brought her within a hair's length of her life, and was a distressing case, very;) that is, if I could fasten her dress. Now, if there is a strong point in my character, it is an inherent aptitude for fastening hooks and eyes, especially in a small cabin, where there is no room for one's elbows, and in a rough sea. I, therefore, had my little shrimp of a yacht got ready, and we prepared to do something romantic, upon the corsair model, in the Mediterranean."

"But where have you left the yacht?"

"Why, if it had been possible, I ought to have landed my Princess Dorothea Micomicoma at Osuna, but as Osuna is among the inland mountains, it could not be accomplished. After we had seen Lisbon and Cadiz and Gibraltar, we put in, in stress of weather, into the deep, sheltered, rock-basin of Cartagena. Here we went ashore, and Johnny was so struck with the gay costumes, which are certainly more picturesque there than anywhere else, that she must needs get fitted out, as you see, in all the colours of the rainbow; and a nice, respectable dress it is for an amiable, interesting young gentleman, of sober taste and discretion. Well! after a masquerade or so in the little cabin, with myself and the cracked looking-glass for audience, she was so much delighted with herself, that she thought it a pity not to exhibit herself to all the Spains, so I was forced to buy a couple of mules, and we have been on the tramp ever since."

So far from taking the part of this cruel and perverse husband, we very much applauded what Lady Jane had done, and inquired if the expedition had proved satisfactory. She said, it was charming, and she was quite ready to ride all over the world. They had ridden by Murcia, Lorca, and Guadix to Granada.

"The principal romance of the journey was at Baza, where the posadero's pretty daughter made most serious love to master Johnny, so that the young lady's novio was terribly jealous, and I thought there would have been blood shed; for, though you would hardly imagine it of the young man, now he is so mild and modest after being found out, he then, when his imposture was unsuspected, played the successful lover with a most theatrical and cockscombical swagger; pointing also his discourse with many appropriate expletives of whose meaning he is wholly unaware, but which he has learnt on the road to introduce with great effect into the genteel, school-room Spanish which he brought out with him. From Granada we are on our way to Seville. To-day we left Ronda. You are now in possession of our history, and we have a fair right to *your* adventures."

When we had lit our cigars, and Lady Jane had condescended to accept a very thin little cigarillo which H—— made up for her, I proceeded to narrate our adventure of the dehesa, and was in the most palpitating part of it, when the Mozo came up in a flurry from the stable, and said that my pony had broken his halter, and was fighting furiously.

I left H—— to finish off the story, and went down among a great crowd of horses and mules and asses. My little demonio had broken away, and gone to his principal enemy, a large black entero, who was luckily tied up rather tighter, or else he would probably have killed the little ninny before I got there. The traba was fortunately tight on the latter's forelegs. There they were, snorting, and whinnying, and biting, and trying to strike one another with their forefeet. The Moor at last got his manacled hands into a high manger to which his enemy's head was tied, and had some difficulty in getting them out again. At this conjuncture I rushed in among the fray, and getting hold of the remains of the broken halter round his neck, pulled him down, and drew him struggling, and kicking, and rearing, with great vehemence, back to his own barley, and tied him up very tight between a pacific mule and the Cid. Soon after I went up-stairs again the party broke up. A broad mattress was laid where the table had been; we rolled ourselves in our cloaks, turning the esclavina, or cape, over our heads; then standing at the foot of the mattress, we fell back like tragic heroes so as not to unswaddle our feet in lying down. We were considerably eaten by fleas. H—— next morning counted forty-two separate bites on one knee,—in fact, he said he had been flead alive. Accordingly, we got up at sunrise, and while our chocolate was being made ready, investigated the little level ground at the top of the rock city, where there is a large building that contains a church, a town-hall, and a school, apparently once a convent. It forms the massive, mural crown of the pyramid. We ascended the castle still higher up, and had a fine view of mountain-tops. On our return breakfast was ready, and the A——s stirring. We breakfasted together, and after breakfast sketched the castle apex, which, from the other side of the plaza, appeared high above the posado's roof. Here fifty or sixty inhabitants gathered to observe the performance. Lady Jane made a very nice drawing, and we a couple of very nasty ones. The spectators exclaimed with wonder and delight, when "el joben" put in what they called his "golpas de maestro" (master strokes), and kept telling one another, "There is Juliana's chimney! That is the roof of Pedro's stable," &c.

We said good-by to the A——s, regretting much that our routes lay in opposite directions. Down the other side of Olvera, and up over a long, bare hill, so bare, there was not anywhere a shrub to cut a switch out of, and we were about to make a rush whip, when we found a heap of vine-cuttings for firewood by a hut on the roadside. After awhile, we came to a cortija picturesquely perched on a rock. Here we learnt that we had missed our way, as usual, and were going to Alcala de la Calle instead of Setenil. As we began to climb a very long and steep mountain flank, a slight shower came on. Looking back, we saw a view which was equal to a drop-scene at a play; and, indeed, in respect of the rain, it might be called a drop-scene itself. A great shaft of sunshine streamed through the broken clouds upon Olvera's fairy-palace-crowned pinnacle, which gleamed transparent through a spangled robe of showers, girt with the rainbow for a baldrick. This was said upon the spot, and H——, who has a fair appreciation of everything except jokes, thought it rather a fine impromptu, which might be expanded with effect in the voluminous vols. Having stumbled on these remarkable places by accident, and without any particular recommendation, we naturally concluded that the whole mountain region was full of such. What, then, must Ronda be herself, the queen of them all?

Of course, my enthusiastic Mab is prepared to hear that our approach to this city of refuge for the smuggler,—this massive ganglion of the rugged and inaccessible paths of contraband traffic—this lofty-perched eyry of desperados—climbs by interminable staircase-roads up precipitous zig-zag ledges to a fortress-crested city, terraced in and out among the jags and chasms of the rock. But this is not the case. We rode along some wooded table-land at the top of the mountain we had climbed, and after awhile found Alcala in a dip—a dismal, poor, wintry, greystone village. Here we baited. On our way to Ronda we met with nothing remarkable except a board which set forth that a caballero had there been killed by a fall from his horse. The spot seemed eminently appropriate—a rocky, sudden drop in the road, which, if the road had been the bed of a torrent, (for which it seemed more adapted than the purpose for which it served,) would have made a picturesque little waterfall. We rode down it carefully, and without accident. It came on mizzly, and we put on our cloaks which are inconvenient heavy things to ride in, though they certainly keep one dry; we were rather impatient to get to Ronda before the day ended, and were trotting briskly on, when H——'s pony feil, and he and his beast all enveloped in a voluminous mass of cloak, rolled among the sand and stones. I expected to have to put up another board; but he got up, and was no worse. Still, Ronda did not appear, which seemed distressing, as we could now see a league and more before us, and there was nothing but a great, blank, round-backed, ordinary hill, over which our road lay; and beyond which, from the nature of the ground, Ronda, such as we fancied Ronda, could not possibly be. After an hour's riding we got over the bleak, round hill, and rode down a gentle slope into a straggling, unremarkable town, which might have been a suburb of Bradford. Very much disgusted we rode down the long, sloping street, and came to the Cristobal Posada. Here we put up, and supped and grumbled. The rain had stopped, and the broad moon was rising like a great fire-balloon above the mountains, the silver of her beams frosted on the snowy mountain-tops around. We went out, for it was cold and wretched in the posada; we got to the edge of a very deep precipice, which falls off like a tremendous sunk fence from the lower end of the new town. We also got to the celebrated bridge, and looked down through gratings upon a dizzy depth of darkness, where, in the indistinct abyss, a rushing of waters echoed. The view from the bridge, if we had come upon it in a state of mind unembittered by previous disappointment, might have struck us very favourably; for the roaring chasm beneath, the broad, shadowy valley, sunk four hundred precipitous feet before us, and the moonlit snow mountains beyond, formed, no doubt, a cleverish combination in their way. But we had made up our minds to be sulky, and growled at the whole affair; saying that the chasm was no better than Knaresborough, and the torrent a mere fizz and gush of soda water. We talked of writing a letter to the "Times," and making a national grievance of it; recommending Lord Palmerston to insist on Ronda's being taken back as a counterfeit, or at least altered so as to come up a little more to the legitimate expectations of the British tourist. Farewell!

VISIT TO ITALY.

BY AN ARCHITECT.

> Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
> Then let him spend his time no more at home,
> Which would be great impeachment to his age,
> In having known no travel in his youth.
> SHAKSPEARE.

EARLY in the August of 1825, I left Plymouth for Rome, taking the steamboat to Portsmouth, and the coach from thence to London. During the water-passage I first made acquaintance with my old friend A. B., whose mansion at W—h (one of the finest marine residences in England) I was professionally engaged upon within the last few years. Like myself, he was bound for the Continent; but when we parted at Portsmouth, I had no reason for expecting that I should now, in this year 1852, rank him among the kindest and firmest of those who retain my grateful attachment.

Staying a day or two in London with D. B. and his family, I embarked in a steamer at the Tower Stairs for Calais.

There was on board a lady of elegant but eccentric manners. She was accompanied by a medical gentleman and a lady-attendant. I was reading Burns's "Saturday Night," when I heard her remark (evidently intending that I should hear her) on the beauty of the volume from which I read. I turned round and presented it to her. She begged me to read the poem aloud. The result was a speedy intimacy. From talking of Burns I proceeded to mention the poetry of Byron, when the attendants both telegraphed with a silent but earnest intimation, signifying, "your fingers on your lips, we pray!" The dangerous theme, however, was started. The eccentric lady took it up, taking at the same time my arm, and walking me to and fro upon the deck to the tune of "Childe Harold," till I was more sensible of fatigue than it became my gallantry to acknowledge. At length she went forward and sat down among the sailors, where she sang them one of Dibdin's more refined sea-songs. She then lay herself along on the inner end of the bowsprit, with her head and shoulders over the water, the doctor and lady holding her by the feet and clothes. In this position she quoted the lines beginning—

> "Over the waters of the deep blue sea,
> Our souls as boundless and our hearts as free," &c.

The performance was altogether unique, but not to be wondered at, considering that the actress was no other than Lady Caroline Lamb!

Let not my readers be alarmed at the idea of having all the details of my continental tour inflicted upon them again in these memoirs, since they were published years ago in a monthly periodical, under the title of "Sketches by a Travelling Architect." I will merely state the general impressions now left upon my mind, like those of a dream, after a lapse -f twenty-seven years.

have a vague recollection, then, of much tedious and uncomfortable travelling,—of long avenues, paved roads, exhausted patience and aching bones,—of *diligences* lumbering after herds of wild animals through days and nights, unrelieved by stoppage,—of lighter carriages, clubbed for by miscellaneous travellers,—of horse-soldiers occasionally accompanying us through bandit regions,—of boats and barges, and of sledges carrying coaches over the snowy heights of Alpine passes,—of breakfasts and suppers in large melancholy inns,—of frequent risings before daybreak, and wondrous scenes revealed by the rising sun,—of deep blue hills masking the sunset,—of gorgeous golden prospects in vast valleys,—of bleak tempests on lofty mountains,—of seas, lakes, cataracts, torrents,—of little cities on hills and great castles on rocks,—of goîtred *cretins* and malariated squalor,—of imperial and papal splendour,—of populousness and fashion,—of desertion and decay,—of *contrasts*, in short, which no Englishman could believe in, who had been born, bred, and solely located in his own happy country. I have the recollection of something like England in the small towns of Switzerland; but my memory of the general face of the country in France and Italy retains a faint sketch of wide-spread desolation and insulated sociality; of provincial cities whose old public halls and palaces denote departed populousness and wealth; whose *churches* alone retain their magnificence, while all around, excepting only the grass, has ceased to thrive,—of certain great capitals which seem to have drawn to their own aggrandisement what once gave life and happiness to many a country town and village,—of splendid private hotels in those capitals, and of huge decayed *châteaux* in rural abandonment.

Now, I have in my retrospective view a vast city which seems the very emporium of pleasure as the business of life, and is pre-eminently distinguished as the "grand parade" of military display. The inflation of a self-imagined glory distends its gilded domes, and constitutes the perfect satisfaction of its multitudes, which, though radiant in the costume of fashion, or clothed in rags, are happy as butterflies in the forgetfulness of everything, or in the non-anticipation of anything which might operate even to qualify their pride. Revolutions and restoration have only recently passed, and there is no thought of the revolutions and restorations that are speedily to come. The city is the great theatre of theatres. Beautiful is the scenery, clear and bright as an atmosphere, unsullied by coal-smoke and sulky soot, can make it. Comprehensive is the drama enacted, for it involves a multitudinous *dramatis personæ* of courtiers, priests, soldiers, actors, dancers, and *grisettes*, not temporarily assuming, but even playing the parts they have been born and bred to. The one person least like an actor is he I am now, "in my mind's eye," beholding in one of the play-houses on a Sunday evening. There is a singular repose in his majesty; a chastened tone even in his energy and passion. He has taught his audience to appreciate this; but the time was when his volatile critics regarded the sterling character of his tragic power as indicating that "he had not *le feu sacré!*" He has a king for his friend, and had an emperor for his pupil. It was possibly a mere chance which put Napoleon on the throne, and Talma on the stage of the *Théâtre Français*.

And I am wandering again, with vision dimmed by time, through the streets squares, and along the quays of the vast city, charmed with the scenic display of its architecture, but not learning anything substantially better than the more sombre city of old Thames had taught me; and I [illegible] more atmosphere and situation. I [illegible] squareness and horizontality in the more [illegible] The T square *ruler* has been more used [illegible] the *hand* in free lines and picturesque [illegible] Westminster Abbey are rivalled in [illegible] The upholsterer and decorator have been much [illegible] London, but I do not see at present, [illegible] English architectural student has very much [illegible] Even its great gothic cathedral, [illegible] parts and magnificent in some, is subject to [illegible] by the lingering of the classic influences [illegible] ascent which constitutes [illegible] *The fragment of Beauvais* [illegible] *perfected temple* of Nôtre Dame; [illegible] splendour or general *effect*—but of truer [illegible] I leave, after a brief sojourn, the *dazzling* scenes of Paris.

How different my next imperfect reminiscence of the French *Birmingham*! Lyons has doubtless objects of worthiest interest, but *I chiefly* remember the luxury of a bed, after having been shaken to a universal bruise by four days and nights' jolting in—or rather on—a broad-wheeled elephant. Here I have a re-union with my new acquaintance, A. B., and we travel onward together for Genoa. Looking carelessly from the coach-window as we approach the entrance into Savoy, I express, with word and look, astonishment! The Frenchmen laugh at my simplicity. 'Tis the first mountain I have seen. So near, judging by its altitude, clear outline, and dark mass,—yet so remote in its obliteration of detail,—I seem incapable of adjusting the eye to the novel and startling object. Not more surprising to me had been the first sight of the sea! And, now, the grandeurs of the distant heights are concealed by the close precipices of the deep ravine, as we leave the plains of one country for the romantic scenes of another; and the eye becomes accustomed to overhanging rocks, and mysterious depths, and rushing torrents, ofttimes unseen, never unheard,—till the pass of Cenis is to be made, under its crowning wonders of eternal snow, and by the side of its lofty lake; which, in my supreme ignorance, I take for an evidence of the plains of Italy; but from which, to my yet unequalled wonder, I rapidly descend, and descend, and descend,—forgetful that I have been previously *as*-cending, day and night,—and therefore now feeling as if I were going down into Europe's lowest level; while strange rock-like forms show through the cloud rents, and prove truly to *be*, what they resemble, the peaks of the mountain! And now we are veritably at Susa—the southern foot of striding Cenis—where we sleep; and onward next day along the plain to a fair city of gladsome aspect, and as regular in its direct and rectilinear thoroughfares as a city of Yankee-dom. "Ages," says Landor, "are the telescopes through which mankind contemplate such a genius as that of Shakspeare," and distance is as necessary to the measurement of the Alps. From the heights south of Turin, I am now regarding, over a radius of sixty miles, the great segment of the Alps, which extends one hundred and fifty miles from the Peak of Viso to that of Rosa, including Genevra, Cenis, Iseran, the Bernards, and the mountain monarch, Blanc! Did ever barrier so mighty arise to defend south from north? But "stony limits" can no more hold ambition, than love, at bay; and your Hannibals and Napoleons have therefore scaled the Alpine boundaries with as determined an affection as carried Romeo over the wall of Capulet's garden.

Yet away, " nor let me linger in my song." Pass then through Asti and Alessandria (both famous in modern history, and the former honoured as the birth-place of Alfieri). Where am I now? The deep blue of the Mediterranean breaks upon me, filling the arena and laving the concave of a vast theatre, whose lower part teems with the multitudes of a proud city, which ascends the receding levels of the circumscribing heights in all the varied beauty of palatial and temple architecture, flowering gardens, marble stairs, and balustraded terraces. These are backed by still ascending vineyards and other landscape charms, terminated by the summit ranges of the southern Alp and Appenine, and commanding a view of the great Corsican's island birth-place. " Genoa the Superb," is *not* a misnomer, as it applies to the entire picture; and many are the distinct features which are worthy of the whole; but I have still an impression of sulky disappointment, and of an indignant sense of imposition in respect to its " streets of palaces," though they *may* deserve the names of "streets" as compared with the *lanes* of hovels which form so great a portion of the city. Gorgeously fitted churches, used as music-rooms for ecclesiastical operas; stuccoed house-fronts, with fading imitations of architecture painted thereon; some rich and real marble exteriors; several wondrously splendid, and many beautiful, interiors; purlieus of the lowest order of Billingsgate sea-port; comforting bits of dear England floating at anchor in the harbour; a strikingly lofty light-house; and an impatient desire to get away, and breathe in a less "superb" locality,—such are the residue memories which still exist in reference to the far-famed Genoa.

And, now, I traverse a coast-road of the most enchanting beauty, and would sleep at Spezia, but for the moschitos, and a notion that a scorpion or tarantula is my bed-fellow. And now I am gazing on the marble mountain of Carrara, whence all the sculptors of Europe obtain those blocks, which, like wombs, contain the forms of beautiful things, conceived from the beginning, and yet to be delivered by the mallet and chisel. I am in the little dukedom of Massa, which contains a town and a quarry, about eight thousand inhabitants of ordinary breathing Christians, and thousands countless of yet imbedded forms which are to people the architectural precincts of the cities and palaces of the world. And, next, I pass through Lucca, reading much of its objects of interest and importance, and of the herds of plasterers and "image-makers" which it sends forth to decorate alike the homes of the rich and poor of Europe with cheap classics, of device ancient and modern. And now, I proceed onwards through Pescia into the realms of Tuscany, till, at length from the rise of a bridge, between wide extending plantations of the oil-yielding olive, I catch the first distant glimpse of a vast tile-covered dome, a smaller one near it, a tower of sovereign beauty, another of outline severe and grotesque, other towers, and one spire-crowned, several vast cubical and embattled structures, backed by distant hills, rich with evidence of productive life and social gladness. I am approaching the very flower of cities, impressed with a carelessly gathered notion that its general and internal aspect will be one of an appearance light and gay, even to effeminacy. I look for "*fair* Florence" as for a lovely and laughing girl, having a robe of gauze, a zone of silver, and a head-dress of lilies. I am before her. Masculine, stern is her aspect! She is castle-crowned, like Cybele! The city of her abiding seems the home of determined men, not only prepared for a common foe, but suspicious of each other. The pavements gleam with sunshine and the people with cheerfulness; but the palaces and public halls frown with heavy corbelled parapets, and show a rock-like severity which checks the smile of misled expectancy. Strange is the huge Duomo with its mottled garb of black and white; baronially majestic is the Palazzo Ducale; but the stately tower of Giotto is of lovely grandeur, blushing with the red inlay which mingles with its dark lines and delicate virgin marbles, and looking like a precious work of carved and coloured ivory! Here the Lombardic Gothic, and a style of detail peculiarly native to its immediate locality, strike the observer with novel suggestion. A proud independence is the expression of the city, or at least of its more prominent architecture; and in the Ducal Square, under the beautiful Piazza d' Orcagna, and elsewhere, exposed to the "skiey influences," are the wondrous sculptures and bronzes of Buonarotti and Cellini. Prison-like is the exterior of the Palazzo Pitti; but its interior is gorgeous with the illustrated thoughts of the painter and sculptor. Through brazen doors "fit for the gates of Paradise," we pass into the Baptistery, or gaze with amazement at the riches of the Medicean chapel. Here we behold the creations of the great arch-*Angelo*, or visit the shrine which encloses his revered bones. And, now, we ramble through the long corridors of *the* gallery, filled with every variety and every age of art, from Praxiteles the Greek, to Reynolds the Englishman. An attendant friend points to the door of "the Tribune," saying, "there *she* is!" I enter, and instinctively take off my hat. I "tread softly, and speak low,"—for "the statue that enchants the world" is before me! She is the centre of a constellation. The precious originals of great things, which the graver has made familiar to the knowledge of all who have eyes to see and minds to appreciate, are around her—on the floor—on the walls! For catalogued details, see guide-books. Observe the spectators, too. See the garlic-breathed peasant, moving reverentially among "noble, gentle, and simple," feeling, if not understanding, the spirit of the objects around him; at all events imbued with a sense of what is due to the spirit of the *place*. Now join the throng on Lungo'l'Arno, with its four bridges,—one, so beautiful. Look up the river to the eastern hills, with Claude's great ruined tower in the mid-distance; and down the river, over the Ponte S. Trinita to the snowy white marble tops of the Carrara mountains. For the river, it lacks translucency, and would lack water in dry weather, if not politically dammed a short distance onwards. In its stillness, however, it mirrors the pretty things on its quays; and, among these are included carriages filled with females and children, the nurse, in her gaily coloured and conspicuously fashioned costume, being the leading object in the laughing load.

I have little impression of any architecture, ordinarily known as "Italian" at Florence: but, as before intimated, there is a Florentine architecture for the student to consider, if not to copy; and here, during a two months' sojourn, I took stores not only into memory but on to paper. As I write this, I look with honest pleasure on the fruits of a weak but earnest industry,—on drawings which revive, in the minds of returned travellers, the Duomo, Campanile, and other features of the place which it is their joy to have visited. More dreamy is the recollection of many a walk outside the walls of the city, somewhat melancholy in my loneliness, though cheered by all-pervading sunshine, and amused with the lizards, which moved or stopped as the passengers did, and made the grass literally glitter with emerald life. Gratefully remembered is the hospitality of Mr. Johnson the banker, and also of one, whose intimacy, there begun, was subsequently renewed in England. This was C. A. Brown, at that time one of the writers in Lord Byron's projected Magazine, "The Liberal," and whose clever and valuable work on "The Autobiographical Poems of Shakspeare," has given perpetuity to his name, though he himself is no longer living. The only startling incident during my stay at Florence was a sudden (and by me, most unexpected) performance by the river Arno. It is by no means the "shining river" which "flows on;" but, ordinarily, the sleeping river which lies still. It was as still as usual one evening, at the time I left it; but the next morning, being surprised by a most fearful sound, I hastened to the quays, and found my heretofore shallow and quiet friend as full of muddy water as of mighty rage, rushing, rolling, and tumbling wave over wave, as if charged with a "fraught" of ten thousand porpoises. There had been heavy rains the day before.

Mixed with my Florentine memories are my first attempts on the guitar, when "my heart and lute" were jointly cultivated in sweet association, as "all the store" I might have to give to the next lady of my love. A lady soon appeared; but the usual order of things was reversed, for the lady was the wooer! I was enabled to appreciate the coy sensations of feminine modesty; the more so, because my wooer was singularly sudden and fervent in her addresses. As it is the only record of my passive fascinations having made a conquest, I must be allowed to make the most of it. Her advances began to assume a most determined aspect, and I was obliged to put myself under the protection of an asserted fidelity to some one else; an unfortunate pre-engagement, sealed by sacred vows, however subject to subsequent rebel desires. To my new admirer the bare idea of constancy was miraculous; but she respected it much, though it only left her the more enamoured. Ignorant of Joseph's history, she thought me unique in my virtue. That virtue, such as it was, prevailed; and I remained true in my allegiance to my vowed mistress, who was now no other than that abstract impersonation of the imagining to which has been assigned the generic name of the "Spirit of Beauty." Severe critics might say, that my Florentine "affair" was not, strictly speaking, an example in point; not because my worshipper was old (for I have been in love with a woman of seventy-two); not because she was ugly (for I have been utterly enamoured of a woman decidedly plain); but simply because she was, without exception, the most triumphant example of the—I will not merely say uninviting, but of the—repulsive, that ever made a young man's virtue secure in its *un*assailed integrity. I may also add, that I have no visionary remembrance of Italian beauty, as respects woman. It exists, doubtless; but I saw it not. Again; I looked for music in the open air; I found it only in the opera-house. I expected to hear serenaders emulating the pervading harmony "of the spheres;" I heard more hirdy-girdy-ism and discordant singing than ever distressed the ears of a poor poet in the alleys of London. It happened to be the year of Catholic pilgrimage, and the disgusted welkin was ever resonant with bagpipes, played by dirty devotees before street-corner shrines of the Virgin! More pleasant is the recollection of afternoon walks in the public pleasure grounds of the Cascina, where the Grand Duke walked among the pedestrians, and the Prince Borghese rode in his carriage, drawn by English horses ridden by English grooms. It was here I effected one of the most magnificent captures my ambition ever aimed at, viz. a most gorgeous dragon-fly, big enough to have superseded the horse of St. George.

And now, I am on my way southward, together with three now forgotten men, who join me in a *vettura*-and-pair for Rome, having to effect the distance of a hundred and eighty miles in six short days. We stop at Sienna for a few hours; but I should have to refer to my travelling memoranda to say anything about it. Vivid, however, is the remembrance of passing the bleak mountain of Radicofani in a furious storm, with the wind blowing against one side of the carriage, and all the passengers pushing against the other, to prevent its overthrow. Below us lies the fearful steep; above us a volcanic pile of crowning rocks. We stop at an inn near the summit. What can we have to eat? "Anything you will," says the waiter. "Very well, bring us so-and-so." "Immediately," says the waiter. "Well, is this so-and-so coming?" say the famished. "Suddenly," says the waiter. The waiter appears no more. Off again, and down to the base of the mountain, where certain of the disciples of St. Peter's successor, by virtue of their right to the key of keys, open all our trunks, though apparently with little motive beyond that of shutting them again. Beginning another ascent, we observe the lofty outline of the town of Acquapendente; in relation to which, I have chiefly the memory of the yellow aspect which is left on the countenances by malaria. From the high ground beyond we suddenly look down upon the Lake of Bolsena, with its islands, and margin road passing among basaltic curiosities and a few ruins, and leading to Montefiascone, where we wash down an omelet with wine of justly-famed excellence. And next, appear domes and towers, seeming to imply that Viterbo is a city of size and importance. We are, however, too late in, and too early out, to see more than that it abounds in churches and in fountains. Off at day-break, we pursue a somewhat tedious way, rejoicing in the approaching close of our journey. Winding round the side of a hill, we are told to look out. A few minutes more, and, at the distance of perhaps some three or four miles, rises suddenly before us the huge palace of the Vatican, and the bulky dome of St. Peter's!

But, where's the rest of the city? Is St. Peter's, then, in a suburb? Yes. Down the hills, and across the Tiber, and along the flat, and so to the Porta del Popolo. We are through the gate, in the stately circular piazza, with its domed twin churches, and the openings of three divergent narrow streets before us. Wheeling round the central obelisk, we rattle along the central street, or *Corso;* then in and out, and round about, to the Dogana, or hall of inland custom, whose front is formed of the grey remains of the Temple of Antoninus Pius, filled in with the modern work of some Pius—Pope.

Rome!—A dense and rather compact modern city, occupying about a third of the older boundary, the walls of which still inclose it; the rest, an irregular hilly space of grass, garden, tree and shrub, including many insulated churches and other buildings,—traversed by roads, leading to some seventeen or twenty gates, and strewed with ruins, the more conspicuous of which lie sometimes clustered, sometimes at large intervals; a few of the principal being within the modern city, and the Tiber separating the mass of the latter from the western quarter in which stands the Vatican and the great cathedral of European Christendom. Several long, straight, and narrow streets; many irregular and narrower ones; a vast multitude of mere lanes and alleys, with fragments of Imperial ruins here and there, and dirt almost everywhere. Several piazzas, some cheerful enough, others sombre and silent. Fountains of every degree of size and magnificence; abundance of rich and picturesque architecture, not in the purest taste, and much that is better. Palaces surrounded by mean buildings; villas in formal gardens, skirted with pine-trees. Churches numberless; domes more numerous than in any other city; certain of these churches magnificent even in comparison with St. Peter's, and some of them standing, like the latter, out of the body of the city. Elevated walks, or platforms, approached by grand stair-flights. A huge round castle; a handsome bridge, and a ruined one. Halls of Justice, Art, and Education. Monasteries in all the more open quarters; and, transcendant above all other ancient remains, a vast amphitheatre, capable of receiving the entire population of a large city. Such is the general sketch which my memory affords of Rome, as I found it in 1825.

I am out of doors, during the finer weather, sketching all the antique remains and ruins which retain any architectural detail, for much is mere shapeless brick; or I am in the long gallery of the Vatican, measuring various select marbles or fragments of the antique; or I am in my little room in the Via Fratina, making finished drawings from my sketches. Again and again I wander, charmed, under the great and gorgeous vaults of St. Peter's; or I visit the studios of the artists and of my brother students; and daily dine with some thirty or forty of them in the eating-hall of the Bocca de Leone. Now I am on the Monte Pincio, to see the sun set behind St. Peter's; the great dome of the cathedral looking like a vast inlay of lapis lazulæ on a ground of gold. The hills, immediately behind, fringed with pine trees, are all as purple as the great church; the huge tambour of the castle of St. Angelo is greyer in the mid-distance; while the mass of the city below becomes greyer, colder, and more neutral, as it approximates,—saving the summits of its nearer domes and towers, which still participate in the radiance of the moment. Now I am pacing the vaulted corridors, or rambling over the mouldering galleries of the Coliseum; its varied colouring of stone, brick, shrub and flower, bright in the full radiance of day. Now I am in the arena of the same wondrous ruin, whose vast form — half bulk, half skeleton—rises in glittering light or mysterious shadow under the magic of the moon! Now I wander by the sullen Tiber, as it rolls onward, "chafing with its shores;" or I loiter in the gardens of the villas Pamfili or Borghese, or ramble in the expanse outside the walls to Constantine's noble Basilica, or to the "stern round tower of other days," the tomb of Cecilia Metella. And all this is mixed up with a limited, but sufficient, enjoyment of social companionship, my fellow-traveller, A. B., being now my established friend.

Charming is the Roman winter; but I am occasionally shivering with cold; and, what with the alternations of sunny heat and piercing wind, and transitions from the moonlighted arena of the Coliseum to its dark and dank corridors, I become intimate with the pangs of rheumatism, which make my shoulders ache and crack under their wholesome infliction — an infliction which, by the way, has continued its intermittent operations ever since. There is, therefore, much exception to the charms of this year's winter. Its frequent damp and bitter coldness are felt more especially in-doors; and I have not the luxury of a fire-place, because it demands a rent which I cannot afford, and would require a consumption of wood equally forbidden by my limited means. So I get me an earthen pot and some charcoal, which, I am told, is "prepared," and therefore innocuous. I proceed to work upon my drawings, much comforted by its warmth, and labour pleasingly till my head aches, as I suppose, with too much stooping and too close application; so I lie down on a sofa to doze awhile. I am on the point of sleeping! A leaden dulness is over me! A strange flavour affects my lip and my tongue, and I start up just time enough to escape the slumber — from which I might never have awakened! My consequent indisposition is severe and protracted, and I lose my faith even in "prepared" charcoal. Nor is this the only chance that may prove fatal to me; for, shortly after, walking in a narrow street, close behind a led horse, he strikes out his hind feet, and leaves the print of his muddy shoes upon the breast of my coat! A half inch nearer, and death would have struck home!

It is a morning of exulting gladness, and four of us are off in a smart *carrozza* for Tivoli. One of our company is an old gentleman who prides himself on bearing (as he does) a striking resemblance to the Academy President, Benjamin West. But his historical erudition may admit of doubt, whatever may be his knowledge of art. He attempts the relation of an incident, "which occurred," says he, "at — at — why, pooh! — what's the name of the place? — the place we were last at?" As Florence was "the place" we had recently left, and the latest at which we had sojourned, I suggest the name of that city. But he does not allude to any locality, or to any period, so remote. He refers to a certain obscure spot, known only to the classically informed, as the place where one Tully spoke, and a certain Cæsar fell. He means, in short, ROME, which we quitted two hours ago!

Tivoli! The congregated variety of its luxuriant beauties, water wonders, awful precipices and fearful caverns, are as the full and swelling chords in an accompanying harmony, of which the little gem-temple of Vesta is the exquisite melody and lofty crowning grace! How may a small bit of architecture make a great scene! Without it, there may be much; but with it, how much more! If many beautiful localities are vulgarized and scenically injured by the stonemason, there are as many which owe to a well-placed and refined piece of architecture their especial character and charm, more particularly when ruin has mildly operated by the permission, and apparently under the guidance, of Nature; "leaving that beautiful which still was so, and making that which was not," till the carved stone and the natural rock are wedded into one, and perfect in their unison. Mecænas' ruined villa has associations connected not only with Augustus and his times. Our own Wilson has left us to love it as one of his favourite themes, and Claude also has bequeathed to us the riches he culled from the Vestal temple.

The ladders are brought, and I am mounting, and scrambling and measuring the temple to prove the measurements of others. Well: at all events they are near enough for any practical purpose; but I observe that when architects desire a certain effect, at a certain distance, in round buildings, they must learn to distinguish between geometrical elevation and perspective appearance.

But where is Benjamin West? He had enough of Tivoli in one half-hour. The cooking was not promising, the beds were not inviting. He is on his way back to Rome by a chance return-carriage. Alas, poor Ben! Before he emerges from the woods near the villa D'Este, a wild boar plunges from the thicket,—his horses take fright,—the carriage is capsized, and the luckless Cockney lies in a ditch, to be run over by the dogs of the hunters! He wishes to know "why he ever left Clapham Rise?"—and no one can tell him.

A wealthful gift is the power of the sketcher. An English lord wished to carry away the Tivoli temple, and reerect it in his grounds at Noddy-hill! Was ever such a rape of beauty contemplated! Blessed then are those who can make a virtue of their covetousness, and enrich themselves without robbery. As I pen this, I look upon the object of my lord's desire with all the pleasure of possession, for it hangs before me in all its best phases, and still do I behold the ruins of Adrian's villa and the tomb of Plautius, as they appeared to me on the happy day I sketched them. By the way, the latter had been familiarized to my sight long before I saw it, or knew what it was. Often had I noted it at the bottom of the common blue printed wash-hand basin, and it was in the memory of these prophetic ablutions that the bridge, the round tower, and the cottage hard-by, instantly proclaimed themselves.

We are now on our return to Rome, across the Campagna, of which a more masterly and poetic picture was never drawn than by the pen of Mr. Ruskin, in his preface to the second edition of "Modern Painters." We are standing under one of the ruined aqueducts. Its bright brick-red is the redder, and the clear blue sky the bluer, for the contrast on either side the sharp outline that divides them. We fancy there is a *hawk* hovering near us. It is an *eagle*—in the distance—

"His broad expanded wings
Lie calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floats thereon without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That bears him proudly up!"*

What more do I remember of Rome? Mirth in its excess; pyrotechnic splendor beyond imagining; ceremonials overwhelmingly imposing, in spite of absurdity; and tragedy in its deepest dye! Now, I am being pelted with sugar plums in the dense crowd of the carnival, or I am belaboured along the Corso by some one masked and wholly disguised in a white dress, who may, for ought I know, be a vindictive enemy or an affectionate friend; possibly some grave sculptor, whose name is to be of world-wide repute, or some sedate artist, who is to become an R.A., if not entitled to the additional letter P. in foremost position. Now I am on a balcony overhanging the Tiber, wondering at the blazing magnificence of the illuminated St. Peter's, or startled at the huge gush of rockets which springs up from the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo, to rival the fire-fountain of Vesuvius in its mightiest play! Now I am one of a hundred thousand, bending low in the Piazza San Pietro, as his holiness rises, like one supreme twinkling star in the glittering firmament, to pour forth his rays of blessing on all beholders. Now I am in the Piazza del Popolo, on a sad, dull morning, where a fearful and expectant crowd of persons, whose apprehensive dread contends with retentive curiosity, are collected round a—scaffold! Within the outer ring of the people is another of armed soldiers, and beside it, and on the door of a church close by, is a proclamation that a man is to die for knocking in the skull and cutting the throat of a priest for a few silver crowns, and presently the murmur of "they come!" makes every heart beat and every breath exceedingly thicken, and a great black crucifix and banner precede a cart, which bears from the sacramental chapel near the Porta del Popolo, a wretched youth between two hooded confessors, and an athletic fellow with a knife in his waistband, accompanied by an assistant, mounts the scaffold with all the dignified consciousness of his important position as the chief sacrificing priest of the hour. A few moments more, and amid yelling cries uttered by the confessors for the prayers of the beholders, the hapless boy, "pale as his shirt," is tenderly assisted up the steps, and placed on his knees before the block. "Why am I here?" So, perhaps, said many to themselves. "To see them act on it. What the murderer does, is done under the influence of a devil; but can men, subject to like influence, do the same for justice sake? Will the surrounding *fortunates* calmly look on? or will the soldiers restrain their opposition! Surely, retribution but leads this fashion of its malice to the last hour of act; and then 'twill show its mercy, and remorse, more strange than is this strange apparent cruelty." * * * * * It is done! The murder of the priest has been acted over again. Yet, "I might not this believe, without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes." It is done, and more; for it does not appear that the priest's head was cut off, and that his severed arms and legs were hung up to a rail like joints of meat in the shambles! But, the story, as I have been recently informed, is not complete. There was a slight mistake—not in the fact of the murder—but in relation simply to the murderer. The poor boy (presuming subsequent report to be true) was INNOCENT! The guilty party is said to have been a ——; but I am not *sufficiently* strengthened in assurance to declare *what*. He kept his secret till his dying hour and then confessed it.

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* Knowles.

ENIGMA.

OF all Britannia's warlike host,
I 've long and justly been the boast;
Reversed a bitter foe become,
I 'll eat him out of house and home;
Transpose me, and if still in doubt,
Invoke its aid to find me out.

M. A. B.

QUENTIN METZIS.*

In the year 1470, there was at Antwerp a celebrated blacksmith, who employed many industrious and able-bodied workmen, and whose forge rang daily to the sound of the hammer, and glowed in the fierce red light which imparts so fantastic and strange a character to every object that it illumines. Amongst his workmen was one who seemed never to have been destined by nature for so laborious an employment. He was one of those exceptional beings who afford striking evidence of the power of the will, united with physical debility; for in this young man, who was no other than Quentin Metzis, it was moral energy that supplied the place of strength. He felt that it was art and not labour for which he was qualified; yet he had patience to resign himself to his destiny, and a spirit of emulation which taught him to excel even in this laborious profession. He was the blacksmith's best workman, and his master loved him, despite the apparent singularity of his character; for, inwardly conscious of a capacity for better things than striking the anvil or shoeing a horse, he did not share the habits of his comrades. It was not that he despised them; but they wearied him, and when once his task was done, he liked better to be alone with his own thoughts than to drink with them.

One evening that the smith's workmen were going to a neighbouring tavern, they invited Quentin Metzis to accompany them. He thanked them kindly, but declined.

" What is the matter with him ? " asked one of the workmen of his companion, when Metzis was out of hearing.

" He is in love," was the reply.

" Well, what does that signify ? That is no reason for not drinking; but rather the reverse."

" Very true ; but he is sad, and it is that which prevents him from drinking."

" Then he must see love in a wrong light ; for I am in love too, and I am merry."

" Yes ; but you are not in love with a girl who is too rich and too handsome for you, and that is what has happened to our poor comrade, who is madly in love with the daughter of a man who will only bestow her upon a painter ; and as no one can make pictures with a hammer and anvil, the poor fellow is quite out of heart, and unless the father changes his mind, which is not likely, Quentin Metzis will probably never marry his sweetheart."

And the two speakers returned to their bottle, without troubling themselves further about the sorrows of their comrade.

As to Metzis, he had, as we have said, left his companions, and, his eyes fixed on the ground, had turned down a well-known road, under the guidance of his heart rather than of his will. Suddenly he stopped before a door which he had no right to open, and concealing himself in the shade, waited, with his eyes fixed on one of the windows of the house, for that which he similarly awaited every evening—for that which gave him strength for the toil and burden of the morrow. Then, when he had seen the window open—when, as in a celestial vision, a silent gesture had answered his gaze, and after this long-desired moment of happiness the window had closed again, he retraced his steps, repeating to himself, as he did every evening, "She loves me;" and on these three words he based all his visions of the future. Sometimes a gleam of hope shot across his soul; but when, on quitting some church where he had been praying, he contemplated the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the period, and reflected that he must do as much before he could gain his object, the momentary hope vanished, and he felt that it was impossible.

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* By Alexandre Dumas.

Returning home after this transient happiness, he found his mother, whose constant prayers were for her son, awaiting him. He embraced her affectionately, saying,

"Good evening, dear mother."

"How are you this evening, Quentin?"

"Quite well, thank you, mother."

And embracing her once more, without perceiving the tears which rose to her eyes, he retired to his chamber, where he was alone with his dreams.

Hence arose the long, feverish hours of watching, in which the workman dreamed of art, the humble blacksmith of glory, the unhappy lover of love; hours which consumed half of the night, and left him sadder and more powerless than before.

There are sorrows which can be held under sufficient control to conceal them from the eye of strangers, but cannot be hidden from a mother's love; and every morning, when Metzis went forth to the forge, his mother gathered from her son's pale face how many sleepless hours he had passed. Without ever having learnt it from his own lips, the poor woman fully comprehended that her affection was no longer sufficient for her son, and she waited till he was gone to let her tears flow without restraint.

One morning, however, he was so dejected, and looked so deadly pale, that his mother would not let him go out; and in the evening, at the hour when he was wont to seek the spot where all his happiness was centred, he was too feeble to leave his bed.

The reason of this was that despair and discouragement had at length overpowered the strong will which had struggled against them, and that his scanty hours of sleep had given place to utter sleeplessness. He was a prey to one of those illnesses which, varying in form and name, are the same in fact; which waste the frame, dim the eyes, and wear out the heart.

It is in moments such as these, when all hope forsakes us, that we cling to the blessings which still remain; and Quentin Metzis, unable any longer to seek the daily solace of a glimpse of his mistress, turned for comfort only to his mother's love.

He opened his whole heart to her; and the poor woman, who had nothing to give but her own life for that of her son, perceived at once that, unless it pleased God to work a miracle, that son must die.

One of his brother workmen, who often came to visit him, reached his door one day, at the very moment that a procession in behalf of the sick was passing along the street; he held in his hand one of the woodcuts which were distributed by the members of the brotherhood.

"Well, Metzis, how are you?" asked the blacksmith, on entering.

"Much the same, thank you."

"I have brought you one of the wood-cuts given by the brethren."

"What for?" asked the sick man.

"To cure you," replied his friend. "The procession in behalf of the sick has just taken place, and some of these wood-cuts have been distributed; and as I know what wonderful cures they effect, I have brought you one."

"But there are illnesses which they cannot cure," said Metzis, "and mine is one of those."

"Why should you be so discouraged? It is that which does you harm. Try and divert your mind, and you will get well. If it only serves to occupy your thoughts a little, it will do some good. Take it, and amuse yourself with copying some of these figures of the blessed saints; it will help to pass the time, and that is something when one is ill."

The blacksmith then shook hands with him and went away, leaving the miraculous wood-cut on his bed.

When Metzis was alone he relapsed into his usual reverie, without appearing to remember his friend's words. His mother, absorbed in prayer, was watching beside him like a guardian angel; but at length perceiving that he was falling asleep, a rare blessing for him, she rose and left the room.

When he awoke he found the wood-cut still lying on his bed, where the blacksmith had left it, and took it up mechanically, saying, "It is not that which can save me!" Yet he no longer looked at it with indifference, but contemplated it first with devout attention, and then with prayer, till the tears filled his eyes, and it seemed to him as if these quaint figures of saints smiled upon him, and whispered to him the words of hope, to which in suffering we are all so eager to listen. He dashed away his tears, regarded the wood-cut with increased attention, then rose from his bed, went to the table, seated himself, and began to copy the figures of the saints, whose countenances still smiled upon him. He appeared rather like a somnambulist obeying the dictates of some hidden influence, than a waking man acting in accordance with his own will, so immoveably fixed were his eyes, so low and feeble was his breathing. Yet an occasional smile gleamed upon his face, for now his copy began to assume form and likeness to the original—his own saints began to smile encouragingly upon him. It seemed as if the miraculous cure foretold by the blacksmith were really in process; for Metzis began to perceive with his own eyes the goal of which hitherto he had only dreamed. At the end of half an hour he stopped; drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, as upon that of a man awaking from an agitating dream. He looked at his work——

The likeness was perfect—the joy had well-nigh turned his brain!

His poor old mother, bending over his chair, had understood all his sufferings, entered into all his dreams, and doubtless, while her son had worked, she had done her part in prayer. Certain it is, that when his task was done, and Metzis rose, he met the eyes of his mother beaming upon him through tears of joy—they had no need of words to understand each other, and were soon locked in each other's arms.

At this moment his visitor of the day before made his appearance; Metzis hastened towards him, and to his surprise embraced him eagerly.

"You have saved my life," said he.

"How so?"

"With your wood-cut."

"Ah! I knew that—and so you will come back to the forge?"

"No, I am no longer a blacksmith."

"Dear me! what are you then?"

"I am a painter."

"You? a painter?"

"Yes, I," and with these words Metzis left the room.

"I see, the illness has taken a different form, and touched the brain. Your son is out of his mind," said the blacksmith to Quentin's mother.

"God is great and merciful, and he has had pity upon him," said the old woman. "that is all."

"We shall see," replied the man. "I shall wait till he comes back," and he sat down beside the table at which Metzis had been working, and upon which he perceived both the original wood-cut and the copy. He was struck dumb with amazement, the miracle was obvious and palpable. He awaited with impatience the return of his friend, the cause of whose sudden departure he did not understand, and was curious to learn.

Half an hour later Metzis reappeared.

"Where have you come from?" asked the blacksmith.

"From my father-in-law's house."

"Are you married, then?"

"No; but I soon shall be."

The blacksmith reverted to his original idea that his friend was mad. He, however, wished to be sure of the fact before he left him, and asked him whom he was going to marry.

"A young, rich, and beautiful woman, who was to marry only a painter. I have just offered myself."

"But a long time must elapse before you are qualified to paint a picture, and, perhaps, in the mean time your wife may grow tired of being the widow of a future husband."

"She will wait for me."

"Well, but what have you done?"

"I went, as I have told you, to the father, and asked of him his daughter's hand, which he refused me."

"Very naturally."

"He told me that he had promised her in marriage to a painter, and could not give her to any other, unless he were a better artist; and when, on his asking me what I had done hitherto, I told him that I had worked in iron, he laughed in my face."

"And what did you do?"

"I merely said to him, 'give me six months' time, and if in six months I do not bring you a better picture than your son-in-law elect, you may give him your daughter.' He went on laughing, and challenged me to do it. I accepted the challenge, and I am going to set to work immediately."

"You are quite right there; you should strike while the iron is hot," said the blacksmith, who borrowed his figures of speech from his profession.

"And now many thanks to you, my good friend, for it is to you that I owe all this. In six months' time you will come to my wedding."

And the two young men parted, the one to go and tell the news at the forge, the other to commence his task.

Then began an obstinate struggle between the artizan and the artist, which, as it became more arduous, entailed many an hour of deep discouragement, in which the poor votary of painting gave way to exhaustion and despair on beholding how little he had effected, and how much yet remained to be done. He had not, indeed, mistaken his calling so strangely revealed to him by the wood-cut, but so much study and labour were required in order to attain his end, that but for his undying love, for the gratification of which renown was an essential condition, he would have abandoned his design as impracticable. But time rolled on, and Metzis, absorbed in the pursuit of his object, disappeared from his accustomed haunts, or only came forth occasionally to take breath before renewed efforts. At length he reappeared amongst men, pale and wan from victory, as others are from defeat, but with a glance of triumph in his eye beaming with the consciousness of power unalloyed by pride.

Six months had completed the miracle foretold by the blacksmith, and he now knocked eagerly at the door before which he had so often kept his hopeless watch.

"Oh! is it you, Metzis?" said his future father-in-law, on beholding him. "Your six months are passed, and you come to acknowledge yourself beaten."

"You are mistaken," replied the artist, "I have still a fortnight before me, but, with your leave, I had rather be before-hand."

"Is not that presumption?" said the father.

"No; it is only very natural impatience to secure the prize I have laboured so hard to gain, now that I have won it."

"Won it?"

"Yes, indeed. The proof of it is too large to bring hither, or I would on no account have troubled you; but if you will have the kindness to come with me, you can give me your opinion of a picture which I purpose to present to the church in which I am married."

The two men went out together, and a week after Quentin Metzis was married, to the great wonder and admiration of all the smiths in Antwerp, before an altar-piece, of which the centre compartment represents the burial of our Saviour; the right hand one the presentation of the head of John the Baptist at the table of Herod; and the left hand one St. John in the cauldron of boiling oil. This painting is to be found in the Sistine Chapel of the Church of Nôtre Dame at Antwerp, and is one of the best performances of Quentin Metzis. In front of the same church, which contains the first effort of the painter, is to be seen the last work of the blacksmith; a well, of which the wrought iron decorations were shaped with the hammer, and not with the file.

The singularity of his marriage, his previous profession, and, above all, his indisputable talent, acquired a great reputation for Quentin Metzis. It is always an attraction to the public if there is something strange or poetical to shed a romantic interest over the man whose works they admire or seek to purchase. The English have this taste in a peculiar degree; thus Quentin Metzis has become a great favourite with them, and so many of his pictures have passed into their hands, that now, with the exception of two or three, it is difficult to say what has become of the productions of the painter-blacksmith.

Amongst them, we may, however, specify, besides the painting before which his marriage took place, his own portrait and that of his wife, both of them to be found in the Florence Gallery, and two scenes from the life of our Saviour—the Virgin and Child, and the Christ and his Mother—full of the poetry of religion.

His other works are so scattered that it would be impossible here to give a list of them.

Such was the life of the blacksmith, Metzis, thus epitomized in the Latin verse upon his tomb:—

> "Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

Quentin Metzis died at Antwerp at the age of seventy-nine, in the year 1529.

He was first interred in the church of the Chartreux de Kie, and his body was afterwards removed to the foot of the tower of the cathedral, where his monument now stands with this inscription:—

> "QUINTINO METZIS,
> INCOMPARABILIS ARTIS PICTORIÆ ADMIRATRIX
> GRATAQUE POSTERITAS, ANNO, POST OBITUM SECULARE
> CIↃ . IↃ . C . XXIX.
> POSUIT.

HARMONY OF THE UNIVERSE.

(From the Italian of Angelo Mazza.)

THE spheres have music,—heaven is but a lyre
Which sounds its mighty Maker's ceaseless praise;
In unison is yon vast orb of fire
With all the varied worlds that drink his rays.

Ocean hath music, in its ebb and flow;
Its low deep tones and loud tumultuous roar;
Air and pervading fire in concert glow,
And in the thunder's awful anthem soar.

The breeze hath music;—all that walk the earth,
Or wing the air, praise Him who gave them birth.
Day telleth Night,—alternate hymns they raise.
Shall man alone, framed like th' Eternal Mind,
Lord of the world—no voice in concert find?
Alone be silent in his Maker's praise?

ETA.

CANADIAN SKETCHES.

The shores of the Bay of Quinté were originally occupied principally by U. E. loyalists and retired officers, who had served during the late war with the United States, but the emigration from Europe has chiefly consisted of the poorer class of Irish Catholics, and of Protestants from the North of Ireland, settled in two very thriving townships in the county of Hastings. There is also a sprinkling of Scotch and English in different parts of the county. Comparatively few possessing any considerable amount of capital have found their way here, as the county town, Belleville, is not in the line of the summer travel on the lakes.

The scenery along the shores of the bay is exceedingly beautiful all the way from Kingston to the head, where a large river, the Trent, discharges itself into it at a thriving village, of about a thousand inhabitants, called Trent Port. A summer ride along the lower portion of this river presents scenery of a bolder and grander character than is often met with in Upper Canada, and it is enlivened by spectacles of immense rafts of timber descending the rapids, and by the merry chorus of the light-hearted lumbermen, as they pursue their toilsome and perilous voyage to Quebec.

Belleville was originally a spot reserved for the Mississagua Indians, and was laid out in 1816 for a village, when there were only two or three white men settled among them as traders in the place. It was only during the last year that the two frame farm-houses, situated about a quarter of a mile apart, were removed to make room for more substantial buildings. Belleville remained nearly stationary for several years, during which a few persons realized handsome fortunes, by means of large profits, notwithstanding the limited extent of their business. It at length began to grow in importance as the fine country in its neighbourhood was cleared and rendered productive.

In 1839, when the county of Hastings was set apart from the Midland district, under the name of the District of Victoria, and Belleville became the District town, the population of the county, including Belleville, was about 12,000, and that of Belleville about 1500. In 1850 the population of the county had reached 23,454, of which that of Belleville was 3326. By the census just taken, on a much more correct principle than formerly, the population of Belleville in 1852 appears to be 4554, showing an increase of 1228 in two years. During the same period, from 1850 to 1852, the population of Cobourg on Lake Ontario, which town formerly enjoyed the full benefit of a large emigration, has risen from 3379 to 3867, showing an increase of only 488. The town of Dundas in the same time has increased its population from 2311 in 1850 to 3519 in 1852, showing an increase of 1208. The population of the city of Hamilton in 1850 was 10,312, and now, in 1852, it is said to exceed 13,000. In 1838 the then *town* of Hamilton contained a population of only 3116. When I first visited that place in 1832 it was a dull insignificant village, which might, I suppose, contain a population of 1200 or 1500. I can hardly describe my surprise on revisiting it in 1849, to behold a city grown up suddenly, as if by enchantment, with several handsome churches and public and private buildings of [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible]. The city of Toronto, the progress of which has [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] from Europe. The population of Toronto [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] city of Kingston was [illegible]. In [illegible] the population of Toronto was [illegible], and that of Kingston [illegible]. In [illegible] the population of Toronto was [illegible], and that of Kingston [illegible].

These few facts will enable the reader to form some idea of the comparative progress of different towns in Upper Canada, under circumstances similar in some cases and different in others. When it is considered that all of these last-mentioned towns have for many years enjoyed the full benefit of the influx of emigration and capital from the mother country, while the sources of the Bay of Quinte were little known or appreciated, it will appear that the progress of Belleville has been at least equal to that of any of them. The prosperity of Belleville may in fact be almost entirely attributed to the gradual development of its own internal resources, the fertility of the lands in its vicinity, and a large exportation of late years of lumber of all kinds to the United States.

Having no desire unnecessarily to fatigue the reader with dry statistical tables, I shall merely quote the following facts and figures kindly furnished me by G. Benjamin, Esq., the present warden of the county of Hastings, to whose business talents and public spirit the county is largely indebted for its progress in internal improvement.

"The increase of business at the port of Belleville has been most extraordinary. In 1839, the total amount of duties paid at this port amounted to 280*l.*; this year (1850) the amount reaches [illegible]*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* The total arrivals at this port from the United States are as follows:

	No. of Vessels.	Tons.	Hands employed.
British Propellers, . .	8	2400	104
British Sailing vessels, . .	81	4140	373
Foreign do. do., . .	124	12643	730
Total . .	213	19,183	1209

This in addition to our daily steamers.

	£	s.	d.
Our exports to the United States are, . .	52,532	17	5
And British ports below Belleville, . .	153,411	16	6
	£ 205,944	13	11

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Total imports from United States,	25,067	2	6			
Total acceptances from United States,	17,435	0	0			
Total importations from lower ports, including drafts and other resources,	130,204	0	0	172,796	2	6
Showing the balance of trade in favour of this Port to be				£ 33,148	11	5

Our exports to the lower ports are made up as follows:

	£.	s.	d.
3,485 barrels of Potash	27,880	0	0
33,198 ,, Flour,	33,198	0	0
357 bushels of Grass seed,	133	17	6
1,450 ,, Barley,	181	5	0
4,947 ,, Pease,	594	14	0
4,349 ,, Rye,	434	18	0
37,360 ,, Wheat,	7,472	0	0
198 barrels of Pork,	396	0	0
54 barrels of Beef,	74	5	0
1,141 Sheep-skins,	114	2	0
4,395,590 feet square Timber,	74,908	2	6
173 kegs of Butter,	540	12	6
Furs,	716	0	0
Fatted Cattle,	1840	0	0
High Wines,	3098	0	0
Whiskey,	1830	0	0
	£153,411	16	6

Our exports to the United States are made up as follows :

30,686 bushels of Wheat,	6,137	4	11
3,514 ,, Rye,	351	8	0
3,728 ,, Pease,	466	0	0
90 ,, Barley,	9	0	0
316 ,, Grass seed,	118	10	0
18,756 barrels of Flour,	18,756	0	0
338 ,, Potash,	2366	0	0
1,000 bushels of Potatoes,	62	10	0
92 M. Shingles,	23	0	0
117 M. Laths,	43	15	0
18,210 lbs. Rags,	190	0	0
9,912 lbs. Wool,	481	19	6
466 Sheep-skins,	57	10	0
61 kegs of Butter,	122	0	0
19,648,000 feet sawed Lumber,	21,296	0	0
513 Cows,	2052	0	0
	£52,532	17	5

The River Moira passing through Belleville, where it discharges itself into the Bay of Quinté, is one principal source of its prosperity. The preceding statement will show the quantity of sawed lumber exported, most of which is furnished by the saw-mills of Belleville, or its immediate vicinity. Besides saw and flour-mills, there are cloth and paper manufactories, a manufactory of edge-tools; pail manufactories, where great quantities of these useful articles are made at a low price by machinery; planing machines, several iron founderies, breweries, distilleries, &c. in almost all of which establishments steam-engines, or water-power from the river, are used. A remarkable feature in Belleville, in common with other towns in Canada, is the great number of tailoring and shoe-making establishments, when compared with towns of an equal population in Great Britain. This shows, more than anything I am aware of, the general prosperity of the people, who can afford to be large consumers of such articles.

There is very little difference to be observed in the costliness of the clothing of the different classes of society in Upper Canadian towns and cities, and much less difference in the taste with which these articles are selected, than might be expected. With the exception of the lower class of labourers, all persons are well and suitably clad, and they can afford to be so.

Twelve years ago there were not more than five or six piano-fortes in Belleville. Now there are nearly one hundred of a superior description, rising from [illegible] to [illegible].

Another remarkable circumstance in Upper Canada is the number of lawyers in all the towns. In Belleville there are about a dozen, which seems to be a large number for a town containing only 4554 inhabitants, when in an English town of the same size there is often not more than one. Of course, I do not mention this as any particular advantage, but to show the great difference in the amount of transactions, and of subjects of contention, in an old and a new country. The same may be said of the number of newspapers as indicative of commercial activity. Two newspapers, representing the two political parties, are well-supported in Belleville, both by their subscribers, and the number of advertisements.

The mouth of the Moira River, which widens out at its junction with the Bay of Quinte, is completely covered with saw-logs and square timber of various kinds during the summer months. This river, at Belleville, is often dammed up by confused piles of timber. No sooner are these removed than its waters are covered over by vast quantities of oak-staves, which are floated down separately to be rafted off like the squared timber for the Quebec market. The greater proportion of the saw-logs are, however, cut up for exportation to the United States by the various saw-mills on the river, or by a large steam saw-mill with twenty or thirty run of saws, erected on a little island in the mouth of the river. Several large schooners are constantly loading with sawed lumber, and there are two or three steamboats always running between Belleville and Kingston, carrying passengers to and fro, and generally heavily laden with goods or produce. The Bay of Quinte offers more than common facilities in the summer months for rapid and safe communication with other places; and, in the winter time, being but slightly affected by the current of the river Trent, it affords excellent sleighing.

Large quantities of wheat and other farm-produce are transported over the ice to Belleville from the neighbouring county of Prince Edward, which is an exceedingly prosperous agricultural settlement, yielding wheat of the finest quality, and particularly excellent cheese and butter. The scenery on the shores of Prince Edward is exceedingly picturesque, and there are numerous wharfs at short distances, from whence the farmers roll their barrels of flour and other articles on board the steamers on their way to market. I have seen no scenery in Upper Canada presenting the same variety and beauty as that of the shores of Prince Edward in particular.

The peninsular situation of this county is its only disadvantage—being out of the line of the land travel and of the telegraphic communication which passes through Belleville. The county of Prince Edward having nearly exhausted its exportation lumber—the people are thus freed from the evils of a trade that is always more or less demoralizing in its tendency, and can now give their undivided attention to the cultivation of their farms. Certain it is, that more quiet, industrious, and prosperous settlers, are not to be found in the Province.

A few miles below Belleville, on the south side of the bay, is a very remarkable natural curiosity, called "The Stone Mills." On the summit of a table-land, rising abruptly several hundred feet above the shore of the bay, there is a lake of considerable size and very great depth, and which apparently receives a very inadequate supply from the elevated land on which it is situated. The lake has no natural outlet, and the common opinion is that it is unfathomable, and that it is supplied with water by means of a subterranean communication with Lake Huron, or some other lake at the same level. This is, of course, extremely improbable, but there can be no doubt of its great depth, and that it cannot be supplied from the Bay of Quinté, so far beneath its level. As a small rivulet runs into this lake from the flat ground in its vicinity, and as the soil of this remarkable excavation, however it may have been originally formed, is tenacious, I think we require no such improbable theory to account for its existence. Availing himself of the convenient position of this lake, a farmer in the neighbourhood erected a mill, which gives its name to the lake, on the shore of the Bay of Quinté, and which he supplied with water by making a deep cutting from the lake to the edge of the precipice, from whence it is conveyed in troughs to the mill.

There is a somewhat similar lake in the township of Sidney in the county of Hastings, covering some hundred acres. This lake is also of great depth, though situated on the summit of a range of high hills, from whence it gets the name of the " Oak Hill Pond."

The Bay of Quinté abounds in excellent fish of various kinds, affording excellent sport to those who are fond of fishing. When the ice breaks up in the spring, immense shoals of pickerel commence running up the Moira river, at Belleville, to spawn in the interior. At that time a number of young men amuse themselves with spearing them, standing on the flat rocks at the end of the bridge which crosses the river. They dart their spears into the rushing waters at hap-hazard in the darkness, brinking up a large fish at every second or third stroke. My eldest son, a youth of fifteen, sometimes caught so many fish in this manner, in two or three hours, that we had to send a large wheelbarrow to fetch them home. Formerly, before so many mills were erected, the fish swarmed in incredible numbers in all our rivers and lakes.

In the back-woods there is excellent deer-hunting, and parties are often formed for this purpose by the young men, who bring home whole waggon-loads of venison.

While speaking of Belleville, I may mention, as one of its chief advantages, the long period for which the sleighing continues in this part of the country, when compared with other places on the shore of Lake Ontario. Nearly the whole winter there is excellent sleighing on the Bay of Quinté; and on the land we have weeks of good sleighing for days in most other places. This is owing to the influence of a large sheet of frozen water interposed between us and Lake Ontario, which is never frozen.

The county of Prince Edward is a peninsula connected with the main land by a narrow isthmus of low swampy land about four miles wide. Through this neck of land it has long been in contemplation to cut a canal to enable the lake steam-boats to take Belleville in their route between Kingston and Toronto, thus affording a safe navigation in stormy weather. The effect of such a work on the prosperity of the counties of Hastings and Prince Edward would be very great, as

European emigrants would have an opportunity of seeing a country which has hitherto escaped their notice, from the causes already mentioned.

Besides the usual variety of churches, there is a grammar-school, and also four large common schools, which latter are free schools, being supported by assessments on the people of the town.

Every Saturday, which is the great day for business from the country, the streets are crowded with farmers' waggons or sleighs, with their wives and pretty daughters, who come in to make their little purchases of silk gowns and ribbons, and to sell their butter and eggs, which are the peculiar perquisites of the females in this country. The counties of Hastings and Prince Edward are celebrated for female beauty, and nowhere can you see people in the same class more becomingly attired. At the same time there is nothing rustic about them, except genuine good nature and unaffected simplicity of manners. To judge by their light elastic step and rosy smiling countenances, no people on earth seem to enjoy a greater share of health and contentment.

Since the establishment of the county municipal councils, plank and macadamized roads have branched out in all directions from the various central county towns, stretching their ramifications like the veins of the human body, conveying nourishment and prosperity throughout the country, increasing the trade and the travel, connecting man with man and promoting intelligence and civilization; while the magnetic telegraph, now traversing the whole length of the country, like the nervous system, still further stimulates the inhabitants to increased activity.

The people of this county have not been behind their neighbours in these improvements. The first plank-road which they constructed was from Belleville to Canniff's Mills, a distance of three miles over a road which at the time was often knee-deep in mud, with a solid foundation of flat limestone rock, which prevented the escape of the water. So infamous was this road, that, on some parts of it, it was a matter of serious doubt whether a boat or waggon would be the better mode of conveyance. Notwithstanding the badness of this road, it was the greatest thoroughfare in the county, as it was the only approach to a number of mills situated on the river, and to Belleville, from the back country. It was, however, with the utmost difficulty that the warden could induce the other members of the county council to sanction the construction of a plank-road at the expense of the county; so little was then known in Canada of the effects of such works.

The profits yielded by this road are unusually large, amounting, it is said, to seventy or eighty per cent. This extraordinary success encouraged the people to undertake other lines, by means of joint-stock companies formed among the farmers. All these plank-roads are highly-remunerative, averaging, it is stated, fourteen per cent. over and above all expenses of repair. More than thirty miles of plank-road is already constructed in the county. In a few years plank or gravel roads will be extended through every part of the country, and they will be most available as feeders to the great line of railway which will very soon be constructed through the entire length of the province, and which has been already commenced at Toronto and Hamilton. A single track plank-road costs from 375*l.* to 425*l.* per mile, according to the value of the land to be purchased, or other local causes. The cost of a gravel road, laid twelve feet wide and nine inches deep, and twenty-two feet from out to out, is from 250*l.* to 325*l.*, and it is much more lasting, and more easily repaired than a plank-road. Macadamized or gravel roads will no doubt entirely supersede the others.

In the present circumstances of the colony, however, plank-roads will be preferred, because they are more quickly constructed, and with less immediate outlay of money in the payment of labourers' wages, as our numerous saw-mills enable the farmers to get their own logs sawed, and they thus pay the greater portion of their instalments on the stock taken in the roads. In fact, by making arrangements with the proprietors of saw-mills they can generally manage to get several months' credit, so that they will receive the first dividends from the road before they will be required to pay any money. The mode of making these roads is exceedingly simple.

The space required for the road is first levelled, ditched and drained, and then pieces of scantling, five or six inches square, are laid longitudinally on each side, at the proper distance for a road-way twelve feet wide, and with the ends of each piece sawn off diagonally, so as to rest on the end of the next piece, which is similarly prepared, to prevent the road from settling down unequally. The pieces of scantling thus connected are simply bedded firmly in the ground, which is levelled up to their upper edges. Pine planks, three inches think, are then laid across with their ends resting on the scantling. The planks are closely wedged together like the flooring of a house, and secured here and there by strong wooden pins, driven in to auger-holes bored through the planks into the scantling. The common way, is to lay the plank-flooring at right angles with the scantling, but a much better way has been adopted in the county of Hastings. The planks are here laid diagonally, which of course requires that they should be cut several feet longer. This ensures greater durability, as the shoes of the horses cut up the planks much more when the grain of the wood corresponds in direction with their sharp edges. When a double track is required, three longitudinal courses of scantling are used, and the ends of the planks meet on the centre one. Very few, if any, iron nails are generally used.

The great advantage of a plank-road is the large load it enables the horses to draw. Whilst on a common road a farmer can only carry twenty-five bushels of wheat in his waggon, a plank-road will enable him to carry forty or fifty bushels of the same grain with a pair of horses. The principal disadvantage of the plank-roads is, that they are found by experience to be injurious to horses, particularly when they are driven quickly on them. They are best adapted for a large load drawn at a slow pace. I shall not attempt to describe the country in the neighbourhood of Belleville, or the more northern parts of the county. It will suffice to observe, that the country is generally much varied in its surface, and beautiful, and the soil is generally excellent. Within the last ten or twelve years the whole country has been studded with good substantial stone or brick houses, or good white painted frame houses, even for thirty miles back, and the farms are well fenced and cultivated, showing undeniable signs of comfort and independence. Streams and water are abundant, and there are several thriving villages and hamlets scattered through the county,—the village of Canniff's Mills, three miles from Belleville, and soon destined to form a part of it, alone containing a population of about a thousand.

In describing the progress of this county, I may be understood as describing that of most other counties in the Upper Province; the progress of all of them being rapid, though varying according to the advantages of situation or from causes already alluded to.

From what has been said, the reader will perceive that the present condition of Canada generally is exceedingly prosperous, and when the resources of the country are fully developed by the railroads now in progress of construction, and by the influx of capital and population from Europe, no rational person can doubt that it will ultimately be as prosperous and opulent as any country in the world, ancient or modern.

It may be said, "should we not then be hopeful and contented with our situation and prospects." And so the people are in the main, and the shrewd capitalists of England think so, or they would not be so ready to invest their money in our public works. But some deduction from this general state of contentment and confidence must be made for those little discontents and grumblings created by the misrepresentations of certain disappointed politicians and ambitious men of all parties, who expect to gain popularity by becoming grievance-mongers. Much has been done, and a great deal still remains to be done in the way of reform, here as elsewhere. But there never was any just cause or motive in that insane cry for "annexation" to the United States, which was raised some years ago, and by the tories, too, of all people in the world! The "annexation" mania can now only be regarded as indicative of the last expiring struggle of a domineering party—it would not be correct to call it a political party—which had so long obstructed the progress of Canada by its selfish and monopolizing spirit, when it found that its reign had ceased for ever.

Great sacrifices have been, and will be made, by men of loyalty and principle in support of institutions, which are justly dear to every Briton and to every freeman; but this feeling necessarily has its limits among the mass of mankind; and the loyalty of a people must be supported by reason and justice. They should have good reason to believe that their institutions are more conducive to happiness and prosperity than those of all other countries. Without this conviction, loyalty in a people who have by any means been deprived of the power of correcting the abuses of their government, would be hardly rational. Canadians now have that power to its full extent. Why, then, should we not be loyal to the constitution of our country which has stood the test of ages, purifying itself and developing its native energies as a vigorous constitution outgrows disease in the human frame. The government of Canada is practically more republican than that of the mother country, and nearly as republican as that of the United States. Our government is also notoriously much less expensive. Our public officers are also, practically, much more responsible to the people, though indirectly, because they are appointed by a Colonial Ministry who are elected by the people, and whose popularity depends in a great degree on the selections they make and upon their watchfulness over their conduct.

The government of the United States is not a cheap government, because all officers being elective by the people, the responsibility of the selections to office is divided and weakened. Moreover, the chance or prospect of the electors being the elected inclines them to put up with abuses and defalcations which would be considered intolerable under another form of government. The British Government now holds the best security for the continued loyalty of the people of Canada, in their increasing prosperity. To Great Britain they are bound by the strongest ties of duty and interest; and nothing but the basest ingratitude or absolute infatuation can ever tempt them to transfer their allegiance to another country.

I shall conclude this chapter with a few verses written two years ago, and which were suggested by an indignant feeling at the cold manner with which the National Anthem was received by some persons who used to be loud in their professions of loyalty on former public occasions. Happily, this wayward and pettish, I will not call it disloyal spirit, has passed away, and most of the "Annexationists" are now heartily ashamed of their conduct.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save the Queen! The time has been
When these charmed words, or said or sung,
Have through the welkin proudly rung;
And, heads uncovered, every tongue
Has echoed back—"God save the Queen!"
God save the Queen!

It was not like the feeble cry
That slaves might raise as tyrants pass'd,
With trembling knees and hearts downcast,
While dungeoned victims breathed their last
In mingled groans of agony!
God save the Queen!

Nor were these shouts without the will,
Which servile crowds oft send on high,
When gold and jewels meet the eye,
When pride looks down on poverty,
And makes the poor man poorer still!
God save the Queen!

No!—It was like the thrilling shout—
The joyous sounds of pride and praise
That patriot hearts are wont to raise,
Mid cannon's roar and bonfire's blaze,
When Britain's foes are put to rout—
God save the Queen!

For 'mid those sounds, to Britons dear,
No dastard, selfish thoughts intrude
To mar a nation's gratitude:
But one soul moves that multitude—
To sing in accents loud and clear—
God save the Queen!

Such sounds as these in days of yore,
On war-ship's deck and battle plain,
Have rung o'er heaps of foemen slain—
And, with God's help, they 'll ring again,
When warriors' blood shall flow no more,
God save the Queen!

God save the Queen! let patriots cry;
And palsied be the impious hand
Would guide the pen, or wield the brand,
Against our glorious Fatherland.
Let shouts of freemen rend the sky,
God save the Queen!—and Liberty!

PRINCESS ORSINI.

The widow of the Duke of Bracciano, Flavius Orsini, commonly known as Princess Ursini or Des Ursins, was one of the most remarkable women of the period of transition from the 17th to the 18th centuries, and presents one of the most instructive specimens of the influence of an accomplished, intelligent, and able woman, in the affairs of courts and states.

Anna Maria de la Tremouille [*] was the daughter of Louis de la Tremouille, Duke of Noirmontier (born 25th December, 1612, died 12th October, 1666), who obtained his ducal crown as the reward of his military prowess, and of Renata Julie Aubery (married, November, 1640, died, 20th March, 1679). The date of her birth has never been exactly ascertained. We only know that it occurred between those of her two brothers, and that her elder brother, Louis Alexander, was born in the year 1642, and her younger brother, the Cardinal de la Tremouille, in the year 1652, but that her first marriage did not occur till 1659. Her sister, Aloisa Angelica, married Anthony Lanti, Prince of Belmar, at Rome, and was commonly called the Duchess of Lanti. Anna Maria married, in the first instance, Adrian Blasius de Talleyrand, Prince of Chalois, whom she lost in 1670. He was forced to fly from France in consequence of being implicated in the Le Fort duel, and went to Spain, on which occasion his wife first became acquainted with a country in which she was afterwards to play such an important part. They passed afterwards into Italy, and whilst the Prince sought refuge in the Venetian territory, his lady went to Rome to seek refuge under the protection of the two Roman Cardinals Bouillon and d'Estrées. Her husband died shortly after, in such straitened circumstances, that she was left dependent on the bounty of her protectors. The latter negotiated, in 1675, a marriage between the young widow and Flavius dei Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, Prince of Vicovaro, Grandee of Spain, and Roman Baron, who had been a widower since 1674. This marriage does not appear to have been happy, having entailed such heavy expenses upon the Duke, through his connection with his wife's relations, that he had to dispose of all his properties successively, and lived in a state of constant discord with his wife. She seems indeed to have frequently sought refuge in France, in order to escape his invectives, and on one occasion she remained separated from him for the space of five years. It was at this time that her former acquaintance with Madame de Maintenon was renewed and ripened into intimacy, which gave her henceforth great influence at the French Court. She reconciled Cardinal Portocarrero, at whose house she had habitually sought an asylum in her domestic troubles, with her husband, in 1695, whereupon she returned to Rome, and remained with the Duke till his death, which occurred on the 5th April, 1698, in the 66th year of his age. His remaining possessions were confiscated by the Papal Camera. A furnished palace at Rome, and a moderate income, were all that accrued to his widow, who now assumed the name of Orsini, because the nephew of Pope Innocent the Twelfth, who had bought the deceased Duke's property of Bracciano, wished to appropriate the title to himself.

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[*] James Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, married, about the year 1637, Charlotte, daughter of Claud, Duke of Tremouille, &c., and of Lady Charlotte his wife, daughter of William Prince of Orange. This lady figured conspicuously in English history as the gallant defender or Latham House, in the Civil War.

See "History of the House of Stanley," Preston 1793, 8vo.; and pp. 181—3, of Sir Egerton Brydges' "Peers of England during the Reign of James the First."

When Philip the Fifth, the young King of Spain, had signified his intention of forming an alliance with a Princess of Savoy, the clever Frenchwoman seized with avidity the thought of obtaining an influential position at the Court of Madrid. She applied to Madame de Maintenon, as well as to her intimate confidant and relation, Madame de Noailles, and represented in a favourite light her advantages as widow of a Spanish grandee, her friendship with Cardinal Portocarrero, and her familiarity with the language and customs of the Spaniards; but she confined herself to the modest request of being allowed to accompany the young Queen to Madrid, and to remain there as long as it pleased the King. Portocarrero also used his influence in her favour. The French Court determined to confide to her the important post of a camerera mayor* of the young Queen, and she speedily received (1701) an official tender of this appointment through the Spanish Ambassador at Rome, the Duke of Uceda. We need scarcely add that she accompanied her new mistress in the galley that conveyed her to Spain.

St. Simon gives the following picture of our heroine :—" She was above the middle height, a brunette in complexion, with expressive blue eyes, and her countenance was uncommonly attractive, without having any pretensions to beauty. She had a beautiful figure, a stately and dignified bearing, in which, however, there was more of the attractive than of the imperious; and she knew so well how to couple an unspeakable charm with the merest trifles, that I have never known her equal in form or in character. Flattering, engaging, and discreet, anxious to please, for the sake of pleasing, and irresistible when she wished to convince or to reconcile; she possessed an agreeable tone of voice, a captivating address, and an inexhaustible fund of entertainment, which she enlivened with relations of the different countries that she had visited, and with anecdotes of the remarkable persons whom she had known or met. She was used to the best society, extremely polite and condescending to all, but especially fascinating to those whom she wished to distinguish, and equally dexterous in calling forth their peculiar charms and gifts. She seemed created expressly for the atmosphere of Courts, and she was thoroughly initiated into all the intrigues of Cabinets, owing to her long residence at Rome. She was vain of her person, and was gratified when she was admired, a weakness that always clung to her, on which account she dressed too young for her age in later life, and sometimes even ludicrously. She possessed a simple and natural eloquence, which always conveyed her exact meaning in the terms that she wished, and nothing more. She was close as regards her own concerns, faithful to the trusts of others, and endowed with the substance as well as the surface of cheerfulness, good humour, and an equable temperament, which made her at all times, and under all circumstances, absolute mistress of herself. Never did a woman possess more art, with less appearance of it; never was there a head so full of a multitude of schemes and subterfuges, or a greater knowledge of the human heart and of the means of directing it. I grant that she was proud and overbearing, unscrupulous about the means, provided she attained her ends, and yet she always gave a mild and agreeable colouring to her proceedings. She was nothing by halves; jealous and imperious in her attachments, a warm and unchanging friend despite of time and separation, and a very implacable and obstinate enemy. Her love of life was not greater than her love of power; but her ambition was of that soaring description which is seldom experienced by women, and not often by men."[*]

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* First lady in waiting.—TRAN.

The most lively picture of her character, her temperament, and the relations on which she laid the corner-stone of her influence at the Court of Spain, is presented in her own words, which she wrote[†] to the Duchess of Noailles:—

"Good God! into what an affair you have led me! I have not the slightest rest, not even time to speak to my secretary. To think of taking some repose after dinner, or of eating when I am hungry, is altogether out of the question. I am exceedingly fortunate if I can dispatch a hasty meal whilst I am running about, and it rarely happens that I am not summoned at the moment that I am about to sit down to dinner. Madame de Maintenon would certainly laugh if she knew the different duties of my office. Tell her, I pray you, that I am the person who has the honour to receive the dressing-gown of the King of Spain when he retires to rest, and to hand the same to him, together with a pair of slippers, when he rises in the morning. Thus far I could stand it; but it is rather too coarse a jest for me every night when the King goes to bed with the Queen, to be laden by the Count of Benevento with the sword of his Majesty, a night utensil, and a lamp, which I spill over my dress as a matter of course. The King would never get out of bed if I did not first undraw the curtains, and it would be a sacrilege for any other person to enter the room of the Queen when they are in bed. On one occasion recently the lamp went out, because I had spilt half the oil. I did not know where the windows were, because it was night when we came to the place. I managed soon to run my nose against the wall, and the King and I ran up against each other for the space of a quarter of an hour, in our endeavours to find the window. His Majesty finds me so useful, that he often has the goodness to request my attendance two hours before I wish to rise. The Queen shares in these jests, but I have not yet won the same degree of confidence that she places in her Piedmontese attendants. I am astonished at this, because I am more attentive than they are, and I am persuaded that they neither undressed her nor washed her feet as cleverly as I do."

King Philip the Fifth met his bride at Figueras, and their marriage was ratified by the Patriarch of the Indies on the 3rd of November 1701. Maria Louise had scarcely attained the age of fourteen, and appeared still younger, owing to her diminutive stature, but her mind possessed the early maturity of her native land, and she united the most engaging manners and the most agreeable address to an extraordinary beauty of feature and form. Her favourite expression was the following: "I have no will contrary to my duty;" and this in her mouth was not mere breath and words. Still the French Court did not trust the artful Piedmontese, and had given orders for her Italian suite to be sent home on reaching the Spanish frontier, and for her to be placed absolutely under the protection of Princess Orsini. She was deeply concerned at this, and broke forth in such bitter lamentations, that people at first suspected a deeper cause for this distress, than the natural feeling of a young girl who sees herself suddenly bereft of all her acquaintance and surrounded by entirely novel circumstances. However, the true state of things was soon discovered, and the equally affectionate and intelligent nature of the young Queen rose so much the higher in men's estimation. But we have a strong proof of the winning nature of Princess Orsini in the fact that she so rapidly effaced the first unfavourable impression, which is apparent in the letter above quoted, and that she obtained such an uncommon influence over the Queen.

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[*] The Duchess of Orleans, who disliked Princess Orsini because she had injured her son, yet gave her the precedence to that "old fool" Madame de Maintenon, "because she did not bring the Lord God on the scene, and did not play the *dévote*."—Letter to the Raugrafin Louise, p. 343.

[†] 11th December, 1701.

Matters went on smoothly till the year 1703. The administration of Spain, which had not yet suffered from war, was in Spanish hands, principally in those of Cardinal Portocarrero, and the only difficulties were presented by the indolence, the routine, the internal mismanagement, whims and quarrels of the Spanish officials, and by the inconsistency of Portocarrero; annoyances that were overcome by Princess Orsini, and that were rather irritating than seriously injurious. A new character, however, now entered the scene, in the person of Cardinal d'Estrées. Louis the Fourteenth fancied that he could govern Spain, like his own France, and yet felt disposed to indemnify himself for this trouble at the cost of Spain. The Duke of Harcourt had been the most popular envoy, and had consequently succeeded very well. The Count of Marsin * had excited the hostility of the Spaniards, because he had been forced as a member into their council of state. Still he was wise enough to deter Louis the Fourteenth from his plan of obtaining the cession of the Spanish Netherlands. But in 1703 Louis sent Cardinal d'Estrées, a prelate distinguished for his noble birth, his learning, his integrity and his intelligence, as well as experience in diplomacy, who was, however, too consequential to suit the Spaniards, and who came to Spain with the idea of becoming its regent. He was accompanied by his nephew, the Abbé d'Estrées, who united to the same proud spirit a greater indiscretion and a more artful character; indeed he was not at all indisposed to rise at the expense of his uncle. Louville, a confidant of Philip, who was in possession of one of the highest appointments at his court, sided with these foreigners. He was a witty, satirical, conceited Frenchman, who sneered at every thing that was not French, and a personal enemy of Princess Orsini, whom he greatly injured by his caustic secret correspondence with Paris. To these was added the father confessor of the King, the Jesuit d'Aubenton, whose influence was also prejudicial to the princess.

The Cardinal had not been a week in Madrid before a general explosion took place. There was some truth in the ironical remarks that Princess Orsini wrote at this time to the Duchess of Noailles: "It is my earnest wish that his Eminence may find the satisfaction that he deserves and expects, that we shall succeed in healing the deeply-rooted injuries of this monarchy, and that his comprehensive, soaring, and enlightened spirit will be more directed to win over the Spaniards than to

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* Anthony Count of Marsin became afterwards Maréchal of France, was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Turin (1706), and died the day after, owing, it is said, to an explosion of gunpowder in a neighbouring room to that occupied by him.

command their admiration. But to speak plain, I will not answer for his success, for I fear lest a naturally proud nation will consider it a sign of contempt, that France sends one of the greatest geniuses in the world, not to advise with it, but to govern it; and this will increase their aversion. I myself regard it as a miracle that I am not detested, and can only attribute it to the conviction that the Spaniards have, that I love their nation."

This was, in fact, the only way in which a foreigner could hope to govern Spain, without being hated.

It was not long before our heroine was involved in new troubles, by connecting herself if not with Louville at least with the Abbé d'Estrées in a plan by which the latter proposed to supplant his uncle. Suffice it to say that she became implicated by this unfortunate scheme, in an inextricable web of intrigue and duplicity, that she discovered that the Abbé had been cajoling her, and was her determined enemy, and that she confirmed the French Court in its resolution of removing her on the first opportunity.

The French agents at Court induced the King to depart for the army that was collecting on the frontiers of Portugal, and the Queen was forbidden to accompany him. During the absence of Philip, they succeeded in impressing him with the necessity of removing Princess Orsini from Spain. The King and Queen, though greatly distressed at this necessity, yet submitted more quietly than had been anticipated. The Princess received the intelligence of her removal with dignity and serenity, perhaps already foreseeing the certainty of her recall. She departed without taking a personal, but only an epistolary leave of the Queen, and left Madrid (April 12, 1704), whence she proceeded by very slow journeys, through Spain to Alcala, Vittoria, and the French frontier. The Duke of Gramont, the next French agent, though an able man, attempted the old French plan of *gallicizing* Spain, and removing the moral Pyrenees,* occasioned by different manners, and an opposite temperament, in the bordering nations. The result was the same as before. He failed signally, and brought the administration into the greatest confusion, resulting among other evils, in the loss of Gibraltar. Matters at length reached such a pass, that Gramont could no longer conceal from himself the fact, that Princess Orsini alone was capable of restoring things to order.

Whilst plots, cabals, and feuds were distracting the Court and Cabinet of Madrid, Princess Orsini, who had been first directed to proceed to Toulouse, obtained permission to visit Versailles, where she met with a most flattering reception. The Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Alba, and other distinguished persons came to meet her; she was visited by members of the royal family; her house was thronged as at the levees of royalty; she had many confidential interviews with Madame de Maintenon, and received a very gracious reception from Louis. The King doubled her pension, which now amounted to 20,000 livres, and bestowed every mark of condescension on her and her brother, the Duke of Noirmontiers.

After the recall of Gramont,† she proceeded at length to Madrid which she entered in triumph (on the 5th of August, 1705). The King and Queen advanced two miles to meet her, and invited her, after a tender embrace, to occupy a place in the royal carriage. She had, however, too much tact to infringe the strict etiquette of the Spanish Court, by accepting an honour to which no subject was entitled. She resumed her place as *camerera mayor*, but found it an almost hopeless task to remedy the disorders occasioned by the faults that had been committed during her absence.

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* The reader will remember that when the intelligence reached Louis the Fourteenth, that Charles the Second of Spain had agreed to appoint Philip the Fifth his successor, he observed, *Il n'y a plus de Pyrenées.*"

† Gramont wrote before his departure to Torci, the French Minister, "If all

Yet, when the Bourbon Court was forced to fly from Madrid before the victorious army of the rival King,* (June, 1706), it became evident that the opposition existing to the former in Spain, was only nominal, and did not interfere with their loyalty to their rightful sovereign. Most of the Grandees followed the Court in exile to Burgos, and Madrid received the victors in dismal silence. The Duke of Berwick restored the affairs of Philip, by gaining the battle of Almanza, but was superseded by the Duke of Orleans, at the request of Princess Orsini.† Orleans appears to have indulged in the usual intrigues of French agents, and to have even aspired to the throne; but he met with a spirited opposition from the Princess and was finally recalled.

And now the King was induced by the representations of the Princess to throw himself into the arms of the Spaniards, and make an appeal to their loyalty for the removal of the exigencies of the state. This appeal was responded to by a general burst of enthusiasm throughout the land (April, 1709), all Frenchmen in office were dismissed, and the Ministry as well as the army were confided to the Duke of Medina-Celi, and the Count of Aguilar, native Spaniards, and money and men poured in in abundance. Yet the finances were in too great confusion to be remedied easily by the cleverest and most patriotic statesmen. Whatever may have been the cause, certain it is that Medina-Celi was disgraced shortly after this, and died in retirement at Pampeluna on the 26th of January, 1711.

The Duke of Noailles was sent to Spain in 1711, first as general, and then as diplomatic agent. He showed himself as injudicious as former agents, attributed the intractable character of the Spaniards to the Queen and Princess Orsini, and imprudently suggested to the King the propriety of separating from the Queen, on account of her sickly state of health, and after the fashion of the patriarchs, of seeking a hand-maid in her place. The suggestion came to the ears of the indignant Queen and Princess, who wrote at once to the French Court, and effected the recall of Noailles.

It was now that the influence of the Princess was paramount, and her authority almost supreme at the Court of Madrid. Difficulties were presented at the deliberations of the Congress of Utrecht, that could only be surmounted by Princess Orsini, and she set a price on her mediation, which showed the lofty swing of her ambition. She had formerly

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your embassies resemble this one, I tell you candidly, that I will never undertake another in my life." He would not accept the least present from the Spanish court, but recommended that the money should rather be devoted to the exigencies of the troops.

* The Archduke Charles, afterwards Emperor of Germany.—TRAN.

† The Duke of Berwick, who was a natural son of James the Second of England, had never been popular with the Queen of Spain. She used to say of him, "*C'est un grand diable d'Anglais sec, qui va toujours droit devant lui.*"—Mém. de Berwick," i. 274.

been promised a small territory in Bavaria, with a yearly rent of 30,000 crowns, and she now demanded this as an independent sovereignty, as the price of her services. This territory was the Duchy of Limburg, which Louis did not scruple to cede, but some difficulties occurred on the part of the Empire, that prevented the execution of the scheme.

The Queen of Spain, who had been suffering for some time from a painful illness, was released from her sufferings on the 14th of February 1714, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Philip, distracted with grief at her loss, left all the cares of government to Cardinal del Giudice, a Neapolitan prelate, and retired with Princess Orsini, as governess of the Prince of Asturias, to the hotel of the Duke of Medina-Celi. As this palace, however, was not sufficiently spacious, the Princess installed herself in a neighbouring Convent of Capuchins, whose inmates were for a time removed to another religious house, and she caused an open gallery, that united the two buildings, to be covered over, in order to be able at any time to visit the royal widower unobserved. She was now sole and unlimited ruler. She removed the Cardinal del Giudice after he had only been three days at the helm of affairs, and replaced him by Orri, who was entirely devoted to her. Various other alterations and reforms were effected by her in the administration which proved beneficial to the interests of Spain. Orri accomplished some very important reforms in the finances, but when he attempted to touch the ecclesiastical immunities, he encountered such a powerful opposition from the Inquisition, that he was forced to desist.

The differences with France assumed also at this time a serious aspect for the Princess.

Louis had desired the Duke of Berwick to proceed to Madrid, in order to condole with the King on his recent loss. The Princess prevented this visit, and had even the imprudence to write to Louis, "that the appearance of Berwick with an army before Barcelona would be more advantageous to his interests, than a compliment of condolence." The King of France was much incensed at this expression, and it was only after much angry discussion and coquetting on both parts, that this affair was adjusted.

The next matter of interest presented itself in the deliberations and intrigues connected with the second marriage of Philip. Louis recommended a Princess of Portugal or Bavaria, or a Condé. Princess Orsini, seems, however, to have thought of herself. Whether there was any foundation for the report of too near a connection existing between her and the King at this time, must ever remain problematical. She was not far from seventy, but still very engaging, and with a man of Philip's disposition, any thing was possible in this extremity. It may be affirmed with much greater certainty, on the testimony of Alberoni and of Elizabeth the future Queen, as well as by the King's own admissions, that our heroine aspired at this time to share his throne. It appears that he was deterred from taking this step, by some well-timed sarcasms of his father confessor.* As soon as the King, however, had determined to oppose this aim of the Princess, a separation became necessary between the monarch and his old servant.

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* The King asked his father confessor, on one occasion, what news there was from Paris: "Sire," replied Robinet, "it is reported there that your majesty will marry Madame des Ursins."—"Oh, as to that matter, No!" said the King drily, [illegible] went away.

This would have been the proper time for the Princess to have retired with dignity; Spain did not require her any longer. But she was now led to commit one error after another. She sought for an insignificant bride for Philip, who would be entirely managed by her, without remembering that the deceased Queen had been far from insignificant, and yet had been guided by her counsel. She suffered herself on this occasion to be overreached by the artful Alberoni, and to favour the very person who was most dangerous to her, Elizabeth Farnese, Princess of Parma. The selection of this lady was effected in the greatest secrecy, behind the back of Louis, though Princess Orsini obtained his general consent for a second marriage of Philip. The King of France, however, first learnt the object of his grandson's choice, when everything had been settled, which caused him to complain of the secrecy and haste with which all had been conducted. Lastly the Princess entirely destroyed all the merit she might have attained with the Queen, by making the hopeless attempt of preventing the alliance, when she discovered the true character of the bride elect.

The King, who was extremely delighted with his new and youthful consort, went to meet her at Guadalaxara, attended by a brilliant escort. At Alcala he sent forwards Princess Orsini, who stopped to take some refreshment at Xadreca, a small village situated four miles beyond Guadalaxara, just as the Queen happened to arrive there. She instantly left the table, advanced to the foot of the stairs to meet the Queen, and kneeling, kissed her hand. Meeting with an apparently gracious reception, she proceeded to lead her royal mistress into the chamber. But how greatly was she astonished, when the Queen on arriving there, suddenly changed her compliments into violent reproaches, and addressed her as if her attire and comportment were disrespectful. A mild exculpation on the part of the Princess had only the effect of provoking a renewal of the tempest. The Queen commanded her to be silent, and called to the guard, "take away this mad woman, who has dared to offend me!" and even went so far as to assist herself in pushing her out of the room. The Queen now asked to see the officer commanding the guard, Lieutenant-General Count Amezaya, and ordered him to arrest the Princess, and to conduct her over the frontier. The officer, astonished, represented to her that the King alone was authorized to give such an order; upon which she exclaimed peevishly, "Have you not received his Majesty's order to obey me unconditionally?" The Count having replied in the affirmative, she continued,—"Well, then, obey me.' When he insisted on a written order, she called for pen and ink, and wrote it upon her knee.

The Princess was immediately hurried into a coach, without being permitted to alter her dress, and accompanied only by a single female attendant and two officers, together with an escort of fifty dragoons, was forced to pursue her journey during the whole of a long cold and dark winter's night. At first she was almost stupified by the blow; her second emotion was rage and despair; but on reflection she began to place hopes in the King, and in her numerous friends. When they drew up in the morning, in order to bait, she broke her long silence, expressed her astonishment at what had occurred, to her companions, who were themselves greatly surprised, and sought to comfort her, and related to them all the particulars of her disgrace. When, however, on pursuing the journey, no intelligence arrived from the King, her hopes became fainter, and she experienced the numerous privations and hardships to which she was exposed during so unforeseen a journey, at that season of the year, and in inhospitable Spain, she frequently gave vent to bitter indignation. She was absolutely penniless, was obliged to borrow money from her attendants, and a considerable time elapsed before she was overtaken by a messenger with one thousand pistoles. On the third day of the journey, they met her two nephews, the Count of Chalois, and the Prince of Lanti, who had hastened after her. She perceived clearly from their statements, that no alteration in her fate was to be anticipated from Court. They brought nothing for her but a cold written communication, in which permission was granted to her, to remain at the place where her nephews should happen to overtake her, and in which she was promised the punctual payment of her pension in future. Now that she saw that all was decided, she became tranquil and collected, endured every privation without a murmur, and excited the astonishment of her followers, by her patience and firmness.

After a journey of twenty-three days, she came to St. Jean de Luz, where she was left her own mistress. She sought to obtain an audience from the Dowager Queen of Spain,* but it was refused. She then wrote to Madame de Maintenon, to Louis, and to the Ministers. After some solicitation, she was permitted to come to Paris, where she alighted at the house of her brother, the Duke of Noirmontiers, and received the numerous visits of a crowd of inquisitive persons. She was also amicably received at Versailles and being provided with a pension of 40,000 francs, she recovered her natural gaiety. It was not long, however, before the Spanish Court obtained the ear of the Duke of Orleans, attached the blame of the division existing between the two Courts to the Princess, and induced him to take steps prejudicial to her interests at Versailles, which elicited a prohibition against her appearing at any place where there was a member of the Orleans family.

Nevertheless she lingered some time longer in the vicinity of the Court of France. But when the King was pronounced to be on his death-bed, she feared the revenge of the Duke of Orleans and left Paris. Holland refused to admit her, and she proceeded first to Avignon and afterwards to Genoa. She did not venture to approach Rome, during the lifetime of Pope Clement the Eleventh (deceased 18th March 1721); but under Innocent the Thirteenth she received permission to reside there, and returned to the spot that had been the cradle and theatre of her early greatness, and to which such striking memories were attached; and she solaced herself with a shadow of her former importance by doing the honours at the house of the Pretender. She died, however, as early as 1721.

We have now closed our brief sketch of Princess Orsini. A remarkable woman in an age eminent for distinguished females. France has been rich in such; yet few have there appeared who have displayed more consummate skill, or a more measureless ambition, than Madame des Ursins. She had her faults and foibles, but let us not be too harsh in the judgment we pronounce upon them. She attained an elevation that would have turned the heads of most, and it was not her least merit that she retained her popularity, though a foreigner, to the last among a proud and jealous people, over whom it was her destiny to exercise an almost sovereign authority during a long course of years.

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* Widow of Charles the Second of Spain.

THE LOVES OF A CHANCERY LAWYER.

Mr. Selwyn Bowlby was an elderly barrister in good practice. He had a house in Bloomsbury Square, and chambers in Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. By dint of industry, perseverance, and a tolerable share of impudence, he had worked his way from nothing into a considerable practice in the Rolls' Court. Secure of the future, so far as fortune was concerned, he thought it high time to try if he could not enjoy the present a little more than he had hitherto done; and conceiving the fresh sea air would be beneficial to his constitution, Mr. Selwyn Bowlby removed his household gods from Bloomsbury Square for a season, and set them up at Brighton, where having taken a mansion he determined to disport himself during the long vacation.

The season of repose, which annually released Mr. Bowlby from the more active discharge of his professional duties, was not always so welcome to him as to many of his learned brethren, for, unincumbered by wife or children, and arrived at a period of life when lighter pleasures cease to charm, he did not well know in what manner to dispose of his unenvied leisure, and never perhaps had he felt time hang more heavily upon his hands than during the first few weeks of his residence in his marine abode. In all his life before he had seldom been out of London for any period longer than a week at the utmost. He missed his monotonous occupations, his mornings in the Rolls, his lounge to his club in the afternoon, and, above all, the gossip of his old professional associates. In his solitary walks by the sea-shore, up the Cliff and down it again, he felt like a fish out of water, as in point of fact he was. But there is in the air of Brighton a certain something which is admirably adapted to cast out blue devils. In season or out of season, the place has decidedly a joyous aspect. It is pleasant to saunter idly along the Esplanade, although one's reveries are liable to be occasionally disturbed by tarry gentlemen, odorous of bad tobacco, who will observe that the morning would answer well for a sail; and the visitor is rather shocked at first by the graceful *abandon* and total absence of all prudery, which characterise the frequenters of the bathing-place, where Triton and Nereid float side by side unabashed by the proximity of each other, or by the opera-glasses, which, for the better observation of their aquatic gambols, are levelled at them from the crowded shore. Notwithstanding these little *désagrémens*, the place is charming, it gives one such a tremendous appetite, and has many other things to recommend it, which I cannot stay to enumerate.

"I find the sea-air suits me admirably," soliloquized Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, as he swallowed his third cup of tea, and cast a glance at the breakfast-table, late so trimly spread, which his ravages had converted into a desert. "But then it seems deuced solitary since I 've come down, I have not seen a face—" The lawyer's matin reverie was cut short by the sharp rat-tat at the door of the postman; and he forthwith proceeded by the aid of a double gold eye-glass to investigate the correspondence, which, ranged in due order upon a salver, his domestic had brought into the room and placed upon the table before him.

While Mr. Bowlby is reading his letters I may as well describe him, not that it is in the least worth while, but my fair readers may wish to know something of the external appearance of a gentleman who was destined ere long (I use of course a metaphorical expression) to play the devil with so many individuals of their enchanting sex.

My hero was not what is commonly called a handsome man, his appearance was far from prepossessing, with a skin very much resembling parchment in its texture and hue, a mouth not unlike a certain Lord Chancellor's, and a nose of the order denominated snub; he would have been as ugly as John Wilkes himself but for his eyes, which sparkled with a mixture of shrewdness and vivacity under a tolerably capacious brow, the crown whereof was completely bald. His figure was rather stooped; he wore Wellington boots much too large for him, and was always attired carefully in raiment of shining black. He shuffled as he walked, and showed all his teeth as he smiled, and *voilà*, Mr. Selwyn Bowlby.

Whatever may be the reason, the fair sex at Brighton are in a decided majority; the presence of a cavalry regiment in the neighbourhood may have something to do with it—I cannot say. There are children, too, in immense quantities, as well as ladies but, odd enough, the greater proportion of the latter are elderly and unmarried. The sensation which was caused among the ladies of the Queen of Navarre, by the sudden advent at court of a pair of whiskers, can scarcely have exceeded the agitation produced by the appearance of a strange gentleman at Brighton. Those only who have suffered from the lamentable dearth of "desirables" at such places, can appreciate the sensation excited by the advent of a "new man."

Affectionate mothers who in public never can bring themselves to endure the idea of parting with the dear girls, but who are yet quite willing to foist them upon any one who will take them off their hands in private, and, from behind the muslin of their window-curtains, look upon the new arrival as a species of providential interposition in their favour, and proceed immediately to make such arrangements for the appropriation of the prize, as the position and exigencies of their families demand. Meanwhile, the "arrival" walks forth in profound unconsciousness of the machinations of which he is the object. Such moments as these, could he only enjoy the consciousness of his triumph, are perhaps the proudest in a single gentleman's whole life. It is at such a time he appears to the most advantage; his merits are indisputable. Nor does a malicious whisper disturb the serenity of his repose, save perhaps the anathema of Mrs. Brown levelled at the head of the matron Jones, her neighbour, for making what she calls indelicate advances to the stranger.

The appearance, therefore, of Mr. Selwyn Bowlby had not been unnoticed; managing matrons peeped at him from behind the curtains as he lounged along the King's Road; spinsters cast admiring glances upon him; and the five tall Miss Rockets, with that exemplary but keen old Scotch gentlewoman, their mother, debated in full family conclave how they should manage to inveigle the unwary stranger into their drawing-room in Regency Square, for it had somehow reached them that the man of law was well to do in the world, that he had determined to make Brighton his head-quarters for a time, so the five tall Miss Rockets thought they might easily secure the prize before it became an object of public competition.

Alas, there were other young women at that time quite as keenly alive to the advantages of a comfortable worldly position as the fine Miss Rockets.

"Is he not a very gentlemanly-looking person?" was the remark of Miss Julia Withermay to her friend and confidant, Miss Pybus, as those two young ladies passed near Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, who, with his hands crossed behind him, was enjoying his matutinal ramble by the sea-shore.

"Who do you mean, dear? not that elderly gentleman in the white tie, with the brown umbrella."

"Yes, but don't call him old; he is anything but that," replied Miss Julia, in a deprecating tone.

"Why, he's fifty if he's a day; his whiskers are grey, and the end of his nose is red—he's a regular Guy, I do declare!" responded Miss Pybus, who was a young lady of a lively temperament, with a turn for satire.

"He has got three thousand a year, a house in town, drives his carriage,—and wants a wife."

"How did you find all that out in so short a time, you dear, sentimental, lack-a-daisical creature; who'd have thought of you taking any interest in such matters?" replied Miss Pybus, tossing her head.

It would unquestionably have been much more prudent, if the sedate Miss Withermay had kept to herself the information thus incautiously imparted, for no sooner did Miss Pybus—who, under a *brusque* off-hand manner, had a keen eye to business—reach home, than she proceeded to acquaint her mother with what she had heard, adding her assured conviction that the artful Julia had a furtive design against the heart and liberty of the unsuspicious stranger, which it would be a charity to frustrate, "as if an old thing like her had any chance of being married. Why a husband would frighten her out of her senses, she's so nervous," Miss Pybus said, throwing a glance at the mirror, which reflected a not uncomely set of features.

The result of this conversation, as well as of one somewhat similar which had taken place nearly about the same time between Miss Withermay and her august parent, was, that among the letters which we left the lawyer about to inspect, there were two tiny oblong notes, written, with the privity and consent of her respective mamma, by each of the young ladies, in which the company of Mr. Selwyn Bowlby was requested at a small party in the course of the ensuing week.

It was fortunate that the invitations were for different days, or Mr. Bowlby could not have accepted them both, as he did without the least hesitation, congratulating himself the while upon so unexpected a relief to the monotonous routine of his maritime existence.

"Who shall I enounce, sir?" said a page in a green suit eruptive with buttons, receiving the lawyer's hat, and preceding him to the drawing-room door. And Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, having given his name, found himself without further ceremony in the presence of his kind hostess and her graceful, accomplished daughter.

I have used the above epithets advisedly; to have called my heroine lovely, would have been a mistake, she was nothing of the kind; of mature age and a delicate constitution. Miss Withermay was a frail—I meant to have said a fragile—creature, devoted to the elegant pursuits of literature and the fine arts, but not averse to matrimony, provided an eligible opportunity for entering into that condition should present itself; pretensions to beauty she had none whatever, indeed Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, as he threw a glance over the company, thought he had seldom seen assembled in one apartment, so many elderly females of an unprepossessing exterior (for Julia was by far too wily a tactician to invite any one she considered dangerous), but like a man of sense, as he was, he determined to make the most of it, and enjoy himself as much as it was possible under circumstances apparently so disadvantageous.

I shall not stay to describe the platitudes of a small early-party; which of my readers has not at some period of his existence experienced them? Tea was handed round; Miss Withermay discussed æsthetics with Mr. Selwyn Bowlby as he partook of that refreshment, and talked about Tennyson's poetry, which she understood as much as the distinguished author himself, until it was time to separate, and the lawyer took his leave rather bored than otherwise, although he was too much a man of the world to evince aught but satisfaction at the evening's entertainment.

Miss Withermay went to bed under the impression she had made a conquest; she dreamed of orange-flowers, lace veils, and mansions in Bloomsbury Square. Peace to her virgin slumbers!

When the evening arrived, upon which Mr. Bowlby was to participate in the Pybus hospitality, a different scene awaited him. Miss Pybus was a dashing person, verging towards forty. She had had no end of offers; but she set too high a value upon her charms to let them go for nothing; and as no adorer had hitherto been able to satisfy the requirements of Captain Pybus, her father, in regard of settlement, one after another they were dismissed, and she was in the market still ready for anything good that might turn up. Miss Pybus, being what is called a fast young lady, was fond of the society of military men, so that when Mr. Selwyn Bowlby made his *entré*, he found the drawing-room filled with dragoons. There were none but married ladies present; Miss Pybus had the game altogether in her own hands, and it would have done your heart good, fair reader, to see how dextrously she played it. The tendency of cavalry officers to flirtation is proverbial; their aversion to matrimony is well known. Miss Pybus liked to be flirted with, but she was most anxious to be married, so she threw over Captain Jenkenson, a handsome warrior, six feet high, paid not the slightest attention to his conversation, and monopolized Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, who, poor man, felt himself intensely flattered by a preference so obvious, and thought he had never met with a creature more bewitching than Miss Pybus.

Thus introduced into society, Mr. Bowlby found his time no longer hang heavily on hand. He was frequently present at the æsthetic teas of the demure Miss Withermay, and he was more frequently still a participator in the less intellectual and refined festivities, whereof the lively Miss Pybus was the dispenser.

Happy Mr. Selwyn Bowlby! Was ever chancery lawyer more suddenly in request. Like Lord Byron, he had wakened to find himself famous. So dextrously and with such true feminine tact had the rival belles contrived their proceedings that neither had the most remote idea of the game played by the other. Each thought herself secure of the prize.

"Susan," said Captain Pybus to his daughter one morning at breakfast, "suppose we get up a little picnic party to the Dyke, and ask the Withermays and—"

"Good gracious, papa, you surely are not serious; such weather as this—"

"Never saw finer in all my life," the captain said.

"With such an east wind? why, you 'll get your death of rheumatism."

"How careful the gipsy is of her father," thought the old gentleman, as he munched his toast in silence.

"I think our new acquaintance is getting rather particular in his attentions, eh, Julia, my dear?" said Mrs. Withermay.

The fair Julia looked up from her favourite Tennyson, with a look of pleased surprise.

"I 'm sure I don't know, mamma; he seems a most agreeable, gentlemanly man."

"I hope you intend to accept him, Julia; from all I hear the match would be a most advantageous one, and you seem to have the field all to yourself."

"I shall refer him to you, mamma, as a matter of course," was the sage reply.

"He has never said anything to you, my dear, which would lead you to suppose he meditated a proposal, has he, Julia?"

"Why, no, not exactly. But his looks are eloquent, and I think I heard him sigh twice as he drank his fifth cup of tea last night."

"Well, take care you don't let him slip through your fingers as that great Captain O'Ryan did, who dangled after you so long."

Miss Withermay, uttering a plaintive sigh at this touching recollection, resumed her perusal of "Locksley Hall."

Now there chanced at this period to be resident at Brighton a certain rich merchant, whose name was Podder. This gentleman had a handsome house in Sussex Square, where he resided with his sister, a lady of mature age and fading charms; but who, like the five Miss Rockets, Miss Withermay, and her rival, had no objection whatever to enter upon the holy state of matrimony, provided a favourable opportunity should present itself. Mr. Podder had a brother in London, an eminent solicitor in extensive business, and he, coming down one day to Brighton, in order to consult the chancery barrister, whose client he was, dined, as a matter of course, at the fraternal residence in Sussex Square.

Thus it came to pass that, after the lapse of not many days, Mr. Selwyn Bowlby found himself a cherished guest, with his legs under the Podder mahogany, and by his side a lady, who, although by no means so good looking as his fair friend, Miss Pybus, yet was not surpassed by that young lady in the little delicate attentions which none know how to pay so dextrously as a woman, especially when she has arrived at years of discretion, and thinks of "now or never."

Mr. Podder, though an estimable man, was not showy. He would never have been selected by the ladies' patronesses at Almack's to make one in a fancy quadrille; he was short and stout, with a shiny bald head, little pig-eyes, and a broad nose with nostrils like a pointer. His clothes looked as if they had been put on him by the aid of a pitchfork. His coat was black and roomy, with capacious pockets in the rear, into which, when on Change, it was his custom to thrust his hands. His inexpressibles were very much too short, and his shoes greatly too large for him.

What little bit of neck he had was decorated by a white tie, and his pudgy chest was cased in vesture of black satin. His daughter was evidently his own child. No one who looked at her could entertain even a passing doubt on that point.

There are many interesting young persons who think they look well by moonlight. The fair Julia Withermay was of this number; and as it was just about the time when the red round harvest-moon came rolling up out of the sea, casting a long track of light across the waves, which trembled beneath, that this young lady began to take frequent walks along the esplanade in front of the Bedford Hotel, accompanied by her worthy parent.

It was in the course of one of these pleasant rambles that she encountered Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, whom she had not seen for nearly a fortnight.

"Beautiful evening, madam," the lawyer said, as he politely accosted the ladies.

"Is it not lovely? how fair the waters look beneath the moon," replied the spinster, turning pensively towards the sea.

The lawyer rubbed his hands, and looked by turns at Miss Withermay and the moon, but he said nothing, for he had nothing to say.

The experienced matron came to his relief.

"We are making up a little party for the Races next week, Mr. Bowlby, and if you would join us we should be delighted," she said.

The little lawyer expressed his grateful sense of the honour thus offered, but replied with a smile, that he thought he was getting rather too old for such amusements.

"I leave them to my juniors now, madam," he said, as he bade the ladies good night.

Next morning, Mr. Selwyn Bowlby received the prettiest little "billet" that was ever seen. The envelope had pink edges, and upon the seal there was engraven a Cupid rampant.

Here is a copy:—

"My dear Sir,

"My father hopes you will give us the pleasure of your company upon Thursday next to go to the Races. We shall have an agreeable party. Captain Jenkinson takes us in his drag, and I have kept an inside seat for you. "Very truly yours,

"Amelia Pybus."

Thrice happy Mr. Selwyn Bowlby; but what a dilemma,—he wished he had not met the Withermays, or if he had, that they had not invited him. He did not like to refuse, but he felt the difficulty under such circumstances of accepting, so he sate down and wrote a note, expressing his profound regret that he was engaged.

The day of the Goodwood Races arrived in due course, and a lovelier morning never shone. The scene was splendid; but even if I could I would not describe it. There was Miss Pybus—arrayed like Solomon in all his glory—in a new silk dress, and a killing bonnet fresh from London. There, too, was Miss Withermay, with a select party of elderly spinsters and antiquated beaux; and there, too, my pen trembles as I record the fact—there, in a dark green britzka, drawn by grey horses, a coachman in a cauliflower wig on the box, and two Jeameses in plush holding on behind,—heavens and earth!—there was Mr. Selwyn Bowlby by the side of the amiable Miss Podder.

In such a place it was next to impossible the parties should not meet; meet they did—greetings were interchanged. and explanations followed, as a matter of course. Mr. Bowlby had been prevailed upon by his friends, &c., to come and see the Race.

Until this moment neither of our two friends had the least idea of the other's proceedings—each of them thought she had the prize entirely in her own hands; and here, almost in the moment of victory, it was apparently snatched from their grasp by an interloper—a tawdry, over-dressed *nouveau riche*. What a galling humiliation!

"Artful creature, Julia Withermay; she 's as deep as a well," Miss Pybus said to the dragoon by her side.

"Yeth, very," replied Captain Jenkenson.

"His nose is certainly red; and he is decidedly elderly," said Miss Withermay, with a pensive sigh.

It was about the commencement of the following November term, that the "Morning Post" contained an announcement, in the usual terms, of Mr. Selwyn Bowlby's marriage to the daughter of Absalom Podder, Esq., of Sussex Square; and although ever since that period I have carefully examined the Brighton papers, I have seen no case of suicide recorded in their columns; but the very last time I visited that watering-place, I saw an angelic creature opposite the Bedford looking at the moon—perhaps it was Miss Withermay—she may be there still.

RAMBLES AND SCRAMBLES IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.*

> "I had a strong prejudice against the American people, acquired by meeting very bad specimens on the Continent; but I have convinced myself it was unfounded; and I do not hesitate to say, that I met as agreeable women and as gentlemanly men in America as the world can produce."—AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

REPUBLICAN Institutions have been regarded generally as conducive to a lower tone of taste and ideas than is to be found under a Monarchy: it is, therefore, with some pleasure that we note the agreement between the later English travellers, respecting the high standard of morals and manners in America. Amongst the most intelligent of recent travellers in that country was Alexander Mackay, whose death, whilst engaged in India for the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, the country lately had reason to deplore. In his work on America, under the title of "The Western World"—a book which has taken its stand as the best authority on the subject—Mr. Mackay unceasingly addresses himself to remove the prejudices common in this country against our Anglo-Saxon brethren. Lady Stuart Wortley followed in the same train, and her lively book, though a sketchy volume, and not pretending to the importance of Mr. Mackay's, was another blow at these prejudices.

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* By Edward Sullivan.

We have now a third work on the subject, full of information popularly conveyed, and written in a lively, rattling, vigorous style. The quotation at the head of this paper will show that Mr. Sullivan agrees with Mr. Mackay and Lady Wortley in his estimate of American tastes and habits.

Mr. Sullivan set sail for America in an emigrant vessel, in which, unfortunately, were crowded five hundred Irish.

The Americans would appear to be as rapid consumers of meals as when they were described by Basil Hall. Here we have Mr. Sullivan speaking:

> "But still the 'go-ahead' principle is so inherent a point of the Yankee character that it is often visible even at the *table d'hôte* at New York and Boston, where, during the summer months, the diners are chiefly men travelling from place to place in search of amusement; and at a time when one would imagine that any desperate hurry in swallowing one's dinner, especially such excellent ones as are usually provided, would be a cause of great discomfort, you see dozens of men eating as if their very lives depended on consuming a certain amount in a given time, as Dickens has naïvely observed, 'snapping up whole blocks of meat like young ravens.'"

This great haste is of course opposed to anything like conversation, and the company carefully eschew the most common-place observations. This may account for the absence of English rotundity and accompanying joviality; for, though the doctors assure us that a good digestion should always wait on appetite, the Americans seem to "bolt" their food too much to allow of this—a circumstance which not improbably may cause the thinness of their persons, and the hungry, eager look of the majority.

The American capital is much better provided with water than London, New York being supplied with water from the Croton River, and all the modern houses having bath-rooms, with hot and cold water laid on.

We have heard a great deal about female society in America. Our author, though somewhat flippant on the subject, is, however, interesting; and as he has always the courage to think for himself, and does not belong to the echo school, we will transcribe his description of the Boston and New York ladies.

> "The Boston ladies are excessively pretty and fascinating, and rather more *embonpoint* than their New York rivals, and you often meet with a complexion so transparent as to be quite startling. From the intense cold of the winter they very seldom leave their houses (which are heated with stoves) for months together; and to this circumstance I imagine a good deal of their delicate interesting appearance is to be attributed. There is a great difference between the Boston and New York ladies. The former are inclined to be blue—attend anatomical lectures and dissections—prefer a new theory of geology or religion to a new fashion of dress or crochet-work. The New York ladies, on the contrary, have no tendency to blue-stockingism, and quite dread the character, wishing to be supposed capable of no more serious thought than that involved in the last new polka or the last wedding, and professing that there is nothing worth living for but balls and operas! The fair denizens of both cities, however, agree to dress in very good taste and style, and make the most of that fleeting beauty which is so fascinating for a time, but which so soon passes away. They adopt the French fashions completely, but they Americanize them rather too much, sometimes giving them the appearance of being overdressed—a mistake a French woman never makes—and the habit of wearing short sleeves (or rather no sleeves at all, but only a shoulder-strap,) at an early dinner, at two o'clock, is very unbecoming.
>
> "Directly a young lady leaves school at fourteen or fifteen, she 'comes out,' and is then a responsible agent, giving and accepting invitations to balls, &c. entirely on her own hook, without consulting mamma, who is only employed to find the

ready. It is considered quite correct for a *nice* young man to call and take a young lady out for a walk, or to the theatre, or to a ball, without any *chaperone*. The young ladies marry very young, often at fifteen or sixteen, and fade almost before they bloom; at three-and-twenty they look three-and-thirty, and get very spare. A lady, however handsome, once married, loses her place in society; very little attention is paid her; all is immediately transferred to the unmarried 'angels;' however, it is not so much the case as it used to be. One charming old lady of about sixty told me that I was the only young man who had honoured her with ten minutes' conversation for the last ten years."

Mr. Sullivan's travels in the Far West brought him in contact with many a rough, vulgar specimen amongst the Americans; and the adventures he went through amongst the Indians, are told in his lively, graphic manner, interspersed with anecdotes and conversations, and enlivened by descriptions of scenery, manners, and customs. Cooper's unrivalled accounts of the Red Indians derived no small portion of their interest from their being obviously drawn from nature. All travellers are agreed on the prominent and many admirable characteristics of these gentlemanly savages. The following extract is worthy of the attention of the House of Commons, and most certainly of the American House of Assembly.

"An Indian's delivery, when speaking, is deliberate, slow, and monotonous, almost as if thinking aloud, and their punctuations are very strongly marked, and very long; their action is very fine, and they use a great deal of it. They display a favourable contrast to European orators, in never interrupting one another by word or look, even though the speaker may be uttering sentiments quite opposed to those of his audience, or even things they all know to be untrue, and could refute; still he is always listened to with apparent respect and attention, and when he has sat down, although perhaps there may be a dozen who are burning to contradict, or agree with him, they sit a few minutes, as if meditating on what had been said, and then rise with the greatest deliberation, always giving way to the eldest. Certainly a council of Indian chiefs is generally conducted with more decorum and self-respect, than most public meetings in more civilized countries."

Here is an Indian Calendar:

"January, month of storms; February, month when racoons travel; March, month 'mal aux yeux;' April, the month that the game begins to arrive; May, when trees are in leaf; June (in lower country), strawberry month, (in upper country) the month when the buffalo run; July, month of ripe cherries; August, corn month; September, month when flowers on the Prairie blossom; October, month when they grillé the rice; November, deer month; December, month of 'I forget what.'"

The journey over the Prairie is graphically told. It was accomplished through snow and sleet, and under an intense cold, relieved only by a fire composed of buffalo-dung. Mr. Sullivan had to live upon the hardest buffalo-meat, and unwholesome snow-water, relieved on one occasion by "a few tit-bits of wolves." Once, our author, after feasting better than usual, fell asleep with his party by the side of a blazing fire of wood. On awaking after sunrise they found that the prairie had been on fire, and had burnt up to within a quarter of a mile of their encampment: a miraculous escape, owing to the sudden change of wind. The whole of the Prairie chapters are full of incident, unpretendingly and simply set forth.

The following mode of procedure would be thought indecent in Westminster Hall.

"The Chief Justice of Minnesota was holding his sessions at St. Paul's. The bar of the hotel was the court-house. The judge was sitting with his feet on the stove, on a level with his head, a cigar between his lips, a chew as big as an orange in his mouth, and a glass of some liquor by his side. The jury were in nearly the same

> elegant position, in different parts of the room; and a lawyer, sitting across a chair, leaning his chin on the back of it, was addressing them. The prisoner was sitting, drinking and smoking, with his back turned to the judge, and looked the most respectable and least concerned of the whole party. Altogether it struck me that there might be a great deal of justice, but very little dignity, in the application of the law in Minnesota."

We agree with Mr. Sullivan in thinking that the annual change of judges does not increase the dignity of the office, nor render it probable that justice is better done. In so far as the appointment is political the independence of the judge is assailed.

The passage over the bridge of ice, at the junction of the Rivière des Moines, was somewhat of a hairbreadth escape. Our author and his party had to traverse a narrow slip of ice, about twenty yards broad and a hundred yards long, and the ice hardly an inch and a half thick. The story is best told in Mr. Sullivan's own words.

> "The river at this point was about a mile and a half broad, and running between almost inaccessible cliffs of two or three hundred feet high, which rendered any idea of making a circuit by land impossible. When we came to this bridge of ice, therefore, we were in a considerable 'fix.' Going back was out of the question, as it was late in the afternoon, and we were in sight of the log-hut where we intended resting for the night, and our sleeping quarters of the night before were some forty miles in our rear, so, the only question was, whether to camp there, and wait till morning, or to risk it; we held a long council of war, but contrary to the usual habit in such cases, we, in this instance, prompted as much by the pleasant prospect of a good shelter and warm fire for the night, on one side, as by the unpleasant certainty of a cold camp, with no shelter and no food on the other, determined to advance.
>
> "The Canadian, who was a spirited fellow, and knew the nature of ice thoroughly, advanced first with his axe to reconnoitre. We watched him advancing cautiously like a cat, the bridge bending with him at every step, and as I fully expected to see it give way with his weight, we thought how little chance there was of our sleigh and horses getting over in safety. Before every step he took he tapped the ice with the axe, to see that it was sound, and every blow descending only with the weight of the axe itself penetrated right through, and the water came spouting up. When the guide had reached the other side he turned round and came back, saying that it was not safe, but still that we might try if we chose; in fact, unless we made up our minds to camp out in the cold, without food, we had no choice."

The Duke of Wellington, who, like all great men, has run the gauntlet of abuse, would have smiled at finding himself called in one of the American papers that "'Gigantic Fog' of history, who did not lose the battle of Waterloo." The abuse of this country, with which the worst American papers abound, is calculated more than anything else in the world to disturb the peace of the two countries. We gladly recognize the good feeling of all enlightened Americans towards this country; but, as the wise in all countries form the minority, and are rarely able to control the many, we think that the violent and acrimonious tone adopted by the American democratic press, can scarcely fail some day to bear very sad fruits.

There has been great talk about the cheap literature of America. Let us hear Mr. Sullivan.

> "The vaunted cheapness of books is one of the clap-traps of America; the only books that are sold cheap are pirated reprints (very bad ones generally) of European authors. All books where the copyright is bought, in their country, are very expensive. Prescott's 'History of Mexico,' for instance, I could not buy under thirty shillings, 'Macaulay' for two shillings and sixpence! However, as ninety-nine books out of a hundred that are worth reading are European, the convenience is great; but even the reprints of our English books are not cheaper, nor so good, as our

cheap publications; and Murray's 'Colonial Library,' and Bohn's 'Library,' and 'Reading for the Rail,' are worth all the cheap editions in America. The public taste as regards light reading in America is very low; the books that command immediate sale on the railroads, steamers, &c., are such works as 'The Mysteries of the Court of St. James,' 'Amours of the Children of George III.,' and novels of a highly sentimental tendency, such as 'The Evil One Unveiled, or the Red-Whiskered Bargeman of Pentonville,' 'The Frantic Footman, or the Prodigal Reclaimed;' and the trash contained in them is quite incredible."

The chapter on Slaves and Slavery is interesting, but the subject has been too thoroughly exhausted to admit of extract here. In England, too, the public mind is made up on the subject; and it can only bear the subject discussed in an able novel like "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The description of the Cuban women is worth giving.

"The Cuban ladies lead a very indolent, though I fear you cannot always say innocent existence, flirting being by far their most engrossing occupation. Society is on a very easy footing, and the Havana ladies, both married and single, do very much as they please. They drive on the 'Paseo del Tacon,' they go to the opera, and to mass several times a day, and flirt everywhere. The Cuban beauty, too, is more expert with the fan than even those at Seville or Granada; they incline to *embonpoint* (the far west ladies would call them 'fleshy') even when quite young, a peculiarity which contrasts pleasantly with their rather spare neighbours the Americans.

"The beauty of Cuban dames is that of the maid of Cadiz, under a warmer and more indolent climate than even her native Spain, and partakes more of the characteristics of Dudu than of Julia. Many of them sing and play well, and all dance gracefully; but, I fancy, more solid knowledge is possessed in a very slight degree, and, like Lolah, many believe that

'Europe's an island near
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier.'"

Mr. Sullivan gives us a short account of the Havana which he calls "the paradise of smokers." His visit to the cigar manufactures will be interesting to all lovers of the weed.

We have merely indicated some of the readable things to be found in this most amusing volume. Mr. Sullivan is evidently no new traveller, he knows how to rough it as well as any man; and though he may prefer a dinner at the Trois Frères, or the Café de Paris, he can eat dry buffalo, and drink stagnant water. His book on America, as being the most recent, will command attention. The superb rivers, the noble forests, the broad lakes, the rising cities, the rich soil, to say nothing of the enterprise of the people, all combine to give an extraordinary interest to a country whose condition is always undergoing vast changes. To those who desire an insight into these changes, we would recommend this agreeable volume. We have before alluded to the style, which would have been better for a little chastening; but, on the other hand, we might thereby have lost some of those rapid, life-like sketches, which give a character to the book, and will distinguish it from the common run of travels.

AN IRISH PATTERN.

BY LOFTUS BUSHE FOX.

"THAT 's St. John's," said the captain of the steamer.

"Those ruins on the Roscommon shore?"

"Aye."

"They are very beautiful," I observed; "do you know anything of their history?"

"Just half-way between Lanesborough and Athlone; that 's all I know of them," replied the taciturn skipper, and in order to escape from any further interrogatories, he dived into his cabin and was seen no more.

"There will be a Pattern in it next week," observed the cabin boy, who was lounging at my elbow.

"Will there, indeed!" said I. "When?"

"On Wednesday next, your honour, St. John's day."

Now I had never been at a Pattern; I made up my mind in a minute. "I will go," said I, in a determined voice.

"Don't I wish *I* could," sighed the cabin-boy.

In order to account for my ignorance of the scenery, through which I was then passing, I must make a short digression, and for half a page take my reader into my confidence, and talk over some matters connected with my personal affairs.

Well, then. I have the superlative misfortune of being the possessor of a lonely oasis in a desert of bog, situate in a county bordering Lough Ree, one of the principal lakes through which the Shannon takes its course. This little patrimony had not, however, been always a bad concern; the land was naturally very good; and some years ago, and not very long ago either, a substantial, though not a very sightly residence, with a long, straight avenue in front, and a well-stocked orchard in the rear, and a quantity of fine ash and spreading beech trees all about it, graced and dignified the spot. Pope must have thought of some such place when he wrote the lines:—

> "Here in full light the russet plains extend;
> * * * *
> Here the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
> And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
> That, crowned with tufted trees, and springing corn,
> Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

But a long minority and a wardship in chancery, had tumbled the big house, obliterated the straight avenue, unstocked the orchard, cut down all the trees that were worth cutting, and smothered the fine land under a swarm of lazy squatters. My unlucky townland, in short, became an Alsatia for every rascal that was too bad for any other place. Here he could live in security and comfort, for where in the county was there land that could beat it for growing the *praties*, and who was to trouble them? Was n't the masther a minor, and a ward under the *Coorts?* All went on well; but at last the minor came of age, and, as if that was n't bad enough, in two years after the *praties desaived* them. Of course the hive began then to clear out with wonderful rapidity; indeed none remained after the first year, but those who, trusting to the inexperience of the proprietor, and the still unexhausted fertility of the soil, thought that there was yet something to be extracted from both, before they finally took their departure for the land of liberty. It is not to be supposed that any one of them ever dreamed of paying rent, far from it; but in proportion to the rent they ought to have paid, they considered themselves as objects of commiseration. The arrears they owed were merely regarded as the criterion of the losses they had sustained, and, therefore, in proportion to the amount of those arrears were their demands for *compensation.* Compensation signifying in these parts a sum of money paid by a landlord to a defaulting tenant, in order to induce him to give up peaceable possession of land which he has rendered valueless, and for which he has never paid any rent.

It would be cruel to expose the folly of the minor. It will be sufficient to observe, that he was pretty considerably well victimised; until at length, amidst the roofless ruins that crowded his patrimony like tombstones in a churchyard, he found himself (with an empty pocket) the undisturbed occupier of by far too many Irish acres, which were all variegated with as profuse an assortment of noxious and pestilent weeds, as ever infested any portion of the earth since the fall of Adam. The minor was now his own tenant, so there was nothing for it but to place a plough in the soil, and a truckle-bed in one of the deserted cabins; and in this favoured locality he had been residing for some months previous to the pattern day of St. John's.

That day came—and not till then did it strike me that the pattern would be held on the opposite side of the lake, and that I had no boat. The morning was wasted in fruitless attempts to procure one, and it was not until late in the day, and after every house had been ransacked for five or six miles along the shore, that an old man was found, who, strange to say, had not gone to the pattern, and who readily lent me a ricketty, battered, shapeless old craft, which he dignified with the name of "his boat." He wished *her* was better, hoped we might have a pleasant voyage, and looked very much as if he considered our safe return to be a most improbable contingency. I started, taking with me three vassals, importations from a southern county, and none of whom had ever held an oar before. Things at this point were looking rather *contrary;* it was past six o'clock; I had seven miles to row in a crazy, leaky old tub, and with a crew that did not know the bow from the stern, and whose nautical skill consisted in perpetually catching crabs. It was highly probable, therefore, that if we ever did make our way to St. John's, we should arrive there too late for the pattern, and certain that it would be dark night before we could return. Still the evening was soft and still, the sky without a cloud, the lake unruffled by the faintest breeze, and after much toil and many mishaps, the old boat actually struggled into St. John's Bay, just as the setting sun was shedding its last rays on the stately ruins.

I ceased from rowing, and bent my head into the water to cool my reeking brow. My face was turned from the shore, so that I could not see the assembled multitudes, but surely that was the distant clang of rustic melody, or the mellowed roar of many mingled voices that fell upon my ear. No, by all that 's ill-omened it is Paddy shouting from the bow,—"Och murther, masther jewil, we are too late afther all, the divil a Christian or a tint left in it, and I dying with the druth." The thirsty vassal was right. I turned towards the shore, there was St. John's but where was the pattern? Where were the dark masses of human forms waving to and fro amongst the ruins like a [illegible] harvest? Where were the multitude of boats that should have lined the shore? Where were the crowds of merry pilgrims, shouting, singing, laughing, as they wended their homeward way across the lake? Where the hardy peasantry and dark-eyed maidens of the west? What! no tents, no whiskey, no music, no fighting, no boys and girls! No, not a single straggler to be seen! A flock of sheep, browsing quietly on the green old Abbey pastures, were the only living objects; and the silvery tinkling of their bells the only sound that broke upon the slumbering scene.

Still I was not going to give up all as lost, so I ran the boat on shore, and observing some smoke curling upwards from amongst the ruins, I despatched Paddy towards them, and sent the remainder of my crew in different directions, in the hope of gaining some information with respect to the unlooked-for and unwelcome solitude by which we found ourselves surrounded. I followed slowly up the sloping bank, and when I reached the summit sat down upon a little mound of ruins, which had long since been overgrown with grass.

All around, everything that met the eye was silent and still. The broad lake, crimson with the reflection of the flushed and jaded day, lay motionless before me. Breeze there was none, no, not as much as would wave the flowers on the grey old battlements, or rustle the leaves of the dark grove beneath the castle walls; the very gulls had ceased to flutter on the lake, and with drooping wings, and heads thrown listlessly back, dozed along the shore the very pictures of indolent vacuity,—so hushed was everything, too, that the distant lowing of oxen, or the whistling of a ploughboy, broke on the startled ear like a trumpet-call; and as I looked upon the massive wall that guarded the approach to the little promontory on which I sat, and then turned to the old ruin before me, isolated and gloomy as it was, I almost fancied that the spirit of ancient times, banished from all her former haunts, had taken refuge amongst these crumbling walls, and disdaining all sympathy with present things, and shutting out every innovation of modern times, had preserved and consecrated this little morsel of land to the memories of the past. But here comes Paddy scratching his head (a sign of bad luck),—

"Did you see any one?"

"I did."

"Did you hear anything of the pattern?"

"The young one said it was on there, and the ould one said it was over here (pointing in the contrary direction), and the divil a bit of me between them could make out where it was. But it's in it any ways."

"Well, that's something; we had better try them again."

When we got near the Abbey (for an old guide book had told me that it had been once on a time a preceptory of the Knights Hospitallers), I saw that a thatched roof had been thrown over an angle of the wall; but I was not able to discover anything that looked like doors or windows in this presumptuous tenement.

"Now then, Paddy, lead the way; you know where to find the people here."

But Paddy, instead of leading the way, as I supposed he would have done, to some concealed entrance, stood where he was, threw back his head and shouted upwards, as if he expected to receive an answer from the skies.

"Are ye there?"

"Oh, are ye back from the pathern so soon?" replied a laughing voice just above my head, and following the direction of Paddy's eyes, I discovered a smart little damsel perched upon the battlements of the tower that surmounted the old gateway, her merry face almost hidden beneath a profusion of light ringlets, and her nimble fingers busily occupied in weaving a wreath of the wallflowers that were growing everywhere amongst the ruins.

"Can you direct us to the pattern, my pretty one?" said I, in a soft, and, as I flattered myself, most irresistible tone.

"Sure I tould him already, straight afore you on the road there." But I could see no road in any direction.

"Will you come down and put me on the right road, and I will bring you a hatful of sugarstick from the pattern?"

It was the scene in Ivanhoe again. There was the preceptory and the impracticable maiden on the dizzy parapet, and Paddy and I jointly personating the unsuccessful Templar.

"I am safer where I am," replied this saucy little Rebecca, with a giggle. "But as you are so civil, take that to make you look smart, you want it;" and as she spoke she pelted me with a bunch of wallflowers.

"Lave off your thricks, and come down out of that, you slut you," shrieked a shrill, tremulous voice, which seemed to emerge out of the ground beneath me (for by this time I had mounted on a heap of rubbish in order to get nearer to Rebecca). "Lave off your thricks!" on looking down I saw a withered old woman leaning against the gateway of the tower; so old, so faded, so tottering was she, that one might almost fancy her to be, like the ruin that sheltered her, a relic of a long-forgotten age.

"If ye want the road, sir, to the pattern—" said she.

"Never heed what Granny says," screamed Rebecca from the tower, "she has not been apast the big wall this fifty years. But oh! murther! here comes mother from the pattern; oh! what shall I do if she catches me here!" and she began to clamber down the wall with wonderful rapidity.

"Is it the pathern ye're looking for," said this new arrival in reply to my inquiries, "and did ye come down in a boat from Lanesborough all the way? sure ye came out of yer coorse entirely; there has n't been a pathern here for many a year,—not since big Dan O'Connor ('the Lord be merciful to his sowl, amin,' responded the granny) was thrun by the boys from the top of the castle and bruck his neck, the priest had it altered then to the holy well at Lecarrow."

"And where is that?"

"If you 're for walking, folly the path on straight behind you by the big wall until you meet the road, and then keep on until you come to a white house, that 's the pathern; it 's a strong mile from this,—and if ye takes the water, stop when ye come to the end of yon wood, and then strike in straight forment you, for a quarter of a mile, and ye had better hurry or ye 'll be for ever too late for the fun."

I thanked her, and having found the remainder of my crew, I despatched them with the boat (sorely against their will), with directions to leave her at the end of the wood, if they ever got there, and to make the best of their way then to the pattern.

I, with Paddy as interpreter, took the road.

Of course, and just as I had expected, when we had walked the *strong* mile, we were to all appearance as far as ever from the pattern. Still, from the continuous stream of people in holiday trim that we met on the way, we knew that we were going in the right direction. Another *strong* mile! but still no pattern. (If I ever catch that cabin boy—that 's all). It was now ten o'clock, and the evening was no longer clear or calm, for the wind had risen, and black angry clouds were hurrying across the sky.

"I often heerd tell of hell or Connaught," muttered Paddy, "but I never thought they were the wan thing until now."

At length, after walking another *strong* mile, we did actually arrive at our destination, a small straggling hamlet embowered in trees, and nestling under the base of a long steep hill, a pretty, quiet, little Auburn, with no pretensions to anything like a regular street; a few thatched cabins, surrounding an open space, which was neither grass nor road; one or two mills, supplied with water by a small and rapid stream; a cottage of gentility, with a bright brass knocker and a green gate, formed, as far as I could see, the component parts of the village of Lecarrow. A gentleman's demesne in the background, imparted an air of comfort and repose to the little hamlet; and I have no doubt I should have admired everything exceedingly, had not the darkness obscured the beauties of the scenery, and had I not been at the same time thirsty, tired, and out of temper.

My first proceeding was to push my way into a "sheebeen house," and call for two bottles of porter; my next was to look about me, and see what was going on. There was indeed music and dancing in the shebeen, but the *fun* was over. The revellers were pushing, shoving, shouting, and alternately drinking and fighting with each other. The atmosphere was far from fragrant, and the heat intolerable; so, as soon as possible, I shoved my way through the crowd, and struggled out into the green. But here, too, the best part of the day was over. The tents and booths with which the green had been studded were all dismantled, and had dwindled into bundles of sticks, with pieces of dirty canvas rolled about them, and with their gaudy decorations, benches, tables, &c., were being packed on light spring-carts, and as each load was completed, the owners mounted on the top of all, and started at a merry pace for the nearest fair or race-course. I strolled on into the middle of the green, and found myself in a crowd of cracker-women, orange-women, sugarstick-women, all old and ugly; and show-women and tent-women, for the most part young, and who, if not very fascinating in appearance, were, at least, very flashily dressed. There were men, too, to suit these specimens of "lovely woman." Cheap Johns, thimble-riggers, ballad-singers, tinkers,—mendicants, too, and "objects" of everykind were there,—the lame, the blind, the dumb,—the ejected tenant, who during the day had guarded the southern road,—the dribbling idiot, whose weeping mother had levied toll at the Roscommon entrance,—the five shivering orphans, whose piteous tale had extracted many a penny from the soft-hearted maidens of Leinster. I suppose it was owing to the miraculous efficacy of the Holy Well, that scarcely a trace now remained of their several infirmities and afflictions. The orphans no longer shivered, and the "dummy" (though still addressed by that title), was the most amusing of the whole party, and a very merry party it appeared to be, for the labours of the day were concluded, and the harvest had been gathered in, and, as they looked upon me as one of themselves, I soon found out that the day had been a very profitable one to all. But this jovial company, too, was beginning to break up. The "objects" having counted their gains, and deposited them in some mysterious manner among their rags, were the first to disperse, and the rest soon followed. They all appeared to be intimate acquaintances,—Zingari, connected by some mysterious bond of brotherhood. They bid each other good-night in the most cordial manner; most of them took a parting glass together, and all, young and old men, women, and children, lighted short black pipes, and departed in a cloud of fragrant smoke. We sat down by a deserted fire, on which the water of many tumblers of punch had been boiled during the day, and following the example of these Ishmaelites, proceeded to fill our pipes, and to console ourselves therewith. As I puffed away, I began to wonder what a pattern was; for my preconceived ideas with respect to it were beginning to be greatly shaken. I had hitherto imagined a pattern to be a solemn and imposing ceremonial, some *fun* to be sure, too, but tempered with religious observances, and blended with penitential prostrations before the sacred well, and with earnest prayers, that the healing virtues of this Siloam of their faith might remove from the suppliants some signal infirmity or affliction. But as yet *I* had seen nothing of this kind going on—to be sure, I came late.

"Pray what is a pattern?" I inquired of a young man who had come to light his pipe at the fire, and whom I conciliated with a piece of Cavendish. "What do you do at it?"

"A pathern is it? Eha!" He scratched his head, but finding nothing in it that could assist him in answering the question, he turned to a very graceful girl by his side,—"What is it, Mary?"

"Be dad, I dunna."

"Nor I, if it is n't this," said he, throwing his arm round her neck and kissing her fondly,—"*That's* the pathern for me."

"Have done," said Mary.

I do not think, however, that she meant what she said, for *he* grinned at me in a most knowing manner, and the pair walked off most lovingly together. I suspect that they will walk together through life, and I hope so, too, for she was a sweet, modest-looking girl, and he a fine manly fellow, and if they are not now happily united, it is not for the want of my good wishes.

The little green became more and more still and lonely, the glowing fire at my feet died away, my pipe ceased to send forth its spiral wreaths of fragrant smoke, and still the problem remained unsolved. I gave it up and despatched Paddy in the direction of the lake to search for his tardy comrades, and walking a little way out of the town, I sat down under the demesne wall, which was overshadowed by large trees, and where I thought I should not be observed. I do not know what passed for some time, for I fell asleep, and was awoke by Paddy shaking me.

"Well, did you find them?"

"Sorra find."

Matters were beginning to get serious; it was now past midnight, the wind was blowing high, the night dark and drizzly. The boat was old, the lake deep, the oarsmen inexperienced. If the boat had gone to pieces, how was I to get home, and if they were—but no, I *would* not suppose that anything so dreadful could occur.

"This will never do," said I. "I am shivering with cold, damp all over, and as tired as a dog. Go up the village, and see if you can find any house, where the people will give me a room to sit down in until the morning. I will pay anything they ask."

Paddy soon returned. He had found an illigant place intirely, where I was welcome to stay as long as I pleased.

"Sorry yer honour was kept so long in the could," said a fine six-foot fellow who met me at the door, and who evidently was "mine host." "If I had known it sooner, I 'd have had the house cleared intirely for you. Come be off out of that," said he, darting into a room opening from the kitchen; "quit at once."

"Oh, don't disturb any one for me," said I. "I can sit by the fire here."

"They are long enough in it," he replied; "never stirred since nightfall. Devil another minit I 'll give them." He made another dive into the apartment, and re-appeared in a second, driving five or six men before him like a herd of swine, and swearing at them, just as though he felt aggrieved by their having spent so much of their time and money in his establishment. He kicked them out of the house, and bolted the door, and ushered me into what was evidently the state parlour of the house. It was papered, carpeted, and the walls hung round with flaming pictures. It could boast mahogany tables and chairs, a mirror in a gilt frame (somewhat tarnished), and, what was more welcome to me than all besides, a large, soft, comfortable sofa. The room certainly was redolent of the fumes of punch and tobacco; but what did that matter to a man who had been shivering in a ditch for the last three hours. I threw myself on the sofa. "Now then," I thought, "for a good sleep." But I never was more mistaken in my life. My eyes were scarcely closed, when the door was opened, and I heard steps coming softly across the floor. They came quite close, and stopped, and I *felt* that a woman was bending over me. I was very much tempted to—but never mind; I did n't. The steps then passed on, and left the room by a door (as I thought) behind the sofa. Scarcely had they gone when the door was again opened, and then more tip-toe steps, accompanied by low whispers and titterings. A silk dress rustled close beside me, and something gently pulled my hair; then a suppressed laugh, and a scamper to the door. In a few minutes, another invasion, more rustling and giggling, and a husky voice whispered hoarsely,

"Glory be to goodness, Miss Bridget, but did you ever see the likes? May I never sin, but he 's the born image of Major Jones—"

"Whist, Peggy," replied another voice somewhat sharply; "Major Jones, indeed! he was what you *may* call a fine, tall, able man, with a head of beautiful black hair, and this cratur here is as thin as a lath, and his hair is—"

"Fiery red, my dear," said I, sitting up, for it was all nonsense to think of sleeping.

A young lady, with black ringlets and the silk dress, started, blushed, laughed, and stammered out,

"Oh, sir, I did not think—but, mercy on me! what 's that?"

She might well express astonishment, for in the doorway appeared two startling objects, flanked by Paddy.

"Thim 's the boys," said he.

I had his word for it, but for aught that any one could tell, they might have been dancing bears, so completely was any resemblance to humanity concealed under a thick coating of black mud.

"What has happened to you? where have you been?"

"Sure they had, after a deal of labour, *druve* the boat to the end of the wood, and drawn her up on the land. They think, however, that in doing so, they *druv* a hole in her bottom (nothing more probable), for they heard the boords cracking. They then, following yer honour's directions, struck out straight ahead across the country, but had scarcely cleared the wood, and could n't see the length of their hand before them, when they went flop into a big bog hole; and sure, were n't they nearly lost? and was n't it a miracle they ever got out? and did n't they make back for the wood, and folly it until it brought them near to where yer honour had left them, until they met with a farm-house? and did n't the man threaten to fire a blundherbuss at them, and set the dogs after them? and did n't they run like red-shanks, and light upon the road by good luck? and did n't it bring them here? and were n't they glad to come acrass Paddy in the town? and did n't they wish the divil might take all the patherns that were ever created? and did n't I think a glass of whiskey would help to drive the could out of them?"

Yes I did think so, and I thought, moreover, that a little soap and water and some supper would be good for them; and why should not I have some supper too?

"Can you get me some tea and eggs?"

"Oh, certainly, sir," replied the black ringlets; "why not?"

In a short time the tea-tray and the landlady made their appearance. She sat down beside me, poured out the tea, broke the eggs to see if they were properly boiled, and cut as much bread and butter for me as would have satisfied a score of ploughmen. We were soon the best possible friends. She was young and very comely, kind and friendly in her manner, and exceedingly communicative. She had been married two years, and was so happy. She had a darling little boy, fourteen months old, and perhaps—(a little laugh and blush); and the silk dress was her sister, and there were two other silk dresses in the house, her sisters too. They had come there expressly for the pattern, and would return home to-morrow. They were dear good girls (I would have sworn they were), and one of them was to be married shortly, if the old people could agree about the money. They were going to Galway next month to bathe; it was a sweet place; the baby was to go too; he was at present asleep under the shop-counter; was n't it a quare place? but every other part of the house had been crammed since morning.

Twing! twang! scrape!

"Blind Will, yer honour," said Paddy, putting his head in at the door.

So it was, the matchless fiddler, Blind Will; he lived close to my new location, paid me a visit generally three times a week, and was my most singular good friend.

Sleep was out of the question; one might as well dance until morning.

"Well, Willie, how are you?"

"Oh, is that you, Minor? glad to meet your honour; will you have a tune?"

"To be sure; strike up."

"Oh! is that the way you are going to treat me?" exclaimed my hostess, as I proceeded to ask the black ringlets "out" to dance.

"I did not think you would dance."

"What nonsense, to be sure I will dance."

And so she did, and beat me hollow.

The *ball* became general; my crew, very much the better for cold water, soap, and supper, sustained the honour of Leinster most creditably. One or two "boys," intimate friends, were admitted by the man of the house, and a host of strapping girls who had been assisting in the house, appeared as if by magic, and were ready to dance with you whenever you liked, and frequently much longer than you liked, just as if they had not been working like galley-slaves for the last fifteen hours.

The host's mother sat in an easy chair by the fire looking on, and placidly smoking a long new pipe, and appeared to enjoy herself very much. At the termination of each dance, she took the pipe from her mouth, drew it across her apron, and presented it to me saying, "Won't you take a draw, sir?" Of course I did so, and the old lady appeared to be greatly gratified by my condescension.

Ah! here is the broad daylight, well, we got pretty well through the last three hours, and if we were unlucky in the commencement of the evening, the wind-up went far to compensate us for all previous annoyances.

"I am most sincerely obliged to you for all your kindness, but it is now time for me to think of getting home."

"Not a step you'll stir; do you hear the rain·tattering agin the windows, and the wind blowing like mad? sure no one would venture on the water in such weather?"

"Don't attempt to cross the lake," said the blind man solemnly.

But I was determined to get home some way or other.

"How far is it round by the road?"

"Twelve miles."

"Can I get a car?"

"No, except a common cart."

I had no fancy for that mode of conveyance.

"How are you going, Willie?"

"I will walk, Minor."

"Then I will go with you."

And in spite of a torrent of remonstrances, and a steady down-poür of rain, I started with the blind man, and took the road for Lanesborough.

"Willie," I said, when we had gone some of the way in silence, "that old castle at St. John's appears to have been a strong place once on a time."

"Yes," he replied with a sigh, "it was a great place, but there has been neither luck nor prosperity near it for many a long year."

He paused for a moment, and then in language very different from what he generally made use of, and which appeared to be, as indeed it was, a recitation of an ancient metrical legend, which for centuries has been popular amongst the people of the country, he continued—

"The old walls are falling every day, and the place is lonely and silent now, but it was a king's palace once. The great O'Connors, from father to son, reigned there in great splendour and glory for many hundred years. For the Saxons had not come amongst us, and Ireland was happy then. They were all great men, brave and wise and generous, but Roderick O'Connor outshone them all. He fought great battles, and always gained the day, and all the kings around feared him, and sought his favour and protection. He built great castles and many stately churches, and gave splendid gifts to holy men, and fed all the poor around him—and the Saints guarded him and he prospered, and his people would have died for him. But in his times the cursed Saxon landed on our shores, and plundered and destroyed all before them. Roderick withstood them manfully for a long time, and why shouldn't he, hadn't he the flower of Connaught at his back? But at last, and woe 's the day, Roderick was surprised by night, and all his fine army were killed or scattered to the winds. The king and the royal body-guard fought their way through the English army, and made their escape to the palace of St. John's—it was called Rindown then. The English pursued the king to Rindown and camped around it, and tried to batter down the big wall before it, but for a long time they had no success, and the king's guards killed a number of the enemy. Now the king had a foster-brother whom he dearly loved, his name was Phelim; he had been brought up from a child with the king, and lived with him as a brother, and had escaped with him to Rindown. He was a brave man and a great scholar, and people used to say that he could make the king do whatever he advised him. But the bad drop was in Phelim, and he loved money better than he loved the king. So he stole one night into the English camp, and agreed with their general, for a crock of gold, to bring the English by a secret way past the big wall. Well, in the night there was a great cry that the English had passed the wall, and Roderick and his guards rushed from their beds to defend the castle, and fought so stout and true, that the English were not able to take it all that night; but when the morning came, the king saw that many of his men were killed, that the enemy were in great numbers, and that the palace could not be held much longer. So he ordered the boats that were under the castle walls to be got ready, and sent Phelim into the stable to feed his two horses that were there. He then ordered his guards to get into the boats and escape across the lake, and he determined that he and Phelim would swim the horses after them. Now Phelim, when he went to the stable, saw that almost all the corn had been used, and that there was scarcely as much left as would feed the horses—and knowing the king's intentions, and being a villain in his heart, he did not feed the king's horse, but gave all the corn to his own. He then tied up all the gold he had got from the Saxons in a wide belt, which he fastened around his waist. Now, thought he, whatever comes, I have got the gold and my horse has had a double allowance of corn, and we will go gaily across the lake.

"'Phelim,' said the king, when the horses were led out, 'thou art heavier than I am, and thy horse is lighter than mine, thou shalt ride Brian-Dhu across the lake.'

"Phelim grew pale as death, and said, 'Not so, my lord, the lake is wide, my horse is weak, evil would be the hour if he should fail thee on the way, and thy life be lost.'

"'Brother of my heart,' cried the loving king, 'better, far better, I should die, than that a hair of thy head should perish;' and, as he spoke, he vaulted into Phelim's saddle.

'Phelim trembled exceedingly, but he dared not murmur, and mounted as the king had willed: they plunged together into the lake.

'For a time both horses swam strong and swiftly, for they were of the royal breed, whose sires had come from far beyond the seas, but when they got near to the middle of the lake Brian-Dhu began to fail. Phelim strove to ease him by casting off the belt of gold, but it was bound too tightly round him, and his trembling fingers could not untie the band. No help was near, for the boats were now far a-head. The king, who was in advance, turned as he heard the splashing and fearful snorting of the horse.

'‘Quick, Phelim, quick for thy life, throw thyself from him, and swim to me, my horse is fresh, and will safely bear us both.’

'Phelim flung himself from the dying horse, and strove hard to reach the king, but guilt and the belt of gold were too weighty for him, and dragged him down. Roderick made a mighty effort to clutch him by the hair, but the king's hand grasped but the water, and the traitor with a fearful cry sunk beneath the lake. The king escaped safely to the other side, but he never more led his people to the battle. He took the crown from off his head, and cast his sword and spear away, and retired to a lonely island on the far west coast, and was seen no more. They said his heart was broken. People ever since fear to cross the lake at night or in stormy weather, for at those times a pale spirit, bound round with a golden belt, is for ever pursuing them on a wearied horse, calling to them in mournful tones to cut the band that ties the cursed belt, and praying for corn for his famished beast. At other times, on clear still nights, he hovers round the castle walls, wailing and tearing his hair, and for many a mile may be heard his bitter cry, ‘Oh, Roderick! why did I betray thee!’'

The blind man's voice trembled as he spoke. I did not speak to him for some time, for I could not help feeling touched by his emotion, though it was for a race that had passed away long before his time, and for occurrences which perchance had never taken place. The pensive mood, however, did not last long; he took out his fiddle and played a few lively notes, which appeared to have the effect of restoring him to himself, for he was soon as gay as ever, and sang innumerable songs along the road, until at length we crossed the Shannon at Lanesborough, and fortunately before the worthy citizens of that flourishing town had left their beds.

At length we arrived at my gorgeous mansion, not indeed in the best of plights, or the happiest of humours; but a good fire and a hot breakfast, after such a night, acted like oil upon our ruffled tempers. Well, thought I, I have made rather a mess of it. I have seen very little, and gone through a great deal. I shall have to pay for a new boat, and shall not be able to walk for a month. I am going to bed now, and long before I awake it will have been noised all through the parish, that the Minor (more shame for him!) went to the pattern, and stayed out all night, dancing and blackeguarding in a shebeen, and came home drunk, and without his coat, at seven o'clock the next morning. And I muttered, as I laid my head upon my pillow, don't let any one ask me to explain the connection between St. John and the events I have witnessed; I can not make it out, and I give it up. But it strikes me, that if the homage paid to them at Lecarrow, be such as they usually require, the Saints will never want for votaries at an Irish Pattern.

A PEASANT'S WEDDING IN THE ORTENAU.

Δειπνα μοι εννεπε, Μουσα, πολυτροφα και μαλα πολλα.
Matron.

Of the many rustic scenes which may be witnessed in the more sequestered valleys of the Oberland of Baden, it was never my fortune to be present at any which more amused me than the grand ceremony of a marriage festival, held with all due regard to the *bienséances* and the traditionary usages handed down from father to son, and which have not been altered in any respect during many successive generations. It will not be necessary for me to furnish any explanation as to how I happened to be present on this occasion, but it will suffice to give my readers a plain unvarnished statement of all that took place during the three days dedicated to the proper performance of the hymeneal solemnities: besides, too, as I did not openly state that "a chiel's amang ye taking notes, and 'faith he'll prent them," nor, if I had done so, would they probably have understood me, nothing was kept back from my sight, and I am consequently in a position to give "a full, true, and particular account" of the whole proceedings.

The Ortenau is a valley watered by the Kinzig, extending on both sides of the high road which leads from Offenbach to Schaffhausen, and is celebrated far and wide on account of the excellence of the wine which grows on the surrounding hills. The inhabitants are a very peculiar race of men, rough and uncourteous toward strangers, but equally open-hearted and affectionate with those in whom they have once placed confidence, and they are all more or less affected by a revolutionary taste. But of all, none have attained such a notorious pre-eminence for brutality and roughness as the inhabitants of the Schottenwald, who are proverbially known over the South of Germany to be as ready with their tongues as their fists, and delighting in nothing so much as to maltreat gens-d'arme, policemen, and those placed in authority over them. They are, in fact, a rustic counterpart of the dwellers in Sachsenhausen, a suburb of Frankfort, who have made themselves distinguished by the prominent position they occupied in every republican *émeute* in Frankfort. The Ortenau, besides these qualifications, is frequently visited by tourists, on account of a castle which has lately been built there by a Russian at a vast expense, and decorated quite in the feudal style, with drawbridges, portcullises, and the other paraphernalia of a restless and warlike age. With these preliminary remarks, I need only add that the time of year was November, and the vintage just over, and then proceed with my narrative.

Weddings among the peasantry of Germany are invariably solemnized at a public house, and no expense is spared by the bridegroom to do honour to his bride and her friends, and all the relations of both families are invited to share the feast. Nor was this rule broken through in the present instance, for the whole of the village-inn at Ortenau was hired by the *Hochzeiter* for the occasion, and a repast ordered for nearly two hundred persons. The high contracting parties arrived at about eight o'clock in Ortenau, and sate down to breakfast with their friends who resided in the immediate neighbourhood, while all the *Stroh-wägen*, which could be pressed into their service, were sent round to the different villages to bring the loiterers. The policy of this step was evident: for by eleven o'clock, at which hour the marriage-ceremony was to take place, a considerable number of friends had collected in readiness to escort them to church, and, while waiting, took the edge off their appetites with bread and cheese and wine. The bride was dressed in a simple white muslin gown, and only distinguished from her female companions by a wreath of imitation orange-flowers round her head. The bridegroom wore a beaver hat, high well-greased leather boots, a green coat, and bright red waistcoat with gilt buttons, with the *Hochzeit's straus* in the bosom of his waistcoat. All the men of the party were also dressed in Sunday state, and wore wedding-favours of pink and white ribbon on their hats. One peculiarity I noticed was, that the bride wore her hair uncovered, though all the others had theirs confined beneath the picturesque black and gold *Haube*, with which they are so generally adorned in the "Oberland;" this is a species of skull-cap placed on the back of the head, tastefully ornamented with gold embroidery, and, being of considerable value, is handed down as an heir-loom from *mother* to *daughter*. The procession set out for church at about a quarter past eleven, and returned again by twelve o'clock, when I saw that the bride bore in her girdle the bouquet her husband had, before the marriage, carried on his bosom, and, on their entering the dining-room, she placed it in a glass of water standing on a plate at the upper extremity of the table. The company then sate down round the board, while a band, hired for the purpose from Offenburg, commenced playing a march. The bride and bridegroom did not, however, as I had anticipated, take their places side by side, but one at each end of the table. The soup was then served, and all fell too with great *gusto*, while the solemn silence was only interrupted by the strains of music. After the soup was removed, *rind-fleisch*, or boiled beef, of which the soup had been made, was put on the table, accompanied by dishes of gherkins, celery sauce, stewed prunes, dried grapes, horse-radish, *häring salat*, composed of cold boiled potatoes sliced and mixed with shredded onions, the back and roe of a raw herring, and flavoured with walnut-oil and vinegar, while, here and there, dishes of dandelion salad gave a relief to the table through their greenness. Nor was there any want of wine to wash all this down, for every guest had a bottle of prime *sechs und vierziger* at his or her respective elbow. After sufficient time had been devoted to discuss this fare, the laughing and chatting commenced with redoubled force, and the tongues of the guests seemed to be loosened by the wine they had imbibed.

Suddenly, to my great surprise, the band rose and marched out of the room: while wondering what this meant, a solution was afforded me by the whole of the company starting up and flocking to the dancing-room, a large hay-loft which had been cleared out for the occasion. The musicians played polkas, waltzes, and schottischen, and dancing was kept up with great glee for nearly three hours. The bride, however, during the whole of this time, did not once dance with her husband, but they appeared to treat one another as perfect strangers.

About four a large bell was rung, and the company, preceded by the musicians, returned to the eating-room to enjoy the second course. This consisted of veal and mutton cutlets, salt-pork, and *sauerkraut*, large pike and carp, both boiled and stewed, potatoes, beans, carrots, turnips, liver and bacon, raw ham cut in slices, *lyonner wurste* served in the same manner, and a variety of other dainty concomitants, with a due number of freshly-filled wine-decanters, and the feeding commenced with renewed vigour, as their appetites had been doubtlessly raised by the healthy exercise they had been taking for the last three hours. After a while their efforts relaxed, and then the bride rose from her seat, and lifted up the plate and the glass on it, in which the *Hochzeit's straus* had been treasured, with the plate in one hand and the glass in the other; she then walked to each guest of the male sex and received the wedding present, for which she thanked them by curtseying gracefully, and offering her cheek to be kissed. As she was very pretty, this probably had some effect in loosening the purse-strings of the visitors; though on such occasions the utmost liberality is exercised, and families would think themselves disgraced, did they not respond as bountifully as possible to this appeal. Besides, too, the vintage was only just over, and the peasants comparatively rich : can it then be a matter of surprise, that a metallic shower of double and *kronen thaler*, five-franc pieces and other coins, usually so carefully hoarded up in old stockings, now noisily rattled into the plate. The bride, after performing the same ceremony all round the room, deposited the plate and the glass before her husband with a blushing smile. After emptying the plate, he also rose and went round the room, now laying the females under contribution, and kissing each in return for their bounty. This collection is popularly termed *das Braut-pfening-Geschenk*, and is a usual custom in the Oberland, and doubtlessly in other parts of Germany. After this the musicians again left the room, and all rushed once more to the *tanz-boden*. On this occasion, however, the bridegroom danced the first round with the bride, and several times afterwards. The most amusing sight to me was when the old men and women stood up to dance their old-fashioned walz, enlivened as they were by wine and good cheer; at the same time the young men gave vent to their happiness by the most frightful shouts and *juches* and thus created a stupendous noise. After a while, too, one of the band went round to make a collection, which was favourably regarded, if the money he received were any criterion. Several peasants handed out *kronen thaler* and florins, with a desire to hear the tunes, " Schleswig Holstein meer umschlungen" or the "Itztein Lied," played, in which they all joined most lustily. The heat became terrific through the opaque clouds of dust and tobacco-smoke, nor was I at all sorry when eight o'clock came, and the concluding portion of the marriage-feastwas served up. This consisted of the *pièces de reserve*—such as legs of mutton, larded with bacon and garlic, roast veal, geese stuffed with chestnuts, chickens, haunches of chevreuil, salads, compotes, puddings, &c., and were all done ample justice to. In fact, their appetite was tremendous, and empty dishes and ragged bones were soon the only vestiges of the so lately well-covered board. Dessert followed : cakes, apples, grapes, large *kase kuchen* of the size of tea-boards, and bottles of *kirschwasser* were placed on the table to act as digesters.

With this the legitimate proceedings of the day may be said to have terminated, for although the younger portion again visited the dancing-room, the elder remained quietly seated, smoking, and telling time-honoured stories about the French invasion, or listening to the village pastor's good-humoured admonitions to the bride and bridegroom, which they received with all proper reverence. At eleven o'clock the firing of guns and pistols announced that the company was about to break up, and the bridegroom, after a short speech, in which he thanked all for the honour they had done him, and invited us to his house on the ensuing day, left the room with his bride. Outside the inn fifty or sixty carts were drawn up, in which the guests intended to escort the married couple home. One vehicle, I particularly noticed, was drawn by four splendid horses, and I found on inquiry that it belonged to a rich farmer residing on the other side of Kehl, who had driven with his family nearly seventy miles to be present at the wedding, and designed to return home the same night. These waggons were soon filled with women and children, while the young men escorted them with lighted torches, and they drove off at a headlong speed, shouting and yelling most frightfully. Soon afterwards the inn was cleared, and I retired to my bed, in the hope of gaining a few hours of welcome rest; but this I soon found to be impossible; the waggons quickly returned, and the shouting and noise was, if possible, more boisterous than before.

After many useless attempts to sleep, I gave it up as a bad job, and therefore rose at about five o'clock, when I found the landlord and his family ready dressed to pay the promised visit to the bridal abode. They pressed me to accompany them, told me I would be as welcome as flowers in May, and, after a little hesitation, I acquiesced, as I wished to see all that I possibly could, and might perhaps never have a more favourable opportunity than the present. After breakfast, therefore, the landlord's private vehicle was brought out for us,—it was of the usual form, an oblong framework of wood, on which a large wicker-basket rested, filled with straw, and with boards placed across for seats. The jolting was of course tremendous over the cross-roads we had to traverse, but still the landlord's witty remarks, and the good-humour of his family, prevented me noticing it very much. The weather was truly delicious; for, though November was ripe, the sun shone with the warmth of May, and it was one of those days which in Germany seem given us as the farewell to autumn. On our arrival we found a numerous party already assembled, and the elders seated round a widely-spreading apple-tree, drinking new wine and cracking walnuts, though the day was still young. There are many worse things than this new wine when taken in moderation; it is very sweet, and slips over the palate unconsciously, but too much of it is awful. But your true toper holds it in poor estimation; he calls it, drink for infants, and bides his time till it has arrived at a state of transition, or become what is in the vernacular called *feder weiss;* then it has lost its sweetness and assumed an acrid taste, but its merits can only then be accurately judged.

The musicians of the preceding day, who had evidently made up their minds for a debauch, soon appeared, and dancing commenced. During this time, however, I was undergoing a frightful ordeal. Through the malice of the landlord, who stated I was a wine-purchaser from Carlsruhe, and, in spite of my asseverations to the contrary, the peasants, who had an eye to business, and wished to combine pleasure with profit, compelled me to visit their cellars in succession. The proceeding was simple in the extreme: all the implements necessary were a glass, a loaf of black bread, and a knife to cut it, and without any exaggeration, I must in the course of two hours have tasted at least thirty different sorts of wine.

Dinner-time at length, to my great delight, released me, and we all went to the *Hochzeiter's* house, where a *ragoût* of mutton was served up in large soup tureens. The table was decked with a varied assortment of glasses, knives and forks, borrowed from the neighbours for this occasion only. The fare was, fortunately, confined to the above, and wound up by a dessert of grapes, apples, and baked chestnuts, which grow wild, and in great quantities in Baden, and, though smaller than the Spanish, are very sweet, and form an excellent accompaniment to new wine. After dinner dancing was recommenced, and kept up with great spirit, while those who thirsted had plenty of leathern black jacks, of dimensions sufficiently large to quench the fire in the most parched throat. I amused myself by inspecting the bride's *trousseau*, which was all laid out on a bed, and consisted of sheets and table-cloths and other domestic articles, all spun and woven by her own fair fingers during the years of her virginity. The great centre of attraction was an old-fashioned Roman Catholic missal, richly ornamented with silver clasps, which the bride evidently considered the most valuable of all her treasures, as it had belonged to her grandfather's brother, who had been a clergyman, and thus done the family no small honour. During the course of the afternoon, troops of friends from the adjacent village arrived to add their share to the general festivity, bringing with them vast quantities of coffee, bacon, and bread, for fear provisions might run short; nor was there the slightest reluctance to share them with all present. A few rows, partly aroused by jealousy, partly caused by wine, varied the evening's entertainment, but all terminated peaceably at about ten o'clock.

The third day was a repetition of the second, except that, as the married people were now supposed to have commenced housekeeping, no call for refreshments was made upon them, but each brought with him what he thought good to add to the general stock, and all that remained over was left with the bridegroom, to set him over any want of necessary food which might have arisen from the extravagance of the preceding day.

Thus ended a peasant's wedding in the Ortenau, which I think will furnish a fair sample of German rustic festivities; and as I have "nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice," I trust it will afford as much pleasure to my readers as it did to myself.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE LA MARCK.

"MIRABEAU seized every opportunity, even in the midst of his public and private cares, to indulge in those pleasures which his impetuous nature had almost rendered necessary to him; he was desirous of pursuing business and enjoyment at the same time, and though he often talked of his reputation, and the glory which he hoped to attach to his name in after ages, he was not at all inclined to sacrifice the present to the future. The intellectual and physical powers of this man seemed almost to overflow, if one may so say; they kept his impulsive disposition in a continual state of agitation, while together they struggled for the mastery. Instead of contenting himself by taking more decent apartments than he had been in the habit of occupying, he resolved to have a house entirely to himself; as one servant was not now enough for him he engaged a valet, a cook, a coachman and horses, &c., and yet everybody was aware that only a short while before he was driven to the last extremity. I remonstrated with him as to the danger and utter inutility of so much expense; I showed him that this could not but produce an unfortunate impression on the mind of the public, for all eyes were fixed on him. I made him understand too, that his enemies would not fail to discover the source whence he derived his new riches, and would take a very disagreeable view of the matter as concerned himself. He bore all my reproaches with the greatest good temper, and promised to be more careful in his expenditure in future, but with his disposition was it possible for him to keep his promises on this head? Yet, though he gave himself up to pleasure and luxury, he did not forget the engagement into which he had entered to serve the King; on the contrary, he displayed wonderful energy and activity in all that related to his cause.

"The King's authority could only be reestablished by means of the army; it was therefore essential to place this powerful engine under his command. Perhaps one of Mirabeau's greatest legislative labours, and one which had chiefly this end in view, was the working out of his ideas concerning the right of peace and war, consequently the brothers Lameth, Duport, Barnave, and all the republicans opposed him, and their intrigues and spite stirred up in the mind of the multitude feelings and plans which threatened Mirabeau's life.

Mirabeau, in his devotion to the good cause, had even sacrificed his ruling passion — pride; he had made approaches to La Fayette, for whom personally he had not the least esteem, and perhaps he would have also endeavoured to conciliate many of his other enemies, but after so much violence had been exhibited, any approach was out of the question. Death itself has failed to extinguish hatred which has sprung from such causes, so when Mirabeau was dying, the Lameth people refused to form part of a deputation which the Jacobin Club dispatched to inquire after him. Barnave, who was less bitter, less intriguing, and who yet possessed many of the generous virtues of youth, consented to make one of the deputation. Mirabeau, who learnt how Barnave had acted in the matter, was very sensible of his kindness, and had the consolation to feel on his death-bed that he had left one enemy the less to his memory.

"At this period Mirabeau scarcely allowed himself an instant's repose; he was one hour at the tribune, another in his study; he was on the watch for all that occurred, for all that was said; sometimes he was dictating to his secretary, sometimes he was writing himself, or revising compositions which he had been the means of suggesting to the authors. At other times he provoked arguments, for the sake of starting new views; then he would seize these fresh views, and commit them to paper, or direct some one else to make them the basis of their literary labours; but midst all this mental exertion he found time to indulge himself in pleasure.

"This sketch gives a tolerably accurate idea of this extraordinary man; nature seemed to have formed him to astonish his contemporaries by the union of so many striking endowments, so rarely met with in one person. Each day he despatched to the Court written observations and opinions which had cost infinite labour to collect and prepare; these observations related to the proceedings of the Assembly, to political tendencies, and to the measures which it would be necessary to adopt in order to check any exhibition of violence. The first written document of this nature worthy of notice is dated the 20th of June, 1790, and speaks of a motion proposed by the Marquis of Lambal and supported by La Fayette, by the two brothers Lameth, and even by the Viscount Mathieu de Montmorency, though opposed by the Abbé Maury. The Assembly had, the evening before, suppressed all titles of nobility, so that the kingdom of France was nothing more than a democracy. Mirabeau who, after this decree was passed, was no more than plain M. Riquetti, had not been present at the *séance* when this decree had been pronounced. He did not hear of it till the next day, when his daily notes for the Court were already prepared, and this is the reason he only says a few words with regard to the resolution formed by the Assembly. In these notes he speaks with a degree of abruptness and without the slightest circumlocution; he thus enters at once upon business.

"'We must not disguise from ourselves that we have now reached a political crisis, the aspect of which seems daily to grow more alarming. In the first place the army affords every opportunity for highway robbery to anybody who wishes to lead the life of a robber; Mandrin himself might become king in the present state of affairs. We are informed that the inhabitants of several large towns, particularly those of Marseilles, have suffered greatly from the disorders committed by troops of disbanded soldiers and foreigners, who have flocked from all quarters. Secondly, the mad measure of last night, in the moving of which La Fayette has either stupidly or perfidiously taken part, I regard as the fireband which would kindle a civil war, for from the decree, which I consider still more insane from the manner in which it was passed, all kinds of violence and excess may be expected to result. In the third place, the war, which will be productive of all sorts of calamities, and which, if carried on without method, without money, without discipline, and without any chance of success, will rise up a gallows in every vessel and every regiment, will render the King and Queen almost individually responsible. I do not believe that the throne has ever been in so much danger; undoubtedly there are still resources which may be made available,' and M. de Mirabeau's now active correspondence discovers this more and more every day. 'It must not be taken for granted that the provinces are plunged into such profound immorality as Paris; that they show such utter contempt of all propriety, such insatiable desire to overturn everything, to seize and appropriate everything, though they may perhaps be under the influence of as exciting an atmosphere as Paris, or even under one still more so. However, the state of things cannot be much worse; there must soon be some alteration for the better, or what is much the same thing, a complication of the disease must take place, from which must result either cure or death.'

"The measures which it was still possible to employ, in order to effect some amelioration in the aspect of affairs, would render money indispensable, more money would be absolutely necessary. Mirabeau wished to plant large bodies of paid troops at several important posts, or that the required means for raising them should be at least furnished in those provinces, which should be marked out by intelligent men, to whom the task of discovering the political feelings, &c., which animated them should be assigned. He was anxious to have under his immediate direction a large number of agents, who should be men of firm and decided character, acquainted with the field upon which their operations would take place, and who should be able to turn their information to account. Mirabeau continually reverts in his notes to the advantage of multiplying these agents.

"These rough ideas were but a skeleton of a vast plan, of which only an imperfect notion could be gathered at the time of the King's trial, but it was never completely understood, at least not in its whole bearing; all that is known of it may be discovered among the papers which are dated the 23rd of December, 1790. Mirabeau anticipated much from the plan of action which he wished the King to adopt, and from the support which he should meet in the Queen's intelligence and courage, he reminded her of her mother's example, he appealed to her energy; 'The time will soon arrive,' observed he, in the same document, 'when we shall try what can be done by a woman, and child who is able to ride on horseback; meanwhile we must adopt active measures in order to succeed, and we must not imagine that so extraordinary a crisis can be safely passed by, leaving matters to chance or to the calculations of an ordinary man.'

"Mirabeau always feared, and with justice, that La Fayette would oppose all his designs; he had done all in his power to overcome his *amour propre*, but not being able to succeed in doing this, he thought, perhaps, that if the Queen were to interfere, he might be rendered more tractable. In the note of the 15th of September, 1790, it will be seen what kind of treatment he wished the King to adopt with regard to M. La Fayette; the King could not make up his mind to this course, so that the Count de Mercy and I felt it would be useless to urge him in this matter. Mirabeau says, in the same document, in speaking of the Ministers, and of all those who, under the pretext of serving the King, seized upon the abandoned power, and so used it as to turn everything into a complete state of anarchy:—'The King has only one near him who can be called a man, and that is his wife; there will be no safety for her, save in the restoration of royal authority. I should be only too happy to believe, that she would be content with life without the crown; but I am perfectly sure, that she would not preserve life at the expense of the throne.'

"I shall not repeat all that Mirabeau writes concerning M. de La Fayette's conduct; he was thoroughly disgusted with him, and in almost all his notes he urges the necessity of subduing his power. Notwithstanding the numberless obstacles and active opposition, which often stopped him in his path, Mirabeau steadily pursued his task; he pointed out the disasters which he foresaw, he denounced plotting and mischievous persons, who were to be feared, and those who were incompetent and stubborn, and sought to deceive the Court. Perhaps no King had ever listened to similar language from a faithful subject, and perhaps nothing more than this circumstance proves the integrity of the man who used it. In a note which was written a few days previous to that from which I have just been quoting, he emphatically states the sincerity of his purpose; I will extract a few passages, in order to show what principles guided Mirabeau in his relations with the Court; these contained advice which was as honourable to the King and Queen, to whom it was addressed, as to the person who offered it.

"'I professed monarchical principles, even when I perceived nothing but weakness in the Court, and when I did not understand the loftiness of mind which the daughter of Marie Theresa possessed, and could not, therefore, depend on the support of so august an auxiliary. I fought for the rights of the crown, even when I was regarded with mistrust, and when all my actions, viewed by malignant eyes, were considered as so many plots. I served the King at a time when I felt that I was not likely to receive either riches or honours from him, for, though just, I knew he was deceived. What shall I not be able to do now? when I find my courage raised by the confidence which is placed in me, and when gratitude causes my principles to become duties? I am determined to be what I have ever been, the defender of monarchical power, to be regulated, however, by the laws of the country. I will always be the apostle of liberty, as long as it is restrained by monarchical principles. My heart will however only follow the path which is pointed out by my reason; for though all kinds of unhoped-for benefits have been lavished upon me, no fresh feelings have taken possession of my heart; gratitude, mingled with affection and respect, already dwelt there. It has been said, that to work in God's name is to worship him; it might also be remarked, with regard to a good King, that to serve him is to acknowledge his benefits. Instead of occupying my pages with an outpouring of homage, I shall daily make notes of all that occurs; but in the present instance, I was anxious to give a sketch of my feelings, and of the general plan of action which I intend to pursue, to which I confess I attach much importance, and which is the result of mature reflection. I allude particularly to the relations of the Court with the idol of the day, to the pretended General of the Constitution, to the rival of the monarch,—to M. de La Fayette, in short.' Here the author enters into the consideration, as to whether it would be advantageous, or the contrary, to make a compromise with La Fayette respecting the choice of new Ministers, for, according to his opinion, it would be impossible to retain the present Ministers in office, as it would be altogether inconsistent with the preservation of the monarchy; he was anxious that the decree should be opposed, which would forbid their being selected from the bosom of the Assembly. If this measure was successfully opposed, the King would then be able to fix upon men who were better known, and who held greater influence over opinion; but even if this happened, it would still be a matter of question, whether La Fayette should be consulted with regard to the nomination. 'In order to resolve this problem,' continues he, 'it is my business to consider, what is the basis of M. de La Fayette's power; what his conduct is likely to be, under all circumstances; how far he could act against the Ministers if they were not of his choice; and how far the Ministers could act against him if he opposed their views. The time is approaching when it will be essential to look seriously into this matter; for the welfare of the kingdom, the welfare of the monarchy depends, one may almost say, upon which course is adopted. What is the man likely to become, who has suddenly grown into a subtle and intriguing courtier, the protector of Kings, if nothing stops him in his career? He is already master of the Parisian army, and consequently master of nearly all the National Guard of the kingdom; he may also dispose of the executive power, if the Ministers are of his own choice, therefore of the Assembly, and therefore of the army; consequently he may do what he will with the legislators, supposing that the Ministers are slaves to his ambition, and do not refuse him any kind of influence. Would he not, then, become the most absolute, the most tyrannical Dictator?'

"When the document from which I have just been quoting was given to the King, M. de La Fayette had undertaken the direction of the ceremonial of the Confederation of the 14th of July. Mirabeau felt considerable uneasiness as to the result of this large meeting, which was to consist of deputations from all parts of France.

"M. de la Fayette did indeed possess great power on this occasion. All the population of the kingdom was at his command. However the whole affair passed off with very little demonstration of feeling; but this political solemnity proved, however, that France was still attached to her King. The decline of M. de la Fayette's popularity, to which he owed his rise, might be dated from that very day; only a month later, cries of '*A bas La Fayette!*' succeeded to those of '*Vive La Fayette!*'

"The document from which these extracts have been taken, concludes by explaining why M. de la Fayette should not be consulted as to the choice of Ministers; but the reasons of this opinion are fully given in this same document, and, as it will be observed, with great impartiality. The Count de Mirabeau was anxious to have met with untiring energy in the defenders of monarchy, but the King, who was the most interested in its preservation, resigned himself to his habitual apathy, that apathy which had already allowed him to make such great sacrifices. The Queen was naturally energetic and resolute, but if she possessed Marie Theresa's courage, she did not unite in the same degree the lofty ideas and deep-sighted views of this Princess; she had intense dislike to giving herself up to political affairs. She foresaw the dangers which threatened her, but the hope that she had taken measures for averting them, was sufficient to calm all her apprehensions; the slightest break in the heaviest horizon made her lose sight of the coming storm; besides, as I have before mentioned, she did not possess so much influence over the King's mind as was generally imagined. Mirabeau was fully aware of this circumstance, and did all he could to excite the Queen's imagination, in order that the King might be indirectly informed how necessary it was that he should personally display more energy, and should apply himself more closely to the management of affairs. 'It is of the utmost importance,' says he, in a document which was forwarded to the Court towards the end of June, 1790, 'that the master should be acquainted even with the origin of affairs, that he should occupy himself in studying them under all aspects, that he should know more than those persons whom he has commissioned to collect information for him, and that he should find means of becoming sooner and more surely acquainted than his informers, in order that he may, according to circumstances, decide himself, or endeavour to elicit the opinion of those about him as to the course he should pursue.'

"With a view of successfully carrying out his idea, he was desirous of establishing a secret police, which was to be organized on so vast a scale, that it was found to be almost impossible to set it in motion; nevertheless it may not be altogether out of place to give a slight sketch of the principal features of the plan. One may judge of the whole by reading all that is contained in those documents which relate to it. The thoughts and opinions of even a man like Mirabeau were of course liable to be erroneous, but at least they deserve to be known, especially when the extraordinary times in which he wrote are borne in mind.

"'In the unfortunate circumstances in which we find ourselves placed,' observes he, in the document in question, 'when everything is suspected, everything is wrongly interpreted, when the best intentions are perverted, and when the wisest steps give rise to the most absurd accusations, it is absolutely necessary that the good to be effected should be carried out quietly and mysteriously. The master will only be able to work secretly; and in order to work efficiently, the person who is in his confidence (Mirabeau speaks of himself) might, while he influenced the resolutions, the proceedings, and wishes of his master, also exercise influence over every department. Two suitable men must be chosen for each department, who shall make it their business to forward to Paris, the centre of affairs, particulars of all that passes around them, particulars of the disposition of the inhabitants, of persons who are likely to foment disturbance, particulars of their interests and various views, of persons who desire peace, and of those with whom it would be well to enter into relations, and of their means of usefulness.

"These are some of the first ideas connected with this plan, which afterwards became still further developed by fresh ideas; it was more especially difficult to carry out in Paris, as the city was filled with plotting and badly-intentioned persons; therefore some time elapsed before it could be brought into play. Meanwhile Mirabeau sought every opportunity of serving the monarchy in the Assembly, and endeavoured, as far as possible, to throw an air of decision over the King's proceedings.

"I have already mentioned that France, at this period, might easily have been drawn into a war with England, as a consequence of the Family Compact into which France had entered with Spain. Even the title of this treaty had become unpopular since the publication of the articles of the Constitution, which only recognized the King as the executor of the wishes of the nation. A fear naturally arose that some hot-brained member of the Assembly, while attacking the title of the treaty, might dissolve the alliance, and thus, out of a faithful ally, transform Spain into a dangerous enemy. Mirabeau was quite aware of this; and many documents relating to this subject may be seen, in which he sets forth the necessity of changing the Family Compact into a mere treaty of alliance. This time he was heard both at the Tuileries and in the Assembly. He entered upon this question in his office as reporter of the Diplomatic Committee, and gave proofs at the same time of possessing superior talent, both as a statesman and a great orator; applause was showered upon him, even by those who were not in the habit of bestowing it on him; and his measure was at once adopted.

"The Duke of Orleans had informed his Paris correspondents of his intention of becoming a member of the Assembly, before he had obtained its consent to do so, though he did afterwards sue for permission. The Court, on being informed of the speedy return of the Prince, consulted Mirabeau as to how it should proceed on the occasion. He maintained, in a document of the 1st of July, that to oppose the Prince's return would be altogether a false step; because, in the first place, if he had made up his mind to come back to France, it would be impossible to prevent him from carrying out his purpose; and because, in the second place, the means to be employed, in order to prevent his return, might be viewed by the people as persecution on the part of the Court; and because, the miscarriage of its plans, though really a matter of indifference, might be looked upon by them in the light of a victory. The Orleanist party, in his opinion, no longer existed; and the Duke himself, in this point of view, was no more to be dreaded, than a mere shadow. 'The party, known under the name of the "Jacobins,"' says he, in the same document of the 1st of July, 'has ever been distinct from that of the Orleanists. This is, however, the only one who might endeavour to get him into its hands,—the only one to which he could attach himself. Now, the very possibility of this being the case, is quite sufficient to show what course ought to be pursued.

"'The Duke must be treated so well as to give him no reason to complain of the Court; this line of conduct will render him of no account, inasmuch as it will take from him all opportunity of connecting himself with any party. If, while keeping up relations with the Court, he attached himself to the Jacobins, his influence would be considerably lessened, because his party would feel no confidence in him. If the Jacobins welcomed him, notwithstanding these relations, this party would inevitably lose itself in the opinion of the democrats; besides, the Prince is not sufficiently acute to satisfy his party, if excuses for complaint are not furnished him by the Court. But, under any circumstances, if he, like a madman, were to join the democratic party, the notion of being a persecuted prince would be taken away from him, if the Court endeavoured to conciliate him.

"'The plan of action here pointed out has also other advantages, the fact of the Prince being at Court will throw another obstacle in La Fayette's way, these two enemies finding themselves placed face to face, will serve to keep each other within due bounds. In considering the question in another point of view, too, it can hardly be understood at present how essential it may yet become, owing to events which anarchy may have in store for us, to be able to present as *oriflamme* the name of a prince of the blood-royal, and to prevent his falling into the hands of any faction; even with this consideration, therefore, a moderate line of conduct should be adopted. This is the more necessary, because an apparent persecution would seem at this particular time to be the work of La Fayette, and would cause the enemies of the latter to become the friends of the former, more bitterness would be engendered, and a leader would be given to a party which had hitherto been without one; besides, La Fayette would grow still more powerful as a leader of the Court party, and consequently a return to a better state of things, would be found impossible.' This last sentence will give the idea that Mirabeau felt a conviction that if La Fayette became a leader of the Court party, he would be sure to cause its ruin, instead of saving it.

"'The course which ought to be pursued,' proceeds Mirabeau, 'is not attended with the least danger; the Duke is despised in the provinces, his incapacity and frivolity are too well known, and Paris is well acquainted with his immorality. What then is to be feared from such a man? The only precaution which is necessary, is to avoid putting him in possession of that power which he has not. To serve him is to render him harmless, to conciliate him is to kill both him and his party. I feel still less hesitation in offering this advice, because it will always be possible to alter this behaviour, if circumstances should make it necessary, but at the present moment I think the King should confine himself to saying, "I am pleased, and shall always be pleased to see you, but I hope that I shall not see your name used by any faction." This mark of kindness from the King would certainly attach the Duke to him, and if he was at peace with the Court, the Jacobins' hopes of winning him over to their side would all be frustrated, the fear of losing his dignity, and being obliged to relinquish the state to which he had been accustomed, in the general overthrow of matters, would naturally deter him from taking such a step; and if La Fayette meets with another obstacle in his path, why I really do not think there is much to lament.'

"The King and Queen thought Mirabeau's observations perfectly reasonable, they would, in fact, have adopted the course which he recommended in this document, if a peculiar circumstance had not occurred, which changed the whole face of things. Upon the first occasion of the Duke of Orleans visiting the Tuileries, after his return from England, he was grossly insulted by the King's most faithful servants; they were totally ignorant with regard to the line of conduct which the King and Queen had carved out for themselves concerning the Duke of Orleans, and therefore only beheld in him one of their sovereign's most dangerous enemies. Consequently, immediately he entered the palace of the Tuileries, a hot-headed attendant of the King loaded him with every kind of reproach, and followed him with abuse almost to the door of the King's study. The Duke of Orleans, who, it was declared at the time, had come with the firm resolution of at once frankly submitting to the King, changed his intention, and became from that moment the most bitter enemy of the Court.

CAMILLUS AND WELLINGTON.

Ἐτελεύτησεν, ἡλικίας ἕνεκα καὶ βίου τελειότητος, ὡς εἴ τις ἄλλος ἀνθρώπων, ὡραῖος.—PLUT. *Vit. Cam.* xliii.

PLUTARCH, at the conclusion of his biography of Camillus, speaks of the happiness of that hero in having died at a ripe old age, and not before he had made his fame perfect by services done by him to his country, as a moderator of the disputes between rival parties, as well as by eminent victories in the field. He speaks also of the peculiarly deep affliction which the loss of their veteran chief inspired among all classes of his countrymen. Livy, in narrating the same event, uses language equally emphatic respecting the "Mors quam matura tam acerba Marci Furii." It is impossible at this moment to read or to recollect these passages in the Roman historians, without feeling how strikingly applicable they are to the illustrious general and statesman, of whom England has been so recently bereaved. There are indeed many points of remarkable similitude between Camillus and Wellington. Each was the most successful warrior of a warlike age, and each was regarded as the greatest captain that his country had ever produced. Each signalized himself by a great deliverance of his native land from the Gauls, and each survived that great achievement for many years without degenerating from the high character thereby acquired, or affording the least ground for the common insinuation that the conqueror's fame would have come down in more undimmed splendour to posterity, if "*animam exhalasset opimam*" immediately after his crowning victory. Livy truly says of Camillus, that after he rescued Rome from Brennus, "Par deinde per quinque et viginti annos (tot enim postea vixit) titulo tantæ gloriæ fuit." And we may with equal truth, say of Wellington that for thirty-seven years after he had saved England from Napoleon, he showed himself worthy of the laurel of Waterloo, and bore his honours so as to augment their lustre.

Camillus and Wellington were both aristocrats by birth, by education, and by temperament. Each became for a time the political leader of the extreme conservative section among his countrymen, and incurred at one period the most gross animosity of the ultra-popular party of his fellow-citizens. The violent oligarchs among the Roman Patricians sought to make use of the authority which his military renown gave to Camillus, to aid them in opposing those great Reform bills, which were called the Licinian laws. And we can all well remember a similar party in England tried to make the like use of the name of Wellington, in order to thwart the progress of Reform in this country. But both Camillus and Wellington were men of spirit too high, of patriotism too pure, and of intellect too discerning, for the ignoble functions of mere party-leaders. Each of these great men at last freed himself from all trammels of faction, and acted for the general good of the whole state, and not for the aggrandizement of any one of its orders. And when we read of Camillus* acting as a mediator when party violence seemed likely to break out into open civil war; when we read how he was looked up to as one who spoke with peculiar authority, and who gave sage council in extreme difficulties, so as to avert from his country the consequences of revolutionary turbulence and of stubborn Patrician obstinacy; our hearts swell with gratitude towards the Old Duke, who, for so many years past, had been the acknowledged moderator of our party feuds, and the honest and impartial adviser of his sovereign in each crisis of political embarrassment.

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* See Niebuhr, vol. iii. pp. 27 and 30.

Historians often censure Camillus respecting the execution of Marcus Manlius Capitolinus, and some writers have cast blame upon Wellington on account of the death of Marshal Ney. In each case a very brave soldier was put to death, in pursuance of the sentence of a competent tribunal, on a charge of treason. It is probable that the interposition of Camillus with the Roman Assembly might have saved Manlius, and that that of Wellington with the Bourbon King of France might have obtained a pardon for Ney. In neither case can we see any obligation, legal or moral, wherefore that interposition should have been volunteered. We may observe, however, that the guilt of Ney was far clearer than that of Manlius; and that there is not the slightest ground for suspecting the English Duke of having instigated the proceedings against him. It is not equally clear that Camillus took no part in bringing Manlius to trial.

Indeed, wherever there is any difference between Camillus and Wellington, the difference is in our countryman's favour. Wellington was incapable of the savage prayer, which Camillus uttered when he went for a time into voluntary exile to avoid a trial, and prayed that his country might soon have bitter cause to regret him. Camillus appears to have been fond of the pomp and pageantry of military glory and not wholly uninfluenced by personal vanity, at least in his earlier years. Our great chieftain thought of doing his duty, and of nothing else. He accepted decorations and titles when bestowed on him by those whom he had served, but he never sought for them, and his conduct was never influenced by the desire of self-display or of self-aggrandisement. And while the suspicion of peculation tainted the fame of the captor of Veii, we know and feel in the words of Moore,

> "But, oh, there is not
> One dishonouring blot
> On the wreath that encircles our Wellington's name."

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

It was my misfortune to have first turned my steps to Italy in 1822. I say misfortune, because the country had but a little previously risen in insurrection, as it did in 1848, and with the same results, a short saturnalia of unmeaning freedom, followed by Austrian invasion, by restoration, proscriptions, and even executions. Crowds of illustrious exiles, especially from Lombardy and Piedmont, thronged to England, the French Bourbons being prepared to give them a very cool reception in France. It was impossible not to know these men, to pity, and admire them. But indeed it did not require a band of intelligent and noble exiles to excite English sympathy. English society was Italy-mad about that time. Italian literature occupied our *beaux esprits,* Italian liberty our patriots. Byron alone was sufficient to have created this mania, and hundreds of pilgrims followed in his wake. In London, too, Italian literature and liberalism had had for some time a representative in the person of Ugo Foscolo, whose "Sepolchri" and "Letters of Ortis" had made him a brilliant reputation in his own country, adding to it that degree of personal interest, which a development of the first person in sentimental writings can create. Foscolo was taken up, not only by the liberals, but by the knot of writers in the "Quarterly." So that in opposite circles, he was the literary lion, and even more.

Septinsular by birth, Foscolo became an officer in the Cisalpine army, but liked Napoleon as little as Paul Louis Courier did. Though a favourite in English society, he was little formed for it, being as susceptible as Rousseau, with much the same causes for his susceptibility. He brought to London, however, that thorough knowledge and appreciation of Italian letters and genius which no Englishman could pretend to possess. Then he gathered round him the Lombard exiles, the witty Pecchio and the worthy Porro, the learned, suave, and noble Arrivabene, the sombre Santa Rosa, and Saint Marsan, the first accomplice of Charles Albert as Duke of Carigna. Thus were the *élite* of North Italy thrown on the London world, and certainly as amiable and innocent a set of political children, as a revolution *à l'eau de rose* could have hatched.

They were of all the grades of Italian society. Porro was one of Milan's richest nobles, the brother-in-law of the Marquis of Trivulzio, considered Milan's first noble. He was a gay, vivacious, exuberant little man, almost as happy in exile as occupying eminent places in his native city, and fully as happy with some pounds as he had been with thousands. Every one pitied Porro, for all knew he had no business to be a martyr. Gonfalonieri, who was consigned to the *carcere duro,* and did not make his appearance till age had bent his lofty stature, and replaced the noble expression of the patriot with that of the old and the ailing man, Gonfalonieri drew every sympathy, and hundreds would have given their lives to rescue him, but pity was not the sentiment felt. Gonfalonieri and Trequi were the most regretted and revered. Count Pecchio was the wit of the emigration, Saint Marsan, son of the Minister of State, the courtier, Santa Rosa the legist and the philosopher. The latter had a likeness to Dufaure, and was of the same melancholy temperament. What a cluster of first-rate intellects! They used to breakfast at Foscolo's, who at that time could give a breakfast, and who lived in one of the Alpha cottages, which he had built for himself, and which he called Digamma Cottage, from some controversy which he had with Dr. Marsh about that Greek character. Foscolo assumed even then all the airs of a literary dictator, from which Pecchio alone defended himself by *persiflage*. Santa Rosa, who on every serious subject could have pounded Foscolo in a mortar, bore this assumed superiority of the latter without a murmur. I provoked him, that is, Santa Rosa, once by giving the preference to Anglo-Saxon, and even Anglo-Norman law, over Justinian's codes. Santa Rosa sprang into a passion, and overwhelmed all present with a torrent of eloquence that lasted more than an hour, on the superiority of the Code.

Will pandects or institutes ever make a free people?

"I don't think," replied Santa Rosa, "that even freedom is worth having, whilst based upon and walled in by such misshapen blocks as your English constitution."

"You would rather have no temple of freedom, than one which did not rest on Corinthian, or at least upon Ionic columns?"

Santa Rosa grumbled something like assent, which gives an inkling of the prejudices of even an enlightened Italian liberal.

Poor Foscolo's ways and means became afterwards much straightened. An article or two for the "Quarterly," with any amount of criticism on Dante and Petrarch, could not raise a contribution from the public of 600*l*. or 700*l*., in addition to which annual expenditure Foscolo undertook that of architect, enlarging his palazzo and adorning it with a green-house. He then gave lectures. Lord John Russell remained his steady friend. But alas! Lord John was not then Premier, and never was a millionaire. So poor Foscolo went from bad to worse, till at last he took refuge as assistant in some rustic or suburban school. The author of "The Tales of the O'Hara Family" lived next door to him, I recollect, from which proximity sprang up a world of friendship and of feud.

None of the Italian emigrants showed the imprudence of Foscolo. On the contrary, nothing could be more noble than their conduct. They refrained from pressing their wants and claims, and shrank into retirement, rather than court notoriety. Some retired to Norwich and other county towns of England, where they gave lessons in Italian. Some of the young men have lived to render good service and distinguish themselves at Milan or under the constitutional government of Piedmont.

Not content with knowing these gentlemen I rather rashly took letters from them, and hied to Italy to behold the "fatal beauty" of the land, and its *servi ognor frementi*. I was considerably afraid of the Cerberi at the gates of Milan, knowing what letters were on my person; but the Cerberi in question, being a piquet of infantry in sky-blue pantaloons held up and together by belt, that nearly cut each soldier in two, proved very placable Pandours. A crown-piece obviated the right of search, and I rolled scatheless into Milan.

The capital of Lombardy is one of the most delightful towns of Europe, and this in despite of what one should imagine to be the most unfavourable condition for being delightful. It contains a court, but all the society of Milan puts the court in Coventry, and will not go to it, nor notice it, nor receive those who attend it. The handsomest Austrian aide-de-camp of the Arch-duke could not find a partner at any ball. But there are hundreds of families at Milan, all rich. Four thousand pounds sterling a year is a common fortune at Milan, and a very uncommon fortune anywhere else, except in London. There are no means of wasting it either, for gambling is not carried on to that extent, and there is limit to horses, equipage, and palaces. Love, so extremely expensive in so many countries, is not at all so in Italy, probably because the well-bred classes have nothing to do but to make it.

Then everything at Milan is original, and savours of a little world of its own. It has an opera of its own, a ballet of its own, a *cuisine* of its own (for Milan is a *pays de Cocagne*), and an idiom of its own well worth the learning when one is young. And Milan has habits and ideas of its own, nay, despite of Austria, a will too, and, as it has shown, a strenuous will. I had the advantage of being flung into this intelligent, impassioned, well-bred, and delightful society, which no Englishman, just past the Alps, thinks of stopping or looking for. They may look for society in Venice or Florence, but at Milan would not dream of it. The Marquis of Trivulzio, since dead, remained at the head of Milanese society. Though the brother-in-law of Porro he had carefully abstained from joining in the revolution, or rather in the conspiracy to bring it about. He was very fond of money, and very fond of antiquity and books, was quite a biblioman, and loved men of letters, more because they made books than from any intrinsic value which these productions of genius might possess. But in Italy a noble of the first rank and wealth, would consider that he derogated from his position and disgraced himself, if he did not extend all the kindness, hospitality, and attention he could bestow to his fellow-countrymen of lettered eminence. An Italian marquis would no more lead the life of an English agricultural duke than he would fill the position of his own cook or groom. Monti, therefore, and his daughter, the Countess Perticari, Mustoxidi, with all that Lombardy could boast of eminence in poetry or prose, or in either, all were at home in the *salon* of the Casa Trivulzio. Monti was then nearly blind, but with all his age full of vigour, enough to have denounced Austria with the fervour of Dante, had there been any possibility of indulging in such a vein. But prudence forbade and age excused. Nor was it possible to raise indignation even in prose at the Casa Trivulzio, for the noble marquis proclaimed with emphasis, *qui non si parla politica.* Poor Pellico had disappeared from their society which he had adorned. Manzoni's star had not yet risen. Mustoxidi was then what he has remained ever since, and is still, a cross-grained and quarrelsome individual, the same at Corfu now, that he was at Milan and elsewhere then.

Leaving so many Italian friends in London, great Anglomans, and constitutionals, I was surprised to find how few of them they had left behind in Milan. The hatred to Austria was as great there, indeed, as amongst the exiles, but far from falling back upon constitutional ideas, the old Milanese were full of Bonapartist recollections, and raved of a restoration of Prince Eugene through English influence, which would be at once an anti-Bourbonian and a liberal move. The Congress of Verona had led them to hope this. Having been announced in some letters of introduction, very falsely, in truth, of understanding politics, I was taken to the great lady, the very chief, indeed, of the Imperialist party, the worthy Princess Serbelloni. But, unfortunately, I could give no hopes of the liberalism of the English Tories, however the Duke of Wellington might have protested at Verona; and I could not but declare, that if

Prince Eugene or the Duke of Leuchtenberg was never to become Viceroy of Italy till England made him so, he might wait to eternity. It is incredible to those, who have not discerned it, how they do travesty English influence, intentions, patronage, and politics in Italy, as remote from the truth, as infants could be, if these attempted to form ideas on the public affairs and motives of the world.

Milan was, at the time, to be enjoyed more from what it might be, than from what it was. For though all efforts were made at festivities and hospitalities, they failed too often; and I have seen a society, instead of echoing the laugh, burst all at once, on some sudden announcement or allusion, into tears. I shall never forget a *villeggiatura* on the Como, at which the nephew and heir of the family was arrested, and transferred from the fresh freedom of the lake to the prison behind the Corso. One of the charms of Milanese society was, that young women mingled in it. In other parts of Italy and in France, girls, till they are married, endure a somewhat Eastern seclusion. But every circle in Milan was a domestic one, the relationship being universal. And this atmosphere of family, as well as the presence of the young and unmarried, gave a purer tone to society than was observable in those saloons from which the young are banished.

How very different was Venice! In Milan there was all the freshness and poesy of life; in Venice nothing but the decay and the corruption. And yet because of its history and architecture, poets selected it as their abode and their theme, as if sentiment lingered in old stones and filthy waters, and in a degraded population. Society there was none at Venice, at least whatever society did exist was not worth the name. The Venetians, though they drove piles or foundations for their houses, had none for their wealth. The wealth of Milan is in land. All its rich people are landed proprietors. But to live at Venice, and own land on *terra firma*, is no longer the fashion. Neither can its capital be longer invested in trade or in colonial possessions. And thus the Jews, or a few degenerate Venetians, that take after them, are all that survive of Venice. The Shylocks alone remain in possession of the Rialto. The Venetian senator and trader are gone. The church property, indeed, still maintains the sacred edifices of Venice, and give it the appearance and air of the pomp of the old city. The Austrians, too, have courts of appeal, with a number of military and civil authorities. These procure some well-clad frequenters of street and *café*. But as to the remains of the Venetian aristocracy, you will find the last remaining type of it in Madame Sand's "Count Zustiniani," the proudest noble of Venice, and the *impresario* of its theatre. The first volume of Madame Sand's "Consuelo," is certainly the most charming and true picture of Venice that modern times has produced. It is quite a Canaletti, and the more charming since the remaining volumes of her novel are very second-rate indeed.

I am no admirer of Venice, even in the past. Not that I am going to indulge in any tirade against its tyranny, its spies, its assassinations, or its leaden prisons. If domestic tyranny was necessary for external greatness, that is the affair of the Venetians. But the external greatness was but littleness after all. What more beggarly and blustering than their whole conduct at Constantinople, except, perhaps, the storming of it by the blind old doge. The Venetians did more to destroy the Eastern empire, to favour the conquests of the Turks, and the extinction of letters and enlightenment, east of Italy, than any other power. Their conduct in the Crusades was vile. The folly and cruelty, which other countries fell into from Quixotism, they practised with a view to profit. Then their rule was odious, and what we know of their colonial *régime* shows, that it was the most oppressive on record. The Greeks suffered far less under the Turks than under the Venetians; and, after a time, welcomed their conquest by the Mussulmans as a deliverance. All these things are not to be forgotten in an estimate of the merchant princes, and reduces, by many degrees, that claim to be the Queen of Ideal, as well as of the Adriatic, which our poets especially have claimed for Venice.

The finest part of Italy is the Romagna, not exactly in picturesque beauty, but in wealth, intelligence, and the possession of a sturdy and erect middle class, betwixt a *noblesse* and a people. There is a spirit of trade and industry there, which exists not in the rest of Italy. The race is endowed with a fine bold character, and has always remained alive to political hopes, even when they were dead in the rest of Italy. I had rather live in Ravenna or Ancona than in Venice, for the same reason that I prefer the shades of an active and lively hostelry to that of a cemetery, whatever the beauty of its monuments, and the fablery of its traditions. Englishmen, however, know nothing of the Romagna. They visit the Caraccis at Bologna, or perhaps pursue their way to our Lady of Loretto. But in general they vault over the Appenines to Florence, and ignore that the country at the back of the Appenines is the most genuine Italian. In the hands of even Austria it would be a flourishing province. In its own hands it would soon become what Venice was, the Queen of the Adriatic, and the arbiter of Italy. As it is, it is worth contemplating and studying, being the most striking example extant of a sacerdotal *regime*. Never was the struggle of a *bourgeoisie* against a priestly caste so vehement, so fierce, and so inveterate, on either side. If the Romagna be ever free, it will declare itself Protestant or infidel, or Mussulman. The hatred to the Church of Rome is a passion so deep and universal, that one must have seen it working in the people to have an idea of it.

Whilst evoking my reminiscences to sketch the men and things of Italy thirty years ago, the pen is suspended by the sudden tidings that the Duke of Wellington is no more. No event could be more to be expected, for the Duke was not only in the fulness of years, but to the advice of physicians, who recommended, in addition to the seton in his neck, certain and minute precautions, his Grace was wont to reply,—"Life is not worth preserving on such conditions." So that though he took some, he refused to take all, the requisite precautions. Though no event could be more expected, it still takes away one's breath. The mind refuses to fix its attention on any other subject. So that instead of continuing my course to Rome and Florence, I must fain turn back to Verona, where the Duke of Wellington had so lately been, and where the part which he played of arbiter between constitutional tendencies and absolutist prejudices, shook his friendship with the Russian autocrat, and quite destroyed the good opinion which the French Court had of him. From this epoch the French ultras flung themselves almost altogether into the hands of Russia.

Talleyrand said that the Duke of Wellington's career was the finest and the fullest that statesman had ever seen. No country was ever more indebted to one of its sons, than England to his Grace; and, through England, all Europe might express equal gratitude. There is nought that its monarchs possess, which they do not owe to him. Every one knows that the Duke began his career in India, where he commanded a regiment, his brother being governor-general. There is always a jealousy and hatred in every army of the relatives of those in power; whether it is the case or not, they are always suspected of being unduly favoured, and everything to their prejudice is, of course, carefully remembered, and sedulously raked up. Lo, the report came, that Colonel Wellesley was not the officer to lead a forlorn hope, and that he was spared as the brother of the governor-general. General Harris, on a particular occasion, having called out Colonel Wellesley to lead a storming party, without waiting till officers volunteered, as they were wont to do on such occasions, Colonel Wellesley received the order with the greatest coolness, and executed it with the greatest courage. He did not inquire whether the order was well or ill-meant on the part of General Harris. But Lord Wellington carried a feeling of gratitude for it, and he afterwards lived to show it, by procuring for General Harris, what he, in the common course of things, would never have obtained, an English peerage. We have heard many different opinions of the battle of Assaye, Wellington's first achievement. It proved, at least, one thing, that he was destined to be a fortunate commander.

I have spoken of the Duke's rather liberal politics in Spain. He had aides-de-camp of the Whig as well as of the Tory party, and he rather liked to hear them dispute. His rule, however, was to allow of nothing but business during the day, no idle talk, no loss of hours. He kept no chair in his tent, lest himself or others might be tempted to sit and loiter. But of an evening, and after such a meal as could be procured, he liked the freest converse, and the fullest scope to argument. One of his aides-de-camp was very liberal, and very outspoken. This the Duke, far from repressing, rather encouraged, holding himself in reserve, and taking the part of listener, or of umpire, rather than of partizan.

The genius of Napoleon and the genius of Wellington are the counterparts, one of the other. And Providence may be said to have restored the balance, and repaired the ill arising from the creation of one, by the rise and development of the other. Napoleon invented a new science of offensive war, before which all Europe trembled. Wellington invented the science of defensive war, by which Europe saved itself. The Duke of Wellington never fought an offensive battle: he was always on the defensive, even in advancing and besieging, the capture of towns by storm, and rout of armies by a gallant charge, being so many finales, for which everything had been prepared. Torres Vedras is the great monument of his military genius, great as Austerlitz, as "Paradise Lost," as "Faust," or "Tancredi." It was original as grand. Few comprehend it yet, which is one of the attributes of genius, but it saved an empire.

Soult, born about the same time with the Duke, and deceased within a short time of his old antagonist, alone of the French generals, understood the Duke's tactics. Soult adopted them against Wellington at Thoulouse. He got beaten nevertheless. Why? Because the Wellington tactics were suited to British troops, and required their steadiness to succeed. To do Soult justice, he had but raw levies to fight with, and these especially French, were all ardour, and such ardour is not the kind of courage requisite for defensive war.

Napoleon understood neither Wellington nor his troops. Had he done so, he would have followed up his victory over the Prussians at Ligny, and completed their rout. Had he done so, the Duke should have retreated to Antwerp, and the coast. Waterloo would never, in all probability, have been fought.

With 1815, may be said to commence the Duke of Wellington's political career. I see from the biographies, some of them able ones, that appear in the daily prints, that the Duke is set down as a High Tory. He wanted one quality as a Tory, fanaticism. He not only was averse to religious bigotry, but he had no bigotry to any idea. No man was more acquiescent, or more willing to bow to a *fait accompli*. Thus, however legitimist, when the Duc d'Angoulême applied to him in the south of France, he refused to his royal highness the entry of his camp, and declared that he was not authorized to hoist the standard of legitimacy against Napoleon. When he arrived in Paris, and the Duke of Orleans was proposed as a king, who would prove a *mezzo termine* between parties, the Duke replied, "that he would be but an usurper of a good family." Yet the Duke lived to recognize as King of the French this man, whom he had set aside as a well-born usurper.

I spoke before of the remonstrant attitude assumed by the Duke at Verona, an attitude of direct opposition to the French ultras, and one which became sufficiently known in Italy to awaken the hopes of that sanguine people. But the Duke's arguments, addressed to the great arbitrators, Alexander and Metternich, were, that England would not suffer France to resume its old supremacy, to treat Spain, as in the days of the Family Compact, and thus create a subservient rival to England for centuries, which England had rescued from them with oceans of blood and millions of treasure. The Duke and M. De Montmorency disagreed bitterly. Indeed, the Duke did not agree well with Frenchmen. Not one, who had seen him, had a friendly word to say of him. He considered them enemies for so many years, that he could never get over the feeling. Peel shared this prejudice. Even *he* never felt at home in Paris, and hurried out of it, as soon as he reached it, with a precipitation that, on more than one occasion, mortified the Tuilleries. Canning was more a man of the world. He dined with Charles the Tenth, at the very time that he knew Charles the Tenth to be plotting against him and England. But Canning consoled himself with the idea, that Charles the Tenth could be the enemy of no one, so much as he was of himself. By the by, people wondered much at the dinner given, and the cross of St. Louis, offered by Charles the Tenth to Canning. No one could account for them. Canning was much afraid of a coalition against England, and he came and spent the recess in Paris, with his friend Lord Granville, to see into matters at his leisure. He saw enough to be convinced that France was not formidable, undermined as she was with conspiracy and discontent, and he with justice looked upon Charles Dix as a victim to be pitied, rather than a foe to be feared.

The Duke of Wellington, however sagacious as a general, was not long-sighted as a politician. He knew this, indeed, and mistrusted his own judgment, but relied on Peel. In 1829, he thought that granting emancipation would pacify Ireland and popularize O'Connell — would take the wind out of the sails of the English liberals, and leave them nothing to ask. They even got rid of Mr. Canning's friends, lest they should have the honour of the measure, which had in every point a contrary result to that foreseen. Reform came like a thunderbolt upon the

Duke. He who had dismissed Huskisson three years before, for voting in favour of transferring a franchise to Manchester—could not believe in the progress of a question, which Canning himself was popular in sneering at. And yet no one was so influential as the Duke in the hereafter passing of reform. The Court looked to him. A word of encouragement from the old soldier would have emboldened it to resistance; and, perhaps, had he not been there to dissuade and force down rash and unseasonable resistance, England might have had its revolution of July. He saved England in 1831, as surely as Marmont lost France in 1830.

From the passing of Reform, the Duke remained a prominent character, and an influential person, but had no fixed place in politics. Even when holding all the offices of state in his person, he was but *locum tenens* for Peel, by whose lead he abided. Indeed, his later years sufficiently refute the assertion of his being ultra Tory.

One of the best well-known anecdotes of the Duke in these later times is valuable, as portraying his *brusque* habits, and his preference of a Peelite Tory to a Protectionist one. When the Earl of Derby took office, of course the Duke was continued in command of the army, and at the same time it was promised, that the appointment to the Mastership of the Ordnance should be with his concurrence. The Earl of Derby had forwarded as his choice for that office Lord Combermere; but the Duke was determined to have Lord Hardinge, to whom Lord Derby objected, as voting against protection. Accordingly, when the ministerial appointments were in progress, Lord Combermere called in the morning at the Horse Guards, and demanded to speak with his Grace. Lord Fitzroy Somerset observed, that the Duke was not in the best of humours this morning. Lord Combermere said, he must see the Duke, at all events. "Well," said the military secretary, "I am going in to his Grace, and if you will follow me, you will, on entering the room, probably be able to hear a specimen, and get an idea of the state of humour in which the Duke is." Accordingly, Lord Fitzroy went in, whilst my Lord Combermere lingered on the threshold. To the intimation that Lord Combermere wanted to see him, his Grace at first made no reply. There was a pause; and Lord Fitzroy repeated the intimation, adding, "that his Grace had probably not heard what he had before said, viz., that Lord Combermere wanted to see him." The Duke, who knew that his Lordship came for the Ordnance, exclaimed, unaware that the object of his remark was within hearing, "Take the old —— away!" Lord Combermere took the hint, and disappeared. And Lord Hardinge was nominated to the Ordnance, on the condition of voting as he pleased.

CORNERS OF MY LIBRARY.

CITY POETS AND PAGEANTS.

It is matter for surprise that many well-informed people, like the Yeoman in the "Lousiad,"

> "Who read with much applause the daily news,
> And keep a close acquaintance with the muse,"

are so ignorant of what may be called the bye-ways of Literary History. On the plain-beaten turnpike road of Biography they know every place of entertainment, aye, almost every milestone. They have got up the guide-books, they know where to look for the lions, and for smaller beasts they have no eyes.

Now in literary tours, as in other journeying, I have always had a taste for pedestrianism. I have no absolute objection to looking at the great sights in scenery by the aid of Mr. Murray, or in literature by the help of Mr. Hallam, but there are occasions on which I prefer leaving the hand-book at home, and then I abjure turnpikes and milestones, dash across hedges, try short cuts, and commit all manner of trespasses. And my reminiscences of these irregular excursions are very pleasant. There are refreshing streams, sweet wild flowers, and beautiful views, of which your steady traveller on the high road does not dream.

If we live only among the great thinkers, great historians, and great poets, we shall move in a circle as good as it is select; but if we will sometimes descend a few steps on the literary ladder, then is much amusement to be had: there is more wit and wisdom than we wot of, and at any rate we shall find human nature in which we are supposed to be interested. Now I lay no claim to being a literary Antiquary. Black letter I cannot read. Manuscripts perplex me prodigiously, and Greek with contractions, or Latin with abbreviations, are among my bibliomaniacal prejudices. I am, however, very fond of what are called "out of the way" books. I may frequently be seen dawdling over book-stalls, and I have now some very curious "Corners in my Library." I certainly never rose two hours before my accustomed time to read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," but I would rather boast with good old Dr. Johnson that I had done this, than confess with Mr. Hallam that I had found no interest in the "Sweepings of the Bodleian."

I can sit and amuse myself for hours with the grave pedantry, quaint conceits, and infinite reading of the learned old gentleman, who used to wander down to the banks of the Isis, when oppressed by the melancholy he has so industriously analyzed, to dispel his gloom by listening to the course jests and ribaldry of the bargemen.

The "Anatomy of Melancholy" is a better companion at a solitary bachelor breakfast, than even Southey's "Doctor, or Common-place Book," and most reading people now-a-days know how much amusement there is to be found in these.

A poetical young gentleman with long brown curls and a light moustache, who rode a pony, and kept loaded pistols in his bed-room, and who would have been much gratified had you hinted to him your suspicions that he had once committed a murder, showed me a commonplace book full of poetical extracts, copied in red-ink in a clerk-like hand, and headed "Flowers Culled during my Walks in the Garden of Literature." They consisted of such passages of Byron and Moore as have been quoted and parodied a thousand times, and are still so often *mis*-quoted by "gushing girls" of sixteen. Now books, like "elegant extracts," "excerpta," "readings," &c., have been compiled too frequently on the plan adopted by the poetical young gentleman. The patent beauties of the first-rate and well-known writers are paraded, whereas we want any gems that may lie in the dark unfathomed dust of unread books, or any flowers of wit and eloquence (*flosculi sententiarum*) which blush unseen in the corners of libraries. Those who have consulted the sources of political or literary history know that there is sometimes a single page, or a single sentence, worthy of preservation in a book or pamphlet of which the remainder is comparatively worthless.

When, for instance, I have read the many eloquent criticisms and eulogies on the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," that abound in our language, from the panegyric pronounced by Dryden to that eloquent sentence in Mr. Macaulay's "History of England," I must confess a secret pleasure in discovering such an account of him as the following, because it is a strong instance of the extent to which rancorous prejudice can distort the judgment.

"John Milton," says Winstanley, in his "Lives of the Poets," "was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets, having written two heroic poems, &c. but his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever been in honourable repute had he not been a notorious traitor, and most impiously and villainously belyed that blessed martyr, Charles I."

Next, as a specimen of bitterest irony, witty as Plymley, severe as Junius or Runnymede, is a sarcasm contained in one sentence of "Killing no Murder," the pamphlet which struck terror into the heart oi Cromwell. The writer calls on the Protector to reflect how noble a thing it would be to die for the nation, and adds,"you are indeed the father of your country, for while you live we can call nothing ours, and it is from your death that we hope for our inheritances."

Then, as an instance of an amusing blunder, there is an anecdote relative to the historian Ralph. Lord Melcombe told his servant to take his *card* to Mr. Ralph and invite him to dinner. The flunkey, either a wag or a very stupid fellow, took a *cart* to Mr. Ralph's and delivered his lordship's invitation. The historian peremptorily refused to come, and wrote the innocent peer a letter full of furious indignation.

A good facetious and practical retort is attributed to Farquhar, when a student at Trinity College, Dublin. He sent a message down stairs to a brother student, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, to borrow a book, then much in request, Burnet's "History of the Reformation." Its cautious and fastidious proprietor replied, that he made it a rule never to lend a book out of his rooms; but that Mr. Farquhar was at liberty to come there and make use of it as long as he pleased. This Mr. F. treated with silent contempt. It so happened that in the course of the evening the owner of "Burnet" was in want of a pair of bellows and sent up, with his compliments, to borrow Mr. Farquhar's. Mr. F.

gravely replied, that he never lent his bellows out of his chambers, but that the gentleman was quite at liberty to come up to his room and make use of them as long as he liked.

Now many such entertaining anecdotes are scattered about in old books, ill written, ill printed, and, for the most part, uninteresting. To gather them from various sources, and link them together with some system, was such work as D'Israeli, the elder, could do as none else has done. But as the lamented "ingenious author of the 'Curiosities of Literature'" is no longer here to write charming books for us, such work must fall into less practised and less skilful hands.

It is strange how many subjects worthy of record have been hitherto almost entirely overlooked. Our literary annals labour under the same defect as does Oriental history. The story of kings only is told, and though the biography of Eastern despots is very different matter from the lives of the monarchs of intellect, yet in both cases we are anxious to know something of the ruled as well as the ruler, of the small as of the great. There is no more reason why we should always be in Brobdignag than in Lilliput. It is as tiresome to be always wondering at giants as to be dandling dwarfs. The lives of great writers should be heroic annals, but literary history is inadequately and unfairly written when we have no account of the second and third-rate literature of the age described.

The higher province there is no intention of here invading. The lives of the great men are generally well known, though they have been seldom well written. It is of the lesser "wits" that something may now be said, and it is at any rate matter for congratulation that the subject is novel, and that there are no previous successes to discourage by any dread of comparison and contrast.

A very good book might be written, called "The History of the City," not merely a topographical account, nor such chit-chat as Mr. Peter Cunningham can so charmingly put together, but a history of that indefinable civic and commercial power, which we mean when we speak with a kind of awful reverence of "the City."

What records and reminiscences might such a volume contain! Royal visits, magnificent banquets, rich viands and mellow wines, headaches next morning; anecdotes of the fire and the plague; Pepys gossiping, Evelyn moralizing, Wren building; solemn debates in the common-council, opposition—now to the King, now to the Parliament. Whiggism at one time, Toryism at another, triumphant. Jeffries bullying and browbeating in the Old Bailey; Jeffries in the hour of retribution saved by a company of the trainbands from popular fury, and borne, almost mad with terror, first to the Mansion House and then to the Tower, followed by the threats and execrations of a raging multitude. What burnings in Smithfield when men were tortured there—what butcheries in Smithfield since only beasts have been slaughtered there. What lamentations for the loss of the time-honoured market where hecatombs have fallen by the ruthless knife, soon to be driven to a suburban refuge. For in these days there is such a rusticating tendency that even beasts refuse to be killed unless it be in the country.

Among these things to be remembered in the "History of the City," are the pageants or entertainments on the inauguration of each Lord Mayor. With the cumbrous pomp and gaudy show of the procession we are yet familiar. The written portion of the pageant has become obsolete. Two years ago an ambitious attempt was made to revive some of the typical elements of the old entertainment. Peace, personified by a young lady from a trans-pontine theatre, sat olive-crowned in her car, smiling serenely on the profane rabble in Farringdon Street, where ragged rascals were picking the pockets of servants out for a holiday. The emblems were restored, but the verse was wanting. Not a bard could be found, from Mr. Alfred Tennyson to the Rev. Robert Montgomery, who would on this great occasion become the successor of Settle. The rumble of the wheels of the gorgeous and gilded coaches mingled with the bray of the silver trumpets, but the lyre was silent.

Except for advertisements poetry appears to have quite gone out. Now our simpler ancestors had a notion that verse, however bad, had a soothing and humanizing influence even on the mob, and for a long time the companies paid a regular pension to a particular poet to write what were called pageants. These men were a kind of bastard slip of the regular dynasty of Poets Laureate and were called City Poets. There were four of them, John Tatham, Thomas Jordan, Matthew Taubman, and Elkanah Settle. Before they were regularly appointed to produce the annual entertainment other poets of greater fame had been occasionally employed. Ben Jonson had been called on to prepare a masque on the occasion of a royal visit, and he speaks bitterly, when it was withdrawn, of the "chanderly pension" allowed him by one of the civic companies.

Pageants on various occasions had been composed by Peele, Dekker, Mundey, Middleton, Squire, Webster, Heywood, and John Taylor, the water poet. Before, however, the short-lived succession from Tatham to Settle, they had not been annually or regularly performed. When Alderman Dethicke ascended the civic throne it appears they had been discontinued for many years, and were by him revived. Edmund Gayton, who wrote the pageant on that occasion, says, "I cannot here set forth the reason of the extinguishing of these civic lights, and suppressing the genius of our metropolis, which for these planetary pageants and pretorian pomps was as famous and renowned in foreign nations as for their faith, wealth, and valour."

The greatest pageants were on the occasion of a royal visit.

Their date is very early. The first took place when Eleanor, Queen of Henry III. rode through the city to her coronation. The next celebrated the victory of Edward I. over the Scots. Others were performed when the Black Prince made his entry with his royal prisoner. When Richard II. passed along Cheapside after the citizens had submitted, and by the intercession of the Queen, recovered their charter. When Henry V. made his triumphant entry after the Battle of Agincourt. When Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn passed through the city to her coronation. There was one also when Elizabeth was crowned. There is a pageant of Ben Jonson's called, "Part of King James' entertainment in passing to his Coronation." It is very doubtful whether this was performed at all, for that day, 17th July, 1603, was remembered for its fearful and unseasonable weather, and the plague was at that time raging with such vehemence that in London eleven hundred persons died of it that very week.

This may give some idea of what these productions were. It is of course vastly superior to those written by the former poetasters specially to be mentioned. What the effect may have been when the various Virtues with Greek and Latin names—when gods and goddesses—the genius of the Thames—were tricked out in fancy dresses, and the general effect heightened by decoration, pomp and musical procession, we know not; but the pedantic speeches, full of historical and mythological classic allusion, are assuredly very heavy reading.

On the occasion of James I., his Queen, and Prince Henry making a triumphal passage through the city, Dekker wrote a pageant.

But the first regular city poet was John Tatham. For eight years he wrote the pageants. He was also the author of four plays. "Love Crowns the End" is a pastoral drama or masque, in which Chloe, Gloriana, Lysander, Daphnis, Alexis, Cliton, Francisco, make love in rhyming speeches and songs, after the most approved and conventional pastoral method. He next essayed tragedy, and wrote "The Distracted State." His comedy, "The Rump, or the Mirror of the Late Times," was afterwards remodelled by Mrs. Behn, who gave it the title of "Round Heads, or the Good Old Cause." In the second impression of the original play of Tatham, it is stated that it "was acted many times with great applause at the private house in Dorset Court." Pepys's verdict is not so favourable as that of the theatrical audience, but he is a censorious dramatic critic. He tells us in his Diary, that he had read it one night before going to bed, and pronounces it "very silly." It fell to Tatham's lot to write the pageant the year of the Restoration. It was of course a great occasion, and a great effort was made. It is called "London's Glory," represented by Time, Truth, and Fame, at the magnificent triumph and entertainment of his most sacred majesty, Charles II. at Guildhall, on Thursday, 6th July, 1660, in "the 12th year of His Majesty's *most happy* reign.

This statement is significant as embodying the loyalist view. If, however, it is not unreasonable to call 1660 the twelfth year of Charles's reign, it is certainly so in the same sentence to call that reign happy.

The King went in procession to Guildhall, and on his way there was met by the pageants. Time personified represented the Worshipful Company of Skinners, and made a long speech in heroics, of which the few following lines are a fair sample :—

> "Amongst the rest the Skinners' Company
> Crowd to express their sense of loyalty,
> And those born deaf and dumb, and can but see,
> Make their hands speak, 'Long live your Majesty,'
> Whose royal presence cures the wounded state,
> Beguiles Time's court, and gives a turn to fate."

Truth's speech represents "The Clothiers' Company," and Fame the Grocers', who conclude their sweet things by saying,

> "Since in yourself you are a history,
> A volume bound up for eternity."

The "Merry Monarch," in spite of his love of rhyme and his general disregard of reason, must have laughed in his sleeve at these vacuous pomposities. In a prose appendix to the poetry the order and management of the procession and pageants are given. The windows of all houses were covered with tapestries, or "such hangings as may glorifie the day." The streets, from Old Jewry to Temple-bar, were railed on both sides; the several companies with their livery gowns and hoods; the Lord

Mayor, aldermen, and their retinue, and "the gentlemen of the artillery completely armed," to the music of six trumpets and a kettle-drum, were to move in procession from the Old Jewry, down Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, to Whitehall. The King then left Whitehall, and they all proceeded to Temple-bar, at which place Time delivered his poetic oration to His Majecty; at St. Paul's Churchyard Truth harangued, and Fame made her speech in Cheapside. The monarch then moved on to Guildhall, where he was feasted with great pomp and ceremony; and in the evening the civic authorities escorted him to Whitehall, after which they retired, and "a volley being given, every man departeth to his own home."

Tatham was, as has been said, succeeded by Thomas Jordan. This man was one of the few of the early school of actors who lived to see the Restoration. He had performed at the Red Bull in the part of *Lepida* in "Messalina." But he was a poet as well as an actor, and the author of four plays, the last of which "Love Crowns the End," was among the MSS. destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant. He wrote the city pageants for thirteen years. Besides these and his dramatic compositions he was the author of several small volumes of poetry, with very fanciful titles. He also published in 1642 a little tract called "Rules to know a Royal King from a Disloyal Subject, with an Exact Account given of the Jewels of the Crown of England." It is a canting praise of passive obedience, in which he goes so far as to say that the man who does not love Charles I. cannot (he will *scarce* believe) love his Maker. The jewels, it appears, in the regal diadem of that king were innocence, fortitude, patience, peace, love, royal *anger*, justice and mercy. He concludes this bad prose with some worse verse, and calls the lines a sonnet, but they are in reality weak and irregular rhymes, concluding with "God save the King."

The next civic bard was Matthew Taubman. He held the dignified position, from 1685 to 1691. His last pageant was performed on the day that Sir Thomas Pilkington entered a second time on the mayoralty. It was got up at the expense of the Skinners' Company. It is dedicated to Sir Thomas, who had been twice imprisoned for his religious and political opinions, and was now triumphantly a second time elected Mayor. He is informed in the dedication that, "when idolatry like a deluge had overspread the land, and the church like the ark lay tottering upon the billow, then came the dove with the olive branch of joy." The poet adds, "Like Daniel you were taken out of the lion's den to be a ruler over us." This pageant was a very grand affair. On the day of Sir Thomas's second inauguration, King William, Queen Mary, and their royal highnesses Prince and Princess of Denmark, went with great pomp to the Guildhall. There were no less than five pageants. The others were in the accustomed style, but the third merits some mention. It was a ship called the "Perseus and Andromeda," and laden with all the treasures of the East. On board were a "jolly brave captain" and a crew, "continually toping, bousing, and carousing." The captain makes his men a speech full of strange oaths and nautical phraseology. The sailors sing a song, and the skipper then spouts some heroics full of the usual compliments, &c.

The dinner in the Guildhall was on a very grand scale. During the banquet the Lord Mayor proposed the health of their Majesties, and the King that of his Lordship. Two songs were sung during dinner. One from one of Nahum Tates' comedies, in honour of their royal personages, and another in praise of the Lord Mayor and the companies.

"Come, boys, drink a health to the chiefs of the city,
The loyal Lord Mayor and the legal committee,
The imperial city that this year to you
Hath restored us our lives and our liberties too.

"With justice and peace may it ever be floating,
May the heads that support it agree in their voting,
May a strong tide of union still flow in yon hall,
And no sea of faction e'er beat down your wall;"

and so it runs on.

Taubman, in 1685, collected and published a little volume, entitled "Loyal Poems and Satyrs upon the Times written by several hands." It is dedicated to the lords and gentlemen of the loyal club at the Dog in Drury Lane. In the preface he prays to be delivered from Whigs and trimmers. Some of the poems are clever political squibs, teeming with wrath against Puritans and Presbyterians.

The classical order of climax can be observed here without violating chronology. Elkanah Settle was the greatest as well as the last of the city songsters. He is almost famous as the antagonist of Dryden, certainly notorious as Doey in "Absolom and Achitophel," and is or ought to be infamous for his political misdeeds.

He was the son of a gentleman, was matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, but resided for but a very short time. Langbaine says that when he came up from Oxford and resided in London, he dissipated a good fortune. It is difficult to say whether he was stimulated by ambition or driven by need to take up the pen. He probably at first came up to enjoy his fortune in London, and afterwards turned pamphleteer, dramatist, poetaster, and at last droll-writer. Had he, however, intended literature at the first he would have come to the metropolis. London was then, in a literary point of view, England, as much as in a political one Paris has ever been France. There were then no brothers Cottle, even in such a provincial town as Bristol, to recognize genius, which the lynx-eyed vigilance and profound penetration of London publishers had failed to detect. The man whom his friends persuade, or whose self-love cheated into the notion, that he was a wit, came up as a matter of course to the capital to exercise the literary calling and frequent the coffee-houses.

But a political creed was in those days absolutely necessary to success, of even the lowest kind. Roundhead or cavalier, and then Whig and Tory was an exhausted division of all educated Englishmen. There is hardly any age when men can retreat into the "templa serena" of contemplation, and affect to look down from that calm eminence on the struggles of the crowd below. We had not then, at any rate, arrived at that philosophical toleration and indifferentism which enable us now, under the name of liberal or the still more specious title of liberal conservative, to hold any of the numerous shades of opinion that exist between protection and the five points of the charter.

Settle adopted the Whig cause. He wrote a pamphlet in favour of the Exclusion Bill, called "Character of a Popish Successor." This was answered by one entiled "The Character of Rebellion." Sir Roger L'Estrange wrote "The Character of a Papist in Masquerade," and Settle's last utterance on the matter, "The Character of a Popish Successor Complete," has been called the best piece in the controversy. After the coronation of James II. both his pamphlets were publicly burned by the Fellows in the quadrangle of Merton College, Oxford. One is reminded by this of the destruction of Mr. Fronde's "Nemesis of Faith," in a college hall in the same university some three years ago, amusing exaggerations of which proceeding appeared in the London papers and were almost as ridiculous as the act itself.

He tried also to aid and abet the principles he had adapted on the stage, and wrote "The Female Prelate,—History of the Life and Death of Pope Joan." It is dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury, whom he exalts "tergeminis honoribus." He divides his lordship's enemies into three classes.

1. Romish Zealot.

2. The ambitious libertine, who appears as zealous for a religion of quality as a Spanish Jew at mass, and rather than stand out when his interest is at stake, would even turn Mahomedan and almost circumcise to be great.

3. "Indigent bullies," who wish for change at any rate, and desire tumultuously to scramble for bread.

He was esteemed so vehement a partizan that the Pope-burning in 1680 was entrusted to his superintendence.

In 1683 he found the cause of Shaftesbury falling and made a rapid desertion to the ranks of the enemy. He endeavoured to justify the step, as men usually do when they are guilty of such shameless inconsistency. He published a pamphlet on the Titus Oates plot, called "A Narrative," in which he confesses his past misdeeds, recants his former opinions, and is as virulent as renegades are wont to be when they seek to attach themselves more strongly to their new, by being violent against their old friends. In the preface he turns round on his former party, and speaks of Whiggism as if he had always held it in abomination and contempt. He writes "A Whig being that owlight sort of animal that, unless in a coach and six, never looks abroad without being hooted at." In the postscript he divides all Whigs into two classes, fools and villains.

Having libelled James II. some years before, he afterwards was so strong in loyalty to the Papist successor that he became a trooper in his army at Hounslow Heath. He also set up a journal in defence of the court.

His political character will need no comment, when it is said of him, that in addition to these flagrant trucklings and tergiversations, he wrote a panegyric on Judge Jeffries, and a libel on Lord Russell, a few days after the martyrdom of that nobleman.

LORD HARDINGE.

Now that he, whom the nation with one accord pronounced the foremost man of the age, has passed away suddenly from amongst us—now that the first shock of the event, which, though long looked for, unexpectedly retarded, came upon us at last as a national calamity, has expended itself—men's minds are beginning to turn to the living from the dead, and to take stock of our surviving heroism. Eight-and-thirty years have passed since Napoleon's brazen horsemen went down before our British squares on the great field of Waterloo. The boys who fleshed their maiden swords in the Peninsula are now veterans of three score. Year after year has seen some ominous gap in the attendant chivalry at the commemorative banquets of the 18th of June. Death has scored out name after name from that honoured list, until few are left upon the roll. Therefore, the more should we cherish those who survive; the Somersets, the Napiers, and the Hardinges, who are still the pillars of our military renown.

The country was not ungrateful to the Great Duke—he had every possible title short of royalty itself; he had wealth, and everything that wealth can purchase; he looked out upon you everywhere in marble and in bronze, in oil-colour and in mezzo-tinto—and he was, perhaps, the only pluralist in the country, at whose plurality of office no one grumbled or repined. He had all sorts of posts, indeed, salaried and unsalaried. A very harvest of patronage has fallen suddenly into the minister's hands. But the only office, the bestowal of which is matter of much public concernment, is that great one—the Command of the Forces.

For many days this was the great *topic*, discussed eagerly in all military circles, and with scarcely less eagerness by the larger circle of the general public. It was a *question*, too; for the *detur digniori* principle is not always carried out in practice. But due regard being had to the interests of the army, the interests of the nation, and the relative fitness of those whose names had been announced, and whose chances had been canvassed, no question ought ever to have arisen. The command of the British army is not, like the Chancellorship of Oxford or of Cambridge, or the Governorship of the Tower, a mere honorary distinction—a name, a title, an appendage—but a solid reality. It is a substantive appointment, requiring as much the energies and activities, the very brain-sweat and brow-sweat, of a real man, as the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Prince Albert is deservedly beloved and respected. The Duke of Cambridge has, with laudable zeal and assiduity, devoted himself to the parade duties of his profession. Doubtless, they have all good soldierly qualities in them; and need but opportunity to draw them forth. But in such a practical age, and in such a stirring world as this, opportunity is everything; and men must be judged, not by what they might do, but by what they have done. It would have been a sorry compliment to the memory of the dead—it would have been a sorry compliment to the British army—to fill up the gap which has been left, in any way, but by the appointment to the vacant office of one of the Duke's old companions in arms.

In all the discussions which arose on the subject of the vacant command, the most prominent name was that of Lord Hardinge. No name seemed to rise so readily to the lips of men, military and civil, when there was any talk of the Duke's successor at the Horse Guards. Judging him not only by what he had done, but by what he was yet capable of doing, men of all classes of society pointed to him as the soldier who was henceforth to occupy the proud position of Commander-in-Chief of the British army. And, for once, the Public were right. Their anticipations were not falsified. Their desires were not disappointed. Lord Hardinge has been appointed to the chief command of the British Army. At such a time a few references to the leading incidents of his past career—scarcely pretending to the character of a regular memoir—may be both welcome and useful.

A member of a good old loyal Derbyshire family, Henry Hardinge joined his regiment in Canada, a high-spirited boy of fifteen. Some anecdotes illustrative of the ready gallantry, the quickness and generosity of his nature, at this early period of his career, are extant. The Peace of Amiens ushered in a brief period of inactivity, and young Hardinge returned to England. But the renewal of hostilities found him attached to the staff of the Quarter-Master-General. He served under Sir B. Spencer in 1807—followed the fortunes of Wellesley in the campaign of 1808—was present at Roleia, and wounded at Vimiera. Then we find him soon afterwards rapidly carrying despatches, in the face of many difficulties, to Sir John Moore—sharing with that chief the dangers of the retreat on Corunna, and not far from his side when he fell: next with Sir Benjamin D'Urban, as Deputy Quarter-Master-General of the Portuguese army: at the passage of the Upper Douro: at the battle of Busaco: then in the campaign under Beresford, ever active, ever doing his duty, ever proving the fine soldierly spirit which animated his slight frame and spoke out from his clear quick eye. He was very young at this time, but he was an approved good soldier; and when, at the battle of Albuera, the fight was going against our over-matched troops — when one half had been mown down by the enemy, and the other half were reeling and staggering under the shock of the outnumbering foe, it was Henry Hardinge, then only twenty-five years of age, who suggested the movement which turned the tide of victory in our favour. " Major-General Cole," says Beresford's despatch, "seeing the attack of the enemy, very judiciously bringing up his left a little, marched in line to attack the enemy's left, and arrived most opportunely to contribute, with the charges of the brigades of General Stewart's division to force the enemy to abandon his situation and to retire precipitately, and to take refuge under his reserve." It was Lieut.-Colonel Henry Hardinge who discerned the advantage of these movements, and suggested them; " the young soldier, with the eye of a general and the soul of a hero," as Alison, with graphic truth, has described him in his record of these events.

At Ciudad Rodrigo, at Badajoz, at Vittoria, where he was severely wounded; at St. Sebastian, at the passage of the Bidassoa, in the battle of the Nevelle and Nive, at Orthes, for which he received his ninth medal; everywhere was young Hardinge, always at work, always doing good service, save when laid aside for a little space by the severity of his wounds. With the peace came again a brief cessation from active duty; but, on the escape of Napoleon, and the renewal of the war, Wellington, who had watched his career, and knew his worth, attached him to the head-quarters of the Prussian army, in a political capacity with the rank of Brigadier-General, and he became the companion of Marshal Blucher.

It was at Ligny that he lost his hand. We give the incident in the words of a contemporary writer, well acquainted with the subject of his memoir :—

> "At the sanguinary battle of Ligny, on the 16th June, Sir H. Hardinge again distinguished himself. About 4 P.M. his left hand was shattered by a common shot; but refusing to dismount or leave the field, he placed a tourniquet on his arm, and sat out the battle, retiring after nightfall with the Prussian army. At midnight, in a hut by rushlight, attended by a single servant, he had his hand amputated. Sir Henry had previously despatched his brother, who was his aide-de-camp, to report to the Duke the fate of the day, and to bring an English surgeon. At daylight, the French beat up the bivouac; when Sir Henry, determining not to fall into the enemy's hand, though faint from loss of blood, accompanied the retreating Prussians. At Wavre he joined the gallant Blucher, who, though still suffering from a fall, and from having been ridden over by a whole brigade of cavalry, got up, and kissing his friend affectionately, begged he would excuse the garlic (with which he was perfumed) and condoled with him on Ligny; but characteristically added, 'Never mind, my friend, if we outlive to-morrow, Wellington and I will lick the French.'"*

The battle of Waterloo was fought and won, and then came peace indeed—not a mere transient interval of rest, a lull between two storms—but years of peace counted not by units, but by tens; and the soldier became the statesman. Sir Henry Hardinge, for he had received for his services a Knight Companionship of the Bath, was still a very young man—less than thirty. He had established a military reputation of the first class, and now he began to take part in politics. For twenty years he sate in the House of Commons as member for Durham and Launceston. During this time he held office, under Conservative administrations, twice as Secretary-at-War, and twice as Secretary for Ireland. Once too, for a short period, he was Clerk of the Ordnance. All this official training was of great service to him, and he proved himself to be an admirable man of business. The quickness and readiness of apprehension, the keen penetration, the intuitive sagacity, which had distinguished him in the field were distinguishable in the bureau, and over and above these qualities, there was an industry and a perseverance seldom to be found in men of such quick parts and vivacious temper. And so, now in office, now out of office—now on the ministerial, now on the opposition side, until the year 1844 dawned upon him, Sir Henry Hardinge held his own, respected by the world, and dearly beloved by all who knew him, foremost among whom were Wellington and Peel.

Then came the offer of the Governor-Generalship of India. It was a tempting one. The magnates of Leadenhall Street, in the exercise of a prerogative of which it is to be hoped no legislative interference will ever deprive them, had dismissed Lord Ellenborough from office. It was a stretch of power in the master warranted by a stretch of insolence in the servant. But when the question of the successorship came to be considered, and the Crown ministers nominated one nearly connected with the recalled viceroy, the Court of Directors, with something more than common willingness, ratified the ministerial choice.

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* Calcutta Review.

The selection was in all respects a happy one. No appointment could have been more welcome to Lord Ellenborough, whose wounded honour must have received some balsamic relief from the nomination of one bound to him by close family ties; to the Court of Directors, who rejoiced in the opportunity thus afforded to them of demonstrating that the bold course they had taken had not been instigated by any low personal feelings; and to the public at large, who honoured the gallantry and confided in the sagacity of the soldier-statesman who had been selected for an office of the highest responsibility from among the foremost men of the age.

But by the man so selected the honour was not coveted. It was one that he would never have sought. A little time before he had been offered the command of the Indian army; but he had declined it; and now that this far more brilliant, more tempting offer was made to him, he still hesitated to lay his hand upon the prize. Two days of irresolution, or rather two days of earnest thought and self-commune and counsel with near and dear friends, preceded his acceptance of the most brilliant office that can be conferred on a British subject. But he believed that his services were required by his country; and at the call of his country he went. "I well know," said the leading statesman of the age, whose sudden loss we are even now lamenting; "I well know," said Sir Robert Peel, some years afterwards, "what was the object of my friend, Sir Henry Hardinge, in undertaking the government of India. He made great sacrifices from a sense of public duty. My gallant friend held a prominent place in the counsels of her Majesty. He was, I believe, without any reference to party divisions, held in general esteem in this House, as well by his political opponents as by his political friends. He was regarded by the army of this country as its friend, because he was the friend of justice to all ranks of that army. It was proposed to him at a time of life when perhaps ambition is a less powerful stimulus than it might have been at an earlier period. It was proposed to him to relinquish his place in the counsels of his Sovereign, to forego the satisfaction he must have felt at what he could not fail to see, that he was an object of general respect and esteem. He separated himself from that family which constituted the chief happiness of his life, for the purpose of performing a public duty that he owed to his Sovereign and his country, by taking the arduous and responsible situation of Chief Governor of our Indian possessions. He went out with a high military reputation, solicitous to establish his fame in connexion with our Indian empire, not by means of conquest, or the exhibition of military skill and valour, but by obtaining for himself a name in the annals of India as the friend of peace, and through the promotion of the social interests and welfare of the inhabitants." No man knew him better than Peel, or loved him more dearly.

Taking the overland route, Sir Henry Hardinge made all haste to India. But he did not find all barren on his way. His quick eye comprehended at a glance the mistake that was being committed at Aden in over-fortifying the place, and providing, at a ruinous expenditure of public money, for contingencies that could never arise. It has been well said of him, with reference to this very matter, that "a military fallacy stands no chance with him." No error of this kind was likely to escape his quick eye and penetrating mind.

He arrived in India towards the close of the hot season of 1844.

His arrival was warmly greeted even by men who had indignantly resented the recall of his predecessor; and it is to the honour of Lord Ellenborough that he did his best to bespeak a cordial welcome for the new ruler. "You will be charmed," he wrote, "with my successor. He is a thorough soldier and a thorough man of business. . . I do not know a better man for the station."

The early days of his administration were, as he desired them to be, eminently quiet and pacific. Men who know best what are the horrors of war are the least likely to plunge a country into them. Lord Cornwallis and Lord William Bentinck had been the most peaceful of rulers. And now, Sir Henry Hardinge, who had acquired a splendid military reputation in his youth, coveted no new laurels at three-score. He sate himself quietly down at the seat of the supreme government and devoted himself to the internal administration of the country. The state of native education, the fiscal imposts which pressed most heavily upon the industry of the people; the discipline of the native army, &c., engaged the greater share of his attention. But he was not unmindful of the external affairs of the great empire entrusted to his charge. He was resolute to maintain the country in peace, if it could be done consistently with our honour and our safety; but he did not disguise from himself the fact that he might be unwillingly precipitated into war.

Ever since the death of Runjeet Singh the country beyond the Sutlej had been torn by intestine convulsions. It had been the scene of a series of tremendous tragedies, more incredible and revolting than the tragic dramas of the Præ-Shakspearian age, which pleased the coarse appetites of Englishmen in the early days of Elizabeth; and it seemed now to have settled down into a chronic state of unrest. One monarch after another had been carried off by secret poison, by "accidents done on purpose," or by assassination in open durbar. And now the country was governed, in the name of a child-prince, by an adulterous chief and her paramour, who could only bribe the army into obedience, and who now were running short of the means of corruption. A weak government is always a dangerous neighbour, especially if it be soldier-ridden. It was impossible to say at what time all this intestine licentiousness might overflow the boundary and run over into foreign aggression. The Governor-General saw this plainly enough; but he saw too that any overt preparations on our part for an anticipated struggle, would precipitate the collision which he desired to retard. So he strengthened the frontier, noiselessly and unostentatiously; pushed up troops to the stations contiguous to the Sutlej, without menace and without parade; and set out, with his brilliant staff, civil and military, for the destined theatre of war.

He did not court the struggle, but he was prepared for it. When the Sikhs, suddenly and unpremeditatedly, crossed the frontier, he was there to counsel and direct. That the danger was great is not to be denied. Nor is it to be denied that mainly by his personal presence was that danger averted. Sir Henry Hardinge had gone up to the north-western frontier in a civil capacity. He went as a counsellor, not as a soldier. But when the day of council had passed —when the question to be solved became a question of military skill and military prowess—he remembered that he was a general officer in the British army, and he believed that his services were required in the field. The chivalry of his nature was not to be repressed. It was not a season for the supremacy of cold caution. There are epochs in the careers of nations and of men, when a tame observance of ordinary rules of procedure becomes something almost criminal. Sir Henry Hardinge, after the first battle had been fought—and it was clearly seen how formidable an enemy was in our front—placed himself at the disposal of the commander-in-chief, and became his second in command.

The result is well known, at least as well as, in the few pages at our disposal, we could possibly describe it. But the history of the great battles of Forozshuhur and Sobraon has yet to be written. These actions live outlined in the picture of Mr. Grant, and the speeches of Sir Robert Peel. But it is possible that when all becomes known, the reputation of Sir Henry Hardinge will rest even on a higher pinnacle than at present. And yet, in the lives of either ancient or modern heroes, what passages can be cited more glorious and more touching, than the following from Peel's well-known speech on the victory of Forozshuhur.

> "From my affectionate regard for this gallant man, (he said) I am proud to be enabled to exhibit him in such a night as that of the 21st of December—going through the camp—passing from regiment to regiment—keeping up the spirits of the men—encouraging them—animating their ardour—and, having lost ten aides-de-camp out of twelve, placing his young son, a boy of seventeen or eighteen years of age, in the front of the line beside him, in order that the British troops might be induced not to fire on the enemy, but drive them back by the force of the British bayonet. It was characteristic of the man. He had two sons present, one of whom was a civilian and the other in the army. On the afternoon of the 21st he sent the civilian to the rear of the army, saying that his presence disturbed him, and that if he refused to retire he would send him away in arrest as a prisoner; but the presence, he said, of his younger son, an officer, whose duty called him to the field, only made the father more desperately resolute in the discharge of his duty. On the 22nd, after the battle was over, he took his eldest son when visiting the wounded soldiers and sepoys; and he showed them a Governor-General of India who had lost his hand, and the son of a Governor-General who had lost his foot, and endeavoured to console them in their sufferings by proving to them that men in the highest rank were exposed to the same casualties as themselves."

We do not disparage the memory of the great soldier who has recently passed away from among us, when we write, that nothing in all the flood of incident and anecdote illustrative of his career, excites such deep emotion in the perusal, as these few simple sentences. It was the fashion, with those who did not know him, to speak of Peel as a cold, unimpulsive man; but never, in that great assembly, was a speech spoken more feelingly than this; never did the heart of a speaker appeal more touchingly to the hearts of an audience, than on this memorable occasion. The wontedly frigid statesman was affected even to tears.

The battle of Ferozshuhur was won, but the Sikhs were not yet beaten. Much work lay before Hardinge and Gough. There was much to be done in preparation for the crowning struggle; and the governor-general, with characteristic energy and activity, threw himself, body and soul, into it. Day and night his mind was at work, and his limbs were seldom at rest.

"Inspiring, aiding, animating all,"

he passed from one duty to another in quick succession; he brought together all our available military resources; strengthened our armaments at points where they were weakest; provided against the occurrence of accidents which had nearly proved disastrous in the previous actions; and when the time came for the last decisive struggle, and the great battle of Sobraon was fought, there he was again, with his sons and his nephew beside him, the same cool, intrepid warrior, that had sate out the battle of Ligny with a *tourniquet* on his shattered arm.

The Punjab now lay prostrate at the feet of the governor-general of India. The British army marched in triumph upon the capital of the Sikhs; but their *raj* was not declared at an end. The time had not then come for the "annexation" of the empire of Runjeet Singh. Sir Henry Hardinge reseated the infant son of the old lion on the throne of Lahore; formed a national administration, to be held in control by the presence of a British officer at the young maharajah's court; and hoped that a strong government might eventually be established in the country of the five rivers. It is no small thing that amidst so many instances of aggressiveness and acquisitiveness, history should be privileged to record such moderation as this. We are loath to speak of anything but of the high principle which regulated the conduct of the victorious chief,—loath to detract from the real merit of this act of noble forbearance by even a passing allusion to any meaner springs of action. But they who speak of all moderation as cockney cant, and try the question only in the scales of narrow expediency, should know that at that time Sir Henry Hardinge, if he had desired to take possession of the Punjab, had not the means of so doing at his disposal, and that in the then crippled state of his military resources, the attempt would have been downright folly.

Lord Hardinge returned to England. Honours had been heaped upon him in his absence, and he had reaped his share of more substantial rewards. We do not write that his enemies were in office, for Lord Hardinge had no enemies; but that great political party which did not number him among his adherents—the Whig party—of which Lord John Russell was the chief, were then dominant in the councils of the empire. His reception was most honourable. There was enough in it to gratify the vanity of a much vainer man. When he took his seat in the House of Lords, the Peers upon both sides welcomed him warmly. But, save when called upon to do honour to the brave men whom he had left behind him, and who had been hotly engaged in another war—and no man more delighted to pay the tribute of generous admiration to his comrades—he took no conspicuous part in public affairs. Contented with the *rôle* of the English gentleman, he settled quietly down into private life, and was never seen to greater advantage than when superintending the improvements which were going on on his estate, or talking over old times amidst the Sikh trophies in the hall of his Kentish home. As with the body, so with the mind, you best see its fine proportions in repose. Earnest and active as in the days of his youth, with the same quickness of eye and vivacity of manner, there were years and years of good work in him, when he returned from his eastern conquests. But a marvellous contentedness sate upon him. No aspirations after new honours disturbed the serenity of his mind. He spoke of himself, with all cheerfulness, as of one whose work was already done and whose future days were to be passed, in an uneventful but not wholly uncongenial privacy. But although a mind so well-balanced as Lord Hardinge's was sure not to waste itself in vain repinings, and in all conditions of life could find healthy occupation, they who knew him, and, knowing him, had constant proof of the freshness and vigour of the moral and intellectual, no less than of the physical man, never ceased to hope that the requirements of the public service would some day call into action again all the energies of his unclouded mind and unwasted body. In spite of all that he had gone through—all the storms to which the sapling and the old tree had been exposed—there were few younger men at three-score amongst us, than Lord Hardinge, when the accession to office of Lord Derby and his friends made people ask each other, whether the new Ministers would be fortunate enough to secure the services of the retired Governor-general, the old friend of Wellington and Peel? Lord Hardinge did not altogether belong to that party. His sympathies were with that more moderate segment of the great political circle, which had owned Sir Robert Peel as its chief, and on the death of that great leader, had looked up to Sir James Graham as its head; and he would never have consented to assist in the reversal of that policy with which his lost friend, the great statesman, in whose last loving thoughts he held a cherished place, was so imperishably associated. It was generally known, therefore, that when he accepted office under the Derby Administration as Master-general of the Ordnance, he joined the ranks of the Protectionists, as then they were believed to be, with the understanding that an unqualified adherence to their policy, especially on points connected with the commercial system of the country, was not to be demanded from him. The arrangement was honourable alike to him who made, and them who accepted, the condition.

It was soon found how wise a choice Ministers had made. Lord Hardinge went to the Ordnance office at a time when the arming and equipment of our national forces pressed for some speedy revision, that in this respect we might not altogether be distanced by our foreign neighbours; and he soon made the appointment a laborious one. The Master-generalship of the Ordnance in his hands was a strenuous reality. If anything had before been needed to demonstrate Lord Hardinge's qualifications for a higher military post, it would have been supplied by the intelligence and activity displayed by him during his tenure of office at the head of the Ordnance Board. He was, indeed, doing so much good at the head of that department, that we cannot help regretting his removal from it, especially as the combination of the business of the Horse Guards with that of the Ordnance Office has been recommended by the first military authorities, and there could not have arisen a better opportunity than the present of combining them under one competent chief.

Still the arrangements consequent upon the death of the great Duke, are altogether so fair in themselves, and likely to be so advantageous to the country, that, even upon this account, it would be ungrateful to demur to them. The appointment of Lord Hardinge to the chief command of the army has given universal satisfaction. It is a subject, indeed, of congratulation to the country, that we have secured the services of the fittest man—of a man not merely distinguished for what he *has done*, and, therefore, to be rewarded,—but, also, for what *he is*, and, therefore, to be selected. However desirous we may be to see past services rewarded; however intolerant of national ingratitude; we would never wish that the mere skeletons of past activities should be thrust into high and responsible office. Lord Hardinge has done much. He had earned for himself a niche in history forty years ago; but he was then a *very* young man. He is now, in all essential respects, by far the youngest of our surviving military heroes. He is a distinguished soldier,—gallant and skilful in the field, and, at the same time, an excellent man of business. With great natural vivacity and activity, he combines those useful, and not unheroic, qualities, industry and perseverance. He is as pains-taking in execution, as he is prompt in conception; and he is thoroughly conscientious. It is no small matter, that the great quality of justice should be conspicuous in the character of the Commander-in-chief. We believe Lord Hardinge to be, all in all, a just man; with as few prejudices as any soldier in the army. All branches of the service are sure to be equally patronised and protected by him; and, perhaps, there is not a man in the country so well acquainted with the details of them all. He knows the Company's army, too, as well as the Queen's; and it is a happy circumstance that, at such a period, when not only are battles to be fought, but perhaps armies to be reorganised in India, the first military authority in the country should be an officer of such wide Indian experience and fine Indian reputation as HENRY, LORD HARDINGE.

SABBATH STILLNESS IN THE COUNTRY.

(*From the German of Sturm.*)

THE Angel of the Sabbath-day
Descends on white wing through the air;
Faith's fragrant incense to convey,
And veil or chase each earthly care.

Ah! how bloom the very flowers
Brighter in devotion's beam!
Where the trace of toilsome hours?
Where the week-day's troubled dream?

Yes! the woods and fields rejoice,
Sounding forth a hymn of praise:
They have found the sweetest voice,
And the noblest temple raise!

All things seem, 'mid calm repose,
To lift a Sabbath song on high;
And the heart rejoicing glows
At the scene that greets the eye.

See! to church the pilgrims press,
With pious hearts to praise and pray:
Oh! do thou my bosom bless
With peace like thine, blest Sabbath-day!

ETA.

HOW WE TALKED ABOUT THE BURMESE WAR.

AND so we began talking about the Burmese war.

We were a little party, five or six of us, in the smoking room,—not of one of your large clubs in Pall Mall or St. James',—but of a miniature club, proportioned to the dimensions of its locality, in one of the Channel Islands. I will not say which of the group it was; but it was not either Alderney or Sark. Now the Channel Islands are what Johnson, the Prince of Clubbists, would call "clubbable" places. They are easy, leisurely, *far-niente*-ish spots, much resorted to by idle people of small incomes; and some, at all events, of the essentials of club life are obtainable at rates conveniently low for attenuated purses. Wines, spirits, and cigars are invitingly cheap; and our club, being of the old-fashioned Johnsonian type—the type Ben-Jonsonian and Sam-Johnsonian, for the great dramatist was as much a clubbist as the great lexicographer, and few better club regulations are to be found than the *leges convivales* of the former,*—had a sociable, convivial character about it, and needed much these enjoyable auxiliaries. Our members were few, and they knew one another; and there was never any deficiency of "talk."

They were mostly men who had seen a good deal of the world,—half-pay officers in the Queen's service, or on the retired list of the East-India Company, captains of trading ships who had gone their last voyage,—a decayed merchant or two,—and some whose antecedents were only conjecturable. We had an author, too, amongst us. At first we were rather shy of him, thinking that he might exhibit us all, some day, full length in his literary portraits. Besides, we jumped to the conclusion that he was sarcastic. But when we came to know him better—when we found how modest—and yet, withal, how genial he was; how little likely he was ever to write or to say an ill-natured thing of any living creature; when, in fact, we could find no other fault in him than that which belonged to most of our party, and of which most people are tolerant in the Channel Islands,—namely, that he was poor; we opened ourselves to him, and acknowledged, behind his back, that he was not a bad fellow after all. He would cut into a rubber of whist, when he was wanted, and, when he was not, he smoked his *cheroot* quietly in the corner of the room, whilst he pored over a volume, which he brought with him in his pocket. When he did talk, which was not often, he talked pleasantly and well. There was only one member of the club (and he was the greatest fool among us) who would not have cheerfully acknowledged his superiority. It is very certain that he knew more than all the rest of us put together.

His name was Maurice—at least by that name I purpose to designate him here. I must not, after the same fashion, describe all the other members of our club, who "began talking about the Burmese war," or I shall have no space to tell you what we said. One was a Major Blaxendale, a retired Company's officer, who had been in the first Burmese war. Another was a Captain Clipper, who had sailed to all parts of the world, and had picked up some information in the course of his voyages, though no great amount of refinement had gathered crustaceously round him. A fourth was an old queen's officer, on half-pay, a little man verging upon three-score. Some called him Mr.— some Captain— Davis. He was, I believe, a lieutenant. He had been all through the Peninsular war, and had great veneration for *the Duke;* though, some said, it was very clear that at odd times he let out a preference for Moore, under whom he had more immediately served, and of whom he had some touching anecdotes to relate. He was not far from the hero when he fell. I believe that he was a sergeant at this time, and had risen from the ranks.

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* With one or two exceptions—Smoking was a novelty in those days, and in Rare Ben's creed a novel abomination.

So we began talking about the Burmese war. The mail-packet had come in, in the morning, and had brought the contents of an Indian budget. There was generally a better attendance at the club and more talk on mail-days. This evening we mustered rather strong. It had been rainy in the morning, but the clouds had cleared away in the afternoon, and the evening invited every one abroad.

Major Blaxendale was a great newspaper-reader; and he was a great smoker. He generally appeared in both characters at the same time. There was no rule against carrying the papers up into the smoking-room; indeed, we had but few rooms (and few rules) in our club, and the smoking-room was the most important in the house,—or rather our part of the house, for we only rented a moiety of it. It was not the case with us, that when the wine was in the wit was out. But when the smoke was out the wit was in. We puffed out our ideas with the smoke, on the *e fumo dare lucem* principle, and were never such *illuminati* as when we could not see a yard before us.

So we began talking about the Burmese war. Major Blaxendale led the way. "Well," he said, "another mail from India. No great news from Burmah yet. Indeed, it is not to be expected. The fighting season has not come. When it has, I hope we shall make quick work of it. In such a country as this delay is disaster."

"Yes," I said; "pity was it that we could not bring the war to a conclusion in a single campaign."

"We never could do that," returned the major, "unless we commenced it precisely at the right moment, and set about it precisely in the right way."

"Times and seasons are not always under our control," interposed Captain Clipper, "any more than winds and tides. I should have made better voyages all my life, if they had been."

"I dare say you would," said the major. "In such a climate as this, though there is not much to be said in its favour, it is fighting weather all the year round. In India there are, with certain local variations, three distinct seasons in the year,—the hot season, and the wet season, and the cold season. In the first, if you go to war, you stand a chance of being burnt to death; and in the second of being drowned. The third alone is fit for military operations; and it does not last more than four or five months. If you want to finish a war in the enemy's country, at a distance from your own resources, within that time, you must look sharp about it, I can tell you. We were not able to do it in our last war with Burmah, and we have not accomplished it in this."

"So much the better for the shipping interests," said Captain Clipper. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"There is nothing like leather," said I. "I have heard that what you call the 'shipping interests' of Calcutta, benefited so largely by the last war, that they have been clamorous for another ever since."

"But now they have got it," said Captain Clipper, "they are not likely to make very much out of it, after all. Those infernal steamers, one way or another, are eternally cutting into the legitimate business of the sea. Our mercantile marine is going to the dogs, under the baneful influence of these puffing, snorting, smoking, fire-ships; these floating tea-kettles, about which people make so much ado."

"It must have been a fine time for ship-owners," said the major, "when 70,000*l.* a month was spent on transports alone. But we are not likely to waste our lives or our money again, as we did a quarter of a century ago. The war will be a cheaper one in all respects. Why, sir, in the last, our fighting men rotted off by hundreds like sheep. Nothing so terrible, and, at the same time, so inglorious, was ever known. Armies have perished miserably before now, but they have been in a state of activity, and have had a palpable enemy of some kind to combat. But here, sir, we had only to sit down and die. The rot was among us. More than half of our European troops were killed by the climate and the commissariat in the course of a single year. Of the two regiments in Arracan, the strength of which little exceeded 1,000, 595 died in the country within eight months; and of those who quitted it, not more than half were alive at the end of the year. Thus three-fourths perished from the effects of the climate. In Arracan and Lower Pegu together, 3,000 European soldiers were destroyed by the rot.* The loss among the natives I do not know; but it was equally large in proportion to the numbers. It was not the climate alone that destroyed the Rangoon force. Hundreds were poisoned by unwholesome provisions; putrid meat and rotten biscuits were served out to them whilst they were encamped in miasmatic marshes. It was enough to destroy men of iron. Flesh and blood could not stand against it at all."

"We are managing better now," I remarked.

"Yes," said the major, "our troops at Rangoon now seem to be as healthy and as happy as in any Indian cantonment. The truth is, that the climate of Lower Pegu is not a bad climate. But it is an unhealthy thing, anyhow, to eat rotten meat, and to be up to your kness in water all day. Our troops are healthy now at Rangoon because they are living in houses, built for the occasion, which protect them alike against the falling rains and the rising damps; and because good food has a natural tendency to keep out bad air."

"I think I saw in the paper," said the old half-pay lieutenant, now breaking in for the first time, as he threw away the stump of his cigar, which he had smoked down to a perilous point of proximity to his lips, "that they are building a theatre there."

"I saw that," said I; "but I did not see that they are building a church."

"Setting aside," returned the major, "the comparison you suggest, it seems to be a good idea that of building a theatre at Rangoon. After the evils of bad climate and bad food, there is not one more destructive than inactivity. A season of protracted idleness is often fatal alike to the *physique* and *morale* of a force. The mind flags, the spirits droop; the moral man becomes altogether unhealthy for want of exercise. The reaction is always dangerous. Anything, therefore, which occupies the mind, which keeps up a gentle excitement, has a salutary effect both upon the health and discipline of an army. Napoleon, you know, carried a troupe of players with him to Moscow. He knew that amusement was essential to his troops. We do not study the matter half enough in England or in India. But experience has taught us, that the worst dangers of a war are either those which follow its completion, or arise during those seasons of suspended activity which occur mid-way in the course of a campaign."

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* See Colonel Tulloch's statistical returns, quoted by Professor Wilson in the Notes to his "Narrative of the Burmese War."

112

Here our author, who, up to this time, had been, *more suo*, poring over his book, laid it down on his knees, smoked with a little more vigour, and began to pay attention to the discourse. He thought that it was getting interesting. The major was a clear-headed man, and a great authority among us, on military questions, which drew him out in considerable force.

"So far they have done well," he continued;—"that is, if we have not done much, we have not suffered much. We have two enemies to contend against in that part of the world, and if we can beat the one, you may be sure that we shall make short work of the other. The Burmese are a nation easily to be beaten. We are always rather too much in the habit of undervaluing our enemies; but really, without undervaluing these fellows, we may set them down as very contemptible soldiers, even behind their own stockades. We did sustain some slight casual disasters during the last war, but none of these were attributable to the gallantry, or the skill of the enemy; and during the quarter of a century which has elapsed since our last contest, the military resources of the country have not by any means increased. On the other hand we may fairly assume that the Burmese army is much less formidable than it was at the time of the last war. It is mainly composed of raw levies, totally incompetent to make any stand against our disciplined troops. Our military successes are, therefore, as certain as though they had been already achieved."

"With *us*," said the little half-pay lieutenant, "the least difficulty of all consists in beating the enemy in the field. We can always do *that* whether our enemy has a white face or a black one, whether he dresses in cotton or wool. The real difficulties with which we have to contend in an enemy's country are those of which only soldiers take account. I often hear civilians talking about the best means of finishing a campaign, as though a general had nothing to do but to fight the enemy and beat them. But troops are not to be moved hither and thither like the pieces on a chess-board,—your knights and bishops and pawns do not require to be fed, neither do they suffer from exposure to the climate. But there are contingencies to which, unfortunately, large bodies of flesh-and-blood troops are subject. And I have been thinking whether the Burmese, disinclined to meet us boldly on the field or even behind their own stockades, may not see the expediency of carrying on another kind of warfare—may not leave the country to fight it out for itself, and retire as we advance, laying waste everything before them. This is the right way to meet an invader, as Napoleon learnt to his cost."

This was one of the longest speeches that we had ever heard issue from the lips of the little old man, whose nature it was to give out his opinions, whenever he expressed them, in a brief emphatic manner; and, therefore, it attracted more than common attention. Indeed, it was well to the point, and our great authority, the major, did not reply without due consideration.

After a pause, a few preparatory puffs of his Manilla, and a sip or two of his cold brandy-and-water, he responded in due time, but not with his wonted confidence, "Why, the fact is, you see, that the Burmese live under a despotic government, and that there is not likely to be much patriotism among them. There may be personal gallantry and individual devotedness, as were manifested in the Chinese war. The Tartar warriors, when they could not hold out any longer against the advances of the outside barbarians, massacred their wives and children, set fire to their houses, and immolated themselves. But they durst not have carried this out upon a larger scale. They never thought of setting fire to their cities, or of destroying the resources of the surrounding country. The selfishness of an absolute monarch is not likely to countenance such proceedings; and, moreover, he is seldom cognizant of the real state of the danger that threatens him. The sovereign and the people are not one. There is no real nationality in the case. Now, the Burmese know very well how to annoy an advancing enemy. They know that we want labour—that we want men to carry our supplies, to build huts for our troops, and so on—so they drive the people before them, and make a clear sweep of the country. They may, too, carry off or destroy any supplies that are likely to fall into our hands; but any grand national movement, like that of the Russians when Napoleon advanced upon Moscow, is far beyond the energies of a people groaning under the yoke of an absolute monarch, who is little likely to sympathise with such a demonstration. Ignorant of the real amount of danger that threatened him, he is far more likely to tell his people to expel the intruders, or ask them why they had not destroyed us all, than to counsel any measure for our annihilation involving temporary and local sacrifices on a large scale, which may even touch royalty itself. But one cannot speculate, with any confidence, on the proceedings of such a people. The probability is that, up to this time, the monarch himself is profoundly ignorant of the danger which threatens him. Truth travels slowly in that direction. The officers of the army and the court are equally interested in its exclusion from the royal ears. A writer in "The Times," the other day, alluded to a circumstance which I know to be an absolute fact. When Prome was captured, in the last war, letters were found in the stockades, ordering *white slaves* to be sent up for the use of the Ava ladies. Such is the ignorance of the court; and it is only under the pressure of a general recognition of danger on the part alike of the governing and the governed, that any great national movement is likely to be made. We are more likely only to encounter opposition in detail—to be met with spasmodic efforts of a local and incidental character; no grand, comprehensive, well-organised scheme for our expulsion and extermination. I suppose that our troops will come here and there upon a few stockades, which will go down before us like cobwebs: and it is not improbable that when we approach the capital, the barbarian monarch, panic-struck and paralysed, will, instead of suing for terms as some anticipate, betake himself ignominiously to flight. This will perplex and embarrass us, as we do not wish to confiscate his dominions, if such a measure can with safety be avoided. The punishment may be well deserved, but in inflicting it, maybe we shall severely punish ourselves."

"But," meekly suggested the Peninsular veteran, as he quietly lighted another cigar, "how are we to reach Ava? As far as I can understand the matter, there are two ways to the Burmese capital, one up the river and the other over the hills."

"That's it," returned the major, in a patronising tone of voice; "we may go up to Ava from Rangoon, along the line of the Irrawaddy river; or, starting from the Arracan side, we may cross the frontier hills, and descend into the low country at a point only a few marches from the capital. Both routes have their advocates, but, judging by present appearances, the former is the line which will be taken by Godwin's troops. I am not sure, however, that it is the best."

"Depend upon it that it is though," interrupted Captain Clipper, with something of an oath. "If you start from Rangoon, you can bring down all your carriage and all your supplies by water. You cannot want a better road than that between Rangoon and Calcutta along the great high seas."

"Nor a more expensive one," returned the major. "The road is not the best in the world for the transit of elephants and bullocks. The tonnage they consume is no trifle, when it comes to be counted up and paid for. Starting from the Arracan side you may bring your cattle up by land, and as the march will be a much shorter one, you will not require so many beasts of burden for the carriage of your supplies. In fact, this route is the shorter and the cheaper, if it be not the easier of the two."

"This, I suppose," said I, "is the route by the Aeng pass, which is advocated so strenuously by a writer in 'The Times.'"

"Yes; and I agree with him," said the major, "in his estimate of the advantages of that route. He has reproduced the principal arguments which were brought forward in 1839, when a rupture with Burmah was anticipated, and has supported them by a comprehensive detail of the information which was then collected. But I have heard it said, that he has not sufficiently taken into account the advantages to be derived from the application of steam-power to this particular kind of warfare. We are stronger, in this respect, than we were when we last talked of a conflict with Burmah, but even then there were writers—men of experience, too—who believed that the best course would be to send a steam flotilla up the Irrawaddy, and seize the capital by a *coup-de-main*. I was reading the other day, a paper on Burmese affairs, signed 'Jos. Smith,' written about this time, from which I made an extract, which I have got in my pocket-book, and I will read it to you:—

"To seize the capital by a *coup-de-main* may appear at first sight too hazardous a scheme, but in fact it would be attended with far less risk than such undertakigns generally are, and most assuredly with far less danger than a tedious advance through the country. The river Irrawaddy offers facilities to the passage of a steam-flotilla into the heart of the kingdom which are met with in no other country; the stream at the lowest is sufficiently deep to admit any of the steam-vessels employed on our rivers in Bengal, and its channels and dangers are known to all the people who live on its banks. The distance from Rangoon to Ava is about five hundred miles, and there is not one fort or a single piece of cannon to be found the whole way, nor any cover for ambuscades, excepting at two spots immediately above Prome, but which could be of no service to the enemy, unarmed as they are, and terrified as they would be by the apparition of such an unexpected force. The expedition should consist entirely of Europeans, mostly of artillery; it should be conveyed in steam-vessels, provisioned for thirty days, and with eight days' fuel. It should halt at Donnobue one day, at Meayday one day, and at Mimboo one day, to procure supplies; it could cut fuel at various places on the banks, but particularly between Peringuyu and Meayday; it should commit no violence, and avoid all affairs with the Burmans, who may be expected to dispute its passage at Prome, Meayday, Pagahm, and Khyouktabou. The *flotilla* should always draw up for the night *above* the towns, at the distance of three or four miles; the main object of the commander, which he should always have before him, should be his earliest possible arrival at the capital; he should not suffer himself to be delayed a moment by friendly offers or deputations, for the object of both would be to gain time. The expedition would easily reach Ava in twenty days, and supposing that a despatch-boat left Rangoon with the intelligence the same day as the fleet, all the efforts of the best rowers in the country could not enable them to carry the news to the Court in less than eight days. The number of vessels and troops I have purposely avoided speaking of, because my estimate would be considered too low; but I know that were the force ever so small, the consternation of the Court and the people would deprive them of the power of taking measures for their own protection: the former would send commissioners with fair words and large promises, to persuade the expedition to return to Rangoon, and the latter would stand on the banks of the river in mute amazement, or perhaps raise the cry that the sacred prediction was at length fulfilled in the arrival of the Sekya-men." *

"Thank you," said the little Peninsular man. "There may be some truth in it; but the scheme reads very much like a civilian's."

"A land-lubber's," added Captain Clipper; "it was not written by a sailor, I'll swear."

"It is not so bad, for all that," said the major; "there is some sense at the bottom of it. The outline is good enough; but I doubt the details. The expedition would never get up to Ava in twenty days. It could not get up at all in the season most favourable to subsequent operations. I do not know precisely how many steamers could be now taken to the mouth of the Irrawaddy. In 1839, when the Government of India took stock of their available resources, they found that without suspending the river traffic between Calcutta and the Upper Provinces of India, no more than six steamers could be employed in these military operations. It was calculated, at this time, that the entire force could not be conveyed to its destination in less than two months. Frequent delays would be occasioned by the necessity of collecting fuel on the river banks. Double the number of steamers may be available now—but in one sense, at least, the greater the number the greater the difficulty.

"Yes," said Captain Clipper, "that's how it is; the advantages of steam. Why, you must fill your vessels with fuel instead of with stores, —and how much can you carry after all?"

"Why," returned the major, "I know that when these calculations were made, on the occasion of the anticipated rupture in 1839, it was said that the steamers could only carry coal for sixty hours each; and that they would be obliged to collect fuel as they proceeded. However we shall soon see to what uses our steam flotilla can be really turned. Of the advances by the Aeng pass I see no chance. It does not seem to be projected, although after the last war everybody, from Sir Archibald Campbell downwards, declared that we should make short work of a second conflict, now that we had Arracan for a starting point, and had explored the road by the Aeng pass, and over the mountains to the Irrawaddy at Sembeghwin."

"Over the mountains," here struck in the little Peninsular man,— "difficult country, too, as I see it described, even by the advocate of the route in 'The Times.' Now, the great thing is, when you send troops over a difficult mountainous country, is to have a general at the head of them who understands mountain-warfare. Now, if we had another Moore, sir,—of all our generals, Sir John Moore best understood mountain-warfare. See what he did in St. Lucia. There was an unhealthy climate and a difficult country; yet his troops suffered little by disease, and he achieved great military success. He had an experienced medical officer, Robert Jackson, at his elbow, and he was wise enough to profit by his counsels. The same, too, in the Peninsula; there, again, he showed his fitness for this particular kind of service, as Souchet did on the part of the enemy. But where can we find such men to lead our troops over rocky mountains into an enemy's country, and to ensure their success?"

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* Asiatic Journal for 1841.

"Why," said the major, "our Indian officers have had, of late years, some lessons in mountain-warfare, that are not likely to be thrown away. I do not know that any operations could have been more skilfully or more successfully conducted, than the advance upon Caubul, in 1842, under Sir George Pollock. He lost few men, and no baggage; and he always beat the enemy on the sides of their own hills. I should have no fear of the results, if our troops were sent under such a man; but you may depend upon it, sir, that they will all be sent up the line of the Irrawaddy. Well, whatever way they go, they will beat the enemy, —only one way is shorter, cheaper, and more decisive than the other."

"Victory is certain," here chimed in the author, who, up to this point, had taken no part in the conversation. "There is little or no doubt of our full military success. But I remember that it was said—and prophetically, too—by the Duke of Wellington, I believe, with reference to the war in Affghanistan, that our difficulties would commence where our military successes ended. And the same may be predicated of this second Burmese war. Already we are beginning to talk of 'annexation.' We are to annex, it is said, the great provinces of Pegu to the Company's territories. The Company do not want Pegu. I give them credit for the moderation they profess. They have always set their faces steadfastly against the extension of their empire; they have desired, and they have endeavoured, to consolidate it. Their aspirations have been all after peace; and yet they have continually been engaged in war. Theirs is not that hollowness of profession, which characterised the peaceful demonstrations of Lord Ellenborough, who inscribed *Pax Asiæ restituta* on a medal, and immediately began to make war upon Sindh. The Company did not want Sindh, would rather not have had it, if it could have been honourably and justly acquired for them; and, now acquired as it has been by violence and injustice, it is a 'thorn in the flesh.' I honour Lord Jocelyn for his recent noble advocacy of the cause of the fallen Ameers. I see that we have his printed speech on the table below; it is well worth reading."*

"I heard him make it, sir," said the major. "It is the speech of an honest and an able man. I am glad to see such men devoting themselves to the study of Indian affairs. We want more of such men. It is a hopeful sign of the times, sir,—for India I mean,—when youthful members of the aristocracy, such men as Lord Jocelyn and Lord Stanley, betake themselves to the study of that great subject, not merely in books, though much is to be learnt from them, but on the spot, among the people; seeing with their own eyes, judging for themselves, and bringing the local experience thus acquired to bear upon the after-work of European statesmanship. I drink their healths, sir, in my *brandy-paunee*. But you were speaking of the annexation of Pegu."

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* Speech of Viscount Jocelyn, M.P., on the Case of the Ameers of Upper Sindh; with an Appendix. Second edition. Smith, Elder, and Co.

"I was observing," said Mr. Maurice, "that, opposed as the Company are to territorial aggrandisement, they will in all probability be forced into the annexation of Pegu. After what has already taken place in that direction, it is possible that the protection of the inhabitants against the vengeance and cruelty of the Burmese, may be advanced as a legitimate pretext for the immediate amputation of that limb of the kingdom of Ava. If not, it will, in all probability, be taken in lieu of a money-payment to cover the expenses of the war. There is no doubt that such a transfer would be far more righteous than the appropriation of Sindh. Indeed, there is no lack of justificatory argument in support of such a measure. But there is little to be said for it on the score of expediency. For my own part, I believe it to be almost an impossibility, if once we begin the work of annexation, to stop short at the confines of Pegu. The whole of the Burmese empire must be added to our Indian dominions. We shall not be able to stop short of this. The Pegu frontier, in point of fact, would be no frontier at all. A line of jungly country, very favourable to the desultory operations of the Burmese, and very unfavourable to our own, would invite them to constant border forays, and we should soon be compelled, 'in self-defence'—the old story!—to deprive our turbulent neighbours of the power to work us further annoyance. We shall be driven, for our own security, not merely to dismember, but to annihilate the Burmese empire. But we do not want Burmah any more than we want Pegu. We shall find it a burdensome possession. I have heard it said that, forty years hence, Pegu, if it now passes into our hands, will be the richest province of the Indian empire. Under proper management, its fertility, it is said, is inexhaustible. But, unfortunately, we are not in a position to make present sacrifices, in the hope of realising prospective benefits. At the other extremity of our Indian empire we have a newly-acquired province—once a great integral kingdom—only wanting a present outlay of Company's coin to develop latent resources, and to fructify, a hundred-fold, after a few years, in the shape of national prosperity of the most remunerative kind. But our exigencies compel us to deny that, which our judgments would fain yield, to the Punjab. The state of our treasury will not suffer us to make the necessary advances, certain as we may be of large prospective returns. How can we afford to manure Pegu, whilst the Punjab is still languishing for want of the same nutriment? Every newly acquired province, for a certain number of years, more or less according to its natural productiveness, is a drain upon the treasury of India—upon the treasury which is recruited from the resources of the older, long-settled districts. And so it always happens, that just as we are beginning to think of carrying out measures for the improvement of the revenue-yielding parts of the country—of spending, in fact, their own money on these old provinces, some new tracts of country are unhappily thrust into our hands, and there is a necessary diversion of the treasure so appropriated into less legitimate and productive channels. Every acquisition of new territory retards the internal improvement of the old, and is, therefore, a curse to the country."

"If we take the Burmese empire into our own hands, there must be an augmentation of the army," said the major. "And it will extend our commerce," said the captain, "and employ more shipping."

"I am not so sure of that," said the author. "Extension of empire and extension of commerce are not necessarily connected with each other. Indeed, our best fields of commerce have lain in directions where we have had no empire. The China trade flourished when we had not an inch of territory in the whole celestial empire. I am sceptical of the commercial benefits which would result from the annexation of Pegu. And I do not see its political advantages. It appears to me, that it would lead to endless embarrassments, and eventually propel us still further onward and onward, until our dominions have reached a point of extensiveness beyond which there is nothing but disintegration and decay. Heaven knows, indeed, where we shall stop—perhaps, only at the Yellow Sea. The further we endeavour to penetrate into the future of all the great Eastern States, the more profound is the interest of the subject. There is an unlimited suggestiveness about it. The Burmese empire already totters—the integrity of the Chinese empire has long been jeopardised. The Japan empire is threatened by the navies of the United States. It seems likely, though none of us may live to see it, that the Anglo-Saxon race will cover the whole of those romantic Eastern countries, whose fabulous wealth, two centuries ago, stirred the hearts of the Merchants of London, and impelled them to send out their argosies in search of the produce of the Great Indies, the Spice-Islands, and Cathay. The greatest fact, judged by the magnitude of its results, in the entire history of the world, is the establishment of the East India Company. The expansion of their empire has been a magnificent illustration of the great truth, "L'homme propose; Dieu dispose." The dominions of the East India Company have extended themselves from Cape Comorin to the borders of Afghanistan and Cashmere—from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the Irrawaddy, in spite of the moderation of the East India Company, and their sincere efforts to prevent, from time to time, the extension of an empire which long ago they believed to be overgrown. There are some writers who still speak of the aggressive "system" of the Company. But they have mistaken, designedly or undesignedly, the will of Providence for the system of the Company. If we are now compelled to take Pegu—or the entire Burmese empire—who can lay it to the account of the aggressiveness of the Company?—The Company do not want Pegu—do not want Burmah—would much rather be without them. They have no greed after these territories—they did not plunge willingly into this war. If there was anything in the world against which they devoutly prayed for protection, it was a second Burmese war. But God is stronger than the Company.—All this extension of empire—this diffusion over new countries of the Anglo-Saxon race, is a part of a "system" much more bold and comprehensive than any that has ever had its origin in Leadenhall Street, or any other human *bureau*—

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we may."

I could not hear any more—I was very sorry to leave; but there was no help for it—I heard the clock strike eight—and I had an appointment to keep—I knew my wife was waiting tea. Perhaps, as events further develop themselves, I shall again be able to tell you *How we ed about the Burmese War.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

There is nothing so apparently easy for every one to arrive at and pourtray, and yet so impossible to obtain, as a genuine picture of private and domestic life. For the present, one scarcely prizes such a thing, it is so common-place, so universal. But have the private domestic life of one century or age daguerreotyped for the contemplation and amusement of the century after—this makes a *chef-d'œuvre.* Novels do not do this, or have not done it. Does Fielding give a true picture of his age? I hope and believe not. Does Richardson? We know he does not. Does Smollett? A smile must answer. The memoirs of great people tell but the libels of the great, and these are told discreetly. Even amidst the ocean of French memoirs, how few are there that give a faithful and interesting sketch of private and domestic life? Marmontel is charming, but his autobiography savours of the pastoral. Rousseau is abominable. We have in record the life of a soldier, that of a courtier, of a lawyer, of the artist and goldsmith, as in Benvenuto, of a man of letters, of the actor. But a vivid representation of *bourgeois* life, that we have not.

Had we been told that Alexandre Dumas would have treated the world to such a picture, we should not have believed it. The dramatist, always seeking to surprize, the novelist ever revelling in the fabulous, the pourtrayer of court and military adventurers and duellists, of all kinds of extraordinary and bustling scenes and character, to sit down and give us the picture of village life. George Sand may do that, we should say, but Dumas never. Yet it is this precisely that Dumas has done. He spent the first fifteen years of his life in a little town, Villers Coterets, about sixty miles north-east of Paris. And he has given a most detailed and pictorial history of this village, or rather town, during ten or twelve years, from the middle of Napoleon's reign to the middle of Louis the Eighteenth's. Dumas's memoirs are of course an *Olla Podrida,* a mixture of everything, politics, literature, courts and *coulisses,* dramas, and *coups d'état.* But amidst such a world of stirring scenes and personages there is nothing so charming or so interesting as the sketches from the life of the friends and acquaintances who illumined his young days, from the humble tradesman and smart *modiste,* to the lords and ladies of the *châteaus* in his vicinity.

In this minute picture of a French town, its habits, ways, troubles, prejudices, amusements, and opinions, there is nothing fabulous, improbable, exaggerated, or given for effect. It is the simple truth, told of himself and others, by one who artistically knows that in the representation of that section of life, truth, the simple truth is the greatest of all charms.

Considerable and universal laughter was indulged in at the expense of Dumas by his acquaintances, and even his admirers, when, on the occasion of a certain trial, he gave in his name as Davy Marquis de la Pailleterie. His memoir commences with the proof of his right to this title. His great grandfather bore the appellate of Marquis de la Pailleterie, and had been second to the Marshal Duc de Richelieu, in his well known duel with the Prince de Lixen. He sold his lands and emigrated to St. Domingo in search of fortune: there, by a woman of colour, whom, Dumas asserts, his grandfather married, he had the future General Dumas, the father of our man of letters. This mulatto giant, a Hercules in form, agreed but ill with his father, although they both returned to France together; and when there, to be independent of his father, he enlisted in a dragoon regiment, dropping his claim to the future title of Davy de la Pailleterie, and assumed merely the name of his mother, Dumas. The Revolution found him a sergeant, but in a very short time made him a colonel and a general. Of the great courage, activity, and strength of General Dumas there cannot be a doubt. Commanding a division, or under any leader, he was invaluable, as he proved in Italy and in the Tyrol; but as Commander-in-chief he evidently had some defects or characteristics, which but too naturally escaped the discernment of his son, but which prevented him remaining even two months consecutively in command. That of La Vendée, indeed, the republican government were inclined to leave him; but he declined the task of reducing the royalist insurrection of these provinces with a republican army, that had abandoned itself to cruelty and rapine. The capture of the Alpine forts of Piedmont, the siege of Mantua, and the advance through the Tyrol, from Botzen to Brixen, were the military struggles in which General Dumas chiefly distinguished himself. His defence of a bridge single-handed in the Tyrol, caused him to be presented to the Directory as the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol. His son may be allowed some pious exaggeration in recounting these *faits d'armes*. Dumas claims for his father the merit of having surprised and seized, in the intestines of a spy, a letter of General Alvinzi's, addressed to the governor of Mantua, and announcing his intention of forcing the heights and fighting the battle of Rivoli. If so, Bonaparte had the advantage of entering upon that action, aware of the intention and manœuvres of his enemy. Bonaparte, however, gave Dumas no thanks, no promotion, not even a sabre of honour. Still he was too brave an officer not to be employed, and Bonaparte brought Dumas with him to Egypt, where his swarthy complexion and gigantic form commanded immense respect from the Egyptian race. His son gives him credit for having, by personal exertion, put down the insurrection of Cairo, whilst Bonaparte himself, after Kleber's assassination, *non erat inventus*.

Every one has seen the large picture of Girodet, representing the quelling of the insurrection of Cairo. When first ordered, General Dumas, the real hero of the day, was also to be the hero of the picture. But, by subsequent orders, he was omitted altogether, the fine figure of the French general being replaced by that of a fair-haired and gallant hussar, the likeness of no officer in the army, and thus belying the historical fact which the picture was intended to illustrate. Dumas was so recalcitrant, so open-mouthed against Bonaparte and his ambition, that the latter allowed Dumas to set sail before himself to Europe. He was captured at Naples, thrust into prison, and made to endure all kinds of ill-treatment, of which continued attempts to poison him were the worst feature. General Dumas got free at the peace, but with a constitution destroyed by the drugs given him in the Neapolitan prison, and with all hopes of advancement cut off by the elevation of Bonaparte, between whom and him there was a gulf of enmity. Dumas could never get even the arrears of his pay accruing during his imprisonment. Neither could he ever obtain indemnity or employ. He retired to Villers Coterets, where he had married, and in the neighbourhood of which he lived till his death.

Dumas's mother, the wife and widow of the General, was the daughter of the chief innkeeper of Villers Coterets, but nevertheless allied to the gentry of the country round, as well as to the *bourgeoisie* of the town. And nothing can so fully depict the strange originality (to us) of French society, as the pictures of a young man, Dumas, equally intimate with Madame de Valence and her society, M. Deviolaine, Inspector of Forests, and his society, and withal the hail-fellow-well-met with every one, even the lowest tradesfolk, male or female, of the town. In England, with its rules of caste, this were impossible. In Villers Coterets it was quite natural. Not only did young Dumas go from a visit to Villers Hellon, and from the society of Madame de Valence and of M. Leuven to that of the worthy tradespeople of the town, but the persons of these different classes met at the same *fête*, and joined in the same dance, many a time and oft, without the one derogating from their rank, or the other presuming upon the familiarity so as to cause an inconvenient result. One of the persons whom Dumas met in this society was Marie Capelle, then a child, grand-daughter of M. Collard, and descended illegitimately from Philip Egalitè. Marie Capelle, the reader will recollect, was afterwards Madame Laffarge, and claimed relationship by descent with the family of Orleans, reigning at the time of her trial and condemnation. The death of Madame Laffarge has just been announced in the French papers, and it will be seen that a Mademoiselle Collard, to be noticed also in these volumes, attended her not only in her last moments but her last years. Villers Coterets, it should be noted, was the country residence of the House of Orleans, was to it what Versailles was to the King. Hence all the people of Villers Coterets were especially interested in the family of Orleans, and it in them. So that Dumas is able, from the mere traditions heard by his juvenile ear, to give a great many anecdotes and particularities of the family. Young Dumas had even seen Madame de Montesson, wife and widow of the Duke of Orleans, father of Philip Egalité. Madame de Genlis was her niece. The Duke returning home suddenly one day, found M. de Valence on his knees before his wife, Madame de Montesson. The marriage was one by the *left hand*, that did not make the lady a duchess. She conjured away her husband's surprise, by exclaiming, that M. de Valence was on his knees to her, supplicating that she might use her influence to procure for him the hand of Pulcherie, daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke de Chartres. This saved M. de Valence from a scrape, and endowed him with a wife. And hence the descent of these families, the Collards and Capelles, from Philip Egalité. Madame de Genlis used to pay visits now and then to her descendants at Villers Coterets. Dumas was present at one of these visits, and avows that the impression left on him by the authoress of the "Veillées du Château," was that of a witch.

The memoir contains some charming pictures of village *fêtes* and rustic festivities, will full-length portraits of the personages, so truly done as to interest the reader as much as if he had accompanied, and was destined to accompany, them through sixteen volumes of a harrowing and diluted story. Another powerful portion of the volume consists of sporting stories,—the description of the boar-hunts especially in the forest of Villers Coterets. Dumas gives minute portaits of every *garde chasse*, and does not spare us a dog, much less a boar, each of which is painted as Sneyders or Landseer might delight to do. These hunting expeditions are, indeed, *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way.

Among the most prominent in these sketches, of the living friends of Dumas, were M. Ribier de Leuven and his son Adolph. The eldest of these personages had been engaged with Ankerstrom in the conspiracy to kill the King of Sweden. The crime of this king, at least in the opinion and belief of his subjects, was his love of minions. A number of nobles did not fear to hint to the monarch their suspicions, and to declare to him their belief, that his flagitious conduct was the cause of there being no heir to the throne. Instead of indignantly rejecting the imputation, and avenging it on the utterers, the monarch, it is said, retaliated by introducing one of his minions, named Monk, to the queen, and recommending him as a gallant. The consequence was, that the crown-prince born soon after was considered illegitimate, was finally deposed, and died in exile, leaving behind him a progeny, called Princes and Princesses of Vasa, of one of whom lately the world has heard as likely to share the imperial throne of France with Louis Napoleon. Ribier de Leuven escaped with confiscation and exile, but, as a regicide, was driven from country to country, till he settled at Villers Coterets. His son Adolph, a little the senior of Dumas in years, but much his senior in worldly education, being given to versifying and dramatizing, innoculated our autobiographer at the time with those tastes and occupations, which have since constituted his profession and his renown. The De Leuvens were intimate friends of Arnault, the Napoleonite poet and dramatist. There needed little more to decide young Dumas's vocation. An amusing chapter recounts a visit, in which Dumas accompanied his father to see Pauline, sister of Napoleon, then separated from Prince Borghese. She is depicted as very beautiful, very fair in skin, very small and weakly. The hounds in full cry having passed the windows of the *château*, the General proposed to her to get out and look at them. "I have no objection," Pauline replied, "if you convey me, but otherwise I would not take the trouble to move." And General Dumas accordingly carried the Princess in his arms to the window, a circumstance that made its impression on our autobiographer.

Having picked up a smattering of Latin, with the knowledge of French literature, that always makes part of a youth's education in that country, young Dumas entered as clerk to a notary. His father's half-pay dying with him, poor Dumas's mother and himself had nothing left but an insignificant sum, too small to produce any income at interest. Still they lived on, the boy gaily enough, his time divided between sporting, rhyming, and, of course, love-making; the scenes of the latter are about as un-English as could be well supposed. An interesting portion of these memoirs, is the description of the political feeling which prevailed in a French provincial town from 1805 to 1820. At the commencement of this period every Frenchman was enraptured and in love with Napoleon, except, indeed, those who, like General Dumas, had known him intimately, and had crossed his ambition or his temper. A few years later the adoration was turned to execration, in the breasts, at least, of the female population. Mothers cursed him,—there were hundreds in every town from whom their sons had been torn, without return or tidings. Heaven help Napoleon in those days, had he had to be tried for any offence by a jury of French matrons; they would have hanged him without delay or remorse. The male population remained, however, fascinated by his glory and exploits. Then came the Russian reverses,—the German struggle,—and the sentiments of the people, even of the women, rallied back to the great and now unfortunate commander, to the man who had represented the Revolution, and carried its conquests to the remotest parts of Europe. So generous, indeed, were the French to him, that new legions would have sprung up, at the stamp of his foot, to replace his perished veterans, had enough remained of the young population to furnish forth the legions. But the great campaign had exhausted the country, and in his last great expedition to Russia, with nearly a million of men, he committed the great military fault of marching forth his all, and leaving no reserve, not even in the growing youth of the land. The attraction of the Frenchmen for Napoleon is in no one better exemplified than in Dumas himself, whose gallant father Bonaparte not only grossly neglected, but cruelly injured. Still Alexandre Dumas flings up his cap for Napoleon upon a hundred occasions. He afterwards became a clerk or secretary in the household of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, and the place was given him by the duke out of a kind veneration for the memory of his father. Nevertheless, with every reason to revere Louis Philippe and execrate Bonaparte, Dumas does precisely the reverse, not from calculation or ingratitude, but from the French impulse, exaggerated, no doubt, by the susceptibility of the poet.

Although Madame Dumas got a tobacco shop, a place in the gift of the government, it did not suffice for her wants and those of her son, who had not steadiness or a vocation for the place of notary's clerk. The youth accordingly gathered up all the letters he could find, addressed by men in power to his father, when living, and set off with them to Paris, calculating that if one of them made a hit, it would repay the effort. Murat and Brune had been old friends of his father; but they had both perished. Marshal Sebastiani was another, and he was one of the first to whom young Dumas hied. But Sebastiani would have nothing to say to the son of his old comrade. Victor, Duke de Belluno, was another whose letters called his father friend. He wrote, and waited and rewaited on the Duke de Belluno, who could not plead want of power, for he was Minister of War. But the Duke of Belluno would not recollect the name of Dumas, or pay any attention to the claim of his son. Beaten down by disappointment, but driven on by hunger, the youth, as a last resource, tried General Foy. Foy saw him instantly, questioned him, took an interest in him. What did he know? what could he do? The answers were little satisfactory. But Foy was a man of heart and of his word, and but a few days passed, ere the General had procured for Dumas a situation of clerk, first at 48*l.* soon to be 60*l.* a year, in the office of the private affairs of the Duke of Orleans. Thus was achieved the great object of every young Frenchman's ambition, the getting livelihood and a *pied à terre* in Paris.

Admitted into the private *bureaux* of the Palais Royal, Dumas gives amusing sketches of his brother clerks, of the head *employés,* and of some of the habits and peculiarities of Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans. There was nothing about which he was more particular than about his correspondence; whilst Louis the Eighteenth wrote his billets and epigrams on the smallest pieces of paper, Louis Philippe seldom condescended to employ his serene pen on anything less than an in-folio page. Carlisle is said to have written his "History of the French Revolution," or his notes for it, on myriads of pieces of paper, each the size of a crown-piece, or a bay-leaf, so that a gust of wind often proved a serious derangement of his ideas. There was no fear of Louis Philippe's ideas being so deranged, at least those he placed on paper. The folding and sealing of a letter were also objects of grave care and consideration with him. And the only regret he is said to have expressed on Dumas's first leaving him was, that the fellow knew how to seal a letter in perfection. Louis Philippe was a great stickler for method and punctuality, and he had no idea of one of his clerks being anything but a clerk. Hence he was highly offended on learning that a young gentleman in his office had had the impertinence not only to write verses, but to compose a drama. His words were characteristic, "M. Alexandre Dumas has thought fit to turn to literature, he cannot possibly perform his duties as my clerk." Perhaps his royal highness was right as to clerkship; but he allowed his librarians, Vatout and Delavigne, to indulge in literature as they pleased. In his library this was not misplaced, but at the desk of a copying clerk it was.

The future king's taste came rather from a desire of patronizing the fine arts and the Muses, than from the intrinsic love of them. He was always in his *loge* at the "Français" during a first representation, affecting to support the national drama, whilst he left the opera to the Duke of Berry and the ultra-royalists. In art he employed Horace Vernet to cover the walls of Versailles with canvas painted *à la toise*. When a patron wants discernment and taste, what is to be expected of the artist? We hear a great deal of the universality and acuteness of French taste for the arts; and yet we find certain facts tell terribly against any such assumption. Such, for instance, is the story of poor Gericault, whose last moments, or last days, are told in these memoirs. Gericault could find no purchaser for his "Shipwreck of the Medusa," now one of the most incontestable ornaments of the Louvre. After his death the government was induced to pay an insignificant price for it, in order that they might have the heads cut out to serve as models for the public schools of design. What Vandalism was here? For, if painter and picture were really not first rate, why give his works as models to the rising generation. If he was first rate, or even second rate, why mutilate his picture? Gericault died of the same disease that poor D'Orsay died of, *carie des vertébres*, which he got in a curious and negligent way. The French have a bad custom of wearing a steel buckle behind to tighten the waistband of their trousers. As this would not fasten, Gericault tied his, and made a knot of the straps. His horse threw him; these made a bruise or wound on his back-bone, and it ended in a *caries* which carried him off.

Henceforth Alexandre Dumas gave himself to the drama, and gave himself to it, as a man ought to do in order to succeed, that is, with his whole soul. Any books that he ever wrote were subsidiary to the drama, or *excerpta*, bits torn or saved from it. Now, Dumas is an excellent dramatist, at least he possesses some of the highest qualities of the drama, and had he sobriety, patience, taste, would have left *chefs-d'œuvre* for the stage. And yet, in our opinion at least, it is as a narrator, a *conteur*, that Dumas excels; that is, in the quality which is the reverse of the dramatic. There is no writer who can be so powerful or *entrainant* in narrating, as the readers of his interminable novels can tell. But there is no *corps* of novelists, no temple of mere letters; whereas there is a *corps* of dramatists, and they have not one temple but a thousand.

A dramatist or an actor is, therefore, in Dumas's eyes, the first character in existence, the first personage of his age, and as Corneille eclipses Richelieu, and the fame of Sophocles that of even Pericles, so Dumas would say to Thiers, to Guizot, or to Louis Napoleon himself, in their chairs of pre-eminence and state, "*Ote-toi, que je m'y mette.*" The autobiography of Dumas is thus, in truth, a history of the drama in France, its writers, and its actors. And in this history of them is a great deal to interest; there is also much that is *seccatura.* We willingly read accounts and anecdotes of Talma, Georges, and Duchesnois, as well as of three or four of the first dramatists. But of the *hoc genus omne,* of whom Dumas speaks, and at considerable length, the English reader at least cares not one button. There will thus be much to skip for a reader, to shorten for a translator. The portraiture of Talma, and the sketches of his conversations and acquaintances, are charming. Georges and Talma were, indeed, the only great *artistes* of Napoleon's age. He would have given millions for first-rate talent in any department of literature,—that is, if the talent would make homage and obeisance to him, as Chateaubriand did, and as De Stäel did not. But his reign produced, besides his own victories and civic achievements, nothing truly great or sublime, save an actor and three actresses. Strange, that there should be the rare coincidence in England and in France, of great theatrical talent, and such small dramatic genius to support or feed it. Our Kembles, Keans, and Siddons were unfortunate in having no Dumas to see them in his days of young enthusiasm, and theirs of mature perfection, in order to their being chronicled and depicted.

The literary sketches are fewer than the dramatic, but some of them are characteristic. That in Madame Girardin's saloon, where Hugo suggests to Theophile Gautier his verses on Corneille, which Arsene Houssaye the director demands, and which the censor forbids, is a striking scene of yesterday life. The political anecdotes are neither good nor original. But the history of Maria Stella will be read with interest, as Dumas, from having copied the papers respecting her in the bureau of the Duke of Orleans, became fully aware of the facts. The story, often alluded to, but never told, is, that Egalité, Duke of Orleans, travelling in Italy with his family, his Duchess was confined of her first-born. It was a girl, the story goes, and was exchanged for a male child, born at the same time to the wife of the gaoler of the town. It is an easily and, we believe, an oft-invented story. But the curious part of it is, that Maria Stella, who was trained up as the gaoler's daughter, brought her cause before the Italian courts, with such testimony to support it that she obtained judgment in her favour, pronouncing her the eldest child of the House of Orleans, thereby declaring Louis Philippe supposititious. Maria Stella came to France with these proofs, and Louis Philippe gave himself all the trouble in the world to refute them. In the midst of the dispute, he became king, and Maria Stella died in a garret, though certainly a well-conditioned garret, of the Rue Rivoli, looking on the Tuilleries. Many may remember her windows, which were covered in front with wire, so as to form an aviary, and to attract whole legions of sparrows. This concourse of volatiles drew more eyes upon Maria Stella and her abode, than did her claim to be a princess of the house of Orleans.

This autobiography which has appeared in the *feuilletons*, or the daily numbers of "La Presse," and which have only just been collected in volumes, have not as yet come down to 1830. The writer is still immersed in the theatrical and literary doings of Louis the Eighteenth's reign, including his own early dramas, and the struggle which he and Hugo undertook against the classics. *Apropos* of these he gives an interesting sketch of Madame Dorval, the great actress of the rising romantic school. In the pages of Dumas, she appears an angel of beauty and voice. In our recollection, she was one of the most powerful of actresses, but her features were vulgar, and the want, or the apparent want of a roof to her mouth, gave to her voice an expression perfectly hideous, which it required all her talent to redeem. Dumas's career and successes as a dramatist deserve, however, to be treated specially and apart. He himself has as yet scarcely entered on the subject, and has but sketched the character of his predecessors. His portraiture of Delavigne, rather of the harshest, has led to some controversy. For whilst St. Beuve in his "Causeries de Lundi" has partly taken up the defence of Delavigne, Salvandy has published a long essay in the "Debats," not merely defending but apotheosizing his friend. French writers of the present day, indeed, knowing they have been forbidden to touch on politics, have transferred their combats to the literary soil. And the merits of Paul Louis Courrier or Chateaubriand have become the kind of topics, which engross the essayist and the critic.

Of the highest power in such a tournament, Dumas is not so successful on other topics. For example, when he sketches England, Dumas is rudely ignorant. He has three chapters on Byron full of nonsense and error. As many on the Emperor Alexander are mere book-making. And yet even in these there is that charm of vivacious and agreeable narrative, which compels the reader to continue. It is remarkable how intensely French, one may say, indeed, how narrowly French some of the best French writers are. Dumas, Hugo, Sue, Scribe, are all French in their prejudices and ignorance, as well as in the higher qualities of vivacity, force, and dramatic power. Madame Sand is not so ultra-French, and Lamartine, the best writer of all, perhaps is cosmopolite. The most interesting part of this autobiography will be no doubt, where it begins to treat of his illustrious cotemporaries, with some of whom he is on the worst, but, with others, on the best of terms. But Dumas is free-spoken. He promises full length pictures of all his literary friends and acquaintances. And as the "Presse" owes its great vogue and sale to these publications, which are at the same time the main sheet of poor Dumas's resources in his present exile, we may expect even more life and interest from what is to come, than from the parts already written.

VISIT TO ITALY.*

BY AN ARCHITECT.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Then let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
SHAKSPEARE.

LORD BACON says, "as for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, *capital executions*, and such shows, men need not be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected." This is a high authority, which men of morbid inclinations may be prompt to urge in justification of their love for such "shows." But, what is the merit of the gentle-minded man who would avoid the sight of a capital punishment? If he seek it not in curiosity, he does not avoid it from compassion. He stays away for his own comfort. "I cannot," says he, "prevent, or even alleviate, the culprit's suffering. Why should I suffer the distress of beholding it? The influence of these exhibitions is most pernicious in familiarising the vulgar mind with horror, till it ceases to horrify or to deter, and becomes the mere source of a gratification so base, that it is doing wrong to the brute creation to call it brutal." The former part of this reasoning is, after all, simply selfish; or—if not—it manifests no especial sympathy towards the condemned. Without any regard to the circumstances of the case, such a reasoner leaves the law to "take its course;" humanely, perhaps, regretting the course it takes. Another man, *not* regretting such course, is yet stimulated, by some known or imagined circumstances of interest, to sympathise with the culprit, whose penalty he would not remit. He regards that culprit as one meeting his deserts, rather than as one peculiarly or exclusively deserving the fate he meets. He would afford to that culprit, in the last endurance of his fate, as much comfort as a pitying feeling for a convicted sinner might carry with it. He would, in a measure, desire to alleviate the last agony by a sort of imagined participation in it. He desires,—not to see a criminal suffer,—but to see his suffering ended: nay, he has perhaps "a kind of hope," vague and unreasonable, that some singular chance of accident or mercy may intercept the consummation of the law's sentence: or, he conceives, that if the wretched "fall," which may occur even to those who are apparently the firmest to "stand," should happen to himself, the knowledge that there were those in the crowd of beholders who feel for him with tearful eyes and anxiously beating hearts, would be a solace to him in the last minutes of his agony. The asserted influence of such exhibitions, as being worse than brutalising to the vulgar spectator, is a mere argument against *public* executions,—not against capital punishment. Debar him, therefore, from the opportunity of being one of the public to witness them, and he will be relieved from the effects of the fascination to which his very sensibilities leave him liable. These may be "wild and whirling words," which "I am heartily sorry should offend,—yes, 'faith, heartily;" but they are uttered by one who not less heartily, as regards himself, rejects the imputation of having ever been led, by mere morbid curiosity, to look upon the infliction of capital punishment.

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* Continued from page 374.

As it was by mere accident that I became a witness of the horrible tragedy before narrated,* so was it by chance that I soon after beheld another, conducted after the ordinary fashion of Rome, — the guillotine being the apparatus of death. The criminal was a murderer, convicted under aggravated circumstances of guilt. He met his fate with unhesitating submission; walked instantly to the fatal instrument; knelt before it; assisted in fixing the strap which was to confine his body; active to the last, though his pale face seemed the whiter by its contrast with his black hair and eyes, which latter looked like two large beads of polished jet set in the sockets of a marble bust. He lowered his neck into a semicircular cutting in a fixed board; and another sliding board, with a similar cutting, was then let down upon him; leaving him fixed, with his eyes (if open) looking into the basket which in a few seconds was to receive his detached head! A click was heard: the bladed iron weight fell; and a hideous *mask* was immediately afterwards held up to the spectators!

I fancied I should dream of it, and feared to sleep. I dreamt, indeed; but methought the man appeared before me, looking as he did when he first appeared on the scaffold, only that he had a black velvet band round his neck. He begged me to let him wash himself in my hand-basin, and was proceeding to untie the bandage. The emotion of horror with which I begged him to desist, awoke me. I had mixed up the tragedy of the morning with the story told by Washington Irving in his "Tales of a Traveller." See "The German Student."

Connected with this fearful sight was an incident which, but for the tragic character of the former, would be laughably ludicrous. Just before the culprit appeared on the scaffold, I felt a trembling hand upon my shoulder. I started, and looked round. My old friend *Benjamin West* was before me. He was in a state of exquisite excitement. He sought to qualify his terror by an aim at philosophic humour. "What," said he, with a shuddering frame and chattering teeth, "So — you're come—to—to see—to see this fellow's—nob taken off,—eh?"

The guillotine in Rome, and the gallows in England, are very different things in respect to the facts which accompany them. The one is the centre of a scene of appalling tragedy; the other, of disgusting and demoralised observance. In the one, we have an impressive effect; in the other, an effect simply depressive to the right-minded, because viciously exciting to the debased who form so large a portion of the multitude beholding it. Whether the difference be in any degree affected by the distinction between the modes of death, is a question. If it be not, there is a difference between the people, not highly creditable to ourselves. The Italian spectators are comparatively very few in numbers, and those few seem to be stimulated wholly by the sentiments I have been defending, and not by any "brutal" curiosity. Here is no coming to see a villain "die game;" nothing hardened; nothing any way disgraceful to the hearts of the beholders. Precatory ejaculations for the departing soul are alone uttered; no exclamations of abhorrent hardihood. A mournful sympathy at least mingles with curiosity, and the stroke of justice is at once lamented and approved. Here was nothing like the holiday appearance of the thousands whom I once saw at an English hanging, when, just as a sad wretch appeared on the "drop," a woman came up to me with a basket, and asked me in a tone of admirable liveliness, if I would

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* Vide page 374.

"buy a pint of fine plums!" If she forgot herself, so did I. My foot went instantly under her basket, and she left me to scamper after her fruit which went rolling down the hill to be picked up and appropriated by any one except their rightful owner.

One thing is certain. *Public* executions, as now carried out, have none but the worst effect upon the classes who chiefly attend them. But is this a sufficient argument against capital punishment? If the exhibited *mode* cannot be altered for one that is perhaps more merciful to the sufferer, and might be more impressive on base and ignorant observation, would not the dismissal of the condemned to death within the walls of his prison (the fulfilment of the sentence being left to certain officials and authorities required to attest and proclaim it), be more likely to effect the "ends of justice?" Let the ruffians who look for the "game" of the dying man, see nothing more than his sentenced departure from the dock, and the subsequent proclamation of his death pasted on the prison doors; let the last appearance of the "hero" in crime be made only before the gaoler, the sheriff, the chaplain, and the hangman; rob the "last kick" of its exhibitory display; and the scaffold may cease to have any pernicious charms even for the most "stage-struck" of promising rascals.

Enough of blood. I have now before me a tragic procession of milder solemnity. 'Tis a night that would be dark but for the blaze of torches which illuminate the street as a stately funeral train "drags its slow length along." Beadles (or something like them) in brown caped coats and cocked hats; a bearer carrying the banner of Virgin and child; choristers in black caps and petticoats and white tippets; priests in yellow and black; a cross-bearer; a frightfully hooded set of white figures, some carrying torches, others a gilded bier, on which lies the corpse of a lovely girl whose exposed face seems to have yielded all its former colour to the rose she holds in her hands; more torch-bearers; and last, the bearer of a coffin; while the walls of the church she passes display hangings of silvered skeletons on black grounds, with another signifying that "ROSA BRINTAZOLI *prega pace*:"—Such is a funeral in Rome.

A merrier strain. We English artists are trying the Roman cooks in the matter of a Christmas dinner. I am in doubt what the roast beef is made of; but the turkey *is* a turkey, I believe; and the sausages are excellent I am sure, though potent in garlic. But,—the plum-pudding! The attempt is creditable; the ingredients are, or have been, all provided, and, in the first instance were no doubt rightly commingled; but the aspect of the "treat," as it appears in a huge deep dish, is more of that dissipated and fragmental character which distinguishes the ruins of the Roman Forum, than of that globular compactness which it is wont to exhibit at home. The truth is, that in the instructions given, everything was remembered—but the cloth in which the pudding should have been boiled; and the consequence is, that those words of Shakspeare are symbolically realised, which speak of "striking flat the thick rotundity of the earth," and of "making a sop of all this solid globe." It is, therefore, ladled out to us in a state of watery dilution—a liquified hash of no very flavourful quality. But the frolic of the fact makes amends for the failure of the pudding; and we now adjourn to the spacious studio of our friend Mr. Severn, the accomplished artist, who gives us a "finish" worthy of the hour. One incident among the fun of the evening is bright in memory. After a preconcerted arrangement, the female servants of the house and their friends are admitted into the supper-room. They stand amazed at seeing some thirty or forty men standing with small lighted tapers in their hands; but their wonder passes all common bounds, when, in one passing instant, every man pops his taper into his mouth, leaving the room as empty of light as it is full of mirth. The tapers were pieces of apple, the wicks bits of almond. A confused attempt at innocent gallantry follows; but the cloth coats are more numerous than the bodices, and the speculation is far from successful with many of us.

And still,—is this all I remember of Rome? Is an architect to be minute in such particulars, and only generalize on the architecture of Rome, pagan and papal? Can too much be said of the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Basilica of St. Paul, and the matchless St. Peter's?

After all, as it has been truly written, the greatest of Rome's ruins is her name. The associations which are spread over her melancholy voids, and which cluster like ivy over her countless fragments, render numerically nothing the eighty-seven thousands who filled her great amphitheatre; and many of her most interesting remains are in a pictorial sense, far inferior to much that we have in England, where the locality and surrounding scenery afford an enhancing charm, not to be found within the bounds that circle the sad space where sits the "lone mother of dead empires." The Coliseum cannot disappoint; but, if expectation comes, uninformed by knowledge and uninspired by feeling, it will hardly acknowledge itself as satisfied with the remaining ruins. The engravings of Piranesi and others may "lie, like truth;" but, in truth, they *do* lie; generally in favour of the objects depicted; sometimes against them. Piranesi's pictures should have been of all sizes, instead of being all of one size. He shows small things on a great scale, and great things on a small one. He has given us splendid representations founded on truth; not truths topographically correct. There is, moreover, independent of scale, an exaggerated effect which is fatal to the subsequent impression of the object itself.

The most interesting architectural question in Rome, is that which lies between the Pantheon of the imperial city and the great Church of the papal capital. Michael Angelo boasted that he would raise the tambour and dome of the former on the great arches of the Temple of Peace. He has done so; but we are left to hesitate between the sentiment of expanse expressed by the heathen temple, and that of loftiness illustrated in St. Peter's. Proportionally speaking, the cupola of St. Paul's in London is more majestic than either; for Wren has observed the happy medium which combines both sentiments in perfect and co-assistant union. The portico of the Pantheon is wondrously fine in its columnar richness and disposition; but the high-pitched pediment, inclosing a heavy tympanum (which looks the heavier from its loss of the bronze reliefs which once filled it) is offensively ponderous. The exterior of St. Peter's, apart from the grand colonnades and fountains which may be said to form a part of it, is throughout objectionable; and, to borrow the expression of my friend Mr. Snorum, "the grand front is positively *bad*." Again, the waggon-headed vaulting of the nave is, in design, far inferior to the intersecting and domed ceilings of our St. Paul's. The continued perspectives, however, of the aisles in the latter, obtained by mounting the dome on eight piers, are the results of an ingenuity which do not compensate for the solid majesty of the four great piers which support the papal cupola;

and, when we put aside detailed criticism, and yield ourselves to the united charms of vastness and gorgeous decoration, then indeed St. Peter's at once asserts a sort of tyrannical supremacy which compels us to do homage to it as "the first modern pile in the world."

The celebrated Basilica of St. Paul, on the Ostian Way, is a thing of magnificent effect; but, critically speaking, it is chiefly interesting as the most important example of that transitional period which led from the classic temple of the Heathen to the Gothic church of the Christian. The front of St. John Lateran is a much more picturesque combination than that of St. Peter's. Santa Maria Maggiore is also a first-class church; and it would fill a page merely to enumerate the others, which are conversions of the imperial remnants, buildings largely borrowing from them, or modern structures rich in Corinthian display, not always in the best taste.

For palaces, picture galleries, and halls of sculpture, see Guide-books. The *Apollo* is the marble deity of Rome, as the *Venus* of Florence. Amid the countless pictures which rouse the enthusiasm of connoisseurship, I have in peculiar memory Guido's "Aurora" in the Ruspigliosi ceiling, and the "Ecce Homo" of Guercino in the Corsini palace, as the best ideal of the "Man of Sorrows" which I have seen; but perhaps I am only uttering a very young and uninformed opinion. Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" amazes by its wondrous exhibition of the most mighty power of drawing ever exhibited! The heaviest *fall* I ever suffered from, was from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, on which the "Last Judgment" is painted, into the ante-room close by, which contains Laurence's whole length portrait of George the Fourth.

Among the names of English artists who were friendly to me are those of the Academy President Sir E. Eastlake, Severn, Wyatt, Gibson, R. Westmacott, the architect Mr. Pennethorne, and the amateur Captain Hemans. I must trust their pardoning the mention of them, on the strength of a grateful memory in which their kindness vividly remains.

My four months' stay is completed. My portfolio is filled with drawings, sketches, and accurately measured delineations of many an antique from the Vatican Galleries; but my purse is fearfully diminishing. I dare not venture further southward. Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum and Pæstum must remain unseen! Sad is the necessity, though perhaps not so imperative as might be; but the dread of debt was ever a constitutional *weakness*, haunting me like a night-mare. My place is taken in a public vehicle for Ferrara, and I leave Rome about the 1st of March, 1826.

Outside the coach are horse-soldiers, ready for any bandits who may have an inclination for the resultant profit of an attack, be it that which may enrich their purses or "shorten" their persons "by the head." Inside are several fellow-travellers, of whom I chiefly regard an Italian girl who is on her way to England, where I cannot but hope she may be retained. The romantic and desolate town of Buen is passed in the dusk, —the torrent-moated Civita Castellana, in the night. We traverse the streets of Terni without even hearing its waterfall; and only get a glimpse of the aqueduct and scenic beauties of Spoleto. Then comes Foligno, with its Savoy-like scenery,—the bleak and barren summit of Colfiorito, —and a distant view of the Adriatic from the lofty site of Macerata.

And I am now looking into a little clay-hovel, wherein, I may believe if I please (and this is doubtless a valuable privilege) that the infant Jesus was born; not that the sacred distinction of Bethlehem is interfered with, further than regards the translation of the *Santissima Casa* from its original locality to the interior of the cathedral of Loretto! And grown men are said to believe this!—men of a country which produces truthful history, and sound philosophy, and independent genius! But I can respect the weakest sincerity; and I purchase a rosary of glass beads, with their tinsel appendages, and the priest's blessing on them besides, for my own uncle's Irish wife, who is as good a Christian as was ever bamboozled by papal foolery. And now, through the valley near Osimo, sweeps the refreshing breeze of the sea, announcing our approach to Ancona, the Dover of Italy. Here imperial Rome attests herself again in the lofty Arch of Trajan, a finer than either of the three similar monuments in the capital. I look, too, with admiration on the imposing mass of the Lazaretto, insulated on the sea. Senegalia, Pesaro, and Fano are passed during the night, and the morning breaks on the snow-topped Apennines. But we traverse a long tedious flat to Rimini, with its Augustan gateway and bridge; and proceeding through Archangelo, we "pass the Rubicon," a stream less suggestive of imperial boundary than of an inviting probability to the infant angler, having in view the hooking of tittle-bats. A glance at the handsome bridge and fort of Cesena; then at the public gardens and market-place of Forli-popoli; a dusky drive through a handsome town, which I understand to be Duomo (but which may be Faenza or Imola); a lamplight passage through S. Pietro,—and here we are, after four days and nights incessant travelling, at Bologna.

There is, however, an object of interest lying off the road between Ancona and Bologna, which suggests Crusoe-like ideas of insulated independence. Unseparated by a surrounding sea, unprotected even by a circling brook, the miniature Republic of San Marino lies as distinct from the surrounding territory of the Papal States as the island of St. Helena from the common world-property of the ocean in which it is set! Here we behold a little domain of about five miles square, and including from five to seven thousand sturdy holders of their own; whose distinct rights had remained for many centuries unassailable by the Popes; whose independence was respected by Buonaparte, when he overthrew the political frame of all things around; and which still remains in the freedom which was confirmed to it in 1814. Fancy a tiny varlet of a State, not a third the size of our Rutlandshire, impudently maintaining its republican independence in the midst of all the "pomp and circumstance" of a vast inclosing monarchy;—having nothing to do with our queen, lords and commons;—standing like a touch-me-not little hedgehog, with its well-being all rolled up in itself;—occupying its peculiar and private green bit of creation; and saying to all the meddling world besides, "mind your own business, and leave me to manage mine!"—exporting wine, oil, and silk, and obliging its big neighbours by taking corn in return;—having its elected presidents, four (one at a time) in the year, with its senate of twelve, and its great council of three hundred;—*permitting* our "Gracious Queen" to come and see what is within the geography of her realms, and without the reach of her rule. Verily, were I other than our beloved Victoria's subject, I would be one of the republicans of San Marino.

I am but a few hours at Bologna, and most of these are passed in sleep. A peculiar display of arcades distinguishes the streets; and a very peculiar inclination to tumble down seems to be manifested by a couple of neighbouring towers, which resemble an "unhappy pair," of very different bulk and stature, but in a state of equal drunkenness. The tall one looks like the chimney of a manufactory; and may be one;

for Bologna supplies Europe with sausages. It was "founded" (and very badly founded, architecturally speaking) by Assinelli. My biographical dictionaries do not inform me who he was :—possibly a sausage-maker.

I am now travelling over a country, flat and marshy, and at length reach the gate of a silent city. A rich cathedral and a market-place (the scene of occasional life) intimate that soul and body have their providers here. But the startling feature is a solemn, castellated, and moated old ducal palace, romantically impressive in pictorial effect, and fraught with associations referring to Byron's "Parasina." Here, too, we find Ariosto's tomb and Tasso's cell. We are in Ferrara.

The travel from Ferrara to Venice is more of a dream, in memory, than any other part of my journeying. There is, first, a brief carriage movement,—then we are in a boat on a broad river. We land to have our trunks opened and shut, and are on the river again, till we enter a canal, which, with tedious slowness, brings us to another river. More canal, and another river,—and then a vast placid lake which so unites, in stillness and surface, with the sky, that we have a picture without any horizon! Towns and forts, or forms like them,—seem to be hanging like Mahomet's coffin in the air; and phantom men appear to be walking on the sea with none of that failing faith which was exhibited by St. Peter. Out of the deep rises a gigantic marine wall, several miles in length, and broad as a street. Across the glassy expanse appears the outline of a city as if on a raft;—a long and low horizontal figure, with tower or dome-like forms rising from it. As we approach, in our almost imperceptibly moving boat, the towers and domes seem to sink behind the increasing form of the front masses. As we near the latter, we discover that they present the fronts or backs of buildings, erected on detached islands. The opening between these islands appears. We reach it,—pass through it,—

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The asterisks stand in place of the "mute wonder" which must hold in its spell every sensitive apprehension that first recognizes Venice from the particular point alluded to. The novel character of the scene is as remarkable as its architectural richness. One of Palladio's finest domed churches rises close to us on the right: closing the picture on the left, is the picturesque form of the Dogana, with the dome of another church behind it: in front, are a fine broad lake-like water-way, twice the breadth of the Thames at its greater London width; the grandest of Canaletto's subjects, displayed in all its varied magnificence, along the opposite margin of the water, which mirrors the ornate classic architecture of the mint, the library and the prison; the Saracenic fronts of the ducal palace; the Byzantine of St. Mark's Church, and the rich perspective of the intervening and receding piazzetta. Then, there are the two symbolic pillars in front of the latter; the huge and lofty pyramidally capped tower of St. Mark; the clock-tower in the closing distance; small vessels of merchandise; a hundred black gondolas, with their roofed cabins and strange prows of bright steel; a place all life and motion, and yet noiseless; delicately bright in varied colour, and finely dashed with shade and shadow; a combination of all artificial realities ever formed, the one most like a dream!

I go into the city in a boat, not a coach; up a canal, not a street. I ascend from the water into my hotel. It is not that I am out of England: I appear to be as far from Italy—out of Europe. I stand fascinated in the piazza of St. Mark; speculate among the perplexities of countless narrow paved lanes; find myself crossing the grand canal—the water street of palaces—over the bridge of the Rialto; there I meet Shylock and Pierre: or I am in the gorgeous rooms of the ducal palace, where I meet with Othello, Marino, Foscari; or I am on the Bridge of Sighs, with a Venetian guide who quotes Byron; now among the gloomy splendours of St. Mark's many-domed and mosque-like church; now before the grand gate of the Arsenal; or within it, beholding the great and gorgeous state barge of defunct authority; now rambling or gliding in boats from palace to palace, and from church to church; reading the history of architecture through many a century, and the progressive records of painting from its earlier date to its last perfection. All my lingering conventionalities are dissipated. New perceptions are awakened—new impulses put into action. Even the application of classic detail is taught with startling but winning novelty. Sir William Chambers and his rules are defied; but with what a powerful daring! He is right as far as he goes; but the Venetians are evidently not wrong in going further. At any rate, as they thought for themselves, so must I; for I "would be great,—am not without ambition." Splendid in her decay, Venice exults in the bold perpetuity of the bursting and buoyant spirit of beauty which never left her through all her changes!

Napoleon covered over one of the canals with a vault, and so gave to Venice its only thoroughfare worthy the name of a *street*. The *Strada Nuova* continues the grand quay-walk from St. Mark's piazzetta to the "public gardens," which are doubtless a benefit to the citizens, though of a cockney character not in harmony with the romantic aspect of the place in general: but I am often there; for these gardens are delightfully open to the sea on the east, west, and south; and I obtain something of the refreshing breeze which I cannot afford to enjoy frequently in a boat.

I am at Venice a full month, without holding acquaintance with one person to whom I may speak English. Here is no colony of my countrymen, as at Rome and Florence. They are to be seen, moving in or moving off, with an impatient or satisfied curiosity; and, for my own part, the charm of Venice is so connected with the sentiment of isolation, that I am content to let them "like shadows come, and so depart." I indite a letter of application to the custodian of the public library; and I fear it is written in very *Anglo*-Italian; but it is understood; immediately attended to with the most courteous interest; and I am soon busy making tracings from the geometrical engravings of those public buildings which have claimed my more especial notice.

Adieu to the City of the Sea! With much additional store in my portfolio, I am now one among many passengers of the humblest class, on the deck of a barge, bound for Padua. Once more tracing the serpentine course of the grand canal, and crossing over some four miles of the Lagune, we proceed, partly by canal, and partly by the rivers Brenta and Bacchilignione, to Padua. As we near Padua, the sun sets behind the hills which embosom Argua, the living and dying place of Petrarch. The effect transcends in its character anything I have seen. The dominant mountain looks as if it were sharply cut out of a disk of copper, covered with one uniform enamel of the intensest blue. Not a single surface detail appears; not a spot such as powerful microscopes discover on the sun. It is one of those rare phantom grandeurs which are only just believed when seen!

THE OUT-POSTS OF ENGLAND;

OR,

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW OF THE ROYAL MILITIA OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

"The country's in little danger, when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish, as the laird for his lands."—*Antiquary*.

Whilst the Militia Bill is being put into force, it may not be uninteresting or uninstructive to examine into the history and constitution of the Channel Islands Militia, which has for many centuries fully answered the purpose for which it was originally established. This force, in a great degree *sui generis*, seems to form a connecting link between a regularly embodied and a local militia, more normal than the one, and less so than the other, and retaining that "natural and primitive form, under which every man is a soldier, doing his own work, and—receiving no pay." These principles, long extinct in England, cannot be constitutionally revived; nevertheless, some practical hints may perchance be deduced from a system, however obsolete, which secures effective levies for self-defence at all times and under all circumstances.

The Norman lineage of the Channel islanders plainly indicates the feudal origin of their militia: the substitution of personal service for a pecuniary equivalent; a condition annexed to the preservation of certain highly-cherished rights and privileges. In Britain personal service gradually merged, from the time of the Conquest, into commutation, which assumed the well-known form of taxation; and, in process of time, the military part of the feudal system was abolished. But in the Anglo-Norman isles feudal tenure, civil as well as military, still exists; and, although much modified, imbues their institutions with a degree of romantic interest, not a little heightened by the strict conservation of superannuated names, forms and observances. The *seigneur* is still designated by the territorial title of his *fief*, still collects his wheat rents, from *franc tenants*, *bordiers*, and other holders of land, by the intervention of his *grangier;* and still holds his petty feudal court, his *séneschal* presiding over "eleven *vavasseurs*, together with a *serjent*, a *greffier* and three *prévôts*," receiving homage, hearing pleas and framing quaint ordinances in pure old Norman dialect, as though the era of the Conquest were an affair of yesterday.

The political constitution of Jersey, Guernsey and the smaller islands of the group, requires that every man, from sixteen to sixty, shall serve, *gratuitously*, either in a military or civil capacity, and frequently in both. Parochial officers are by this means supplied in easy and constant succession, and the recruiting of the militia a mere automatic system, more comprehensive even than conscription, for registries of births furnish an inexhaustible supply of raw material for the manufacture of soldiers. None are exempt from personal service but persons affected with congenital or acquired infirmity, and not even these until they have undergone the ordeal of a medical board, composed of militia surgeons, all private practitioners, who are allowed the option of serving in their professional capacity or shouldering a musket,—an alternative not afforded to their brethren in England by the provisions of the Militia bill.

The native troops, from the earliest period of their organization to the present time, are ever ready to assemble at a moment's notice, and their duties, from the dawn of the revolutionary war to its close, were sufficiently arduous. For, in addition to frequent drills, parades, field-days, and target practice, they were required to keep regular watch and ward throughout the night, in redoubts and martell towers, erected on all assailable points; to repair, *par corvée*, breastwork and ramparts around the coast; to garrison the fortresses, in the absence of regular troops; in short, to perform all and more than the duties of paid soldiers, each in turn.

The guard-mounting at night was rigidly enforced. Every householder, gentle or simple, male or female, being bound to undertake the duty in person, pay a heavy fine, or provide a substitute, at a considerable expense. These substitutes, as a matter of course, answered roll-call in the names of their employers; and as the propensities and habits of the contracting parties were often at variance, these discrepancies of taste gave rise to many ludicrous incidents. For instance, two most exemplary elderly maiden ladies, connected with the first families in one of the islands, happened on occasion to be peculiarly unfortunate in the choice or chance of their representatives. To the utter consternation of the ladies, and the amusement of their friends, assembled to enjoy a rubber of innocent long whist, or mild casino, it was announced that Miss —— and Miss —— were officially reported "Drunk on guard." They suffered little in reputation, as may well be imagined, whilst the real delinquents were punished for the offence by the civil tribunal. It must here be remarked, that the militia-man, even when on duty, is not subject to martial law; * when guilty of any breach of military discipline, he is reported by his commandant to the law-officers of the Crown, who cite him before the Royal Court, by whom he is dealt with according to the gravity of the offence. The same course is pursued when fines, exacted for non-attendance on parade or drill, the soldier being duly warned, are resisted. The fine is doubled for each act of contumacy, and the court enforce payment under the penalty of imprisonment until the amount be forthcoming. This process, whilst it ensures a due degree of military discipline, secures the liberty of the subject and rescues him from the summary decrees of a court-martial.

A slight examination of ancient documents renders it apparent that the elements of a militia, that is, a body of men ready to combine on any emergency for mutual defence, and for the safeguard of property in general, existed in these islands at an early period. Pursuing the inquiry through charters, ordinances of royal courts, and other insular records, we are enabled to trace the progressive changes which led to the constitution of a permanent military force, available for all purposes of local defence.

During the contentions between Stephen, the reigning sovereign of England, and Henry Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry the Second, the islands adhered as usual, not to the King, but to the fortunes of the Duke, their hereditary chieftain, who, apprehensive of attacks upon them on the part of his rival, sent over one of his captains, Raoul de Valmont, to put them in a state of defence. The expenses of the works erected by De Valmont were defrayed by the inhabitants, who, in consideration of this aid, and the payment of the trifling sum of seventy livres tournois, about five pounds sterling annually, were released from all, excepting local taxation, and, furthermore, exempted from foreign expeditions, unless called upon specially to accompany and protect their Duke in person, in his attempts to recover the kingdom of England. These immunities were confirmed to them by Henry on his accession to the throne, as well as by his successors, with a further stipulation, that in the event of the sovereign or his successors being taken prisoners by their enemies, the islanders should lend their assistance towards their rescue. The rent then paid is still assessed, and the attached condition called *aide du Roi*, remains in force to this day.

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* On one occasion of immediate danger from an enemy, the royal court, at the suggestion of the governor, allowed martial law to be proclaimed whilst the danger lasted.

After the forfeiture of his hereditary dukedom by John the First, King of England, attempts were made by the revolted barons of continental Normandy to induce the islanders to follow their example; they, however, continued staunch in their allegiance, repelled one or two attempts made upon them by the Normans, separated finally from France, and ever after adhered steadfastly to England. John, apprized of the dangers they had incurred, not only sent them succours, but hastened over in person, provided for their military defence, granted them certain constitutions in accordance with their ancient laws and customs, and furthermore secured to them peculiar rights and privileges, which they still enjoy and jealously maintain. He appears, however, to have mulcted them for the protection afforded, for, in the fifth year of his reign, Peter de Prestel, the warden of the isles, was directed to order the lords of fiefs clerical, as well as laical, to raise from their tenants the fifth part of their annual revenue for the maintenance of such soldiers as might be required for defence.

During the thirteenth century the islands appear to have been subjected to numerous descents from the French, Normans, and others, many of them probably were marauding incursions. One invasion, however, in the reign of Edward the First, seems to have been somewhat more serious. It was repelled, nevertheless, with great vigour and success; in consideration of which a provision was made by order of the King, for the widows and orphans of such of the inhabitants as were slain in their conflicts with the enemy.*

In the year 1337, Edward the Third, hearing that certain adherents of his enemies, the Scotch, had lately invaded the island of Sark, and other parts of the adjacent islands, and contemplated further outrages, appointed his well-beloved Thomas de Ferariis as keeper of the said islands, with instructions to levy and array all their able-bodied men, to divide them into thousands, hundreds, and twenties, and to lead them well arrayed, and sufficiently provided with suitable arms for the safety and defence of the said islands, against the attacks of all enemies whatsoever. And, furthermore, to appoint under him such proper persons as should be requisite in the said islands, and in each of them to carry into effect the levying, arraying, and leading of such men, when and where, and as often as he was not able to do so in person.

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* Ryley's "Placita Parliamentaria."

Froissart relates that Yvon de Galles, a pretended descendant from the original Princes of Wales, with four thousand men-at-arms, entrusted to his command by the King of France, made a descent upon Guernsey, whereof Edmund Rose, "a Squire of honour with the King of England, was captain." Rose assembled, with his own "and them of the isle," a body of eight hundred fighting-men. Several engagements ensued, especially a severe one on a spot still called *La Bataille*, in which four hundred of the islanders were slain, the remainder, with their captain, retreated to a handsome castle called Cornet, whether Yvon followed him, invested the castle closely, and frequently assaulted it. But it was a strong fortress well provided with everything necessary for resistance, the assailants could make no impression, although they continued to beleaguer it for some time. The King of France, at this time rejoicing at the capture of the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Guiscard de l'Angle by the Spaniards at Rochelle, anxious to strike a decisive blow whilst the English were without a leader, and knowing that Castle Cornet was impregnable, sent messengers to Yvon, ordering him instantly to break up the siege, and hasten to obtain fresh succours from the King of Spain. Yvon accordingly abandoned the enterprise, sent his men back to Harfleur, himself embarked on board a large ship, and set sail for Spain. "Thus was the siege of Castle Cornet raised." This affair, traditionally known as "*La descente des Arragonsais*," from the supposition that the Arragonese had some hand in it, is calculated to have taken place about the year 1372.* Two years later, according to D'Argentré, Bertrand du Guesclin, with the Duke of Bourbon, the flower of the French chivalry, and ten thousand men-at-arms, laid siege to the castle of Mont Orgeuil in Jersey, which resisted all his assaults. Finding that he could make no impression on the main body of the place, he entered into a composition with the besieged; but before the day stipulated for its surrender arrived, Du Guesclin, hearing that an English fleet was at sea coming to the relief of the castle, raised the siege and departed.

Many other invasions, general as well as partial, were subsequently directed by the French against these islands, but never with any permanent success, the defenders being always sufficiently brave and united to resist aggression. Having sketched the foregoing as specimens of the mode of warfare in these remote places at this remote period, it would be incompatible with the purpose of the present narration to enter into further details. We shall, therefore, referring to the commissions issued to Thomas de Ferariis by Edward the Third, remark that it corresponds in all respects with the usual form of "commissions of array," and proves that a militia was regularly embodied, or rather organized in these islands, a very few years after its establishment in England.†

For upwards of a century we must be contented with this small amount of information as to the customs and habits of the standing army of the islands; we then begin to trace its progress more consecutively as regards arms, equipments, and discipline. The acts and ordinances of the royal courts furnishing, as it were, milestones and finger-posts, which much facilitate our journey. It is true that these landmarks, never very numerous, are often wanting, or placed at uncertain distances, so that we may occasionally for a short space miss the beaten path, but information derived from a chance passenger in the by-ways of some old chronicler sets us right again, and so we jog on.

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* In which year Edward directs Edmund Rose to make certain inquiries relative to the religious establishments of Jersey, Sark, and Alderney.

† "The earliest of these commissions that I find in Rymer is of 1324."—HALLAM.

In the first place we find that, in 1543, long-bows, cross-bows, and all other weapons, were excluded from among the goods and chattels liable to arrest for debt; information is thence acquired, not only as to the kind of weapon then in use, but likewise the importance attached to their remaining unmolested in the hands of their proprietors. As early as 1546, even before "the German hackbut-men" were employed at the battle of Pinky, that "smoky gun," the arquebus, was partially introduced among the Guernsey militia; this is evident from the following ordinance:—"All parishioners are commanded, on their allegiance, to obey the orders of the captains of their several parishes;* captains of all ranks, high and low, that is, lieutenants and ensigns, are required to see that the 'haquebuts,' and bows and quivers of the soldiers are kept in proper order, that bulwarks or ramparts are made and repaired, and that every kind of munition is held in readiness at all hours. It is furthermore commanded that parishioners required by their captains to *provide themselves* with arms, shall forthwith obey their commands."

It appears from certain old manuscripts that, in 1569, armourers were in the habit of lending swords, daggers, and haquebuts to militiamen unwilling or unable to purchase. The price of the dagger is also ascertained, for John Girard sold a *dague*, or dagger, to his brother-in-law for seven *gros d'argent* (five silver groats), and purchased another from the armourer for five. It is clear that John Girard had an eye to business, and therefore was not, in all probability, imposed upon when he paid Collas Beyart five *gros* for the repair of his arquebus, and generously treated him to a pot of beer, which they drank together at the house of "*la femme Effart*."

The religious tenets of the Genevan Church generally inculcated at this period in the island, imparted a highly puritanical character to the acts of the Legislature; nevertheless it will be seen that, amid ordinances for the strictest observance of the Sabbath, and the prohibition, even during week days, of all dancing, singing, and games of chance, exceptions were made in favour of the exercise of "the long-bow, cross-bow, and haquebut;" although it was the custom to shoot on Sundays and feast-days. For this purpose butts were constructed in each parish, and in every parish in the islands a green spot or common is to be met with, still called *les buts*.

Another century or thereabouts being passed over, we are informed that the Jersey militia was reviewed in 1617 by the Royal Commissioners Conway and Bird, sent over by James the First to inspect the defences. From their official report it appears that the militia roll contained the names of 2675 soldiers, as well mustered† as non-mustered, but that the island could, if required, muster 3000 men capable of bearing arms. The report further states, that "the armes specified are exceedingly defective; those called by the general name of bills, but many bare staves, with no iron at all; no cuirasses,* not twelve pikes, few muskets."

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* The captain, anciently called centenier, centurion, was appointed by commission to command the militia of his parish, which were then formed into a company of foot for each parish in the country, and four in the town. To each company was attached a lieutenant and an ensign.

† *Moustre*, the old French term, *moustre*, or *moûtre*, for *montre*, a show, are still the vernacular designations of militia musters.

An old manuscript, containing details of the militia muster in the smaller island of Guernsey, estimates the whole amount of fighting men assembled on the 27th of August, 1621, at 1175. Making allowance for a certain number of absentees, it may be assumed that the same ratio still continues in the two places.

In 1629, intelligence having reached the English government that Richelieu contemplated the invasion of the islands by way of reprisal for Buckingham's descent upon Rochelle, Lord Danby, governor of Guernsey, was sent over with a squadron of five ships to convey succours, consisting of men, arms, and ammunition. Dr. Peter Heylin, who attended as honorary chaplain to the troops, gives the following account of the Jersey militia at this period:—"After dinner, his lordship went to take a view of the regiment of Mr. Joshua de Carteret, *seigneur de la Trinité*, mustering upon the green in the parish of Sainte Trinité. On Tuesday, March 10th, his lordship took a view of the regiment of Mr. Aaron Messervey, col.; and on Wednesday, March 11th, went unto St. Ouen, where we were feasted by Sir Philip de Carteret, whose regiment we likewise viewed in the afternoon. The soldiers of each regiment very well arrayed, and not unpractised in their arms; but such as never saw more danger than a training came to."

About twenty years after this the same regiments were nevertheless sufficiently formidable to deter the Parliamentarians from invading Jersey, which was thus rendered a secure asylum for Charles the Second, who found refuge there on two occasions. They also assisted materially in maintaining the island and defending the castles for some time against the expedition under Blake and Haines in 1651, capitulating only after a stout resistance, and on terms most honourable to soldiers.

During the war with Holland, after the Restoration, Louis the Fourteenth, taking advantage of the embarrassments of England, whose naval force was employed against the Dutch, her capital nearly depopulated by pestilence and destroyed by conflagration, formed "a base and perfidious design to fall upon the islands suddenly." The government of Jersey was then a sinecure in the hands of the Earl of St. Albans, "a fine courtier, but of no reputation for military prowess or virtue. Living in England, loving his ease, and well contented that another should go to his post, so that he secured the profits of his government." At this conjuncture the Duke of Albemarle induced his Royal Master to confide the defence of Jersey to Sir Thomas Morgan, who had distinguished himself as a military commander in Cromwell's army.

Sir Thomas proceeded to Jersey in 1665, and remembering how terrible his English red-coats were in Flanders, considered that by clothing the militia he was called upon to command in a uniform of the same colour, there was every chance of their being mistaken by an attacking foe for regular troops sent from England. Having obtained the sanction of the local authorities, he proceeded to remodel his little army, and formed the independent companies of which it was composed into three battalions, "all clad in red coats, the martial livery of England." That the latter experiment was well conceived, is obvious from the mistake made by the French when they affected a landing on the coast of Wales in 1797, and took alarm at the sight of the red cloaks of the women, exemplifying the adage, *nimium ne crede colori*. In the colour of the array alone are we inclined to institute a parallel between Welsh fish-wives and the militiamen of Jersey. Sir George Carteret, in 1647, or thereabouts, had partially introduced the English uniform, by clothing the *élite*, which formed his body-guard, in *casaques rouges*, red doublets; it was reserved for Morgan to render the fashion general in that island, but in Guernsey it was not adopted until long after. A return of the effective strength of the three militia regiments in the latter place, when reviewed by the governor, the Hon. Charles Strahan, on the 25th of June, 1750, is as follows:—three colonels, twenty captains, fifteen lieutenants, sixteen ensigns, fifty-eight serjeants, fifteen drummers, eighteen hundred privates. Among the latter were distributed one thousand King's muskets, bayonets, belts and cartouche-boxes, from which it is to be inferred that nearly one-half were pikemen, and also that the force had been considerably augmented since the year 1621.

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* Armour continued to be worn to the knees in England during Cromwell's time."—*Penny Cyclopedia, article "Armour."*

In 1780 we find evidence among the ordinances that the governor, following Sir Thomas Morgan's example, applied to the Royal Court of Guernsey for its concurrence in adopting a uniform for the militia; stating as his reason, that in the event of an invasion, the presence of a large body of red coats would be more imposing, and, under the supposition that they were all regulars, intimidate an enemy much more than the array of a much larger body of militia, however valiant and well-disciplined. The bailiff and jurats readily agreed to the suggestion, and issued orders that persons in affluent circumstances should at once clothe themselves, for militia duty, in red coats and white stockings;* the cuffs, collars, and facings of the coats being uniform in each regiment. It was also ordered, under a heavy penalty, that each parish should raise a sum by means of tax to clothe and accoutre the more indigent of the community when under arms. Notwithstanding this arrangement, it was soon discovered that the expense of a uniform, in addition to the sacrifice of time in the performance of military duty, was a great hardship on the tradesman and farmer, in consequence of which the British government undertook the expense of providing all privates and non-commissioned officers with a complete suit of clothing, arms, accoutrements, and ammunition. The issue still takes place at uncertain periods, generally once in five years, and constitutes the chief item with which the state is burthened, for the maintenance of an effective force. Officers bearing commissions, it must be observed, equip themselves at their own cost.

We have hitherto confined our sketch to details relating to the infantry alone; it will, however, be desirable, before proceeding further, to say a few words respecting other branches of the militia service. A local manuscript, of the year 1685, to be depended on for accuracy, states, that light artillery had been introduced into Jersey about one hundred and fifty years before. The guns must, however, at this period have been of primitive construction, or, if demiculverins, *de verte fonte,* are alluded to, must have been imported from Tournay or other towns in Flanders. As early as the year implied they could scarcely have been obtained elsewhere. The first Englishman who made that kind of artillery of font metal in England was John Owen, who "in 1535 began to cast brass ordnance, as cannons, culverines and such like."* It is not probable that Owen's master-pieces should have found their way at once, from the foundry of this "most ready and exquisite of gun-makers," to so obscure a place as Jersey must then have been.

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* *Quere*—leggings, or long gaiters.

It is clear, nevertheless, that field-guns were introduced very early into that island. Various authentic documents are extant which allude to the sale and purchase of this species of ordnance. Each parish was obliged to provide and maintain a couple in serviceable order at their own expense, and they were kept in the churches, as fire-engines continue to be, in many rural districts. The church was the parish arsenal even as late as the Civil Wars, as is abundantly attested by the records of the period. The artillery, as well as the infantry, were originally under the command of the Captain of the Parish, partly a civil, partly a military official; but, when Sir Thomas Morgan remodelled the militia, he collected the field-pieces from the twelve districts, and formed a brigade of four-and-twenty guns, appointing an officer to command, styled the Comptroller of the Artillery. Progress has been made in this, as in everything else, and now the horse-artillery of Jersey forms an admirably appointed corps, the horses being furnished as commutation by persons unable or unwilling to serve in person.

During the Civil War, Sir George de Carteret established a troop of dragoons, to patrol the coast and visit guards at outposts: it was discontinued for a time, but reorganized at the breaking out of the French Revolution, the troopers acting chiefly as mounted orderlies. Dicey, in his historical account of Guernsey, gives a return of such a troop in 1750, which consisted of a major, a captain, a lieutenant, a cornet, three quartermasters, "two posts," one drummer and fifty privates, all of whom, judging from the names mentioned, must have been gentlemen, or substantial yeomen. In neither of the islands, however, could cavalry be available for attack or defence, the face of the country being broken by abrupt hills and ravines, and likewise very much enclosed by high banks and hedges, or loose stone walls, in which case every hillock becomes convertible into a redoubt, and every enclosure into an entranched camp.

It would be doing scanty justice to the Royal Militia if the present sketch were limited to their peace campaigns; we shall therefore proceed to give a brief detail of the encounters in which they have been engaged for the preservation and defence of their native isles. The surrender of the castles to Cromwell's forces has already been alluded to; a further account of the affair would necessitate a history of the siege and capture of Castle Cornet, and involve matters irrelevant to our present subject. We shall therefore pass on to the achievements of the Jersey militia in repelling French invasions towards the close of the last century.

The cherished policy of the French government, that of molesting Great Britain through her much-envied colonies, was evinced at the commencement of the year 1779, by a successful expedition against the British forts and factories at Senegal, followed up in the spring of the same year by an attempt upon Jersey. A certain *soi-disant* Prince or Count de Nassau, anxious to induce the cabinet of Versailles to acknowledge him as lineally descended from an extinct branch of the illustrious house whose name he had assumed, originated the design, and was entrusted with the command of from five to six thousand men for its execution; the Baron de Rullecourt, another adventurer, being his second in command. For some time French fleets, like wasps around honey-jars, hovered about the islands, keeping the inhabitants in a constant state of alarm. At length, early in the morning, on the 1st of May, the enemy arrived off the island, in about fifty flat-bottomed boats, towed by five frigates, and accompanied by some armed cutters. They attempted a landing on the broad level sands of St. Ouen's Bay, but so warmly were they received, and so vigorously repulsed, "by the 78th regiment, seconded by the militia of the island, that, after a faint, spiritless, and ill-supported resistance, they relinquished the enterprize, with little loss on either side." *

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* "Penny Cyclopedia," from Stowe's "Annals."

That the value of this group of islands in reference to the trade of the Channel in time of war, is still appreciated, may be assumed from the magnitude of the works in progress at Alderney, more important as an outpost than even Castle Cornet, the frontier fortress of the royalists, during the Civil War. Nor can the expense of these precautionary measures be deemed superfluous by any cavilling economist who happens to be aware that Sir George de Carteret, with a small fleet of privateers, few, if any of them, larger than the *chasse marées* which now trade along the coast of France, so seriously interfered with the commerce of England, that the Commonwealth found it necessary to fit out a considerable armament under its most celebrated naval commander, and that, on the taking of the Jersey Castles, and Castle Cornet in Guernsey, the last fortress which held out for the King, the House of Commons ordered a public thanksgiving to be offered up by the ministers of London and Westminster in their several congregations.

But to return to the Count de Nassau's affair. On being repulsed he landed his troops at Chausey, a small islet midway between Jersey and France, with the intention of renewing hostilities on the first favourable opportunity; in the meantime his armed vessels cruised along the coast of Normandy to cover the invasion. This coming to the knowledge of Sir James Wallace, he sailed in pursuit in the "Experiment" of fifty guns, with a couple of frigates, and several gun-brigs; and, after dispersing the enemy's flotilla, chased a number of the vessels into the harbour of Cancalle. His pilots, from timidity, refusing to follow them further, Sir James, with the daring so frequently witnessed during the late war, took the risk upon himself, and running the "Experiment" up the bay, laid her abreast of the most formidable of the French batteries, and in a short time silenced its guns. Then, manning and arming the boats of his own ship, and those of the "Cabot," gun-brig, he let them slip against the vessels in the harbour, which had been abandoned by their crews in consequence of his fire. The boats soon succeeded in cutting out "La Danae," of thirty-four guns, and two small laden merchantmen, but a heavy fire from the shore obliged them "to be contented" with doing no further mischief than burning two other stout frigates, an armed cutter of sixteen guns, and a number of small craft.

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* Dodsley's Annual Register, 1780.

This severe reprisal did not suffice, however, to check the determination of the French to possess themselves, if possible, of Jersey. The Baron de Rullecourt, before mentioned as second in command to Nassau, proceeded to organize a fresh expedition, the account of which, if not amusing, is instructive, and may be taken as a type of others possibly in embryo, but susceptible of being hatched by steam and circumstances at any given moment. The Baron appears to have been a *chevalier d'industrie*, trading on a large scale; he is mentioned by Count Alexandre de Tilly, who met him at St. Maloes, as an adventurer, dividing his time between the gaming table and preparations for his enterprise. Nevertheless, having obtained the sanction of the Court of France, which promised him promotion to the rank of general, the order of St. Louis, and the government of Jersey, in the event of success, he succeeded in collecting a considerable body of troops, chiefly volunteers from the regiments of Luxembourg; officered by men of family but of ruined fortunes, induced to join his standard by the prospect of pillage and promotion. The Chevalier de Luxembourg himself acted at first as the Baron's lieutenant, but was prevented by sickness, or some other cause, from accompanying the expedition. The remainder of the levies consisted of raw, undisciplined, needy recruits, probably little more respectable than those who landed a few years afterwards on the northern shores of Devon and the coast of Wales; and the original strength of the whole *corps d'armée* was estimated at two thousand men, including artillery, with four field-pieces, and a couple of mortars.

The Baron, who seems to have been well informed as to the customs of the place he was about to attack, intended to surprise the islanders, whilst he deemed them indulging in the wonted festivities of Christmas, and accordingly embarked his troops at Granville, one of the nearest ports to Jersey, on the 25th of December, 1780. He had engaged an experienced pilot, "Like Hackett, of Dungarvon, who steered the 'Algerine,'" a native of the spot on which it was proposed to effect a landing, a renegade, who having fled from his birthplace, after committing a murder, filled his cup of crime with an additional measure of treachery. It is supposed that Rullecourt had other spies in the island, for, during the night of the embarkation, a sentry on duty on the eastern coast of Jersey remarked a bright fire, which lasted for about eight minutes, on one of the adjacent headlands; it was answered by a similar light on the French coast opposite, which lasted for a quarter of an hour. These, no doubt, preconcerted signals, however, did not excite sufficient attention to awaken suspicion.

That night and the following morning the weather proved boisterous, but the Baron, impatient to realise his promising design, put to sea on the 26th of December, with a flotilla of small transports convoyed by a number of privateers, intending to make the coast of Jersey about nightfall. The storm, however, increased; a number of vessels, containing half his troops, were driven back to the coast of France, and with the remainder he was obliged to seek shelter at Chausey, where he continued windbound for about a week, and without being discovered by the Jersey people, probably owing to the state of the weather, which prevented their fishermen, whoexercise their vocation in the neighbourhood of the islet, from putting out to sea.

CORNERS OF MY LIBRARY.

ELKANAH SETTLE.

The remarks made at the commencement of the previous article on this subject would be not especially applicable to Elkanah Settle. Among smaller writers, of whom it was asserted, that a general ignorance prevails, he is far better known than others, because of the quarrel with Dryden. But it is literary notoriety rather than fame.

All who have read the lives of Dryden by Dr. Johnson, Malone, and Sir W. Scott, will know much of this City Poet; but even here, where the subject may appear to be exhausted, a little ingenuity and industry, may bring something fresh to light. Some short account will presently be given of a work of Settle's, which will be new, at any rate, to the majority of readers.

How much is there yet in literature which only requires a right method of arrangement to make it interesting! Placed under a classification, much that is old will appear novel. Form is sometimes more important than matter. Many a learned and accurate volume stands in dusty solemnity on the bookshelf, while what is written with brilliancy and even flippancy is read. Let these few observations preface what little more can be said of Settle, and of a little book of his found in the Corners of the Library.

In literature his career was rather more respectable than in politics. He wrote for the stage for many years, and he was the author of the "Pageants," after he was appointed city poet. Transmitted to posterity by the satire of Dryden, Pope, and Young, he has been generally underrated. He was decidedly a man of good ability, though no poet. His political pamphlet was praised, and Langbaine thinks that in the controversy with Dryden he had the best of it.

He owed his success, as a dramatist, very much to Rochester, who, jealous of the increasing popularity of Dryden, withdrew his patronage from him, and tried to set up a calf for the public to worship. Settle had written "Cambyses, King of Persia," a tragedy which was played on six successive nights. On this success, Rochester introduced him to the king. When Settle wrote the "Empress of Morocco," it was first played at court. This gave the production great fame, and when it was carried from the King's Theatre to Dorset Garden it had a long run. When he published this play, the arrogance engendered by success, showed itself in a sneer at Dryden in the preface. Dryden who was particularly sensitive to attack, even from the meanest quarter, made an unholy alliance with Crowe and Shadwell; and the three produced a pamphlet entitled "Remarks upon the Empress of Morocco." It is believed, that of the libellous triumvirate, Dryden had the smallest share in these abusive pages. Sir W. Scott has well remarked, that Dryden gained no more by his dispute with Settle, than a well-dressed man who should condescend to wrestle with a chimney-sweep. "The Remarks" contain some clever and caustic criticism, though personal invective is the prominent feature in this three-headed monster. Of Settle they say, "He is an animal of a most deplored understanding, without reading or conversation." * * "His style is boisterous, rough-hewn, his rhymes incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill-sounding." After Dryden had produced his "Conquest of Granada," Settle wrote a pamphlet in vindication of the "Empress of Morocco," and he retorts on Dryden with the same kind of criticism from which he had himself suffered. He wrote a reply in verse to "Absolom and Achitophel," and to the "Medal."

His changes in politics did him but little good, in a worldly point of view. He was so reduced as to be compelled to write drolls for Bartholomew Fair, and himself acted the *Dragon* in the farce of "St. George for England." He was admitted at the Charter House and there died. He is described as a man "of tall stature, red face, short black hair," and is said "to have lived in the city, and had a numerous poetical issue, and had the misfortune to survive them all."

The lucubration of Settle's before alluded to, and perhaps best worthy of any mention, is a little book which must, when published, have been thought very strange, and has now become very rare. It is called, "The History of the Life of that notorious Impostor, William Morrell — *alias* Bowyer — *alias* Wickham—who died at Mr. Cullen's, the baker's, in the Strand, January 3rd, 1692." Its date is 1693. It is a story which, as applied to the present times, would be ludicrously improbable and impossible. If an adventurous scoundrel, of the highest abilities, were in these days to try and marry eighteen wives, after a short honeymoon desert them and rob their fathers, he would, by the aid of "Hue and Cry," advertisements, newspapers, post-office, railways, electric telegraph, and detective police, be infallibly taken in any part of Great Britain in three days, and in any part of the world in three months; but in those more primitive times, when travelling was difficult, coaches slow, roads bad (where there were roads), and communication infrequent, and when people in one county knew little even of those in the next, it was not so difficult for a knight-errant, with courage and address, and who had a natural taste for polygamy, to commit bigamy, trigamy, and indulge even to an eighteenth wife before he was apprehended.

The story is a little tedious, because almost all the frauds he perpetrates, consist in representing himself to be some one whom he was not, and in then marrying a girl and decamping with as much of her portion as he could lay his hands on. His adventures, however, if they are not exaggerated, prove him to have been the prince of swindlers. There is nothing heroic or melodramatic in his exploits. He fought no duels, robbed no one forcibly, and never committed a murder.

To deceive every one, was the monomania which appears to have influenced his conduct from the cradle to the grave. And he practised all his frauds in a calm, systematic, business-like manner, which was marvellous beyond ordinary marvels. Even the victims of his numerous matrimonial speculations, he treated with great kindness until the moment of desertion; and on no occasion attempted any familiarities until he had lawfully, or, rather, unlawfully wedded them. He must have been a man of first-rate ability; and it is subject for speculation, whether, had he applied his talents to more laudable objects, he would not have eminently succeeded; or whether the mania for deception, in which he was so consistent, was his sole and peculiar gift.

As, even in this age of book-resurrection, this work is not likely to be epublished, the reader shall be furnished, from a partially mutilated copy, with a short compendium of its amusing contents. Mr. Settle's occasional indelicacies must be avoided; for on honeymoons and such matters, he utters many very choice indecorums of a facetious nature.

It appears that this redoubtable swindler and Don Juan, was a journeyman to a cordwainer at Worcester. He then, through "some little worldly calamities, chiefly the product of natural laziness," outrun the constable, and, for some time, sojourned in Worcester gaol. His creditors were afterwards appeased by a composition of his debts, and he was released; but as his reputation, he feared, had through this fallen a little in this part of the world, he packed up his awls and wandered forth to seek his fortunes.

He fell in near Portsmouth with a surgeon's apprentice, who had a taste for play, and by help of a lucky hand, and a little dexterous cut and shuffle, he won three pounds from the juvenile Æsculapius; and a box of surgical instruments was placed in his hands as a pledge for the small balance of the debt of honour. When Mr. Morrell discovered that the instruments were worth more than they had been pawned for, he immediately made off with them to Portsmouth. He there put up at a public-house, kept by a young and buxom widow, and as he had the credentials of the profession, in the shape of the case of instruments with him, he gave himself out as a surgeon. He made his way to the favour of the voluptuous-looking landlady by a stratagem, which, to describe in anything but indecent language, would tax the ingenuity and periphrastic powers of the most delicate writer of indelicacies. At any rate, he so raised her expectations of the bliss to be derived from reentering the marriage state, that she was led by him no reluctant bride to the altar. The honeymoon was short, but not sweet. The widow was disappointed, dissatisfied, and prone to make comparisons between her dear departed and her new spouse, much to the disadvantage of the latter. All this was too much for our hero. His fine spirit could not brook such treatment; he determined to desert her. On a pretence that it was absolutely necessary that he should go to London on business, he asked her for some money to help him in so doing. With a secret hope that she should never see his face again, and on the principle, on which it is infinitely more economical to lend a beggar five shillings than give him one (for in the one case he frequently returns, in the other he infallibly does not), she *lent* him ten pounds. He forthwith packed up his instruments, filled a medicine-chest with the widow's brandy, and departed. He was now seized with a desire for travel. He was anxious, like the great Ulysses, to see the cities of men and their manners. So on board the first vessel that he found he embarked, as a man before the mast. She was bound for Venice. During the voyage he made himself very popular among his brother sailors, by doling from out the medicine-chest a supply to their spirituous wants. By displaying his instruments, and pretending some little knowledge of the profession, he attracted the attention of the surgeon of the vessel, and learned from him something of what they called in those days "chirurgery." Arrived at Venice, he spent the widow's ten pounds in clothing himself gorgeously, and "set up as a spark." He made the acquaintance of a young Venetian, with whom he soon grew so intimate, that the young merchant made him his confidant, and confessed that he had seduced a young girl of quality, had taken her away from her friends, that she was now under his charge, and that if she were found, and it was discovered that he had ruined her, he should have his throat cut. Morrell promptly and confidently promised to extricate him from this difficulty. He said that if the girl would consent to the arrangement, he would get her married to a rich Venetian of his acquaintance. He went immediately to an old notary of great wealth, whom he knew, and informed him, in the course of conversation, that he had now under his charge (for he had professed the art of healing at Venice, and had practised a little) the young widow of a Venetian merchant, who was in a most dangerous state. He represented that the faculty generally had given her case up as hopeless, and that he had been heard of and called in; that though her life was in imminent danger, he hoped, by the aid of heaven, to restore her to health. He said that he was specially anxious for every reason to effect her cure, for that she was as beautiful as wealthy, and by his description of the case, and his account of her surpassing charms, he completely succeeded in exciting the old gentleman's curiosity and enlisting his sympathies. Two or three days after he called, and stated that it was with deepest regret, he was compelled to admit that his fair patient had in no way improved, and that her life was in such danger, that she was anxious to make some arrangements about her property, and have a will drawn. Morrell concluded by asking the elderly gentleman, who was a notary, to come and perform this duty. This the lawyer very readily did, for he was much interested by all he heard of this sad case.

Meanwhile she was laid in a magnificent and stately house, with sumptuous apartments, and to her bedside the notary was brought. She looked as lovely and as interesting as she could, and in a faint voice willed away immense sums to various relations. The will was concluded, and the notary went away. She did not think fit to die that day, or the next. On the third, the venerable lawyer begged Physician Morrell to permit him to accompany him to her house. The fair invalid had rapidly improved ever since she had made her will,—she looked to-day more lovely than ever. Her beauty now moved the passion of the notary, as much as the state that surrounded him, and the sums mentioned in her last will and testament, had excited his cupidity. The day after he called alone, and was well-received. To make a long story short, he proposed to her and married her: no inquiries were made on either side. She was well assured that he was wealthy; and he thought her so. The young Venetian, who had tempted her from her father's house, was full of fervent gratitude to Morrell. The elderly inamorato was so pleased at having been put in possession of a young, beautiful, and wealthy bride, that he presented him with two hundred crowns, and a cask of rich wine, with which treasures our hero immediately departed for England. What became of the married couple when the fraud was discovered, history has omitted to mention; but the "notorious impostor" arrived safe in his native land, much gratified with the success of his stratagem. He went to Portsmouth to see his wife; but was so coldly received, in spite of his protestations of affection, and the display which he made of his gold, that, on her paying him a stipulated sum, he departed, with a solemn promise that she should never see him again.

He now determined to make a struggle to live respectably, if possible; and going to Banbury, set up as a surgeon, married there, and for a long time went on so steadily, that he acquired a large practice, and began to be a man of some note. From this he grew idle, and getting into difficulties, he calmly abandoned his wife, and choosing a trusty servant of the name of Tom to be the *Ralpho* of the Hudibras, or the *Sancho* to this Quixote, he dressed himself in a style something between that of a grazier and a country gentleman, and sallied forth. With the assistance of his man Tom, and by pretending to be a brother of Sir W. Walters, he bought a great many head of cattle from a farmer. His man Tom drove the beasts away, and sold them. With the money he went to a fair, and then giving a pretty girl who attracted his notice the "common country civility of a fair, a glass of white wine and sugar," he made such desperate love to her, that, with her father and mother's consent, he in a few days married her, robbed her father, and decamped.

After these passages in his eccentric career, it is needless to enumerate the various tricks, great and small, which he played on every one who came in his way. His conversational powers and pleasing address seemed to have carried him through all difficulties. At Kidderminster he passed himself off for Sir George Bowyer's brother, and married the daughter of an innkeeper. On some of the neighbours venturing to hint to the father, that his intended son-in-law was not quite so great a man as he pretended to be, he replied, "Nay, a gentleman he most certainly is, for I have observed him—he will never dine without a bottle of wine."

He was consistent from first to last in his career of deception, and carried it on up to the moment the breath was leaving his body. Indeed, his last was perhaps his greatest triumph in the art. A short time before his death, he went into the house of Mr. Cullen, a Baker in the Strand. He asked for lodgings, and represented that he was Humphrey Wickham, Esq., of Swakeley, in Oxfordshire,—said that he was hiding to avoid the payment of five hundred pounds, for which he had been a surety, the principal having absconded. He succeeded in thoroughly deceiving them, and being suddenly taken dangerously ill, he was so far from being alarmed, that he had a lawyer sent for, and made a will, by which he left thousands of pounds and hundred of acres to various relations, and some legacies to Mr. Cullen, and members of his family. He was attended by a medical man and a clergyman, and received the sacrament shortly before his death. He was observed at times to laugh rather unaccountably. Great preparations were made for his funeral, and Mr. Cullen wrote to his principal heirs and executors, but was surprised to hear that Humphrey Wickham, Esq., was in perfect health, and that he had himself been taken in by a swindler. Instead of a pompous funeral, the corpse was put into a shell which cost four shillings, and buried by a watchman at night in St. Clement's Churchyard. Could the spot be found, he would deserve a monument with some such inscription as this:

Here lies one
More consistent in his vices than the best men in their virtues;
Who lived only to deceive, and died deceiving.
He married eighteen women, robbed and deserted them all.
He willed away at point of death thousands of pounds not his own,
And wide domains of which he did not possess an acre.
In his last hour
His supposed riches procured him comfort, competence, medical and spiritual aid.
His mourners were those
Who, with the rage of mortified vanity and disappointed cupidity,
Loathed the memory
Of the greatest of Liars, Swindlers, and Bigamists.

THE SADDLEBAGS;

OR,

THE BRIDLE ROADS OF SPAIN.

Heartless and dilatory woman! We have arrived in Gibraltar; and I am indignant and broken-hearted not to find a letter in the post-office. Thither I rushed within five minutes of alighting on English ground before the portal of the Club House Hotel. I have a great mind not to write you any more of my punctual and profuse accounts of our proceedings, since they seem to interest you so little; or, at any rate, to meet with so inadequate a return. I have been looking forward to a letter from you here, like a thirsty traveller in the desert, but your correspondence turns out a mere sheet of mirage, spread by the heat of impatience over the burning wastes of disappointment. I began this letter to scold you soundly, but having been betrayed into this metaphor (which, by the way, you may have *met afore*), I feel it would be ridiculous to go on in a solemn strain of vituperation, I shall, therefore, give you (observe, for the last time, unless you mend your behaviour) some little account of how we got here. First of all, we stayed three days in Ronda—descended into the chasm—sketched the flight of Moorish mills (through which, one ofter another, the headlong torrent plunges down into the valley), and the high and heavy freestone bridge which joins the cleft-rock summits on which stand the old and new town. There are certainly some "cleverish" precipices hereabout. From the bluffs at the edge of the new town one can throw a stone down six or seven hundred feet into the valley. One day, I was kneeling with my face over the edge to set off paper parachutes, when both my pistols slipped out of my *faja*, and clashed on the rock, within a few inches of the brink. They did not, luckily, go over, for I grabbed them in the nick of time; but it quite gave me a turn, and I gave up letting off paper parachutes for fear of tumbling over myself.

The day before we left, we felt a desire for meat, which we had not eaten for some time, living on eggs, and chocolate, and salad. We sallied forth to the shambles. It was late, and we only found one old woman. She, however, had a whole sheep, lately killed. We got a choice cut, which H—— carried off under his cloak in his fingers; while I went to the vegetable market over the bridge, and bought half a peck of potatoes. The latter I sliced thin with my dagger, while he haggled the mutton into tatters. He subsequently officiated over the frying-pan in a most artistic manner; but the mutton-steaks turned out lamentably tough.

I made acquaintance with a gunmaker, by whose shop I passed. He admired my pistols. The conversation turned on engraving, and I gave him an extempore specimen of my execution in that department, on a copper coin. He said he could not engrave so well, nor was there any one in Ronda who could: he showed me some of his own handiwork, which was of a very rude character. He took me to be a professional man, and hinted, that if I would work for him, I might make a decent livelihood ornamenting the locks of *escopets*. He seemed a very good sort of man, and had a pretty daughter.

Riding away from Ronda, it appeared much more to advantage than we had ever seen it before. The old town stands compactly on a moundy hill, behind which the new town is only seen crowning the edges of the precipice, and anybody who wants to be enthusiastic about Ronda, ought to enter it by the way we left it. From Ronda the road rose a good deal, and we got among the snow. We lost ourselves, according to custom, and scrambling along a very rocky little track which skirted the brow of one of the highest mountains, a vista opened downwards through the peaks, and there stood "the Rock," at about forty miles' distance. The straits of Gibraltar looked like a great blue river, over whose further bank arose the snowy mountains of Africa. It was a very noble view, and we were properly enthusiastic. However, we were evidently in the wrong road, in which impression we were confirmed by a not very lucid peasant, who could not clearly explain which was the right way. Another peasant came up, who said he was going some way in our direction. We followed his guidance down by horribly narrow paths along precipice-ledges, into a valley which had no road to speak of, except the bed of the Xenar, but the scenery was very beautiful. On inquiring whether people ever came that way from Gibraltar, he said he had come that way sometimes on smuggling expeditions. At one time we thought he was leading us into a trap, when he was hailed by a party of men with guns sitting on the hill above us. We were not robbed, and parted with him amicably, giving him a cigar and some copper coins. At a mill, by his parting directions, we went up a very steep zigzag path into the mountains; and some time after, crossed a very deep valley, and climbed about sunset, hot and breathless, into a picturesque village on the opposite hill-brow.

As we went up the steep, winding street of the village, some women asked us eagerly what wares we brought, and seemed disappointed that we had only materials to make portraits. Near the summit of the place stood a shabby old posada. The stable was entered by a door lower down the hill, but the communication between it and the posada was by a flight of steep, mossy, stone steps, which emerged on the higher level of the courtyard, like the mouth of a well. We had some *miga** and chocolate, and fried eggs, sitting in the deep-nitched window of a large vaulted room, with arched alcoves, whose nooks and angles took picturesque lights and shadows in the fading hues of sunset. While we were eating, we heard a step at the door, and in walked a serious-looking visitor, with shaggy grey hair. He said nothing, but stood gazing, motionless, with long down-dropped ears, for he was a donkey. He was shortly discovered by the daughter of the house, who was waiting upon us; she instantly flapped a dishclout in his placid, pensive countenance, and he retired without further demonstration of his feelings than slightly shaking his ears. After supper, when it was dark, we sat by the crackling kitchen-fire. The medico of the place (Ben el Aurin) had dropped in to smoke his cigar by the fire. He was rather a prosaic and sententious personage, who had been in Russia with Napoleon. He inquired about London, which he had understood was "not so large as Paris, and that it was all *pedazos* (disjointed fragments), and mixed up with the sea." The women requested to hear us speak English, and then said, "that it was a language which nobody could understand, not even the birds. There were Englishmen came now and then from Gibraltar. There was Don José, a man of great wealth and dignity—he spoke very clear; he came for shooting in the mountains with his son,—he was a *sastre* (tailor) at Gibraltar. There were English came through sometimes, who could not speak clear at all." It was evident they had no idea of another language than Spanish in the world, only that some nations spoke it very unintelligibly. The daughters wanted to know if there was any dancing in our country. We told them that our nation had no taste or genius for dancing, and never invented a national dance of its own except the hornpipe, which they were ashamed to dance in the first society; preferring to imitate, in a limp and spiritless manner, the dances of foreign countries; for to dance with much energy or grace, was in England thought "muy ordinario" (very vulgar). They wished to see the *hornipipo* danced, and one of the fashionable dances to compare it with; so I danced what I knew of a College hornpipe, eking it out with fugitive reminiscences of the Highland fling. They clapped their hands to keep time, and laughed, as well they might. Afterwards H—— and I performed a *walse a deux temps*, which appeared to them still more eminently absurd. After which the old mother struck up on the guitar, and all the company danced the fandango.

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* Miga is made of bread-crumbs, damped and salted, and fried in oil.

We slept in our clothes across a very pulicious mattress, and woke with the sun, as he lifted his broad face from the mountain-pillowed horizon. We breakfasted, and departed by a road which seemed a combination of broken pig-troughs filled with melting snow. It soon narrowed to a path not above a foot wide, and my pony took the occasion to slip off backward, and roll with me, end over end, down a drop of about nine feet—(it might just as easily have happened to be ninety). I was luckily no worse, and managed to scramble up on to the road again at an easier place a little farther on. It is rather a happy accident, as it will probably make the Moor more cautious. He is very clumsy with his feet, and unused to mountain-roads. The day before, when we were scrambling on the rocks, off the road which we had lost, both he and I fell head over heels into a small chasm, which luckily had bushes at the bottom. At last, we got into the regular road from Ronda to Caucin, from which was another splendid view of Gibraltar and Africa. A league or so after passing the latter place, the road descended suddenly to the valley of the Guadiaro. At the bottom some fine orange-trees, thirty or forty feet high, and thickly laden with gigantic fruit. We had not had any good oranges among the mountains, where only the refuse come in a bruised state; so we called the man who was up a ladder among the constellation of golden suns. He brought us as many as we could stuff into the vacant capacities of our alforjas, and we gave him a few *cuartos*.* The oranges were about five inches in diameter, and excellent. There is a fine, fresh, aromatic flavour about new-gathered oranges from the tree, which those who only know the flat, tasteless, green picked, box-ripened trash we get in England, would not imagine.

We skirted the banks of the rushing Guadiaro—oleander-fringed—

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* The Cuarto is a shade more than a farthing.

by a good road, the first our horses' feet have touched for a hundred miles. H—— cut an oleander switch for his pony, who was lazy, and it proved tough and useful. As we rode along, we began to talk about what we should do in Gibraltar, which there was some possibility of reaching by a hard push this very night. It was probable we should know some of the officers; but then we were dreadful figures in our muleteer's costume to present ourselves in civilized society. To be sure, we had some shabby old trousers and shooting-coats for a change in case of wet, in the alforjas; but it was my opinion, that we should do better to go in boldly on the strength of our present vagrant character, than to make a servile and seedy effort at respectability, which no traveller can pack in less than a heavy portmanteau, with appurtenances, viz. hat-box, dressing-case, and an umbrella. H—— was decidedly of opinion, that we ought to show at least an intention of respectability, so as not to outrage the sensibilities of British subjects. I argued, that it did not signify what one did in this world, as long as the perpetrator himself was not ashamed of it. All awkwardness produced in the minds of persons witnessing odd things said or done, arose from the sense of awkwardness in the person doing them communicated by sympathy, and that the most extravagant things might be done with impunity, as long as they were done with an appearance of *bonâ fide* confidence.

" People will not abuse you to your face," he replied; " but you may depend they will not omit to do so behind your back."

" What people say behind my back I don't so much care, as long as I have no good-natured friend to report it to me." Here you see we were launched upon a general issue of a very vague and desultory character.

" What is the consequence of the world's good opinion of you, except as it affects the world's manner of treating you?" Now, I am quite satisfied with the world's treatment of me, which I feel confident is fully equal to, if not beyond, my deserts. If people abuse me behind my back, I am consoled by the idea that they also abuse everybody else, and are abused themselves in turn by me and others."

" If you only care for the opinion of others, as far as you hear it yourself, why should you care for fame after your death, which, of course, you can't hear from anybody's mouth, unless, indeed, you were to make a special injunction to your executors that your body should be eaten by bookworms?"

" I care nothing," said I, " about posthumous fame. When I am dead, it could not cause me to be asked to dinners and balls, and *déjeûners* and drums, and that is all the worldly use of fame; except the very equivocal gratification which may arise from having one's worst jokes and most maudlin sentiments laughed at, and listened to with as much *empressement* as one's best—because one is famous; and we certainly do see pottering, old-established reputations who seem to enjoy it."

" If you don't care about posthumous fame," said H——, (you see how soon our argument fell plump into personalities,) " why do you take care of such a lot of old scraps and papers, which you never mean to publish while you are alive; perhaps, you will say, they are not at all likely to add to your reputation after death, and therefore are not to be interpreted into any such design."

" I am an author," I replied, growing somewhat sententious, " and I believe that I live for some purpose, otherwise I should not have been created. If I happen to entertain the wish that when I go from this world I may leave some photographic record of how that world's image looked in through the peculiar lens of my individual mind, upon the prepared paper of literature, it certainly is not out of love for that particular stone which falls heir to my name, and stands at the head of my grave. What would it signify to the mouldering dust beneath, or the disembodied spirit steeped in joy or anguish, which no trifle could disturb, to know that innumerable Smiths, and Jacksons, and Thomsons had got into the way, some hundred years after my demise, of making pic-nic pilgrimages to the picturesque churchyard, and eating pigeon-pie over my graven epitaph slab. Do you think my spirit would have nothing better to do than come and chuckle unseen, while they scrawled their names upon my monument, erasing a cloud of previous Smiths, and Jacksons, and Thomsons, to make a space for themselves. This is a true vision of that kind of fame which men promise themselves when they say in their hearts 'we will leave a name.' No—when I am dead, I care no more for my name, than for an old hat which can be worn no more. But I would, and I hope I shall, leave something, which shall remain, a tissue or a tangle of those rays of beauty and of truth I have been able to draw out, unbroken, as I was unraveling away the web of my existence. I would leave something that should either stand for ever, like an ancient walnut dropping a perennial shower of nuts to be cracked by generation after generation and only bearing the more for having its lower branches beaten by the staves of successive critics; or at least like an old apple tree, which, after the original stump is worn out and forgotten, leaves a fruitful family of grafts in many orchards."

"That sounds all very fine and plausible in theory," replied H——, "but it is not true in practice; for nobody while he is working in this world thinks of himself in the result otherwise than as a living man, which is natural enough, having no experience of what being dead feels like. A man likes to leave a good name after he is dead, because he has found it a pleasant thing while he was alive. How would you like, to put the case the other way, to have some indelible infamy attached to your name for ever?"

"If it was undeserved," said I, "and it came on after death, I should find it no more inconvenient than rottenness—but I should of course be sorry for my relations and descendants, to whom it *would* be an inconvenience to have an unpleasant, unburiable moral corpse of an unjustly supposed immoral ancestor always lying at their door, and offending the metaphorical nostrils of their friends."

In this discourse we arrived before the door of a venta by the banks of the Guadiaro, and as we were hungry, and our ponies had come a long way, we dismounted. There was a family of gypsies on the tramp, sitting and lying about in picturesque groups, basking in the sun. Two handsome, olive-complexioned boys started up and began to help us to unsaddle. They all, from the wrinkled and bleached old grandmother to the baby in arms, had something sinister and ominous in their swarthy faces, which quite gave us an impression that in spite of their fair words and courteous smiles, they were cursing us by their devils even when we presented them with the remains of our loaf. We rode away with all their maledictions on our heads, troubling our heads as little as their own vermin did theirs. We crossed the Guadiaro, which was broad and rapid, and came up to our girths. Passing the venta del Guadiaro, we came to some hills, from the brows of which we looked back on the lofty, ragged mountains which we had slept among last night. I saw their blue peaks all purpled with the carmine sunset. The darkness came upon us in the hollows and dingles of the great cork-wood. Afterwards we emerged upon a *dehesa*, which seemed endless, and the road was very hard to keep by the light of the evening star, which, however, shone very broad and clear, as if she meant to do all she could for us. Once I took a ridge of rocks for San Roque; but it appeared as if we should never get to the end of our day's work. We heard the eight o'clock gun boom over the bay of Gibraltar and echo from the cliffs of Algeciras, and we hailed with enthusiasm the voice of the British lion. Still on and on, over hill and valley, and knoll and dell, till at last the lights of a real and final San Roque twinkled in the distance.

I was quite knocked up, and on reaching Macrea's hotel, was unable to do justice to the mutton chops and Bass's pale ale, on which we supped. I had just strength remaining to go round the room and rejoice with patriotic eye over the truly British prints with which the walls were hung, principally sporting pieces and illustrations of Harrison Ainsworth's romances. The mahogany sideboard too, was ranged with many decanters and cruet-stands, and mustard-pots and forks and spoons:—things unknown to the hostels of Spain, where you have your plate and pipkin set before you, and have to pull your own *navaja* (clasp-knife) out of your sash to dispatch the comestibles. Sometimes by earnest entreaty one may get a wooden spoon among a large party; and with the wine-jug they never think of giving two persons more than one glass — but then, of course, the other may drink out of the jug. I ate a mouthful, and immediately fell asleep, with a long cigar in my mouth. H—, however, considerately routed me up and got me off to bed. He said next morning that he did not believe I ever woke up at all, for I held my candle at right-angles and talked incoherently in Spanish to the English waiter, who seemed much shocked.

This morning I arose quite rested, and on my feet again. Gibraltar was now within a league and a half of us, and looked much more striking than any view I had seen of it, going round by sea on the other side. As we were approaching the Spanish lines, along the lapping brink of the calm blue bay, because the beech seemed a shorter cut than the road, we were called to by a sentry keeping watch at the door of a miserable hut, out of which came some soldiers.

"Where are you going?" cried the corporal, in an authoritative tone.

"Where, but to Gibraltar, most intelligent Señor corporal?"

"No se puede por aqui! — You can't go this way, as you well know, and I have a great mind to take you up for trespassing on forbidden ground. What do you mean by leaving the road?"

"We left it 'siguiendo las narices' ('following our noses,'— a piece of very uncertain Spanish, which made the company laugh)—because it seemed a shorter way. And pray who are you, señor caporalillo, that you venture to disturb gentlemen of importance on the road? I have a great mind to carry you off in my alforjas to the governor of Gibraltar, and have you put into a cannon's mouth, and shot out of one of those little holes in the forehead of the rock, down at your own fortress; which," I continued, pointing to his cabin, "so eminently rivals in strength and magnificence its English neighbour."

As usual, on being bullied they became civiller, but said they had orders to prevent anybody going across this corner of the road, and so we wished them good morning.

Crossing a great number of drawbridges over broad fosses, between successive rims of battery, we passed at length beneath the shoulder of the great rock. The market was crowded with all nations: Turks and Jews, and Moors and Greeks in turbans and jillabias and fezzes, chattering an immense variety of languages. The long street was full of familiar English faces, and the shop-windows surmounted with familiar English names. People stared at us a little as we rode in, and we heard a gentleman with a white tie and spectacles say to a young gentleman in a very long waistcoat, with a very large gold cable-chain (evidently his travelling pupil), "Look there!—here is doubtless a pair of those picturesque Ronda smugglers Mr. Ford speaks of." — "All serene!" replied the young gentleman, without any tokens of tempestuous interest.

The waiters at the Clubhouse Hotel seemed quite aghast at such an abnormous pair of Englishmen, but we faced them with calm indifference, as if we were quite convinced that all travellers arriving from Spain came in a similar disguise. But it appeared, from the curiosity we excited, that there was something singular about our get-up or get-down, for a crowd gathered to see us alight at the door.

The first thing, as I said before, was to rush to the post-office; the second, to fortify our disappointments with a light lunch of bread and (double Gloucester) cheese and beer; the third, to begin this letter to you. After writing an hour or so we sallied forth, when, with that aspiring energy which characterises the youth of Britain, we scaled the rock by its most rugged and steep ascent, which, scorning the idea of a guide, we of course hit upon with our usual felicity. After toiling up an interminable and dilapidated flight of steps, up the edge of a wall, we reached the signal station hot and breathless, giving vent to many palpitating maledictions on the oppressive sultriness of foreign *climes*. Here the fresh breeze blowing over the razor edge of the rock's backbone, freshened us up, and we looked over the dizzy precipice, which goes down like a wall on the other side to the rippling blue of the Mediterranean, 1300 feet beneath. "The stately ships sailed in and out of their haven under the hill," and in the excitement of the scene, with two seas and two continents within our horizon, the wandering spirit of the buccaneer of old came strong upon us, and we spake of selling our ponies and buying a shallop, of which H— (late midshipman R.N.) was to be captain, and I crew. In this we were to sail by Scylla and Charybdis to Carthage, and crossing northward, glide among the Ionian islands; then, coasting along the winding bays of Asia Minor, touch at Tyre and Sidon, put in at Joppa, and visit Jerusalem.

We descended to be in time for dinner; and learning that it would be dished at gun-fire, went out and waited upon the line wall to see the ceremony. The following sonnet, in the mild tourist style, will save description.

THE EVENING GUN.

Behind the cloudy cope of Algezir,
The sun upon the western heaven has spread
The glowing curtains of his golden bed—
Night's ebon steeds advancing in his rear,
With shadowy wings pursuing swift draw near;
While dark'ning vapours from their nostrils sped
Athwart the ridge come sailing overhead,
Where Calpe frowns deep-bastioned tier o'er tier.

Lo! from her brow a gush of bursting flame,
Whose hot sulphureous breath in silence roll'd,
Mixes among the fleeting vapours cold;—
Hark! the slow thunder breaks with dread acclaim;
And the hushed ocean trembles, being told
The proud supremacy of Albion's name.

At dinner all the people were talking about the new ministers. While we had been wandering among the mountains, thinking of nobody in the world less than Lord John and Lord Derby, there had occurred a pretty little political crisis. H—— is rather disgusted, because he has an hereditary confidence in the Whigs. I am apathetic about politics, but I am glad Disraeli is in office at last, for I both believe in him individually, and have a vague general impression that it is better for the country to be governed by men of genius; and I sincerely hope he may carry his cares and budgets lightly, and some day be prime minister, over the heads of all the stupid old dukes and pig-headed country squires of the land.

The sentry is crying "Past twelve o'clock!—All 's well!"— a striking English sound to ears accustomed to the "Ave Maria purissima!" chanted by *serenos* through thee choing labyrinth of Seville. H—— has been in bed some time, but he asked me to send you "his kindest regards, or something of that sort." So now, good bye; but remember, I am living from day to day on the hope of a letter; and if you have not written by the time you get this, let the knowledge that by that time I shall have been driven to do something desperate, stimulate your languid conscience into remorse when nothing else avails.

Awaiting my destiny, I remain in the interim,

Yours all but desperately.

Gibraltar.

Best and dearest, two of your precious letters have fallen on me at once, like twin flakes of blessed manna. One of them, which would have been here by my arrival, if it had travelled by sea, went round by France. I am vexed now that I sent you a *cross* letter to scold you, when you had been good and amiable; but it is the fate of distant correspondence to arrive always at the most inopportune time; and I am restrained from saying how delighted and grateful I am, for fear this should arrive at some period hereafter when you want scolding again. Never mind, it will be coals of fire. But, after all, I may as well leave you to imagine, or refer you to some suitable scene in some standard novelist for "the eager eye—the trembling hand—the fluttering heart, &c." with which I "tore open, &c." and "devoured," &c.

I am sorry "that horrid Mr. D——, at the E—— ball, bored you to death trying to be amiable;" and then, because you made him one of your saucy speeches, as I have no doubt you did, though you leave it to be understood, that he "bored you still more with impertinent inquiries" about me. Do you know, it is reported by that benevolent section of the world which devotes itself to the arrangement of other people's affairs, that I proposed to you last August, and being refused, fled to a distant clime. That my real complaint is a broken heart, and that I am trying to smelt the pieces together again in the heat of a southern sun; as if hearts were made of red sealing-wax. And, so you don't quite know what to make of that horrid fourth letter about the slain man. You can't think how I can talk so coolly of such a dreadful thing, nor how H—— can have eaten and drunk, and been merry, instead of being haunted day and night by a ghost in the *majo** costume, clanking a great mass of silver filigree buttons and tags.

In the first place, you know I am very hard-hearted; and as to H——, who is naturally of a less iron disposition, he has been so inured to slaying barbarians in the Chinese war, and elsewhere on his various expeditions all over the world, that he has got used to it; and kills a brigand as you would kill a wasp, if you felt sure there was no alternative between doing so and being stung.

Then why did we not go back to Seville, where we were known, and inform the authorities that, in self-defence, we had killed a man?

Why simply because in this slovenly country a process would probably have been instituted in all the slovenly and dilatory pomposity of a Spanish law-court, and we should have been kept from our expedition till all Spain was an oven.

Lastly, you are struck with a bright idea, "that it is really almost too horrid to be true, and that you had rather believe it was only one of my stories, such as I used to frighten your little cousins with." If you prefer it, that course is open to you. Then you relapse from this bright idea, and are dreadfully afraid we are already caught by the authorities and languishing in some provincial dungeon, instead of moving on to Gibraltar to receive your letter. And, lastly, you enjoin us to take great care of ourselves, and to mind not to shoot any more people for the future, which, if we are languishing in the above dungeon, seems eminently serviceable advice. Now I have got news from you I have agreed to go over the straits to Africa, which, by the way, though H—— has been daily talking of it, we couldn't safely have done yet, for there has been a most tremendous storm raging ever since we arrived almost. A great man of war has run aground in the harbour, and all the shores are strewed with wrecks.

Since writing the above we have been down to the "water-gate," and arranged to go over to-morrow morning if the wind abates, which there is some hope of, as the evening is rather finer. The captain says his vessel will be laden with corn and Jews — a curious cargo. We have done and seen nothing worth mentioning here in the last three or four days, because of the foul weather. We have sat at our window sketching the strange figures of Jews and Pagans standing on the line wall, apparently anxious for the arrival of expected crafts, perhaps sunk in the tempest. They are usually very restless and difficult to draw. There is one funny old Turk in particular, who amuses us the most, a crooked old figure in a large white turban and blue *boornoos*, who goes flapping about in his wet yellow slippers, peeping anxiously through a large pair of spectacles under a huge green umbrella. I must finish this short letter, so as to be ready for the post in case we set sail to-morrow. I will write you a longer one from Africa.—Yours, etc.

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* The Majo is the Andalusian dandy, derived from majar (to be resplendent), an Arabic word.—*Ford's Handbook*.

Africa.

I think my Mabel will allow that there is a solemn grandeur of simplicity in this date—an assumption of continental completeness; as if, by the first step on shore, one had put one's foot into the whole boot of Africa. You would have laughed if you had seen us come on shore. A quantity of yelling savages, above their knees in the surf, hardly waited for the keel to cleave the sand, before they plunged upon us like schoolboys over a handful of nuts, and carried us off after a severe scramble. The three or four who set me down on the sand immediately became vociferous for *bakshish*. To keep them a little at bay till I could get out a small bit of silver, it occurred to me to twirl rapidly round, clearing a circle in the press with the heavy swing of my cloak held by the collar.

But I have begun in the middle, and ought first to have told you how we got across the Straits. The wind had gradually fallen in the night, and at breakfast a message came from the captain that he was only waiting for us. The felucca which we were to sail in seemed very deep laden. Arriving aboard, the captain asked us if we had our bills of health, which we had not.

"Then you will have to go back," said he, "otherwise you will not be able to go ashore at Tangier." He sent his mate back with us.

The old Moorish merchant, who was in a tremendous stickle to get his wheat to the market at Tangier, and who had probably been already using disrespectful language towards our great-grandmothers for their somewhat remote instrumentality in keeping the vessel waiting, now finding that something was forgotten, and that still further delay was about to take place, grew quite pale with fury, and began to scream and gesticulate in the most frantic manner, wringing his hands and tearing his turban, so that he had to be held by the sailors to prevent him from doing something desperate.

The stout old Cerberus guarding the portals of the Bill of Health Office on the quay, told us in Spanish to wait. With a great burst of indignant breath I cried, "Porqué?" (why?)

"Porqué! because his worship, the Commissioner, is engaged."

"Engaged? What is that to us? let him engage himself without delay in making out our bill of health. Engaged, forsooth! when very principal caballeros have their vessel waiting with a fair wind for Africa!"

All this bluster did not move him in the least, but the mate bethought himself of a remark which we should never have hit on.

"These are English gentlemen," said he; and this simple truism had the most electrical effect on the old Gibraltese porter, who, by our dresses, had taken us for Spaniards. Up he jumped, with, "Beg pardon, gentlemen," and showed us in—where the old clerk, who must have heard all that passed at his door, looked rather ashamed of himself—and we had what we came for in a jiffy. He made a job of us nevertheless, making us out two separate bills where one would have done for a whole ship's company, as ours, in fact, *did*. This accounted to us for the seemingly inexplicable patience with which the captain waited for us, though we had made a bargain to go very cheap. He had no other bill of health on board, and without us could not have landed. On our re-arrival on board, as all our small change had been expended on the bills of health, the old Moor, in his anxiety, gave us money to pay the boatmen, and the felucca was under sail in less than two minutes, tumbling heavily along over the rolling seas which the late storms had left behind. From the angle of Algeciras we steered towards the Gibel Moosa (Mountain of Moses), the other Pillar of Hercules, and a much larger one than Calpe, being nearly six thousand precipitous feet above the beach. A fine rugged pile of dark rock frowning like an Æthiop giant, a vast continent's worthy sentinel, with a fillet of white cloud drawn athwart his swarthy brow.

On board, besides the corn-merchant, there were two other Moors, younger men, whom we took to be his sons, and about thirty Jews of all ages. They seemed to be in a state of exuberant hilarity on their approaching return to their native country. They were now crowding round the purser of the vessel, a Hebrew also, who had in his hand a roll written in the cursive Hebrew character, seeming to be a list of names, with sums in dollars and reals opposite each. Set on the closed hatchway, which served as his *comptoir*, was an open money-bag, from which he was disbursing small sums to a group with greedy eyes and hooked, avaricious fingers outstretched for their share. So eager and clamorous were his customers, that one of the sailors had to be stationed near with a rope's end to keep them a little in order.

It appeared, on inquiry, that they were a party of beggars brought over on speculation by the purser to exercise their calling on the British sympathies and pockets in Gibraltar. He had kept their purse, and was now distributing the proceeds of their respective earnings, after deducting their passage and keep on the Rock, with no doubt a moderate per-centage to remunerate himself for the risk and trouble of the undertaking. The man's hypocritical, smooth, oily face, with twinkling sharp grey eyes under a sloping wicked cast of brow, would have made a good study for a Judas; whom I imagine always as a smiling, plausible rogue, not the scowling, perspicuous traitor he is usually represented.

Among the others, too, there was a great number of picturesque heads, with a great variety of beards, but the nobly cut features were generally disfigured by a mean, servile expression. Our sketch-books were brought out of the faithful alforjas which still accompanied us, but the Israelites seemed to entertain a strong objection to having their likeness, which they considered as a part of themselves, taken from them. The victim usually covered up his head in the cowl of his *jillabia* (a sort of grey striped, coarse woollen shirt, with a peaked and tasselled hood) and it was only from stolen glances, when his curiosity to see what was going on overcame his horror of being drawn, that we could gather a few faint resemblances. These, however, were immediately recognized as exact portraits by the bystanders, who, as long as they were not pitched upon themselves, were much amused and delighted.

The sketch-books were soon shut up by a sharp showers and all the company huddled together under bits of tarpauling and bits of board, which four or five would prop on the tops of their heads. The Moor and his family crept into some empty cases in which they had probably brought merchandise to Gibraltar. We, in the stern, were tolerably protected by the three-cornered mizen-sail. A little Hebrew boy, who crept for shelter nearer to me than the purser's ideas of etiquette approved, was commanded to "quitar se d'arriba del Cristiano" (to remove himself from above the Christian) which rather struck my fancy, it having never occurred to me before to be so specially designated by my faith.

When the shower was over and the accounts of the mendicity scheme settled, I asked Judas Iscariot to let me look at the list, and to explain the alphabet to me. I wrote out a few of the first lines of Genesis, and got him to write it in the cursive character. The two young Moors, seeing a writing lesson going on, came to look, whereupon I changed my pencil, and ran off in one of my favourite quotations from the Koran; whereupon the infidels began to exclaim, and we at once fraternized on the strength of a mutual, though probably, on both sides, a very slight acquaintance with the writings of Mahomet. We entered into a sort of heterogeneous conversation, mingling for its elements the little they knew of Spanish with the little I knew of Arabic. One of them, who proved to be a barber, had a talent for drawing, and illustrated his discourse on the beauty and magnificence of Tangier, with a sketch of the mosque tower. He drew quite in a medieval style, with broad black lines. At the top of his tower was a turbaned Muezzin with a speaking-trumpet, which, if he had dropped it perpendicularly from the mouth-piece, would have touched the ground. Still higher, was a tremendous square stiff flag with a crescent in the middle, drawn with a gigantic minuteness of attention to the rings, and pulleys, and cords which were to hoist it on the staff. Beside it, in the same style, he drew a fort with bomb-shells flying in all directions.

On approaching Tangier the hilarity of the Jews, which had been damped by the shower, revived in such force that the functionary of the rope's end thought it necessary to admonish them playfully over their heads and shoulders. They all received his chastisements with a cringing humility except one, whom the Christian bully evidently held in respect. This was a young man, the most uproarious of the party, but his figure was a model for a young Samson in all the pride of his strength. Such a brawny breadth of back and shoulders, depth of chest, and massive mould of sinewy limbs. The consciousness of superior power gave him both dignity and impudence. The sailor who was bullying the rest seemed ashamed to spare the worst offender altogether, and occasionally gave him a mild flick, whereupon he would lay hold of him and turn him about like a child, and laugh, showing a wide mouthful of teeth set in all directions, like chevaux de frise. His whole countenance was equally hideous, but there was a broad, bestial good-humour and boldness and wealth of animal spirits in the expression, which clothed the whole man, taken together, with a sort of ugly beauty and coarse nobility, difficult to describe. He had offered to carry us ashore. He set his services at a *peseta*, about elevenpence, which we rejected with scorn. He immediately went off in an extempore Gitanesque style of song in the indifferent Spanish, which is the habitual language of the Tangier Jews.

SAMSON'S SONG.

As our vessel cut the billows,
Coming into Tangier bay,
To the haughty, rich Inglese,
Thus I spoke, and this did say.

"See the surf is white and frothy,
Lashed upon the yellow sand—
I am poor, and wear no small-clothes,
I will bear my lord to land."

"If you bear me through the water,
What 's your price—the smallest sum?"
For Inglese loves to bargain,
And the gold sticks to his thumb.

"I demand but one peseta,
One peseta and no more."
"Dog!" he cried "thou shalt not cheat me,
Sooner will I wade ashore."

This impromptu, delivered in a rough sonorous voice, with much spirit and humour, in a lively trochaic (I beg your pardon for a hard word, I mean trundling) metre, was received with laughter and applause.

The town of Tangier stands on a slope within the western horn of the bay. On the horn is a ruinous old fortress, up to which the town rises in a flight of flat-topped houses, with here and there a few towers and minarets; it is in fact like any ordinary picture of an Eastern city.

When we emerged from the skirmish on the beach we were still followed by a stately old Moor, with a clean white turban, who seemed in a tranquil manner to have made up his mind that we were now become part of his private property. He talked a peculiar Spanish.

"Señora Inglesa tengo fonda aqui riba." (An English lady has an hotel up here.)

"Oh, that 's it," said H——. "He belongs to Miss Duncan's hotel, that 's all right."

"Yez, gen-men, me Mohammed, all right, belongy to Miss Duncan Hotel. Tought gen-men was Spanis; me talk Inglis same as Spanis. Zat mosky musleman jurje," said he, as we passed the arched doorway of the mosque, and saw turbaned figures kneeling here and there within.

We followed him up the main street to the market-place, the inhabitants staring at us out of their pigeon-hole shops. At last, through narrow, dirty, winding streets, we reached the hotel and slammed the door in the face of a train of infidel ragamuffins, who were following us for bakshish. The house, a curious old Moorish dwelling, is fitted up with English comfort and furniture. At dinner we were waited on by the majestic Hamed and a meek Jew, Moses, whose shambling gait and down-cast look, formed a contrast to the imperial port and solemn strut of the picturesque old Pasha. Moses, however, was practically far the more serviceable man of the two.

Since dinner I have been writing.

PORT WINE AND PORT WINE-DRINKERS.

Wine which maketh glad the heart of man.—*Psalmist.*

Fill up a bumper of good, rich, generous wine—hold it to the light, and admire the bright ruby tint—see the delicate, gauzy, and almost imperceptible bees-wing floating up and down it like a gossamer in the calm air of a summer's day—approach it to your nostrils and inhale the deliciously fragrant aroma—lower it slowly and reverently to your lips, take one good sip, neither too small nor too copious a one, and let the exquisite liquor flow gently and smoothly over your tongue and palate, and glide in a warm and exhilarating stream down your accommodating œsophagus. It is gone—aye, but not its influence, not its diviner part—not its soul—its "farewell flavour," as it was once happily termed by a poetically disposed wine-merchant. That same "farewell flavour" still lingers on your palate and is more perfect, more delicious, more delicate, than when the juice of the grape itself was on your tongue. You have drunk a splendid glass of rare old port—be thankful for it! And now let us see where it came from, and trace its history from its embryo condition in the grape to its final perfection in the well-crusted black bottle.

Port-wine is the name given to all the wine shipped from Oporto in Portugal; but the country itself produces an immense variety of wines, many of them strongly assimilating to Burgundy and claret, very unlike what we are accustomed to as port, and, indeed, entirely unknown in this country. The only other wines of Portugal known to us here, are Figueira, Bucellas, and Lisbon; while those which cross the Bar of the Douro have no other name for us than port.

Nearly two centuries ago port wines were first introduced into this country; and the character of those wines resembled that of Burgundy or claret. They were grown on the banks of the Douro, but in the lower part below the river Corgo (which flows into the Douro) towards the sea. This river Corgo now serves as the boundary line, separating the original, or lower, district from the augmented district of the present day. The wines of the lower district were those known originally as port wine, and are still lightly brandied. The district has gradually increased, and now extends to nearly eight leagues. The character of the wine in the *original* district is the same as it used to be; but according to the prevailing law, that no port wine shall be allowed to be exported to Great Britain that does not possess certain qualities, which cannot be derived from the grape itself, as a matter of course, all the beautiful, elegant, exhilarating wine of the ancient district, or Lower Corgo, are placed in the second, or sometimes the third quality. The result, therefore, is that as the law of Portugal distinctly declares that wines for England, called first quality, shall have immense colour, great body, and great richness, to enable them to serve for blending with other red wines of other countries, so the greater part of the upper district is now planted with the class of vine to produce, as far as possible, that which is required by law.

The Portuguese wine-farmer is free to cultivate his ground without any restriction whatever; the merchant may purchase his grapes, and make the wines according to the quality and character he may consider requisite for his business; but no sooner are the wines housed, no sooner has the farmer to feel grateful for an abundant harvest, than the Wine Company's tasters flock up to the Alto Douro in a shoal, pounce down upon his property, sample every one of his vats, mark and number these samples; and then the tasters are congregated in a large room, where smoking and other little amusements of the kind are tolerated, if not permitted, and here, one after the other, the samples are submitted to the judgments of these men, many of whom have no knowledge whatever of wine, much less of wine five or six weeks old. There is a mixture called Jeropiga, which is an adulteration used for bringing up the character of ports: this is tasted indiscriminately with the various delicate varieties of wine we have alluded to, and then the worthy tasters set to work to select four qualities of wine (and four *only* as directed by law) out of all they have tasted. The first quality, which ought to be the best, for Europe; the second, for ports out of Europe; the third, for consumption at home, and the fourth, refuse for distillation.

We have spoken of Jeropiga—let us explain what it is. Jeropiga is composed of two-thirds must, or grape-juice, and one-third spirit—that is, brandy distilled from port wine, and which brandy is about 20 per cent. above British proof; then sweetening matter in every variety and elder-berry is added, for the purpose of colouring it and giving it a body. This judicious mixture is principally employed to gratify the taste of our Transatlantic cousins, as it makes capital negus, requires only the addition of boiling water, and no sugar, has plenty of body and colour, and so goes a long way. It is often used for adulterating the lower class of ports sent to England, but America is the only country that receives it "neat," and delights in the "genuine article."

Now imagine, good reader—*figurez-vous*, as the French would say—picture to yourself half-a-dozen coarse brutes with palates as dull as those of a night-cabman naturally, sitting down and imbibing this delectable compound, and afterwards, or at the same time, tasting a score or two of the most racy and delicate wines, and then deciding on their merits, and settling which is the first quality, or, rather, the especial quality suited to the taste of your worthy self—John Bull! Is it not disgusting? is it not horrifying? But, you will say, how comes it that, after all, we don't get such very bad stuff sent us—or, at least, that we get some very good stuff too, such as we endeavoured faintly to describe in the outset of these our labours. We will show you as we proceed.

The tasters divide the wines into four qualities. The first must have *para si e paradar*, or *para beneficiar outros*—that is to say, qualities more than enough for themselves (viz., body, flavour, colour, and richness to spare) for the purpose of doctoring other wines—such are the words of the law or regulation. A regulation made by the Oporto Wine Company, and sanctioned by the Portuguese Government, which kindly imagines that port wines are not known or drunk at all in England *as* port wines, but are really used simply for making artificial ones.

The second quality is designated as wine *que tem para si, só;* that is, it must be a beautiful, pure, simple, unloaded wine: but as it will not serve for a "doctor," or for cutting or blending with other wines, it is neither allowed to be shipped here nor to any port of Europe.

The third quality is a simple light wine, *que nem para si tem*, that is, not enough for itself, with little body and colour, but admirably adapted for table drinking, off-draught, and might be shipped with very little brandy added at a cheap rate. This wine is the only wine used to any extent in Portugal itself, from royalty to the peasant. Indeed, it is kept entirely for home consumption, and no other country in the world is allowed to taste this beautiful, racy, exhilarating, health-inspiring wine.

The fourth quality is termed *refugo*, or refuse, and is generally set aside for the purpose of distillation.

From these classifications, it is evident that no pure wine is allowed to be exported to this country, or, indeed, to any country of Europe. It follows that the Oporto exporters, being most of them men of character and honour, and many of them our own countrymen, are compelled to evade the law by a process something very like smuggling, or else to deal in abominations and adulterations. They choose the former as the lesser evil, and they accomplish it thus :—

Bilhettes, or permissions to export, are granted by the Portuguese Wine Company; they are limited in number, and they confine their permission to the particular class of wine above described as "first quality." These bilhettes are granted to the farmer in qualification of his wine. A merchant, desirous of exporting wine to England, purchases one of these bilhettes from the farmer for a stipulated sum—say *3l.*: he then substitutes the beautiful wine manufactured by himself in place of the miscalled "first quality," brings down the wine to Oporto, and then has no difficulty in shipping it to England. By this little juggling process, we are enabled to taste good, fine, healthful port, instead of the muddled, heady, black, sweet stuff, which the Portuguese Government choose kindly to think best suited to our tastes.

After all, however, our supplies, whether of good or bad port, are limited by the arbitrary regulations of the Portuguese Wine Company. For instance, in 1851, there were 94,123 pipes of all sorts submitted to the tasters. Of those the tasters classified as "first quality" 41,403 pipes, when, in order to raise the price of the wines, and to keep down deposits, the government decreed that only 20,000 pipes (less than half) should be exported to ports in Europe. So that the sapient government of Portugal first chooses our wine for us, and then limits its supply.

There is a great variety of grapes grown in the wine-districts of Portugal. Some are a light and delicate grape naturally producing light and delicate wines. These wines we have alluded to as produced in the district of the Lower Corgo. In the upper country, or above that district, the soil is exceedingly different: the aspect also changes; there is but little depth of soil—consequently the wines of that district superabound in saccharine, and are deficient in water; the result being that such wines, when judiciously selected, well made, and fermented as far as possible (where no radical defect exists in the grapes), are of full body, high flavour, and very deep colour, but certainly not black nor strong, although possessing a quantity of alcohol generated from the saccharine naturally existing in the grape. These, from their exposure and the nature of the cast, as it is termed, of the grapes, vary in character from the wine deep in colour as well as in astringency, but without much flavour, into a wine full in flavour as well as deep in colour and full of body. These wines have latterly and truly been considered as the type of the first quality; but as the Portuguese law distinctly states that they must have qualities more than nature will allow them to possess—hence it is that those adulterations are resorted to, to produce in them what nature has denied them.

These very fine wines, therefore, are made by speculators, or parties anxious in Portugal to make their fortunes by speculating in bilhettes. A man says thus:—"I will expend 1*l.* in elder-berry, and thus produce in my wine the colour the law requires for the first quality. I shall then get my bilhette—that is worth 3*l.*—so that I shall gain 2*l.* by it." From this system the exporting merchants (and principally the British merchants), disgusted at the abuses and the manner in which they are carried out, have in self-defence been compelled to purchase grapes themselves, to lease farms, and even to purchase estates, and endeavour as much as possible to get the grapes into their own hands, so that they know they can supply the British consumer with pure wine. This system is now practised to a great extent, and it is quite a rare circumstance for a British house to confine their purchases direct from the farmer; most of them finding it essentially necessary to prevent sacrificing their credit as men of honour, and shipping an adulterated wine, go at once to the farmer and purchase his grapes. The qualities we have alluded to have reference to the grapes alone.

Colour from the grape may be extracted to a great extent, according to the manipulation of the wine-colouring matter existing in the *husk* and not in the juice; and if the wine be perfectly fermented, as a matter of course decomposition of the husk takes place with the juice of the grape, and the whole fermenting in a mass the colouring matter is extracted. From the character of the grape in the upper country where the cultivation of the vine is carried on to a great extent, and at an enormous expense, and the highest priced wines in consequence of that expense are produced, there is no necessity for additional colouring matter if this simple system of fermentation be carried out in perfection; but in order to produce the other two qualities—namely, the strength and sweetness—the fermentation is very frequently checked, by which the wine is not properly attenuated, the saccharine is not converted into its proper alcohol, and the residue of this unconverted saccharine remains suspended in the imperfect wine; and hence to prevent a reaction when the deposit takes place, brandy must be thrown into it, as well as to give it the strength and body required by law. If any further colouring matter be absolutely requisite for the speculator, the elder-berry is the only dye made use of, and costs an enormous sum of money. Thus the sweetness arises from checked fermentation; the strength from the addition of spirit; and the colouring, if insufficient from the grape husk, from elder-berries.

The different varieties of port wine contain different proportions of brandy or alcohol. The least proportion imported into this country is about three gallons of brandy in a pipe of 115 gallons; the heavy rich wine containing about sixteen or seventeen gallons of brandy in the pipe. Yet it seems that this addition of brandy is not absolutely necessary for the preservation of the wine, but is the consequence of a vitiated taste in this country for strong wine. At all events, the taste is not so vitiated as the Portuguese Government would suppose. We don't like black, sweet, heavy wines. Who does not prefer a rich ruby colour, to the black-looking stuff that seems to sleep in the bottle, and when aroused tries to go to sleep again? Who does not prefer fruitiness, without lusciousness, and enticing *bouquet* and a sort of freshness or exhilarating lightness, and clearness of flavour, to the sweetness and heaviness of the stuff our worthy caterers would send us? We never see a bottle of "heavy black" port, without regarding it as a kind of black-draught made for the propagation of gout and apoplexy.

It is rather amusing to trace what was the origin of this Oporto Wine Company, which decides on the British taste for port, and fixes it at a standard which is the main incitement to adulteration. The company was positively established to *prevent* adulteration! Its history is briefly this:—In the year 1754, 1755, and 1756, such was the depression in the port wine trade at Oporto, that previous to those years—for example in 1753—when 21,107 pipes were exported, in the last three mentioned years only 12,500 were exported. This gave rise to the establishment of the "Companhia da Agricultura das Vinhas da Alto Douro" (Company for the Agriculture of the Vineyards of the Alto Douro), under the Marquis of Pombal, with a monopoly of the trade secured to them by government. The pretext was that adulterations had crept in, and that, therefore, this company should be established in order to preserve the pure character of port wines. Then there was a law, rendering it a crime, which subjected the delinquent, on being convicted of making use of elderberry, or adulterations of any kind, or mixture of any kind in the wines, to transportation to the colonies for life. This continued for seventy-seven years, and during that time—viz., up to 1833—there was very little adulteration known in port wines. In 1820, however, adulterations began, and were carried on to a limited extent until the abolition of the Wine Company in 1833 by Don Pedro.

Amongst other laws which this old wine company procured to be enacted, was one rendering it a felony and punishable by transportation for life, with confiscation of goods, if a single elder-tree should be found on the premises, or within five miles of the boundary line of the wine district. This law was repealed when the old company was abolished in 1833. Since then great quantities of elder-trees have been planted by the wine-growers.

The old company was abolished, and an enormous quantity of their property was destroyed by the great fire of Oporto. Thereupon their creditors petitioned government to pay the company's debts, which the government was not disposed to do; but effected a compromise by establishing a new company on the same basis as the old one in 1843, and allowing them half of the result of the revenue derived from the exportation of port wines.

The new company has nearly the same powers as the old one, except that it is unsupported by the law against elder-trees, and the most obnoxious of its powers is that of limiting the exportations; as, for instance, in 1848, when 111,349 pipes were produced in the country, and only 7,000 were allowed by the company to be exported, thus creating an artificial price, to the great loss of John Bull.

Port wine forms about 40 per cent. of all the wine annually consumed in Great Britain! And yet it is found to be gradually decreasing. It is certainly made as expensive as possible by the duties imposed both on its importation here and its exportation from Portugal, and also by the absurd regulations and limitations made in the latter country. A pipe of port wine exported to England pays 6*l.* duty to the Portuguese Government; the same quantity exported to America, Australia, &c., pays only 6*d.* The duty imposed on it by the English Government amounts to

33*l.* per pipe, which is at the rate of more than 300 per cent. on the value of some of it, and more than cent. per cent. on the highest priced. How delightful to live in a highly-taxed country! The writer has drunk in a distant English colony, better port wine at 21*s.* a dozen, than he could procure here for 48*s.* or 50*s.*, though, in the former case, it had travelled at least ten times the distance from the place of its manufacture.

The cost of the wine in Portugal varies with the quality and the vintage. It may be purchased for 7*l.* a pipe, and it frequently fetches 20*l.* or 25*l.* The year 1820 was an extraordinary vintage, one that effected a revolution in the public taste for port wine. In that year the grapes produced a magnificent wine, full of flavour, body, and colour; one of those vintages, which fully carried out the generally misapplied expression of the law, *que tem para si, e para beneficiar outros.* Subsequently, every one who had tasted the wines of that vintage, naturally wished to obtain some of a similar quality; and wines of similar quality (naturally or artificially produced) had to be procured. This caused a great portion of the new, or Upper Corgo, district to be planted with vines producing similar qualities of wine to the vintage of 1820. Last year, 1851, was a vintage equally remarkable; but of course its effects are not yet felt. Should you chance to know, good reader, a man who has still some 1820 port in his cellar, never refuse an invitation to dine with him. As a contrast to it we will give you the ingredients of some port wine, which most of us have doubtless tasted at some time or other, when scarcity of "Australian staple" in our pockets, or any other cause, has taken us to a cheap tavern or hotel, and we have ventured on the gross absurdity of ordering a "pint of port." Here they are:—

"Twelve gallons of strong port (veritable), 6 of rectified spirit, 3 of cognac brandy, 42 of fine rough cider, elder-berry or logwood *ad libitum*, according to the colour required, and the whole put in a well-sulphured cask."

Take another specimen:—

"Forty-five gallons of cider, 6 of brandy, 8 of port wine, 2 gallons of sloes, stewed in 2 gallons of water, and the liquor pressed off. If the colour is not good, add tincture of red sanders or cudbear. Bottle it, and a teaspoonful of powder of catechu being added to each, a fine crusted appearance on the bottles will soon follow."

Such are two of the recipes of the "Victuallers' Guide," a little book which you may buy in London without much trouble, if you are curious in such matters. By the bye, soaking the ends of the corks in a decoction of Brazil wood must not be forgotten, and then you will have "fine old crusted port at 18*s.* a dozen."

No doubt the reader will imagine, that any good judge of wine (and is there an Englishman who does *not* consider himself a good judge of wine or horses?) would detect adulteration to any extent. And yet the Prince Regent, whose taste was tolerably keen in such things, was grossly deceived. He had a small quantity of magnificent old port in the cellars of Carlton House; he valued it highly, and so did his household, for they drank it all. On one occasion the Prince, being about to entertain some choice friends at dinner, ordered that some of this particular port should be served. Great was the consternation in the household, when the appalling fact was discovered that only two bottles remained! What was to be done? The Prince was a man of good palate; it would be useless to bring him some from another bin, and swear that it was the wine he ordered. The butler was in despair; till at length he decided, as a last chance, to go to a merchant in the city, state his dilemma, and seek his advice.

He found the man he sought.

"How many bottles do you say there are yet remaining of the wine?" asked the merchant.

"Two," was the reply.

"Send me one of them immediately. Say the day for which the wine is required. I will imitate it, and no one will discover the difference.

In gratitude and joy the butler returned to Carlton House, and did as the merchant desired.

The dinner-party took place. The "particular old port" was called for and produced (at least its imitation). The royal host and his guests sipped it and praised it, and were delighted. So was the butler, who saw himself extricated from a dilemma which threatened to be serious.

Time passed on; and at another dinner party his Royal Highness called for some more of this "particular old port." The butler was in dismay again; but recovered when he recollected that he had still several bottles of the imitation left. He produced it. The royal host and his guests again sipped it; but no sooner had it passed their lips than they sputtered and spat, and seemed to have tasted filth. And so they had: the "imitation" was worthless now that it had been kept; it was good only for the day on which it was ordered. The trick was discovered, and great was the royal wrath; though it may be doubted whether the annoyance of finding his palate so much at fault on the first occasion was not even greater than that of being robbed of his "particular old port."

The great favour shown in England for port wine, and the high price of it, naturally causes it to be adulterated in a variety of ways. A great number of substitutes for it have been tried, but none with much success when sold in their own name. Most of them, however, have passed very well when called port, and perhaps mixed with the veritable wine of that name. The South of France produces a great variety of wines that might be mistaken for port by any but the best and keenest of judges. Roussillon wines are of that class and character, and so are the Benecarlo.

With regard to the former, a great attempt has been made to substitute Masdeu for port, calling the former legitimately by its own name, and selling it at its own natural price. As to its success there are many opinions. Some say it is to be obtained equal to the finest port; others pooh-pooh! its pretensions. One anecdote, however, is much to the point.

A gentleman in the wine-trade went to Port Vendres, which is the port for shipping Masdeu wine — on business. On arriving there he found very extensive warehouses, though the place itself seemed outlandish and deserted, and contained not more than about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. This struck him as remarkable; and he inquired why all these warehouses were erected, and he was told that they were built by the present proprietor's father. The present proprietor is now in his eighty-fourth or eighty-fifth year. He still inquired for what purpose the father had built them, and was informed that he had done so in connection with an Englishman, a Mr. Ireland. The traveller had never heard of Mr. Ireland; but upon inquiry he was told that Mr. Ireland and Monsieur Duran's father had had large transactions together in wine, and that Mr. Ireland had stated, that he wanted it for the supply of the troops and the navy. The traveller asked if it was fine old wine he had wanted, or such wine as is usually supplied to the troops and the navy. He was told that it was fine old wine.

The traveller returned to this country, and went to a very old gentleman whom he knew in the wine trade, and asked him if he remembered anything of a Mr. Ireland. The old gentleman recollected him very well. He had commenced life in Bristol, in a very obscure position, and had died one of the richest men in it. "What course of trade did he follow?" "He was an importer of red wines." "Of port wines?" "Port wines!" "What reputation had his wines in the market?" "They were of the very highest class." And yet, strange to say, the old gentleman could not tell why, but the house had suddenly suspended its operations at one particular period. The traveller supplied the missing link; he *could* tell why the house of Ireland and Co. could sell no more first-class port wines. It was that the first French revolution had then broken out, and cut off his supply of Roussillon wines!

Notwithstanding this powerful testimony in its favour, we cannot say that Masdeu, as such, has come greatly into notice or estimation. The importers of it say that this has arisen from the circumstance of immense quantities of very inferior wine being imported and sold under its name.

At the time when Don Miguel and Don Pedro were contesting the supremacy of Portugal, an importer of Masdeu wine suggested to the gentleman who then had the management of the Oporto Wine Company's affairs in this country, that in the event of Don Pedro's success the company's monopoly would cease; and that therefore it might be for the advantage of their mercantile establishment here, rather to adopt the wines of France and continue their trade, than lose the valuable connexion they had formed. For that object he sent them in a cask of Masdeu to be examined. It was racked into a fresh-emptied cask, bearing the brand of "T × C."—one of the highest and best. A neighbouring merchant shortly after applied to purchase a cask of that particular mark, knowing that the Oporto house had several at the time in their cellars. By mistake the cellarman drew from the particular cask containing the French (Masdeu) wine, and exhibited it as the finest wine of Portugal. It was tasted, and at once bought at eighty guineas per pipe, cash, without discount.

In 1835 Masdeu was first prominently introduced into this country through an advertisement of one of the most respectable London houses. In 1836 and 1837 such was the progress which the trade had made that the importations of one house alone equalled the whole of the other wines derived from France. This naturally attracted the attention of other houses, and fictitious wines were introduced and sold largely for the purpose of supplanting Masdeu. They did so, and being of an inferior quality, they got it a bad name in the market. Be it observed, the vineyard of Masdeu itself can produce only about 700 pipes a year; but there are vineyards in its neighbourhood capable of producing an almost illimitable supply, and of a quality nearly or quite as good.

In November, 1849, a London wine-merchant had an associated dinner of twenty brothers in the trade. He thought it would be a fair opportunity to test the relative merits of the wines of France and Portugal. Therefore he put two bottles of Masdeu on the table after dinner, and two bottles of the best port his cellar could afford. Every gentleman at table, without exception, pushed away the port and drank the Masdeu.

Port wine appears first to have been introduced into England about the end of the seventeenth century. In a "Farewell to Wine," published in 1693, occur the following lines:—

> "Some claret, boy!"
> "Claret, sir!—Lord, there 's none!—
> Claret, sir, why, there 's not a drop in town:
> But we 've the best red port."
> "What 's that you call
> Red port?"
> "A wine, sir, comes from Portugal,—
> I 'll fetch a pint."

In 1686 a gentleman in Devonshire writing to his friend in London, says: "If you come down here and see me, I will give you some of that thick stuff called port wine:" adding, "I cannot come to London to drink bowls of claret; I wish I could."

The English people, however, don't seem to have taken to port with very great gusto at first. The poet Prior, who died in 1720, makes frequent uncomplimentary allusions to it:—

> Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
> Might drink thick port.—*Alma*, 1st Canto.

Again:—

> Or in a cottage or a court,
> Drink fine champagne or muddled port.—*Alma*, 3rd Canto.

And again, in another place, describing a young squire coming to London, and the events of his life, he says:—

> ——— Or, if he chance to meet
> With folks that have more wealth than wit,
> He drinks cheap port, or double bub,
> And then he joins the Hum-drum Club.—*Chameleon.*

We have referred to the home-manufacture of abominations sold under the name of port wine. Let us now give a specimen of the sort of mixtures that are made of the wines of different countries, cheaper than port itself, with some of the genuine wine, in order to form a compound which can be sold at greater profit than the wine it professes to be.

Two pipes of Beni Carlos, 230 imperial gallons at 38*l.* per pipe, cost 76*l.*; two pipes of figueiras, 230 gallons at 45*l.* per 115 imperial gallons, cost 90*l.*; one and a half pipes of red cape, 137 imperial gallons at 32*l.* per 91 imperial gallons, cost 48*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; one and a half pipes of stout good port, 165 imperial gallons at 76*l.* per 115 imperial gallons, cost 109*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.*; one pipe of common port, 115 gallons at 63*l.*, cost 63*l.*; mountain wine, 20 imperial gallons at 60*l.* per 105 imperial gallons, cost 11*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*; brandy-cowe, that is washings of brandy casks, 20 imperial gallons, colouring 3 imperial gallons, probably of elder-berry, cost 3*s.* 1*d.*, et ceteras, two and a half pounds of salt of tartar, and three pounds of gum-dragon, cost 4*s.*; extra allowance for loss by bottoms, 3*l.* Total, 8 pipes of port, 115 gallons each pipe, 920 imperial gallons, 401*l.*

By this ingenious mixture a wine merchant is enabled to turn out a pipe of "port" for just 50*l.*, and he can sell it for 80*l.*

An industrious and inventive genius, named Blumenthall, once hit upon a novel plan of "raising the wind," thus:—he made some compound having the colour of port wine, filled it into casks and bonded it. He then borrowed 30*l.* on each cask (being under the duty). He was unfortunate enough to be detected by some defrauded money-lender, and, we believe, that he sailed to Botany Bay at the government expense,

"Leaving his country for his country 's good."

The question suggests itself to our very untradesmen-like mind, how far there is any moral difference between the offence of Mr. Blumenthall and that of the respectable wine merchants who sell to the unsuspicious, as genuine first-class port, the mixture we have just chronicled?

The consumption of port wine has been decreasing of late. There is no doubt about the fact, though a variety of reasons are suggested. Some impute it to the income-tax; some to the repeal of the corn-laws and the consequent diminution of the incomes of landed proprietors; some to the growing taste for French wines; and some, on the contrary, believe that though less real port is consumed than formerly, the quantity of wine drunk *as* port has not diminished, but that adulterations have been more frequent and a larger quantity of French and red Sicilian wines, approximating to it in colour and flavour have been introduced for the purpose of blending and selling as port. Thus they account both for the decrease of the latter as shown by the official returns, and for the increase of consumption of French wines as evinced by the same documents. But this is scarcely a satisfactory solution of the question, and does not accord with our own, nor probably with our reader's experience. We certainly always see not only less wine drunk after dinner than of yore; but of what is drunk, the larger proportion is now claret at the same tables where port alone (except on the rarest occasions) used to figure. Dr. Johnson gave his opinion of the relative virtues of the two wines and of spirits, thus: "Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes, sir!" The doctor evidently regarded the end and aim of wine-drinking to be to convey a certain quantity of alcohol into the stomach, and on this principle he allows the hero the strongest drink, as having the strongest head to bear it. We fear that too many wine-bibbers think likewise, but they don't confess it. Nevertheless, we are persuaded that a taste for good wine, and not for alcohol, is increasing among us. Scarcely an Englishman goes to Paris that does not return with the liveliest recollections of the delicious juice of the grape he has sipped at the "Trois Frères," or the "Café de Paris." Even the Frenchman's enthusiasm for London "haf-an'-haf," does not exceed it.

A London wine-merchant, writing to the "Times" about a year ago, says:—

"Our tastes have become very much vitiated, but a decided change for purer and less brandied wine is taking place, the causes of which are: 1. The numbers who now visit the continent (and no one can do so even for a month without finding all our wines, scarcely excepting our claret and other wines from France, disagreeably loaded and heavy); 2. the fear of every one with any regard for his character, lest he should appear intoxicated—a contrast to times not long past: 3. that instead of dining about five o'clock as formerly, and remaining many hours at table, the usual dinner-hour is about half-past six and later. The facts of much more white wine being drunk during dinner, and the abandonment of the habit of sitting for any length of time after it, are showing, moreover, their effects on the consumption of port. This old custom is peculiar to ourselves, and like other singularities of individuals and nations, is falling before the influence of civilization and greater intercourse with others."

Most people are aware that Madeira wine is frequently sent to the East or West Indies to mellow its flavour before it is brought to England; but it is a fact, not equally well known, that a great quantity of port wine drunk in England has first been sent to America—not for any reason connected with its flavour, but for economy. Thus: the dues payable on wines exported from Oporto to Great Britain are, as we have said, 6*l.* per pipe; the dues payable on wines exported from Oporto to America, or any port out of Europe, are 6*d.* only per pipe. Consequently, by shipping wine first to America and re-shipping it thence to England the heavy dues are evaded, and the difference of freight not exceeding about 3*l.* per pipe, the other 3*l.* per pipe is saved to the importer. The Oporto Wine Company have made many absurd regulations to prevent this system of evasion, but none of them have answered the purpose, and about 8,000 pipes are annually brought to our shores by this circuitous route.

It is rather a common error to suppose that a taste for French wines is of modern growth in Great Britain; the truth is, that the taste for port wine is of far more recent date. From 1675 to 1678 (inclusive of both years) England consumed 31,141 tuns of French wine, and only 478 of Portuguese.

There was a prohibition in 1679 of all French wine, and from that year to 1685, inclusive, only four tuns of French wine were introduced, and 58,862 tuns of Portuguese displaced it. So that, in fact, the trade in port wine was at first forced. The French trade was re-opened in 1686, and in the four ensuing years French wine had risen to 53,515 tuns and the Portuguese had fallen in turn to 1,640 tuns.

Prior to the first of the years above mentioned the demand for French wines amounted to 20,000 tuns per annum. The introduction of port was greatly opposed; and there is an account of 5,000 hogsheads of claret having been smuggled into Cornwall, Devon, and Dorset, at the time the prohibition took place of French wines. This made a great noise at the time it occurred and the government of the day took measures to put a stop to it.

We have mentioned Beni Carlos as a red wine used for blending with and creating a semi-spurious port. This is a Spanish red wine; and Spain produces many such. At La Mancha (who does not remember the name of the place which gave birth to Don Quixote?) a beautiful red wine is produced called Manzanares wine. It may be bought on the spot retail at 2*d.* a bottle. It has scarcely even found its way to England on account of the difficulties of transit; but the late Duke of Wellington had some of it in his cellar. As La Mancha is situate 300 miles from the sea, it must have been brought all that distance on the backs of mules, for as yet there are no other means of transport. There must have been some trouble, too, in procuring casks in which to carry it; for casks are a luxury unknown in that part of the country. The wine is generally stored in great earthen tanks. Cocks are put into them at different heights, and the wine is drawn off into hog-skins pitched inside, and these are slung on the backs of mules. But pitch is a flavour hardly adapted to English palates, and therefore the Duke's wine was brought in casks. When we take into consideration the expense of these, of the overland journey to Cadiz, of the freight and export dues from thence and the import duties levied in England, which amount to nearly 1*s*. per bottle, we may guess that the Duke's wine stood him in a very different figure from the original 2*d*. a bottle at La Mancha.

Port wine is not a mere luxury; it has high medicinal properties, It is a tonic, and it has great astringency. During the disastrous Walcheren expedition there were at one place 250 men out of 500 of one regiment in the hospital. The surgeons declared that wine—port wine—was needed, and none had been sent. "We have typhoid and typhus fever," they said, "mixed with that of the Walcheren. The greater part of these men are down and will die for want of wine." In cases of typhus fever an immense quantity of wine is given to the patient—in fact, port wine is frequently the only means of saving life, and from one to even two bottles a day are given to the sufferer. White wine will not serve in such cases, because of the absence from it of tannin, which causes the required astringency.

In making white wine they place the grapes layer upon layer without the stems, and sprinkle gypsum, which takes up the malic acid in the wine. In red wine they tread the grapes to bring out the colour and bruise the stems and the pips.

Among the many wines blended to imitate port, is a red wine called pontac, grown at the Cape. It is probably never seen on the table in England under its own name, and, indeed, such as is imported would not be greatly relished, as it is certainly a very bad imitation of port. But like other sorts of Cape, it is occasionally made very good in the country of its production, but it more resembles a Burgundy than a Portugal wine. Brandied and mixed with a little genuine port, it is occasionally reshipped from the docks to Guernsey or Jersey, and then brought back to England as port.

A great deal has lately been said on the subject of reducing the import duties on wine. At present it is 5*s*. 9*d*. a gallon. There are some people who think it should be lowered to 1*s*., and they declare that the increased consumption that would follow, would make up the deficiency which would otherwise take place in the revenue. We are not political economists, and our little sketch is not intended to enter on such disquisitions; but if such an immense increase of demand were to take place, a very natural question occurs,—would the wine countries which we now patronize, be able to supply us with the additional quantity required? It is clear that under the present absurd regulations of the Oporto Wine Company, Portugal would not send us five or six-fold the present quantity of port wine; for they already limit our supply, both as to quantity and quality. But supposing the wine company to withdraw their regulations, as they probably would if we imposed but a shilling duty, could the country supply all we might want? On this point there is no doubt at all.

THE READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

During the solemn pause in which a nation is waiting to do honour to the memory of her greatest warrior, all storms and passions seem to have lulled. He has left us "the legacy of heroes, the memory of his great name, and the inspiration of his great example," and until we have accorded to him the empty honours of the sepulchre, it is well that the political arena should be void of combatants. But in this tranquil interval, some steady, dull, practical reforms are discussed, which may soon be neglected, if not altogether forgotten, in debates on national questions, and the strife of parliamentary parties.

In this dearth of excitement, "The Times" has pointed in very able leading articles, at some most salutary reforms and enlargements which might be made very advantageously in our national library.

Now a dissertation on all the reforms required would be an Herculean task for the writer, and for the reader, perchance, wearisome work. Has any one such an object in view, let him betake himself to the various reports of committees of the House of Commons on this subject. They are far more diverting than Blue-Books are generally, and possess as much of what is interesting to any student or *littérateur*, as that of the late Oxford Commission does to any member of that University. There he may see the striking and eloquent confessions and complaints of Mr. Carlyle, the more statistical and practical evidence of Mr. Hallam, Mr. P. Cuningham, and others, and may read with amazement the averment of one constant *habitué* of the Reading-Room, that he had for years taken daily from the library seldom less than thirty, and sometimes as many as eighty volumes. He will find the bitterest criticism on the catalogue, and suggestions from the highest authorities so conflicting, that he will be as much embarrassed by them, as doubtless were the senators to whom they were addressed.

Again, should the reader desire to have some circumstantial account of the Reading-Room, and the kind of people who frequent it, he may find in Mr. Knight's "London" an interesting paper written by Mr. Mc Turk. But the subject may at present be kept before the public eye, by a brief history of a late attempt to enjoy a day's quiet reading there, and the difficulties besetting so laudable an endeavour, with some desultory observations on the uses and abuses of the place, and the general character of its visitors.

Dear reader, suppose me to have entered the Reading-Room in a mood the most studious, and with a sincere desire to get through a great deal of work. I enter early. My books happen to-day to lie in the Reading-Room itself. I shun the time-consuming catalogue "sanguine viperino cautius," and fly to the shelves where the tomes I want are to be found. I am soon immersed in a grave political treatise, in which I am anxious to analyze a carefully elaborated and severely logical argument. The earliest comers making a great clatter, and talking to the attendants (who, it may be here remarked, should all be on the staff of "Punch," if we may judge of their humorous powers by the laughter they move among each other, and the readers they know) take their tickets at what may be called the bar of the house; and the book-porters are then continually walking with thick shoes over an iron-grating, and bringing to them volumes of all sizes and weights. One or two readers are quite hedged in from vulgar gaze, and enjoy a literary seclusion behind by a high barrier of books.

Among my own acquaintance, the first arrival is the Rev. Ambrose Fudge. His dress is so peculiar, that, in spite of my abstraction, my eye is arrested by that once white tie, tight almost to strangulation; the loose and heavy single-breasted long coat; and the (straight) waistcoat buttoned up to the chin. The Rev. A. F. is one of the most weak-minded and morosely perverse of those very wrong-headed young ecclesiastics who still dream of priestly domination. He is altogether unlike the dandy parson, who is probably low church, or no-church, who does not visit the library, but whom I met at dinner the other day, and who talked of "interesting cases," as he eat voraciously, and whom you may encounter in Bond Street or Regent Street, in blameless boots, perfectly constructed continuations, of a rather light and secular colour, a double-breasted black waistcoat, gold chain and ditto studs, a single white tie, meet for ball or opera, and a frock-coat of faultless cut. Not so the Anglican Ambrose. He comes here to bask on architectural drawings, and to spice his sermons with quotations from Chrysostom and St. Austin. He is a cousin of Mr. S. G. Osborne's friend, the Rev. Richard Rubric. I knew a little of both Fudge and Rubric at the University; but I once inadvertently asked Ambrose to a wine-party on Friday. He severely rebuked me; but added, that had my invitation been for Sunday, he would with pleasure have accepted it. We kept up, however, a speaking acquaintance, until he found me here, on more than one occasion, reading Dr. Arnold's sermons, the works of Sydney Smith, and the Miscellanies of Mr. Carlyle. I think I heard him murmur between his teeth, "schismatic—scoffer—pantheist." At any rate, he now favours me with only a distant bow, or smiles a pitying smile of recognition. He has pronounced me, I am told, unregenerate and unclean, and asserted (it is his favourite phrase) that I am not "a true son of the church." I am by this very fortunately preserved from an interruption, save and except such pain and grief as would be generated in any rational mind by the farcical eccentricity of Fudge's sacerdotal costume.

I have forgotten the man and his waistcoat, and am pursuing an argument which I must destroy when I publish my pamphlet on the "Revision of Taxation," when in, with a clatter, come three young gentlemen from a London school. They seat themselves very near me, after a great deal of moving about, in which my chair is shaken, my ink emperilled, and my pen swept by a coat-tail from off the table; at length one places before him a very bad text of Aristophanes; another betakes himself to "Longinus on the Sublime;" and the third, who is evidently one of the fast specimens of the rising generation, passes his ring-adorned fingers through his lank black hair, and languidly opens Ovid's "Art of Love." He takes from his pocket a diamond edition of a metrical version, which is, in every sense of the word, a *loose* translation, and which should, from what I remember of it, have been published by the Sosii of Holywell Street. The youth would derive more assistance, though not perhaps as much gratification, from the literal translation of the "De Arte Amatoriâ," lately given to the world by Mr. Bohn. After, at the most liberal calculation, two minutes' reading, one of the juveniles addresses his brother pedant.

"I wonder, Simkins, the doctor" (and by this title I understand him to have alluded to a distinguished scholar and gentleman at the head of our largest and best Metropolitan school) "has never made us read this play. There seems to be a great deal of poetry in the chorusses."

The silly and simple-minded youth had before him "The Clouds," as well known to every scholar as "Box and Cox" to theatre-goers now-a-days. But having been in the doctor's class for but a very short time, and having read no Aristophanes, he finds infinite satisfaction in being supposed to comprehend what he is laughing at audibly, and exults in the proud consciousness of reading Greek comedy for amusement. The student of Longinus makes a sapient observation or two, and at length suggests a reading which I could not help seeing at a glance would, if adopted, violate only two concords. Now all this was not uttered *sotto voce*, but evidently with a view to instruct, amuse, or annoy the vicinage. After a pause of scarcely a minute the fast student of Ovid places his glass in his eye and commences, *pro bono publico*, a few remarks on the similarity between a passage in Little's poems and one in the elegy he is reading. Having suffered from these sort of readers so many similar interruptions before, I can endure it no longer. I grow furious, and walking off to the elderly gentleman who sits at the desk in the corner, I ask for a list of the "Reading-Room Regulations." I return with it, draw two large ink lines with my pen under the rule which suggests the propriety of silence in a place devoted to study, and with a ferocious expression on my face, indicative of a determination not to bear any further annoyance, I hand it to the loquacious triumvirate. The fast young gentleman makes an unnatural effort to laugh, and emits the ghost of a giggle; but on my turning sharp round on them with an aspect more truculent than before, they look disconcerted, blush, and are silent. So far so good. I am again buried in my argument. As the youths came to talk and swagger and not to read, after less than a quarter of an hour of constrained silence more painful to them than the five years' probation to the disciples of Pythagoras, they rise and depart. The next time they visit the Reading-Room they will, I am sure, keep out of my way.

I now get on pretty steadily with my treatise, and have an hour of comparatively uninterrupted study. I scarcely know whether I ought to mention the fact that an elderly lady on my right is a crying example of the troublesome effects of a cold which spoils her mature charms, and keeps her pocket-handkerchief on active service; and that a middle-aged man on my left, very asthmatic, is wheezing like a grampus. Though I do not enjoy the "boundless contiguity" of genius which Augustus did when he uttered the witticism, I may be said to be sitting "inter suspiria et lachrymas."

But for these things and some sneezing, coughing, talking, and walking, I am not in the least hindered for nearly another hour. I have filled four pages of my note-book with the analysis, and pause to rest and look round me. There is ample field for observation. The visitors are not a whit less heterogeneous than the interruptions. Every class of persons haunts the place, from the literary lawyer's clerk to the revolutionary notorieties of Europe. There are hebdomadal humorists purloining jokes, third-rate dramatists plundering plots, girls copying heads and flowers, male and female translators of all languages, and antiquaries tracing the pedigree of Snobbs of Snobbs' Manor up to

Charlemagne or Noah. One striking characteristic of the hairy *habitués* of the place is their marked aversion to the razor or scissors. A gentlemen of foreign aspect, but as palpable an Englishman as ever was plain John Smith or John Brown, has a pointed beard and moustache, and seems from his air to think that he has a right to these appendages because he is altering a forgotten play for a minor theatre, or perchance for Drury Lane when it next opens for three nights to enjoy a career brief but not brilliant. It is a strange phenomenon, and one which might, in the words of Gibbon, "amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind," this subtle connection between hair and literature. Hazlitt somewhere remarks that wearing the hair long is peculiar to men whose minds have a "heavenward tendency." If so, should not the hair take a heavenward direction? And in that case "steteruntque comæ" would be a *capital* description of a *littérateur* as well as of pious Æneas in a panic. But however profound the suggestion of Hazlitt, is it wholly unphilosophical to attribute this luxuriance of locks to effeminate vanity? If a young man now-a-days writes a book which has been successful, or which he thinks has been so, or ought to be so (all very different matters) he will immediately grow a moustache, or indulge in an uncomely, unpleasant, and unclean length of hair, and when he is asked to a ball at Mrs. Guy Flouncey's (for whelps as well as full-grown lions are invited there) will wear it in small greasy curls which effectually spoil his appearance, and soil the collar of his only dress coat.

There is a small class of students who come here for the purpose of reading their own works. Indeed, as their lucubrations are not to be found elsewhere, these men may be said to write for the Museum. One of this lot is Priam Podgers, the author of "Tricklings of the Trent; a Journal of Travel; in Prose and Verse." The book was originally published at the risk of Mr. P. P.; reviewed favourably by two friendly editors of country papers; several copies given to his friends, and one ordered into the circulating library of a small county town, where Podgers is engaged to the daughter of a stonemason, who calls himself an architect; but as regards any other departure from the counter of the small shop where it first saw the light, none have taken place. There it was born: there it died. *Placide quiescat.* But poor Podgers, who is as vain of the volume as a woman of her first child, thinks he may possibly advertise his work by reading it himself in public; and woe be to you if you pass the infatuated author when he is dandling with complacency this offspring of his brain. I can see him taking stealthily from his pocket (for it would be hypocrisy to consult the catalogue, seeing that he knows the press mark well) this oblong ticket thus marked :—

Press Mark.	Title of the Work wanted.	Size.	Place.	Date.
909, *c. d.* 22.	Tricklings of the Trent, by P. Podgers.	8vo.	London,	1848.

(Date) 13*th October*, P. Podgers, (Signature).

Please to restore each volume of the Catalogue to its place as soon as done with.

Poor fellow! The attendant hands him the volume with a sarcastic smile on his face, which seems to say, "You are the only person that ever asked for this." This, however, is not the case, for once, to please the harmless and good-natured author, I got his work out, and, walking across to his table, accused him gravely of a plagiarism, which gave him an opportunity of defending himself, at which he was much delighted. He has never forgotten this delicate attention, and shakes my hand fervently when we meet.

After having watched the manœuvres of Podgers, who has already victimized a passing friend, and also having refreshed myself with a bun, I am again immersed in the history of taxation. I indulge, I am afraid, more than one glance at a young lady whom Mr. Albert Smith would call "a gusher;" and only one at another, whom, forasmuch as her complexion is not as smooth as marble or ivory, a witling of my acquaintance addicted to Horatian allusion, nick-named Pimplea. I have nearly forgotten them both, and am calculating the amount of the revenue of Athens under Pericles, when my next interruption takes place. This is, the arrival of what I must call the fast set. They are genuine hard workers, in spite of the headaches (entirely owing to hesternal dissipation), which they occasionally bring with them; but they usually spend the first quarter of an hour in conversation.

"Splendid fun, last night, old fellow!" This is addressed to one of the set who has been reading Lucian for the last two hours very near me. "Dined at 'The Mug of Beer' in Lush Street. Ordinary eighteen-pence; punch capital; got up a discussion on the Duke; voted Travers into the chair. He harangued the plebs, and complimented the landlord amid loud cheers on his Bœotian wit and Punic honour. Landlord, a large man, in ecstacies. Spankey sang two songs; one contained irreverent allusion to marrying a deceased wife's sister. Up rose a bilious Presbyterian, prosed ponderously, and called him to order. Stapyldon assailed the Scot, and chaffed him unmercifully. We all go punchy, and, after various songs, recitations, speeches, quarrels and reconciliations, we left 'The Mug of Beer' and invaded *en masse* successively two city debating clubs. At the first, Travers uttered a fervent eulogy on the present ministry, and, upon a feeble democrat rising to crush him, we went out in a body; and at the next, Travers delivered a thundering philippic against the Derby-D'Israeli administration, and kept the citizens in roars of laughter by his sarcasms on 'asses and agriculturists.' After this we worked westward, and wound up at (I did not quite catch the word, I think he said) the Tick."

Now this account, and numerous *facetiæ*, which they gave vent to, quite unsettled me; and I determined to dine some day at "The Mug of Beer," and meanwhile to revenge myself by putting them all into print, as I have here done. I left the reading-room immediately, and when next I go I shall stuff my ears with cotton, and hide myself behind a pile of books, and heed neither the tramping on the uncarpeted floor, the pedantic prattle of the school-boys, nor the jokes of the fast set.

OUT OF TOWN.

Rure beato.—HORACE.

OF all the familiar phrases that daily salute our ears, what one is more common than "out of town?" What does it mean?

The tax-gatherer calls on Mr. Tomkins for the last quarter's assessed-taxes, and is informed by Mr. Tomkins's spouse that "Mr. T. is out of town," though we could swear we saw the shadow of Mr. T's portly person in the doorway of the back-parlour not a minute before.

Our friend, Captain Orlando Featherbed, formerly of the Buffs, and lately of Portugal Street, is always "out of town," even when he is sitting in his second-floor back smoking his matutinal cheroot. Sometimes, when a lawyer's clerk, or a still more suspicious functionary of the law, calls at his abode, he is not only "out of town," but "travelling on the Continent for a few weeks;" and he has been known to announce himself "out of town," *in propriâ personâ*, to the very person who was looking at him, and asking if he might see the captain.

Lord Sugarbrain is a distinguished philanthropist, who no sooner hears of a new charitable institution for assisting anybody from Kamschatka to Terra del Fuego, than he writes the politest of notes to the secretary, and requests that his name may be put down for ten guineas. You can't take up a newspaper without seeing his lordship's name in some of the advertising columns among the strings of benevolent donors, with figures of £ *s*. *d*. attached to their patronymics. Everybody has heard of him, and everybody says, "Dear me! what thousands his lordship must give away in charity every year!" And yet it is a remarkable, though most indubitable, fact, that whenever the secretaries of these benevolent institutions call for his lordship's subscriptions, he is always "out of town," and it always seems peculiarly uncertain when he will be back again. Strangely enough, too, his lordship's name occasionally appears in a division of the upper house, on the very evening of the day in which he has been fifteen or twenty times announced "out of town," which proves the celerity of his lordship's movements, or the gross inaccuracy of those abominable newspapers.

Now in these and similar cases, we would suggest to the intelligent reader, whether the phrase "out of town" be not a corruption, or a polite modification, of the more explicit one—"out of tin!"

Sir Thomas and Lady Broadlands give first-rate dinners and *soirées* in town, and admirable shooting parties and hunting parties in the country. Their hospitality is unbounded. They have a beautiful daughter, sole heiress to all the Broadlands estates, and all the accumulations therefrom: to say nothing of the stud and the cellar, both of which are always in first-rate condition. You are a younger son, fancy yourself good-looking and entertaining, and fall in love with Fanny Broadlands; begin to play the spooney; find when you call next time in Brook Street that Sir Thomas and Lady B. are not at home, and when you repeat the call next day that they are "out of town." You see them at a distance in the opera crush-room that same evening!

Softly Sawder, Esq., is the member for your native town,—a most affable, agreeable fellow, who always leaves you with the impression that he is immensely pleased with you, and is determined to make your fortune one way or another. Indeed, ever since you canvassed for him, he has told you plainly that he considers himself bound to do something for you. At last you have heard of a little vacancy that would just suit you. Softly Sawder, Esq., has interest enough with the minister to secure it for you; and so you write and beseech him to do so. He doesn't answer your letter,—you write another,—refer rather pointedly to your services to him,—call every day at his house to see him, without success,—and at length meet with a very abrupt "out of town, sir, for some time," when next you repeat your visit.

These and similar cases of "out of town" ought to be described by the truer appellation of "out of humour."

We might multiply instances to infinity of the gross abuse of that simple little expression "out of town;" abuses sanctioned by our extremely polite and artificial state of society; gilded and polished "fibs" which every one understands; compromises between falsehood and a delicate fear of offence. But we are not going to occupy ourselves or our readers with the fabulous or fancied "out of town," but with the real *genuine* article, as cousin Jonathan would call it, signifying the absolute bodily and mental absence from this great smoky city of cares and troubles. We say "mental" absence, because we verily believe that there are some unfortunate beings whose existence is so wrapt up in the daily business of the counting-house, that even when their bodies are borne off to Ramsgate or Rotterdam, Scotland or Switzerland, Brighton or Berlin, their minds, their thoughts, their feelings, their sympathies, are nailed to the desk of their gloomy little office in the city. These unhappy children of mammon, these moving money-bags, are never really "out of town," though sailing over the waters of the Mediterranean, or gazing on the glories of the Vatican. How little they know of the pleasures of existence! how faint an idea can they form of happiness, who seek for it only in bank-notes and bullion,—to whom Lombard Street is Elysium, and 'Change the seventh heaven!

Let us turn from such earth-worms and grubs, to the livelier spectacle of lighter-hearted beings who really go "out of town," and for a season, at least, follow the words of the old song, and "leave dull care behind them."

We will begin with Belgravia and May Fair "out of town,"—not because the denizens of those aristocratic regions enjoy their absence from the Great Babylon more keenly, or, indeed, half so keenly as humbler individuals; but because their methods of passing their time, when the close of the London Season has scattered them over the face of the country and of half Europe also, are perfectly distinct from that of the rest of the world. Yachting, the moors, partridges, pheasants, Melton Mowbray, Paris, Rome and Naples—such is the bill of fare whereof all partake—some of one or two dishes only, others with longer purses and more insatiable appetites of all of them in succession. We have omitted one little item, however, by no means the least important in the bias it gives to the character of its worshippers, and decidedly not the least engrossing or expensive—Newmarket.

It is July—dusty, hot, parching, choking, July—when all the ices of Grange, and all the water-carts of the Metropolitan Paving Commissioners fail to make our bodies cool or London Streets endurable. Talk of Calcutta! it's child's play to the dog-days in London. People don't, in Calcutta, go out in the broad sunshine of a summer's day and roast themselves on the seething flag-stones. They don't drive up and down a dusty little bit of road barely wide enough for two carriages abreast, and crowded so as to render locomotion next to impossible, with the thermometer at 90°, and the prospect of a sun-stroke anything but improbable. They don't dress in broadcloth and with a black, heat-concentrating cylinder on their heads, mount their horses and take violent sudorific exercise in a place where at every second yard you risk a contact with your neighbour's legs, or the destruction of an elderly dame making frantic and futile attempts to cross "the Row." They sit in gauzy dresses under the shade of their dwellings with wet matting to cool the breeze as it enters, and a punkah gently waving to fan them into coolness. They wait till the sun is within an hour of sinking below the horizon, his power three-parts wasted, and the evening breeze just springing up, ere they think of any bodily exertion at all—and *then* a cool drive and cosy dinner afterwards, are things sensible and pleasant. But with all the professed languor and *ennui* of English aristocratic society, they have the essentially uncomfortable and vulgar habit of being unable to remain still. A lisping dandy, or a fine lady of fashion, pronounces the Park "a bore," but neither is able to control the restless inanity that drives them to it: neither could be content to follow the example of Calcutta—stay at home and be cool.

As London life, then, necessitates such wearisome pursuits in the dog-days, some fashionable method of escaping from it before the end of the Session and the beginning of the grouse, must be devised. Hail, then, to Cowes and Ryde, where mimic navies ride at anchor ready to transport their owners and their friends over the bosom of the ocean to—the Needles and back again! How exquisitely gratifying to exchange the *pavé* of Bond Street for the waters of the Solent, the air of her Majesty's concert-room for the breezes of the Channel, the scenery of the Serpentine for the smiling valleys of the Isle of Wight, or a seat in Lady Dundrum's crowded opera-box, for a camp-stool on the beach at Cowes, or a bench on Ryde pier!

And then those pretty little schooners, luggars, yawls, cutters, &c., how pleasant to play at sailors with them! We step on board and see everything so lustrously clean, so spotlessly white, so polished, trim and "taut" (the air makes us nautical), that the whole thing seems like a large toy—and so it is; but it is fit for work too. It will sail against the fastest vessel in her Majesty's navy, and beat it too: small as it is, it will transport you to Constantinople or St. Petersburg, in less time, and with tenfold more comfort, than any "regular packet" on Lloyd's List: nay, harmless as it looks, it can at any moment mount a few guns, and do good service in fighting as well as sailing. One of the smartest privateers that ever sailed was a gentleman's yacht, and the Chinamen must have very short memories if they have yet forgotten the deeds of the little "Anonyma."

Great is the excitement of a regatta. In many respects far greater than that of a horse-race: at all events, the sport lasts longer, and the enthusiasm is not over in an instant. Philanthropists have no cause to fear for pain to human being or dumb animal in its progress; moralists see nothing demoralizing in it; physicians vouch for the healthfulness of the recreation; and even *cui bono* gentry (who hate everything that is *only* pleasant) see in it a training-school for seamen, and a reserve stock of men and vessels in case of war. No wonder, then, that regattas should be so popular in our sea-girt isle, or that every one, from the court to the peasant, should take an interest in them.

A dinner or a luncheon on board a well-appointed yacht is certainly one of the pleasantest things in life. Everything is good, well-served, cool, and appetizing. The ladies look so pretty (in spite of their "uglies"); they talk so well under the influence of sea-breezes and champagne, and about something else than the eternal stereotyped subjects of conversation in a London ball-room. The men have left their stiffness and their dandified dulness behind them with their patent leathers and chimney-pot hats, and one might really almost fancy them a set of amusing well-informed fellows, instead of empty-headed loungers of St. James's. Even the regatta ball itself is a less formal affair than such *réunions* in town. People are absolutely seen dancing as if they liked it, instead of dragging their weary bodies through a quadrille with the physiognomies of sinners undergoing a penance.

We never knew anybody get tired of the yachting-season, and when we consider that it is patronized by the very set of people who think it *mauvais ton not* to be weary of everything, it speaks volumes in favour of the fascinations and invigorating effects of yachting. In fine, we consider it to be the most innocent, sensible, healthy, and unobjectionable of all aristocratic amusements whether in or "out of town."

But the 12th of August is approaching. Off to the moors! Who could stay behind with such an imperative call to arms? Out with Purdeys, and Westley Richards's; don the suit of grey, the thick shoes and the leather gaiters; collect the pointers, the setters, and the retrievers, and prepare for the slaughter of every luckless head of grouse that comes within the range of your double-barrel. Barrington Spinks, Esq., of the Foot Guards, hates shooting in his heart, and being weak in the legs, cannot walk over the moors all day in search of game, without suffering grievous bodily pain. But Barrington Spinks, Esq., never hints at such a thing to anybody. The moors are fashionable, and he *must* like the moors. He is the son of a man of trade, so that his position in the *beau monde* depends on sufferance and his profession; and he would not dare, for his life, to express an unfashionable taste or antipathy. So he not only goes to the moors, but pays his 300*l*. towards the expenses of a "box" and moor, and works himself to death toiling after birds that he never can hit when he comes near them. Major Blazeby is a corpulent old boy, whose tailor's brains are eternally puzzled to invent fresh belts and other contrivances to diminish or conceal the extent of the Major's waist, which increases, spite of all their efforts, under the combined effects of Burgundy, truffles, turtle, and no exercise. Major B. is the last man in the world whom you would suspect of a natural love of Highland sports. Yet he "does them," like the rest of his clique, because they are the fashion: and Fashion is a goddess for whose sake Major B. is content

> "To groan and sweat under a weary load;"

consisting of a double-barrel and ammunition, and a pair of shoes with two inch soles.

There are many, however, who *do* love the Highland sports, whether it be grouse-shooting, deer-stalking (aye, *there* is a sport worthy the name!), or salmon-fishing. These men, with their genuine enthusiasm, draw others into the like pursuits, who are as much out of their element in following them as would be the grouse in Hyde Park, the deer in Rotten Row, and the salmon in the muddy Serpentine. To those who love these sports, they are the best extant in Great Britain—always excepting glorious fox-hunting: and many a pale dandy, who saunters listlessly about the little confined circle of London fashionable life for half the year, derives from them the little stock of health which enables his puny constitution to drag through the ensuing "season."

Close upon the grouse follow the partridges; and with them are connected not only sport but pleasant parties collected under the roofs of lordly mansions, where the landed wealthy entertain the high-born "lack-lands," together with all kinds of celebrities, from parliamentary orators to wits, men-about-town, turf-oracles, and a stray author or two thrown in, to form the cayenne to this *pot-pourri* of humanity. To describe the mode of life in such houses would be to steal pages from half the novelists that have soiled paper, from the days of Richardson to our own—including a sprinkling of Yankees, with Washington Irving at their head, and N. P. Willis anywhere else the reader's taste may choose to place him. No doubt, those who wrote about these mansions were well acquainted with them from personal observation, or if *not*, the divine *afflatus* of genius enabled them to "draw on the imagination for their facts," which was just as good as drawing on their memory when those who read their pages were as well informed as themselves.

Pheasants form an after-course to the partridges, rather less laborious to get at, as sauntering through woods is less fatiguing than plodding over turnip-fields. Both together form the excuse or the inducement for some of the most delightful parties in the kingdom, where life among the higher classes may be better seen (and certainly in a more favourable light) than at any other season or in any other place.

Next follows the hunting-season. Of all glorious sports, is there any in the wide world to equal fox-hunting? Don't believe the man who answers, yes; depend on it, he has never followed the hounds in his life or he would not venture on such an assertion. It is all very well for old Colonel Kebob, who has a red nose and no liver — the results of curry and cognac, — to talk about tiger-hunts in Hindostan, and pretend to despise the "inferior" sport of Old England, but we all know that old Kebob cannot ride, and never could, and though he might be all very well stuck up in a howdah on an elephant's back, with plenty of black men for the tiger to gorge before he could attack him (the colonel); although we could imagine him firing big guns, loaded by his supple Hindoos, while pretty much out of harm's way as aforesaid, yet the notion of Colonel Kebob topping an ox-fence outside a thorough-bred in Leicestershire or Northamptonshire, is something sublimely ridiculous, and would undoubtedly place the colonel's life in far greater jeopardy than all the tigers he ever saw or heard of in India have yet done. But Captain Sangaree *can* ride, and *he* twirls his moustache and tells you that fox-hunting is all very well in its way, but "Nothing at all, sir, dammee! — nothing at all to a wild-boar hunt; *that*'s something like sport, &c." The captain is a humbug, and you need not mind what he says, for we heard him declare in India, when he was with his regiment (the Kurrachee Fencibles), that he was sick of that wretched boar-hunting — "galloping about woods and jungles, sir, and spearing wild pigs—danger! it's all rubbish to talk about danger in such things. A stone wall or a double ditch has more danger in it than all the wild pigs in the world; and then think of the music of the pack in full cry, and a throrough-bred *English* horse under you, sir! &c." If the captain were with Gordon Cumming in South Africa he would pooh-pooh! lion-hunting, as in England he depreciates fox-hunting. But we repeat our conviction that there is no sport to equal the latter. Yet we *have* hunted most things ourselves, from a rhinoceros to an otter.

Sport does not consist in mere danger, nor in the mere desire to kill; otherwise men would hunt tigers alone, and on foot, and a German *battu* of deer would be the primest of sport. There must be all kinds of pleasant adjuncts to make sport really agreeable to civilized beings. The sight must be gratified, the pulse must be excited; there must be fellowship and emulation for man and beast engaged in it; sufficient peril of some kind to lend zest to the enjoyment, but not enough to render the event a doubtful one of life or death to those engaged in it. And has not fox-hunting all these? From the meet at the cover-side with forty or fifty "men in pink" dismounting from their cover-hacks or their dog-carts, examining the girths and the rest of the "tackle" of their hunters, who, with coats no less brilliant than their own, are being led gently about by smart dapper-looking grooms; from the crowds of gaily-dressed ladies in britschas and barouches, or on showy little nags; from the steady old huntsman and his game-looking "whips;" from the splendid mottled pack of hounds, with tails thrown up and noses to the ground, as they seek for reynard in his lurking-place; from the hushed moment of suspense as the varmint steals forth and dashes away at headlong pace; from the first burst of music of the noble pack, as one by one they catch the scent and burst away in pursuit; from the "mounting in hot haste," the five minutes' "law," and then the loud "tally-ho!"— the start!—the first hedge—the first brook—the first check—the long burst over hill and dale—the sounding horn—the baying hounds—the rattling pace—the tailing-off of the badly-mounted—the "spills" of the unwary or the unskilful — to the last scene of all, the take! when poor reynard is bowled over, and held aloft in triumph, while men and horses and dogs rest, panting after their well-loved toil— from first to last, show us a day's sport between the Poles to match the glorious fox-hunt of Old England!

And jovial are the dinners that follow in the lordly mansions of the "masters of hounds." If Englishmen cannot get through business without feasting, as all great observers tell us, how should they get through their sports without it? Is there any man who would not rather wind up his hunting-day with six courses, and burgundy *ad libitum*, than gorge himself on a half-cooked steak off a tough buffalo in the desert, washed down by very doubtful water? Is there any man who would not prefer the sight of beauty in the drawing-room of Harkaway Hall, after his hard day's work, with the sounds of sweet music and merry voices, to the close tent in a savage wilderness, and the howling of jackals, to disturb or impede his rest? Honestly, and from his heart, the mighty Nimrod of the present day would himself answer, yes!

Shooting and hunting often form the sole recreations of a very large portion of Belgravia and May Fair "out of town," till the return of the London season. But some are too restless to be so long engrossed by one pursuit. Winter is approaching, and they find they cannot spend the winter in this wretched climate; and so passports and couriers are provided, the carriage and the imperials are prepared, and Lord and Lady Tomnoddy, and all the young Tomnoddies, are off to Rome or Naples. They arrive there after a short period, during which they have felt more ill-humour than they have exhibited for many previous months; and after having been fleeced by every inn-keeper between Dover and Civita Vecchia, aided and abetted therein by their very excellent courier.

At Rome they by no means do as Rome does; that wise maxim being the very reverse of what the travelling aristocracy of England pursue. They make immense efforts to import all their own customs and habits, and so well have they succeeded that we leave it to any impartial visitor to say, whether the Eternal City does not bear a strong aspect of Cockneyism in some phases of its society, especially that particular portion (or the best, as they fondly, but erringly imagine it to be) into which the English have ingratiated themselves. Verily the Italians are well revenged on us. Nothing is more difficult than for an Italian (unattached to any embassy) to get into the best London society; nothing, except the reverse, for the Englishman in Italy. Let the few who, through diplomatic employment or some such cause, have obtained access to the highest and most select circles of society in Rome, say how many English they have met at their *réunions*. Even while Rome was half full of John Bulls, could they not number them almost by units?

No matter. Lord Tomnoddy gives dinners in Rome, and buys bad pictures and statues, which he sends to England at more cost than they are worth; he subscribes to the English pack of fox-hounds to hunt jackals on the Campagna, and he plays largely at the gaming-table. Lady Tomnoddy gets up an enthusiasm for works of art, haunts the Vatican, buys intaglios, cameos and mosaics, goes to the English church every Sunday, where she pays more attention to the congregation than the doctrine, and frequents the Catholic churches almost every day in the week, where she begins to cross herself and feel very devout, listening attentively to Latin, that she knows she does not understand, and the sermons in Italian, which she fancies she *does* comprehend, but does not; takes an immense fancy to a certain Padre Geronimo, and is often in deep discussion with him on doctrinal points, the effects of which are, that her ladyship frequents the very highest of high churches when she returns to England and fasts on turbot and marcobrünn every Friday.

The young ladies Tomnoddy study Italian three hours a-day, and singing four, under the tuition of the renowned Gamonini, whose jet-black moustache and flowing curls so fascinate the younger of the pupils that an elopement is almost dreamt of, but abandoned by Gamonini, as not a sufficiently safe and profitable "venture." The male scions of the house of Tomnoddy learn all the mysteries of blacklegism in its head-quarters, incur more debts than the cost of his lordship's bad pictures and her ladyship's intaglios, &c., and one of them gets stabbed by the jealous lover of a certain little ballet-girl, while the other is all but poisoned by a deluded little chorus-singer herself. And so passes the life of this amiable aristocratic family, till the "Morning Post" in the following March announces the arrival of "Lord and Lady Tomnoddy and family in Grosvenor Square from Rome."

We have one more "Out of Town" item in our list of aristocratic pastimes, horse-racing. Grave moralists look sour at the very mention of it, and regard the turf as the highway to ——. But there is no contesting the fact that it is a great national sport, the most extensively patronized, the most universally liked, most engrossing and fascinating of all. Nor is it easy to find many objections to the sport itself; it is the betting and other concomitant evils attendant on it, to which the indignation of the virtuous is directed. To breed the best horses in the wide world, to try their powers of speed and endurance—surely these are no immoralities. It is very well to say that we might attain the same perfection in our breed of horses without racing; but we doubt that altogether. At all events the history of our vast improvement in this branch dates from the establishment of races and stud-books at Newmarket. At all events, it is to our racing stock that we and foreign nations turn for the best blood to engraft on the inferior breeds of horses at home and abroad. And we may further observe that, with the exception of the very few countries (such as Arabia) where the finest blood is indigenous, no nation has yet attained to anything approaching perfection in its breed of horses, where races have not been established and well patronized. Look at France, for example; it is only since horse-racing has become something like a favourite pastime that her breed of horses has borne the slightest comparison with our own; so with the United States of America, where, indeed, they bid fair to eclipse us (or have already done so) in the rearing of a race of splendid trotters—the most useful *working*-pace be it remembered — by the establishment of trotting-matches.

On the other hand, look at South America. The finest Spanish barbs, the produce of the Moorish breeds, were exported to that continent by its first colonists—they have increased and multiplied to an extent unknown in Europe, so that in some parts they have returned to their state of primitive wildness. But there have been no races—nothing to encourage the rearing of the best animals—and consequently, what are they? A set of weedy, undersized, ill-bred looking brutes (for we have seen them and ridden them) that an English gentleman would be ashamed to own. Conceive a troop of cavalry mounted on such animals, meeting a troop of British hussars, every one bestriding a charger three-parts bred, whose sire at least is chronicled in the stud-books of Newmarket. Why the physical force of horse-flesh alone in favour of the latter, would be at least as overwhelming as the difference of the respective men, and those who know what South Americans are, will appreciate the illustration.

Again, take the Cape. The Dutch imported horses and bred them before the English settled in the colony. But Dutchmen knew nothing about races. Since the country has been under English rule they have been established everywhere, and the consequences are, that the horses are improving cent. per cent. throughout the colony; and phlegmatic Mynheer himself tries all he can to carry off the cups and plates by rearing the best blood. A cavalry regiment *can* be decently mounted in the colony now, and will be well mounted a few years hence; but we doubt whether the Dutch could have shown troopers fit to appear on parade, to say nothing of their other qualities.

Take India. Some years ago our officers were mounted on pure imported Arabs, their men on a bastard breed from the same stock. The expense of a good mount was enormous. Races are fast changing all that: better horses are being daily bred in India under their influence, and a few years hence he will be a very silly or a very fanciful man who imports his horse from Arabia, when he can purchase as good, for a fifth of the price, bred on the plains of Hindostan.

Can we, however, wipe away the stain that rests upon the effects of horse-racing as exhibited in the characters of so many of its votaries! No more than we can deny its existence. But we believe that the evils of betting are not properly chargeable upon horse-racing itself. Why should men bet upon horses more than upon ships in a regatta, more than upon the weather, more than upon a game of cricket, or more than upon any other contingency? Not because horse-racing affords better means for doing so, but because, as we have said, it is a *national* sport; because all classes of men feel deeply interested in it, from the prince to the peasant; because our horses are a portion of our national glories, and the arena of their contests a sport to which all eyes are turned in interest and anxiety. And thus the very interest, which is of itself innocent enough, is perverted by those who have gambler's hearts (for the propensity is ever *innate*) into a source of the worst and most mischievous of ills.

However, we are relating facts and not discussing ethics in this paper, and so we will proceed with the great fact of horse-racing being an aristocratic "out of town" amusement. And here we must remark that the man who goes to the Derby or to Ascot, knows nothing at all about racing as a pursuit, as a sport attractive and engrossing. Newmarket is the head quarters of racing men, men who study "Ruff's Guide to the Turf," the "Racing Calendar," and "Bell's Life," as eagerly as a Jewish Rabbi does the Talmud. Who among the general public knows anything about the Spring Meetings, the Houghton, the first and second October Meetings, &c., except for the name of one or two great stakes in some of them? But the real devotee to horse-racing knows every stake and plate in every one of them; can run over the pedigree of "Saucy Jack," or "Miss Fidget," as though he had done nothing but learn them by heart for the last month; can tell you which horse was third in the Cæsarewitch for 1849, or any other year; knows the exact condition of every horse entered for the Chester Cup,—and, in a word, possesses such a mass of information on his one peculiar subject that probably half the pains and time he must have devoted to its acquisition, would, if expended on any art or science, have made him one of the celebrities of the world. But alas! he cannot be content with knowing all their valuable facts, he must try to make them pay also. And so he keeps a book; and so his money goes to sharpers: the family estates often follow, and very frequently the family credit, for honour and honesty go with them.

Don't let us forget, however, that there are the Richmonds, the Derbys, the Eglintons, the Bedfords, and a host of others, "all honourable men," who love the sport of horse-racing, and foster it in the best sense by breeding the finest horses they can rear, sending them to compete for the richest prizes, and contributing largely and lavishly to the expenses attendant on the sport; but who are utterly averse to the gaming which disfigures it, and not only make no books, but never lay wagers on the events at all, or encourage the propensity in others. These are "racing men" in the best sense of the term, and the man who goes to Goodwood, even if he be not a guest of his Grace of Richmond, will be proud that his country possesses such sportsmen.

Let us now quit our aristocratic company, and, moving eastward, see how Bloomsbury and the city amuse themselves "out of town." Like Christmas or the opening of the oyster season, their recreation comes but once a year. As soon as business begins to get "slack," the tradesman sighs for Margate; as soon as the long vacation sets in the lawyer rises from his desk and rushes off to Ramsgate or Boulogne; as soon as the West-end shows symptoms of utter desolation, the merchant forsakes his counting-house and 'change, and betakes himself to Worthing or Hastings, the Isle of Wight or Broadstairs. What thorough islanders we are still! A Prussian or an Austrian, in Berlin or Vienna, would be content to recreate himself in some rural château amid cornfields or vineyards. A Frenchman from Paris does the same (though the *Anglo-manie* has made him latterly cultivate a taste for Dieppe); but an English cockney would never feel that he had got rid of the dust and smoke of London and regaled his lungs with genuine fresh air until he had set foot on the sea-shore, bathed in the briny wave itself, been sea-sick on its billows, or sat in a strong north-easter right out at the very head of the pier. Englishmen are meant to be amphibious, and it is only by long training and torturing nature out of her original bias that they ever become otherwise—and herein we are *d'accord* with the philosophic author of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," who, however, carries the doctrine a little farther than ourselves, and opines that the whole human family were originally sea-monsters, and had an ichthyosaurus or plesiosaurus for their common ancestor.

Of late years, too, Killarney has come into fashion, and right-well does it deserve that fate. For exquisite scenery it is unsurpassed by anything we have seen in the four quarters of the globe. And the trip has all the novelty of a foreign one; for who knows Ireland or the Irish? Not those who gain all their intelligence from a newspaper; nor even those who have studied Michael Angelo Titmarsh's "Sketch Book;" for, strangely enough, this admirable depicter of character and manners always fails when he attempts the portraiture of an Irishman, and is utterly ignorant of the real peculiarities of the brogue, though he is very fond of trying to delineate both. His best Irish character is Costigan, though no Irishman ever spoke, or could speak, like him.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stubbs (Stubbs is on the Stock Exchange) take an excursion ticket for Killarney, when they determine to go "out of town" for three or four weeks. With it they are presented with a splendid pictorial "Irish Tourist's Guide." They leave London by the express train to Holyhead, and have the pleasure of sitting for nine hours in their carriage. To be sure there is a little break in the journey at Chester, where a substantial meal is laid out, and sleepy young ladies with very tight-fitting dresses stand behind a long counter, to serve out everything from a sherry-cobbler to a penny bun. Mr. Stubbs takes pale-ale (as he always does at every opportunity that may occur on a journey), and Mrs. Stubbs takes coffee, which compensates in heat for its deficiencies in flavour.

At Holyhead, after passing the Britannia and Conway tubular bridges, which Stubbs says reminds him of being blown like a pea through a tin pea-shooter, they take the steamer, or the steamer takes them. The Irish Channel is very apt to be disturbed, and is so on the present occasion, so that four or five hours of purgatory await them before they steam into Dublin Bay and land at Kingstown. A quarter of an hour more conveys them to Dublin, where they drive up to the Imperial Hotel in Sackville Street.

In Dublin they see much to admire, and a great deal more to disgust. The Phoenix Park is fine and vast; but it wants the gay attractions of

Hyde Park. Sackville Street is enormously broad, but it has a set of wretched shops on one side of the way, unworthy a tenth-rate London street. The Bank is handsome, though a trifle heavy and very smoky. The College is worth seeing, so are the Four Courts; so is *not* the Castle, nor the Vice-regal Lodge. The barracks are better; the quays are good; but the river looks narrow enough to their eyes. On the whole they are rather disappointed with Dublin, and find nothing fascinating enough in it to detain them beyond a day. So they take to the rail, and are off to the south.

They reach Mallow, and from Mallow they are conveyed by coach or car to Killarney. Half-way between those two places, they stop to change horses at Mill Street; and here they form their first correct notions of what a troop of Irish beggars are. There are some three hundred, at the lowest calculation, all collected round the vehicles, appearing to the uninitiated to be a mob bent on attacking and plundering the passengers; but that is not their intention. They only yell forth their pains and their griefs, and beseech you, by every Saint in the calendar, and especially by St. Patrick, to give them alms. Stubbs throws a penny into the crowd, and the whole troop dash at it frantically, and fight as if they would tear one another to pieces to obtain it. Mrs. Stubbs is rather shocked, especially when she hears that broken arms and legs are of almost daily occurrence in these scuffles for a halfpenny.

They are glad to move on; more glad when they drive into the queer little town of Killarney, and most glad when they enter the clean, comfortable, excellent hostelry, "The Victoria," on the banks of the beautiful lake itself, and standing within its own grounds, into whose precincts no halfpenny-hunters are admitted.

Next day after breakfast they engage a boat and secure a guide; they leave it to the civil and attentive landlady to load their boat with such good things as they require for the day's refreshment, and away they pull over the pellucid bosom of the larger lake for Glena. There they are enraptured with the splendid arbutus trees, and amused with the legends which Tom Fleming, their guide, tells them about the place, and about O'Donoghue and his white horse, &c. Then they steer for the Eagle's Nest, and gaze on one of the sweetest bits of wild mountain scenery in the world; and then Tom Fleming plays his fiddle, and they listen to the wondrous echoes reverberating from rock to rock. Then they pull to other points of interest, and Tom sings Irish ditties, sentimental or comic, to them, and quizzes one of the boatmen who has married a woman with a wooden leg, which fact he only discovered *after* the wedding. Then they see some salmon-fishing, and they buy one of the fish, and they pull to the little cottage on Glena, and they have it, or a part of it, cooked on arbutus sticks and over an arbutus wood fire; and whether it is the mysterious influence of the arbutus wood (as Tom Fleming swears it is), or whether it is the cooking or the freshness of the fish, certainly no salmon ever tasted so deliciously, or was consumed with better appetite. And then there is such a pretty pair of girls to wait on them, both christened Kathleen, though one is called Kate, and the other Kitty, and one is dark and the other fair (Mrs. Stubbs "sees nothing to admire in them"). And so between the influence of the air, the scenery, the salmon, the whiskey, and the pretty waiting-maids, Stubbs is in the seventh heaven of delight, and wonders whether he wont take a cottage at Killarney, and cut the Stock Exchange for ever.

Next day and the following days, there are the smaller lake, the pass, Mangerton Mountain with its glorious panoramic views, and half-a-dozen other charming and picturesque excursions to make by boat, by pony, and by car; and it is with real regret that Mr. Stubbs prepares to depart, pays the most moderate hotel bill he ever saw in his life, and writes his name in the visitor's book, where Douglas Jerrold had already certified it "an excellent hotel from the head to the boots." And so he leaves Killarney with a gift and a "testimonial" to Tom Fleming, who, amongst others, is very proud of this one:—

"Tom Fleming 's a capital guide,
  Whom you cannot do better than follow;
He plays on the fiddle beside,
  And will sing you a song like Apollo.

"He has elegant notions of blarney,
  He 'll tell you good stories and funny—
So all you who come to Killarney,
  Tom Fleming 's the man for your money."

Belgravia, May Fair, Bloomsbury, and the City, do not constitute all London. There is a far larger class than we can enumerate under all those heads together—the people, the lower orders or whatever else the reader likes to call them. They, at all events, outnumber all the others by thousands, and they, too, occasionally sigh for a little enjoyment "out of town." God knows they don't get much of it anywhere, though in many respects they want a change more than their superiors, as the air they breathe at home is less healthy than that of the richer neighbourhoods, and ten or twelve hours' hard bodily labour every day demands relaxation more forcibly than the elegant occupation of sauntering on the *pavé*, or cantering in Rotten Row. They cannot, however, afford the time nor the money to go "out of town" for any lengthened period, rarely even for one night, and so they have their cheap trips, their excursions to the Nore and back, their visits to Brighton for the day, or their vans to Richmond and Hampton Court. It would astonish the minds of less enthusiastic people (the upper classes) to know what an immense amount of enjoyment these good people can concentrate into their one day's "out of town."

But our space will not permit us to describe it. We have been able to sketch only a few of the scenes in the various phases of English life at the season of the year, when London weekly, daily, and hourly pours forth its thousands weary with a year's toil, stifled with dust and smoke, anxious to breathe the pure air of Heaven, to feast the eyes on green fields, hill and dale, ocean and rivulet, to enjoy the simple pleasures that are to be found alone *rure beato*, and to exist for a time, at least, "out of town."

THE MAN OF THE WORLD IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE

The drive down the Apennines to Florence is the noblest and most inspiriting day's journey that can be taken, when one is all youth, and in search of intellectual, as well as mere visual enjoyment. The run down the Splugen to Chiavenna, or the Stelvio to Bormio may be finer, as far as the picturesque is regarded. The Apennine is but a poor and barren Alp, requiring some of Salvator or Mrs. Radcliffe's banditti to communicate to it the sublime. The magnificent lakes, torrents, passes, and crags, are but feebly imitated. But Florence, the country of Dante, of Michael Angelo, and of the Medicis, is there, with all its treasures of art still garnered, and its literary reminiscence still alive. Its palaces and churches, the Baptistry and its gates, the Chapel of Lorenzo and its statues, all breathe the air and speak the language of the sixteenth century.

Florence and Rome, that is, all central Italy, escaped the turmoil and insurrection into which the example of Spain had thrown Piedmont, Lombardy, and Naples, in 1821 and 1822. The Grand-duke of Tuscany was liked as a person of liberal inclinations, and every one saw the uselessness of coercing him to constitutionalism, or giving him the uselessness of going that length, until the Austrian power in Lombardy was quelled. The conspiracy to effect that having failed, the Tuscan liberals could but resign themselves to fate, shrug their shoulders, and stick to their tragedies and essays. I had brought no letter of introduction to Florence, and found no families bewailing their expatriated sons or incarcerated husbands. The Austrians had marched to Naples, but had not entered the Tuscan territory. Indeed, there was no excuse; whatever the inclination of the Florentines, the city did not give signs of even containing a people or a mob. It was, therefore, as delightful to bid adieu to the sombre Bologna, and descend into gay Florence, with its vines and olives, as to leave the Austrian *sbirri*, and wander through towers and walls, where were to be seen no camps, no cannon, no police, eternally mounted and scouring in search of prey.

It was still summer, the end of August or beginning of September, when gay society, reserved for winter, was not to be hoped, and when Florence itself was not considered supremely wholesome. Those who above all things looked for health and pleasure, had gone to the baths of Lucca, from whence, perched in luxurious ease, they could descry the distant Mediterranean, and catch the evening breezes from its waters. Of the few that lingered in Florence, the man whom I chiefly desired to see, was one. This was the Marchese Capponi, the head of all that was intellectual and liberal in Florence—a man of education, wealth, taste, and talent. The trifle might be added, of his being one of the handsomest men of his time. How such unrivalled advantages would have told in any other country, under any other laws! Yet in Italy they only embittered existence, without adding grandeur to the personage, who so merited it, or might have won it. In the actual state of Italy the Grand-duke had not failed to consult the Marchese Capponi. The latter had given him the best counsels, and the Grand-duke wanted not the will to follow them. But the courage was not his, nor would courage have availed against the political and overwhelming power of his relations of Vienna.

The Marquis Capponi, therefore, surrounded himself with all that was intelligent, and enlightened, and liberal in Tuscany, but excluded political agitation as idle. The university of Pisa, at that time, had thrown forth many students of promise; and all were welcomed and fêted at the palace of Capponi, and not a few supported by his munificence. One of the young Pisan students of most renown at that time, and who, indeed, gave proofs of transcendent talent in the sciences and in every branch of learning, was Libri. He has since shaken the dust of Italy from off his feet, and made his way to the first ranks of French science, in a country where science is wealth and nobility. Overwhelmed of late years by a terrible accusation, from which not even the friendship of Guizot saved him, he has succeeded, however, in flinging off the obloquy, and stands right in the opinion of those friends whose attachment was best worth having. Niccolini was the Florentine poet of the day. The marquis gave a country banquet in one of his villas, for the purpose of his reading a new tragedy. Unfortunately, the stage in Italy, except for operatic performances, is neither much followed by the fashionable, that is, the paying public, nor much liked by the authorities. It was impossible to represent tragedy in Italy, except from the plays of Alfieri, and these are so thickly sown with appeals to liberal sentiments, and anathemas of tyranny, that the very announcement of them in a play-bill, were enough to kindle an *émeute*. Yet what an audience is the Italian for sympathy, for excitement, for the enjoyment of theatrical representation? I saw "Myrrha," represented at Florence, and under great disadvantages. The actress who played the part had no roof to her mouth; the father, who was the object of her affection, was a most forbidding personage. The play was nothing; but the frenzied admiration of the popular audience was in itself a tragedy, far more real and intense than the production of the poet. Indeed, one of the finest objects of study in the world is an Italian pit, whether enchanted by the opera *seria* or *buffà*, transfixed with interest at some vile melodrame translated from the French, or allowed to enjoy broad fun at San Carlino. It is not the liberty of the press that would have so much effect on the Italian, as the liberty of the stage. The political doctors of Italy, however, can allow their public nothing that would give a pulsation to nerve, or create anything like life in that sepulchral existence, which is allowed to glimmer on the unfortunate inhabitants of that peninsula, by their spiritual and civil fathers, the monks and the executioners.

Vieusseux was one of the Marquis Capponi's guests, the editor of a review, contributed to more or less by the literary circle. A fierce and learned quarrel then raged through the Italian periodicals and literati, which at that time prevailed in Rome. It was whether the pure style of La Crusca was to be preserved, or modern innovation in language and idea be admitted for the sake of their novelty and force. I quite forget who were the classics, and who the romantics,—all I recollect is the fact, and the vivacity of the controversy.

France and England were represented at the court of Tuscany by specimens of their respective aristocracy. Lord Burghersh was then beginning his diplomatic career which he is now finishing at Vienna. His *penchant* for music and theatricals created a little English world of pleasure, quite apart from the Italian, and in which I recollect some gay youths and damsels mingling, that are now staid, grave, and past all fun. The headlong glee with which such things as getting up private theatricals are entered into in England, is dangerous under the clime and with the excitement of Italy. What mistakes, what misfortunes, what a channel of scandal might I not disclose, mingled with well known names, and tales of titled personages; but no! all those people have paid dearly for their follies, those who committed them, and 'twere a sin to rake up for them the melancholy past.

The Marquis de Maisonfort was French Ambassador, an old noble of the *ancien régime*, an intimate of Louis XVIII., one of those who mocked the *émigrés'* camp at Coblentz, as bitterly as they abhorred the Convention. The little *coterie* of Louis XVIII., indeed, disliked and satirized all and everything. The difficulty was to discover, what or whom they did like. The Secretary of the French Legation was the poet Lamartine, then in the bloom of youth, and the first vigour of the Muse. He had published his "Meditations," and looked them, and was more given to excursions to Valombrosa, than to either the intrigues or petty cares of diplomatic business. It was impossible to imagine or behold a contrast greater, than that offered by the ambassador and his secretary. Indeed, all over the world personages in their position do somehow or another differ and contrast. M. de Maisonfort was one of the most perfect concentrations of the old world, of the last century, and its ideas; whereas Lamartine was a personification of the present, with its romance, its ideology, its struggles after something unattainable in politics, morals, poesy, and all else. One was all sentiment, the other sarcasm; one matter-of-fact, the other imaginative; one Voltairean, the other neo-religious. Those who at the time thought Lamartine a little man, said that a dialogue between Maisonfort and him, resembled one between Talleyrand and Chateaubriand. Singular, that two of the most poetic minds that modern France has produced, Chateaubriand and Lamartine, should have thrown their poetic genius into politics rather than into verse.

There was nothing to do at that time for either French or English ambassador in Florence. Rome gave no trouble to England under Pius VII. and Gonsalvi, so that the English legation at Florence had nothing to watch or to negotiate. And the Grand-duke of Tuscany had so destroyed the power of the priesthood in Tuscany, whilst in his own country the landed proprietors gave such good leases to their tenants—which they could afford from the richness of the land—that there was no discontent amongst the lower classes, and, consequently, no symptoms or possibility of those insurrections and revolutions, which convulsed North and South Italy. Tuscany, in fact, was as happy and contented, all except its intellectual class, as the Romagna was exasperated and turbulent. It is the fashion with the modern school of despotism, to restore the power of the Roman Catholic priesthood, as the best mode of tranquillizing a country. In my opinion, the most certain way to render any country turbulent, is to establish priestly authority over the peasantry. The peasantry, if left alone, and secure of the means of subsistence, will be quiet of themselves in any country. Whatever fire they have, smoulders as an ash-heat. Give the clergy the power of stirring this, and they will soon create a flame, ay, and keep it alive, from mere zeal. Why Tuscany was quiet in 1822, and frantic in 1848, could probably be answered in this way.

There is not, perhaps, so much difference between capitals that are priest-governed and court-governed. But there is an immense contrast between provincial towns and villages that are priest-governed, and that are not subject to the control of priests. Take a small town of the Papal dominions, under the rod of priests and monks, and a small town of the Tuscan dominions, at that time free from it; and what with the Italian clime, easy nature and society, one would be found a paradise—the other an *inferno.* I don't say this with any hatred of priests. Make any men or class the despots of society, and they will abuse it. Live six weeks at Sienna, and then spend the next six weeks at Perugia, and one will instantly perceive the contrast.

The Romans of Rome were, however, not discontented in 1823. They were proud of their Pope, who acted heroically in resisting Napoleon, and who won thereby not a few of the laurels of the living martyr. He was a good, merciful man, and Gonsalvi, his minister, was as little of a priest, as a priest in power can be. The lower orders, as well as the tradespeople in Rome, remembered the time when the Pope had been carried away, and the city lost considerably by his absence, and by the cessation of that large ecclesiastical expenditure, which recommenced in 1815. Then the revolutionists, who called on the Romans, in 1822, to fraternize with them, were the Neapolitans; and the Romans hate the Neapolitans, as they might hate poison. Whilst I write I hear of executions of twenty at a time, in small towns of the Roman states; citizens and peasants executed, for what the Papal judges consider treason against the state; that is, dislike of the government of the priesthood. In Gonsalvi's days, this cruelty, with the mutual fear and hate which such murders indicate, did not exist. No executions, indeed, ever took place in the reign of Pius VII. but for murder.

Political life was extinct in Rome as far back as 1823; but artistic life was bright. Canova had not long expired. Thorwaldsen was still busy with his chisel; Gibson following in their wake. German, French, and English painters, followed their different schools, and there was a crowd of nobility from all countries, ready with interest, feeling, and commands.

The Duchess of Devonshire was queen of the foreign society, and, indeed, of no small portion of the Roman. Settled at Rome permanently, inhabiting one of its noblest palaces, and from residence and knowledge, commanding all the intellectual and artistic men of renown of the great city, such a personage rendered it doubly worth visiting, giving Rome precisely what it most stood in need of. No society is so delightful as Italian, if you can purify it from intrigue, and raise it above frivolity. It is precisely what the Duchess of Devonshire effected during the years of her residence. But those years were, unfortunately, few; and it was curious, as well as lamentable to see, how nothing like genuine or even literary talent should show itself at Rome. Gherardo de Rossi was the only one that could be called a poet; and a writer, except upon antiquities, would have been a prodigy. The Church is the only career, and every study or thought, not tending to employment or advancement in that career, was rigidly taboo'd. If the Papal University of Bologna developed any talent in a student, he assuredly turned away his step from Rome. In the city itself it was the same. Every man of spirit and of talent was the cream, that was skimmed off; the Roman administration and professions were composed of the refuse and dregs of all Italy. It is marvellous that in an institution like the Roman Catholic Church, which has the power of culling the best spirits of the population following its tenets, such care should be taken to have the dullest advanced to the highest places. Worldly absolutism, like that of Prussia, Russia, Austria, have their bureaucracy, with which the masses are ruled; but care is taken to have in this bureaucracy the cream of the country's capacity. But the effort of the Roman system is to cull this, and throw it aside. It is to this trebly-sifted concentration of all stupidity and servility that a great portion of the world looks for wisdom and infallibility, not merely in religious dogmas, but in the choice of spiritual chiefs to guide and govern distant worlds. Posterity will scarcely be got to credit the existence, nay, the resuscitation and the fresh florescence of such a system.

The Prussians formed a very intellectual and distinguished circle at Rome in these years. Niebuhr was ambassador, and he had made Bunsen his secretary. Prince Henry of Prussia was a constant resident at Rome, and well represented the literary and artistic taste of his family. And when the Congress of Verona broke up, the King of Prussia, with his sons and Humboldt, came trooping down on a visit to the eternal city. I remember meeting them of a fine October morning in the Protestant burying-ground at the foot of the pyramid of Caius Certius, the old king long and grave, the princes, that is, the present king, and his brother, running to and fro like schoolboys escaped from form and desk. Great was their indignation against the beggarly cemetery for heretics, and magnificent their plans for having it amended. But amended it never was, nor would the Pope give chapel or church to German Protestants.

Would the King of Prussia kiss his Holiness's toe? That was the serious question asked by all, ere he arrived. The king did, on meeting the Pope, make a motion as if about to stoop, but he was prevented by the courteous Pius; and the weighty matter was left, as all such weighty matters may well be, in doubt.

It was no small privilege to have been born at a time which enabled one to read Byron's poems and Scott's novels, as they came out in all their freshness, and to have witnessed the first representations of Rossini's operas. One can scarcely conceive a pleasure greater than that of having heard the "Barber of Seville," for example, played for the first time, before one of its airs had escaped into the public, and when all was new, as we know it to be original and beautiful. The pleasure of witnessing an opera is no doubt livelier than can be conveyed by any book. Several of Rossini's operas were produced for the first time at the Argentina, the little Roman theatre, so dirty, dark, and dismal, with its half-dozen stinking lamps and filthy benches. Coming in early to it, one could reconcile oneself with difficulty to passing the evening in such a den. But the cavern of dust and dirtiness soon filled with the beauty and gallantry of Rome, the pit with an audience, every man of whom was as much alive to a false note or a well-executed passage, as our Gods to the proprieties of the ghost-scene in "Macbeth." See Englishmen at a horse-race, Italians at an opera, if a provincial one, all the better, where they are not restricted by a court with its sentinels, or interrupted by the *chiacchera* of the boxes.

Justice must be done to Beyle, M. de Stendhal, as he calls himself, the writer of the "Life of Rossini," who lived at this time in Italy, and who witnessed the first representations of all the operas, whose birth he relates, and whose story he tells. The book is redolent of Italy, and drags the reader, as it were, completely behind the scenes. It is singular that two French writers, Madame Sand and M. Beyle, should have given more vivid pictures of Italy than any Italian writer.

I left Rome in a tremendous hurry. The courier brought word of an eruption of Vesuvius, and that was a representation which one might wait years to witness. But even the post could not do the one hundred and fifty miles' journey in less than thirty hours, and when I arrived the mountain throes were over, and little more than the thick and sulphurous mist remained, that reeked from the sunk conflagration. The Bay of Naples, or rather its shores, was a foot thick of fine ashes; the lava torrents were still hot and not yet solid, and there was a *remue-ménage* of English hurrying to the mountain and from the mountain, which evinced the passion of the Saxon for an explosion. There were two British vessels in the anchorage beyond Portici; the very tars had taken up a position to behold the conflict of the elements.

The symptoms on Naples of the moral eruption, which had signalized 1821 and 1822, were as vivid and painful as those which Vesuvius had left. The Austrians were everywhere. They garrisoned Capua, and were very particular about visitors and passports. They had their cannon in the squares of Naples, loaded with grape. The poor Neapolitan had offered no resistance whatever; but the Austrians remained not the less armed to the teeth, and fierce as their own Pandours. The Neapolitans were to be seen nowhere. Society was in holes and corners, and carried on by whispers. The English embassy was the only place where people congregrated to breathe and to talk freely. Old Ferdinand on his return from Verona had *rentré dans ses droits*. And the solemn silence with which he was received when he occupied the box at the San Carlo, was something that might chill a colder heart than his.

There was great difference in 1822 between the liberal movements in Milan and those in Naples. In Lombardy and Piedmont the rising, or the conspiracy to rise, was the work of the *noblesse*. It was thus confined to the upper classes, who almost exclusively paid the penalty with their properties and freedom. In Naples it was the professional classes, the lawyers, officers, and even civil *employés*. All the well-to-do-people beneath the *noblesse* had proclaimed the constitution, and Ferdinand had the best of all opportunities of founding a monarchy of the middle classes in his dominion, had he so minded it, or if the three gentlemen of Verona would have allowed it. In order to accomplish this, there must, however, be sincerity on one side and good sense on the other; and both were wanting on this occasion; as, indeed, on all occasions of trying so interesting an experiment.

The fugitives from Milan were all of the nobler and wealthy classes, easily supported in exile by their friends at home; but the young Neapolitans implicated in the constitutional government were of the middle ranks, not wealthy enough to bear exile. They abided the storm, therefore, and the police crammed thousands into prison, still more remaining in semi-concealment, hiding with this friend and that. The Neapolitans have almost as great a horror as the French of quitting their dear metropolis. A prison within its walls seems preferable to a palace without. So that Poerio and the other constitutional chiefs coolly annulled the *sbirri* of Ferdinand in 1823, as they did of his son in 1848.

Naples and Venice are the cities of Italy most prized and frequented by the English tourist. I have shed my anathemas against Venice, and I would shed no less severe a condemnation upon Naples. It is the least Italian of all cities, with the exception of two elements of Italianism, its climate and its lazzaroni. These certainly are unique; but the rest has neither characteristic nor worth. The French *régime* of Murat destroyed the *noblesse*, at least all that was left to destroy of it. What remains is a worthy appendage of the meanest, most ignorant, most mean, and debauched court in Europe. The French *régime* in destroying the *noblesse*, however, created a larger town middle class, and country middle class of small proprietors, who have the disadvantage of being little Italian, but who have, on the other hand, the best qualities of the French, a determination to be ruled or dominated by neither court, priesthood, nor aristocracy. They shook the three off in 1848, and all three have now got once more astride the backs of the Neapolitans. But they are most awkward and most ignorant riders, that it is utterly impossible they should be able to keep their seats; the first *secousse* or shake in Europe will send the authorities of Naples into the depths of its bay, and, we may add, that none will pity them.

But no Englishman can be much interested in Neapolitan literature, or indeed in Neapolitan anything, save and except the clime. Their political ideas and discontent are French. So is the little cultivation they have got, and the education they glean independent of the priesthood. But Naples has no literature, no art, no educators, no school, no society, no nationality. That so large a population should be collected in the loveliest of the earth's cities, and with all the elements of property and ease, and make no intellectual or possible use of them:—this is truly a wonder. The government is bad, bad as government can well be. But other cities under a bad government have still produced men of intellect, and have cultivated even works of art and literature with success. The Milanese are more oppressed than the Neapolitans, whose tyranny is at least a Neapolitan one. But the Neapolitans are as inferior to their northern countrymen, as Athenian to Bœotian.

There is, however, one quality which Northern and Southern Italians both possess, and rival each other in, whilst the central Italians are totally without it, and that is, culinary taste. The Romans have nothing to eat; the Tuscans are too stingy to eat what they have got. But the Milanese and the Neapolitans are fond of the table, cultivate cookery as an art, and set off their good things to the best advantage. Milan and Naples have the largest opera-houses of the Peninsula, both have an audience capable of appreciating the best works. Both, however, have the same fault, of delighting in the rare, and the odd, and the conceited, rather than the simply beautiful. Both affected to be far above admiring Rossini, neither could tolerate Mozart. The operatic favourites consisted of names never heard of since.

Neapolitan women are not pretty. The peasant women are the ugliest in Italy, principally because they labour in the fields, which always deprives the female sex of any pretensions to beauty, especially in a southern clime. And thus the lower orders are universally ugly; beauty is rare at the same time amongst the upper ones, whether it is that the sight of beauty engenders beauty, and *vice versâ*, or from some other cause. A brilliant exception to the ugliness of Naples, and the empty expression of the Neapolitan Bourbons, was the young Princess Maria Christina. It was impossible to behold a more lovely young woman. She was then the eldest princess, the Duchess of Berry having gone to France. The present King of Prussia, then Crown-Prince, was so struck with her, that his good father found it a difficult matter to tear the prince from Naples. And when a violent storm carried away the bridge of boats over the Garigliano, and compelled the royal *cortège* of Prussia to return to Naples, it was attributed by the prince to his great good luck, and by the public to an artifice of his passion, worthy of romance. Scandalous tongues were already busy with her. I did not believe one word of their infamy. It is enough to destroy chastity and honour, that indiscriminate negation of it, upon the slightest of grounds, for the most puerile of purposes.

I could write a very long disquisition on the lower orders of Italian cities, so remarkable by their strong characteristics and extreme diversity. This, however, is not the place for more than a few remarks on a subject which would repay attention. Take Naples and Genoa, two Italian seaports, in pretty much the same clime, the lower orders of the population having almost identical means of earning a livelihood, that is, by conveying persons and goods from vessels to shore, acting as porters and so on. The Neapolitan lazzaroni is proverbially the laziest of men; the Genoese porter the most active. The one is all truth, the other all lies; the one all honesty and frugality, the other all roguishnesss and prodigality; for the lazzaroni spends what he gets forthwith. You might trust one with a weight of gold, the other not within reach of your pocket-handkerchief. The one marries, rears a family and cares for them; the other lives like a beast, and does not rise even to the level of domesticity. But Genoa and Venice have republican traditions, which have communicated to the lower orders many of the high qualities of the gentle. Naples has no tradition but that of tyranny, and its working class are as base as the hereditary slave.

The worst political states that can befall a country, are those of a large republic or a small despotism. If the liberty and activity of a republic be not distributed through every limb, and their local life secured by minute and complete subdivisions, it is like the republics tried in France, a multitudinous and vulgar tyranny, degrading as it is galling. Absolute power, to be tolerable and profitable, should extend over large spaces and multitudes, at least whilst it legislates and reorganizes.

I should have desired no better fate for Italy at the commencement of this century, than that which the greatest of its sons, Napoleon Buonaparte, might have given it, despotic unity of government, with the deletion of its local and foreign tyrannies, its priestly rule, and its corrupt courts. But, unfortunately, he treated his noble country as a mere cabbage-garden, to be cut into slices for the amusement of his puerile relatives, Murat and Beauharnois. Had he sent the Pope an order to endow Rome with a civil government, and cashiered the states of Venice and Genoa, to make them ports of an Italian kingdom. Italians might have pardoned him. Had Bonaparte done this for Italy, Italy would have loved him, would have given him soldiers and support, and in his day of misfortune would have formed him a fastness and a retreat, from which Europe could not have driven him, and which they would gladly have left him. Italy may be defended by small armies, France can only be defended by large bodies, as Napoleon himself too fully proved in 1814. At the moment in which I write the dissolvent elements are stronger in Italy than they have been for centuries. The Pope is flourishing, and more zealously patronized by France and Austria, than the See of Rome has, perhaps, ever been. Each petty tyrant, too, has now unlimited power. Education and expression of thought are more stifled than ever. And the only counteractive good promised for Italy, comes from the railroads, which must, in despite of all obstruction, and were it but for military objects, be opened soon from one end of the peninsula to the other. These new links are doing their work in Germany, and will, no doubt, level Apennines and Alps. But Italy, in 1852, would require a very different portraiture, philosophy, spirit, and prognostication, from those offered and suggested by Italy in 1822.

I returned by Genoa to Turin. Genoa was prosperous, especially its trading and middle classes, who were fast buying up the palaces of the nobility, and demanding but a liberal commercial policy, in order to become once more a great trading community. This, however, is impossible, if Austria and Tuscany unite to exclude Piedmontese trade. This, in 1852, is now the case, and Genoa, of course, is relapsing into insignificance. How your petty Italian potentates delight in ruining each other, and with each other their common country. Turin I found in a false and affected frenzy of loyalty. The Duke of Carignan, since Charles Albert, had commenced his political career by betraying his associates, and turning penitent. All the courtly, professional, and other people at Turin were engaged in the same task. Turin did not present the scenes of anguish and misery which afflicted Milan and Naples, but its immunity from punishment rendered its pusillanimity more degrading.

It was difficult to conceive, what has since turned out to be the case, that the Piedmontese would be the only staunch and sensible constitutional people in the peninsula. But their connection with France, its princes, politics, and literature, now became so intimate, that its very royalists learned constitutionalism; and Charles Albert was emboldened by the example of the Duke of Orleans, to resume, as king those liberal, views which he had been compelled to repudiate as prince.

IN MEMORIÂ.

Embalm the venerated clay;
Rear high the monumental stone;
The homage of a mourning land
Let glorious obsequies enthrone.

Give dust to dust with martial pomp;
Let conquer'd banners be display'd,
And on the grand sarcophagus
Victorious trophies laid.

Assemble all your proudest host;
Stand, Prince and People, round the tomb,
Behold the broad effulgent ray
That gilds its solemn gloom.

The sepulchre no shadow throws
When the Illustrious pass from sight,
Glory with living lustre glows—
The star is quenched in light.

Julia Day.

Cowes, *Oct.* 20, 1852.

"In another document, of the 1st of July, Mirabeau says, that 'if the Duke of Orleans was not personally to be dreaded, he could foresee that a great deal of mischief might be done by others with his (the Duke's) money.' In the same document Mirabeau takes to task, though unjustly, the Duc de Liancourt. 'In consequence of the imprudence of the stupid Latouche,' says he, 'I am compelled to believe that the Duc de Liancourt is intriguing against the Tuileries.' On this head his fears were without foundation; the Duc de Liancourt might very likely personally entertain resentment against the Court, and might possibly seek to cause it some annoyance, but he had neither the means nor the intention to brew any real mischief against it.

"He was anxious to serve the King only two years afterwards, and showed the most generous devotion on this occasion. Though he has often been mentioned in the Memoirs in relation to the Revolution, because he himself spoke so much upon the questions of the day, and mixed himself up in such a number of details, he ought not to be considered as actively concerned in this extraordinary cause; for if his proceedings on the 15th of July, 1789, in connexion with the King, be excepted, one may almost say that his influence was next to nothing either in the Assembly or elsewhere.

"It will have been observed, that one of Mirabeau's reasons for not wishing to hinder the Duke of Orleans's return was, that La Fayette, who possessed an open enemy in this prince, whose attacks he would constantly have to parry, would find himself harassed, and consequently less at liberty to pursue his plots against the Court. Just what Mirabeau foresaw really happened. Whatever may have been said with regard to his personal power, the Duke of Orleans could, if he had the opportunity, raise up difficulties and create dangers for his enemies; and this is what he did, I think, for La Fayette. I had no means of observing the Duke of Orleans's conduct after his return from England; I refer, therefore, to the memoirs of the time concerning this subject: but I shall neither attempt to justify nor contradict the assertions contained in them; of one thing, however, I am quite certain, that from the time of his entry into France the multitude, instructed by some of the Jacobin leaders, instead of joining in the chorus of the *bourgeoisie*, as they had formerly done, to celebrate the praises of the hero of the New and Old World, now separated themselves from this class, and hooted at him with as much fury as they had former hailed him with enthusiastic applause. The indifference which the soldiers displayed towards their general after the 10th of August, 1792, proves how matters were changed.

"It is now my business to record a particular circumstance respecting Mirabeau's relations with the Court; for though a vague allusion has frequently been made to it, it has never been thoroughly understood. Till this period Mirabeau's relations with the Court had had no other results than to make him pursue a better course when he spoke in the National Assembly, and occasion him to furnish the King with advice, of which he (the King) availed himself very little. Mirabeau kept his relations with the Court profoundly secret, though he continued to see M. de Mercy very frequently at my hotel.

"One day M. de Mercy thought he perceived a desire on Mirabeau's part to be granted a secret audience of the King and Queen; he seemed to think that a personal interview might exercise a more decided influence over their plans than any of the daily notes which he forwarded to them, and might make them feel more confidence in him than they had hitherto experienced. The Count de Mercy at once entered into this notion and persuaded the Queen to accede to his desire. She consented immediately, so that the only thing then to be considered was to arrange that the interview should take place as quietly as possible. After some little delay, occasioned by the state of circumstances, it was agreed that it should take place on the 3rd of July, 1790, at the palace of Saint Cloud, where the Court then resided at that time. Mirabeau, in order to disguise his movements, settled to sleep out of Paris, at his niece's, Madame d'Aragon et Auteuil, and from there he proceeded at the appointed hour to the Queen's apartments, where he also found the King. Thanks to the precautions which had been taken, this interview had been kept tolerably secret; all that was breathed about it was so very vague that the public generally did not attach much faith to the rumours.

"The next time I saw the Queen after this interview, she told me almost the first thing, that both she and the King were quite convinced of the sincere devotion of Mirabeau to their cause and to the welfare of the monarchy, since they had conversed with him. She then spoke of her first impressions when Mirabeau made his appearance: only nine months before she had heard him described as a perfect monster, who had headed the rabble, who had marched down upon Versailles with a view of assassinating her; she had a vivid recollection of her guards being slaughtered in defending her, of the invasion of her palace by wretches who loudly called for her head; so the idea of Mirabeau presiding over this horrible scene would return to her mind in spite of herself when she beheld him. Though she was thoroughly convinced of her error, it was difficult to efface such deep impressions, and she confessed to me that when she first saw Mirabeau enter her apartments a chilling feeling of fear took possession of her, and she was so much agitated during this interview that in consequence she became slightly indisposed a little while afterwards.

"Mirabeau could think of nothing but the agreeable nature of this interview; he felt when he quitted Saint Cloud as if he were walking on air; the dignity of the Queen, the grace which attended every movement of her person, the charming and affable manner in which she behaved when he accused himself with considerable emotion of being one of the principal causes of her troubles, all succeeded in captivating him beyond measure. This interview inspired him with fresh zeal and increased his anxiety to amend his former errors. 'Nothing shall check my exertions,' he said to me; 'I will die rather than break my promises.' He was not less touched by the King's calm resignation, and by the moderation of his views with regard to the reestablishment of royal authority; he observed to me, on this same occasion, that if Louis the Sixteenth had had skilful ministers, it would have been very easy, with his yielding nature, to have prevented the evils caused by the Revolution.

The King, on his side, relied almost too much on Mirabeau's assistance; he resigned himself to an entire feeling of security, with which this fresh support inspired him.

"Precisely at the same time that this interview took place, and was the means of so much increasing Mirabeau's zeal, an article appeared in the newspaper called the 'Orateur du Peuple,' which charged him with having paid a visit to St. Cloud, and insinuated that he must have seen the Queen. This paper was forwarded to the Committee of Research, instituted by the National Assembly, but no information respecting the matter could be gained. Mirabeau acknowledged that he had left Paris with a view of seeing his niece, Madame d'Aragon, but there the matter rested; at least, after a few days, when they had contented themselves with shouting in the streets of Paris, 'The alarming treachery of M. de Mirabeau!'

"My correspondence and relations now increased apace, owing to the part I was taking in this unfortunate cause; I saw Mirabeau continually; very often we wrote to each other twice a-day; this will be remarked from the number of notes of his and mine which will be found among the other materials. Then I frequently received messages from the Queen, through the Archbishop of Toulouse, and the Count de Mercy, to beg that I would go to her. I have every reason to believe that the King and Queen placed as much confidence in me as they found it possible to bestow on any one; and I say this because it is well known that they never gave their whole confidence to anybody. My frequent visits to the Tuileries, and my intimacy with persons who were remarkable for their attachment to the King and Queen, might and would necessarily be remarked, and would in the end be productive of all kinds of personal embarrassment to me, but the hope of succeeding in so important an undertaking supplied with courage all those who were concerned in it.

"Mirabeau never ceased to mention in his daily notes the necessity of the King's changing his ministers, and of his quitting Paris, for if he remained, he (Mirabeau) declared that he might expect the most frightful outrages to be committed against himself and the royal family. Every time I saw the Queen I endeavoured to induce her to follow this advice, but she had far less fear of the future than myself; her benevolent nature led her to imagine that we exaggerated the wicked perverseness of her enemies, and she willingly persuaded herself that all that the King could lose in the struggle were a few prerogatives of his royal power; all our hopes and chances of success were therefore centred in the Count de Mercy.

"The first and most important object which Mirabeau wished to effect was the election of a new ministry; in fact, as soon as it was ascertained that Mirabeau could not possibly act in conformity with the ministers, and that the King had even expressly desired that he might have no communication with them, it was impossible to feel, whatever confidence might be entertained of his talent and penetration, that he could succeed in his exertions to establish the King's constitutional authority without a new ministry. The Count de Mercy felt the importance of this measure as much as ourselves; he tried to induce the Court to adopt it; the Queen, who placed the greatest confidence in his advice, was at length convinced of its utility, but he found it impossible to surmount the King's reluctance to the change. He had persons about him who gave him very different advice, and as he was always vacillating and could never form nor carry out a resolution himself, he listened to the counsels of everybody, and was eager to avail himself of everybody's advice; consequently, he either did not follow out clearly one line of conduct, or else adopted that which was to be least recommended.

"The King's indecision harassed even his best friends; the more I became mixed up in his affairs, the more embarrassing became my position, and, in spite of my attachment to the Queen, I should probably have felt myself obliged to quit France and the National Assembly at this period (Sept. 1790), had not a circumstance which occurred at this period, and which detained me long afterwards, prevented me from taking this step. The Count de Mercy, who, since relations between the Court and Mirabeau had been established, had constantly been the mediator, was compelled to leave Paris and proceed to the Hague, in accordance with the Emperor Leopold's desire, that he should there negotiate with England as to the means to be adopted in order to regain possession of the Low Countries, and as to the conditions which should guarantee this possession to the House of Austria. The Count de Mercy, to whom I had communicated my idea of leaving France, begged me earnestly to remain in Paris, as soon as he found that his departure was unavoidable; the Queen united her entreaties to his, and my duty was at once clear, and left me no room for hesitation. I consented, therefore; and it was agreed that during M. de Mercy's absence, which would be only temporary, that I should regularly inform him with regard to all that passed between Mirabeau and the Court, and concerning the progress of events. These arrangements being taken, the Count de Mercy left Paris, whither he never returned. Mirabeau experienced keen regrets at his departure, he had hoped so much from his (M. de Mercy's) influence over the King and Queen; besides, the mutual intercourse which they had latterly held had given him a high opinion of M. de Mercy's good sense and the honourable straightforwardness of his disposition.

"As the King could not be induced to change the ministry, it was essential to persuade him to fix upon one of the present ministers, in order to confide to him the important secret of the relations which existed between him and Mirabeau, and to obtain his assistance in causing Mirabeau's measures to be adopted. After some consideration, the Count de Mercy suggested that M. de Montmorin would be a fitting person. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs, consequently, owing to this position, he had entered into various relations, which he still maintained, and therefore was in a situation to understand the feelings and motives which influenced them. He knew very well that though M. de Montmorin had committed more than one fault since the commencement of the Revolution, that these faults were to be attributed to M. Necker's proceedings, for on him he (M. de Montmorin), one may almost say, was compelled to rely, inasmuch as the King had requested him not to depart from the path which was carved out for him by this minister. When this point was settled the Count de Mercy paid M. de Montmorin a visit, and had a long interview with him, at my hotel, before his (M. de Mercy's) departure. He led him to hope that the Queen would bestow her confidence upon him, and advised me (as much as in my power) to try to dispel the prejudices which her Majesty felt against M. de Montmorin.

"I was acquainted with M. de Montmorin, but I had never had any business transactions with him, in this interview he displayed such entire devotion to the King and Queen, that it was quite impossible for one moment to doubt his sincerity, and I saw clearly that he would pursue the path marked out for him without turning either to the right or left. He was a man of sound judgment, of some intelligence, but he was by nature timid, and could not make use of his faculties or his good intentions unless he were kept in leading-strings like a child. We were mutually satisfied with each other from the time of this our first interview, and, personally, I had no reason to complain of the relations which I maintained with him after I quitted France. The first occasion on which I saw the Queen after M. de Mercy's departure, I gave her full particulars of my conversation with M. de Montmorin, and I remarked that I would be responsible for this minister's loyal feelings. I had not much difficulty in making her agree to this part of the question, but she raised some objections to his being selected because of the weakness of his character, and for that reason she almost doubted whether he could be made useful. I made her understand that as long as the King refused to receive a minister into his counsels upon whose capacity and character he might entirely depend, and who would act in conjunction with Mirabeau, it was essential to avail themselves of M. de Montmorin's services, whose intentions were at least pure, and whose devotion could not be doubted; and at length, after some discussion, I induced her to promise that she would see him privately. When she granted him an audience, she assured him that she had never doubted his devotion to the King; that she was ready to forgive him for his almost blind submission to M. Necker's will, for she was fully aware that he had only acted in obedience to the King's desire, therefore, from this moment, she said she should place implicit confidence in him.

"These kind assurances on the part of the Queen made M. de Montmorine xceedingly happy; he had felt much hurt at being suspected of being a violent revolutionist, and also that his attachment to the King had been doubted. He expressed himself most gratefully to me for the good service I had rendered him; he entreated me to give him the benefit of my advice, in so *nonchalant* a manner, that I felt more uneasy than flattered at this request. The important part which I had undertaken since M. de Mercy's departure, and the responsibility which rested upon me, owing to the complicated and serious nature of affairs, were quite sufficient to cause me great anxiety. I was accountable for Mirabeau's good faith, for, in consequence of my representations, he had devoted himself to an object for which he might at length experience disgust. I was also accountable for M. de Montmorin's usefulness, and, after all, I could only feel sure of his good intentions; but the chief thing which weighed on my mind was, that all this concerned the King's and Queen's welfare. This was quite sufficient to overwhelm the most presumptuous man with anxiety, and presumption did not form a part of my character. Notwithstanding our urgent representations, no change was made in the line of conduct pursued at Court; there was still the same apathy, the same indifference; no thought was taken of the morrow. Though Mirabeau continued to offer warnings, he confined himself to writing observations on men and questions when reference had been made to him about them. He would have wished to have directed the conduct of the Tuileries according to a plan which he had himself carefully laid down, and the Tuileries applied to him for advice, of which, in general, it never availed itself, consequently, he ended by pursuing his own course; and if he sometimes felt annoyed at being so little heeded, he managed to console himself with the advantages which he derived from these secret relations. I do not mean to say, however, that because he indulged freely in pleasure that he was indifferent to what passed around him, his indifference was only assumed, the notes which he daily prepared for the Court will amply prove that he did not blind himself to the dangers around him. I have frequently witnessed his bitter emotion at beholding the total inactivity of the Court, for this inactivity filled his mind with the most fearful forebodings. He predicted the frightful end which awaited the King and Queen, and when speaking of this, he would say, 'Yes, you will see that the populace will trample on their bodies.'

"On the 13th of August, 1790, the Court received a document from him, which was calculated to overwhelm it with horror. 'In this document,' he says, 'four enemies are making rapid strides towards us, Taxes, Bankruptcy, the Army, and Winter, some decided course must therefore be taken. I mean to say that preparations must meantime either be made against coming events, or else they must be precipitated, while they are directed into a proper channel; in short, a civil war is sure to occur, and perhaps it is almost desirable that this should be the case. Shall we patiently await its coming, or shall we ourselves ignite the firebrand which is to kindle it? Could we, or would we prevent it? These are questions of the greatest importance, but which must be at once settled, and they can only be discussed with a view of steadily resolving them in a long and uninterrupted interview; and I require that this interview be granted me, however perplexing and dangerous the consequences may be to myself. As I must, in speaking of this subject, use expressions which it would be unsafe to write, this interview is perfectly indispensable.' After the foregoing opening to this document, the author, being persuaded that the crisis is at hand, throws out a few remarks as to the method best calculated to render it favourable. These relate to some few portions of the army, which he desires to see planted at certain points, and to the selection of officers upon whom he thought it possible to depend. The Swiss Guard formed a prominent part in his scheme; he relied implicitly on these troops; and the 10th of August, 1792, proved how right he was on this head. Mirabeau was far from dreading a civil war; he viewed it as a means of saving the King, who, according to his opinion, had not the least chance of escape if he remained in Paris. But he feared the results of a foreign war, for he considered that it would only serve to throw the kingdom into a complete state of combustion; our success could not be warranted, and those who were factious would be sure to blame the King for all the evils which this war would bring in its train. The daily insurrections which were provoked by the radical party alarmed the Court exceedingly, for it was always haunted by the recollection of the 5th and 6th of October. Mirabeau did not feel the least uneasy about them, and he advised the Queen in his notes not to entertain the slightest apprehension with regard to them. According to his view of the subject, all these insurrections could only serve to render La Fayette unpopular in the minds of those people whom he was obliged to restrain with a tight rein, and with sensible people, because they would attribute these insurrections to the false directions given by the commander-in-chief to the minds of the National Guard. After quitting this subject he returns to the necessity of forming a private great [illegible] of [illegible] Paris he did not, however, wish the King to retire to a greater distance than Fontainebleau, the distance of [illegible] from the capital being about fifteen leagues. In case of a [illegible] [illegible], therefore, the insurgents could not so readily march upon the town as they could upon Versailles. It was even very [illegible] whether a [illegible] of people could ever proceed so far, [illegible] under all circumstances the King would be there surrounded by [illegible] who would be able to repulse the populace, [illegible] to secure the King from [illegible] violence. Since popular tumults [illegible] [illegible], the [illegible] of which it would be impossible to [illegible] unless their [illegible] traced: the source then of the evils which distracted France might be found in the National Assembly.

"The feelings of the Assembly had been forced into a wrong channel, not so much from the will of the majority of its members as from the influence of some thirty factious persons, who, being masters of the populace, had gained such ascendency over it that it could not free itself from their control. Consequently it was this Assembly which must be reformed, or if it could not be made to take a course favourable to monarchy it must be broken up as a political body. It will be observed that in all Mirabeau's daily notes this was the object which he wished to effect: he never lost an opportunity of pointing out the evil of this Assembly to the King and Queen, as well as the measures to be adopted in order to turn them to advantage; but he was careful at the same time to assure them that they must renounce all idea of reestablishing the ancient order of things, for it would be impossible to bring the nation round to such views. It should be the Revolution which should be the means of fixing the King on his throne; its excesses of course should be checked, and those institutions which it had established and which paralyzed the executive power and placed it in a state of dependence with the unity of the monarchy, should be abolished. In a note of the 12th of September, 1790, Mirabeau draws the attention of the Court to this subject and predicts the incalculable mischief which the inactivity of the Ministry will produce in the then disorderly state of affairs, but his prophecies were unheeded. Mirabeau was anxious that the King should get the measure recalled which forbade the choice of Ministers from among the members of the Assembly, and also that he should demand as a right that the Ministers should be present at the deliberations of the Assembly. By this means the origin of the evils which afflicted the country would be publicly exposed by the Ministers. The Ministers would accustom the Assembly to listen to the voice of reason, they would rally around them those men of condition and others who were opposed to anarchy, and the people in their turn would feel disposed to listen to advice which was given in this form, and would willingly walk in the path pointed out to them.

"I have found among my papers a document on this very subject, which I placed myself in the hands of the Queen, and which at her request I condensed, in order that she might make the King see the advantage of following Mirabeau's counsel without reading the reasons which he had given for doing so. I shall here transcribe it: it was as follows:—

"'Mirabeau sees before him a noble career of at least twenty years' usefulness; upon this career he can always be launched. It is that of a statesman, for which his talents so admirably adapt him; on this head he feels himself more competent than the Ministers, and in pursuing this career he would be able to consult his personal interests and to support himself without fortune; consequently he would be rather formidable to approach, nay, perhaps unapproachable, on the question of re-election: on the other hand, the uncertainty of his re-election in Provence, and the desire of being elected in Paris may perhaps induce him to conciliate this infernal capital. I see only one way of directing the ambition of this man, and that is by changing its course; steps have been taken to secure his fortune, means should now be adopted for establishing his future fame. He has been allowed to hope that he will be made Minister; he must be convinced that this *will* be the case; he must not be left in doubt on the subject, and then everything may be expected from him.'

"It had always been my opinion that Mirabeau would give more satisfaction, if more means of being useful were furnished to him, and I imagined that one of the most essential things would be to get him to act in concert with a member of the Council who should be sincerely devoted to the King: it must now be remarked that I was not mistaken.

"The King seemed disposed to listen to Mirabeau's advice with regard to the recall of the measure to which I have previously alluded. He had sufficient clearness of judgment to see the importance of this step; still he did not carry out this advice, notwithstanding the obstinacy with which Mirabeau persisted in giving it.

"'Whatever may be the result of such a proceeding on the King's part,' says he (Mirabeau) in one of his daily notes, 'it cannot fail to be beneficial in its effects.' The election of Ministers from among the members of the Assembly, will be even more advantageous to the country than to the royal authority. The King will then have on his side justice, public interest, true principles, and the suffrage of enlightened men. If it is found impossible to recal the measure, the Assembly will be blamed for refusing to do so; all men of sense will impute the errors of the Ministry to the Assembly, because it will not permit the Ministers to be chosen from among men who possess the nation's confidence as well as that of the King.*

"In our intimate and unrestrained conversations, Mirabeau sometimes showed himself considerably discouraged that his advice was of so little avail; very frequently he could scarcely keep his temper. 'Is it worth while for me to send any more notes?' asked he, when writing to me. 'Of what use are they if they do not attend to me? What do they desire me to do? Do they wish me to change my part? I am ready to do so. I will, however, faithfully perform the promises which I have made to defend the King's cause, and in whatever circumstances I find myself placed I shall not break my word.' Though he was occasionally much discouraged, yet the glorious hope of restoring vitality to the rapidly decaying monarchy appeared still to inspire him with energy; several documents which were written by him at this time offer proofs of his penetration and untiring zeal. However, his opinions and theories were occasionally erroneous, as, for instance, in a document of the 14th of October when he expressed his views on constitutional order in general, and made on this head a kind of profession of political faith. It will be observed in this document that he did not include the initiative as regards the framing of laws among the prerogatives of the crown, nor the power of dissolving the legislative body. Mirabeau also did not divide the body of legislators into two chambers; he did not wish the nobility partitioned off, nor the clergy; he cast aside all privileges whatever they might be. I remember distinctly when this subject was discussed that the Baron de Wimffen, a very witty and somewhat original man, being called on to give his opinion respecting the establishment of the Constitution, advised the establishment of a *Royal Democracy.* I am fully persuaded that he intended to ridicule what was going forward at the moment, for in reality the system laid down by Mirabeau in the document of the 14th of October was not widely different from such a democracy; besides, all that he there wrote was in such direct contradiction to what I have heard him previously uphold, that I cannot understand the motive which prompted him to write a portion of this document. Like Mirabeau I was much discouraged at witnessing the apathy of the Court, and experienced great disgust at the aspect which public affairs began to assume. I must candidly confess that I am a partizan of order and the principles of authority, and that by inclination I am an aristocrat; not, however, in the hateful sense which was attached to this word during the French Revolution.

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* It would not be uninteresting to compare this document with a confidential letter which Mirabeau wrote at this precise time, on this subject.

"In reflecting upon and studying history, I discovered how ideas of liberty serve to seduce and inflame men's minds; in all ages the word liberty has ever been employed as a lever to excite men and to hurry them into revolutions. Another lever was also employed in the French Revolution, and that was the notion of equality; a lever which was doubly dangerous, inasmuch as there is no nation in the world so vain and envious as the French nation. Such questions as these, and matters which belonged to them, formed subjects of conversation between myself and Mirabeau. In the main he sympathised with my feelings and opinions, concerning the false interpretation which was given to the words liberty and equality; but he easily allowed himself to be led away by all that these words furnished to his enthusiastic eloquence in the way of brilliancy and high-sounding phrases. Unhappily for him, this love of eloquent periods did him more serious harm than anything else, and I had continual battles with him on this particular head. I pursued with him a plan of discussing a subject, which I thought best calculated to check his impulsive ideas with regard to any matter, and to bring him back to a common-sense view of it; in our arguments I was always careful to be dry and straightforward in presenting the plain unadorned reason of the case, if I may so say, for his consideration. In our conversations Mirabeau was always extremely ingenuous; he frequently admitted that I was right, but he could not escape from fulfilling those promises which he had made in public, in the name of that seductive and visionary liberty which had furnished him with such beautiful oratorical effects. He considered equality, in the sense which was attributed to it by the leaders of the day, as utterly absurd. 'It is,' said he, 'a violent paroxysm of the Revolutionary malady.'

"One day I reminded him of what Bacon said with regard to religion. 'A little philosophy carries one away from religion, but a great deal leads one back to it.' 'Well,' observed I, 'what Bacon said concerning religion, may also be applied to the greater number of human institutions; there is not one of them which could not be attacked by the poorest rhetorician with an appearance of success, but this success would be readily destroyed by a skilful and profound statesman, capable of defending the basis of social order.'

"'Bravo! bravo!' cried Mirabeau; 'but it is not this question which concerns us now; no man alone possesses the power of restoring the French to good sense, time only can establish order in the minds of men; we must neither presume nor despair; the French are now suffering from a malady, from a desperate malady; they must be treated with the greatest precaution.'

"The notes which he prepared for the Court formed a kind of commentary to this last idea. His advice was always given with a view of giving strength to authority, in order that it might work out good, or, at least, cut off its enemies' means of attack. Thus when the Assembly met to deliberate upon the question, whether they should require the King to dismiss his Ministers, declaring they had lost the confidence of the nation, Mirabeau stated, in a document of the 16th of October, 1790, that it was of the greatest consequence that such a declaration should be forestalled, and intreated that the Ministers might themselves give in their resignation. He returns to the same subject on the 18th of October, and treats with much profoundness the question of the Assembly's influence with regard to the nomination of Ministers.

"While Mirabeau closely occupied himself with this important object, his keen eye, which penetrated everything, succeeded in ascertaining one of the causes which so frequently prompted the Court to reject his well-considered advice. One day I received the following letter from him, which will be found among the rest of the materials, and which was written at the same time as the document of the 18th of October which he sent me:—

"'Private. I have just succeeded in discovering a secret of the utmost importance, which I know you will be careful to keep for me, though others have not very faithfully guarded it since I have discovered it. Bergasse is the person who now gives advice to, and rules the actions of the Court. I have even obtained (and this is an undoubted proof) a copy of a letter which the King is to write to the Assembly. This letter, which, politically speaking, is really extravagant, is so daring, that even the most bold man in the King's place would not dream of writing it, if he were in his senses. This circumstance was unknown to me when I prepared my daily notes, and, therefore, in them I only reasoned on matters in general; but when I became aware of this secret I altered a few phrases, though the allusion was exceedingly vague, for I did not wish the Court to think that I knew Bergasse's story, before I had had some conversation with you. I would not commit such a folly as the royal cattle. When I was perfectly sure of the uprightness and intelligence of a man, I would not decide upon a serious matter without consulting him; and should not consult him always with the intention of never following his advice. So they seek a remedy for the evils which beset them from the tripod of divination, from the expounder of mesmeric influence (note, M. Bergasse was one of the warmest partizans of Mesmer). Good God! what heads! when it does not occur to them, that the aid of such sort of people, joined to all our authority, was unable to balance the combat, even for a moment, and will only cause it to recommence when there is no chance of being successful in it, and against the same generals and the same troops, when we have no longer troops or generals to oppose them. Oh folly! utter folly! I shall call on you when I go out to-day. Good-bye, my dear Count. Pray do not lose a moment in forwarding this document.'

"Mirabeau had indeed reason to be indignant at conduct, which, independently of the imprudence which marked it, displayed an entire want of confidence in him; at being supplanted, too, by a man whose intentions were doubtless pure, but who was infinitely inferior to him in intellect. However, I could not pardon him for making use of so coarse an epithet when speaking of the royal family; in their unfortunate position increased respect was due to them; I could not help telling him how much I was wounded at his so expressing himself, but he, as usual, attributed it to his impetuosity, and begged me to excuse it. However it happened I know not, but the letter which Bergasse had suggested never came before the Assembly; if it had, no doubt it would have produced the most mischievous effect. Louis the Sixteenth was not in a situation to enable him to hold the language which it was proposed to him to employ; he would be compelled to retire before he had sounded the ground upon which he would have to commence operations; and what could be more degrading than a state of things which obliges a King to take such a step?

"Among the rest of the papers, one will be found in which this letter is mentioned, as proposed by M. Bergasse; I shall not make any remarks of my own on the subject. I only add, that I have no other proof of its origin than the Count de Mirabeau's assertion. As far as the Ministers were concerned, they resigned one after the other, without waiting for the vote of the Assembly, and the King chose their successors. He only retained M. de Montmorin, who remained in office even under the Legislative Assembly; but at length its bickerings and violence obliged him to give in his resignation. As the Assembly did not really pronounce that the Ministers had lost the confidence of the nation, which at first promised to be the case, M. Bergasse's projected letter, which was prepared upon the supposition that a declaration of this nature would be made by the Assembly, became altogether useless. Furthermore, this is how matters went on in the Assembly.

"On the 19th of October, 1790, the Baron de Menou reported particulars of a mutiny in the squadron off Brest, and proposed a measure on this head, an article of which should, in fact, contain the demand so much dreaded, namely, that which referred to the resignation of the Ministers; however, this article was rejected at the *séance* of the 20th, after a nominal appeal, and by a majority of sixty-two votes. Mirabeau avoided speaking, out of consideration to M. de Montmorin. The royal navy still bore the white flag; Mirabeau proposed, with some warmth, that the tricolor should be substituted for it. This proposition was warmly attacked on the right hand; it was evident, however, that if the army had already adopted the tricolor flag, it was impossible—unless it was desirable that the army should make war on the navy—that the latter should continue to bear the white flag. During this debate Mirabeau seemed to regain all his radical impetuosity; it was upon this occasion that he said, that the white cockade, or, in other words, the French Revolution, would make the tour of Europe. Certainly, unless one had been secretly aware of it, it would have been almost incredible that this man, who spoke upon this occasion at the tribune, could be the same who corresponded, at this very time, with the Court, and was occupying himself also in reestablishing the monarchy. But this apparent contradiction is explained, if what has been previously said is borne in mind. Mirabeau desired to see the monarchy built up again by means of the Revolution, of course depriving it of its anarchical fetters; and while adopting and proclaiming the principles of this momentous change, and of following up their results, he wished to fix the King firmly on his throne. According to his opinion, if the King did not pursue this line of conduct, he would inevitably lose his throne and his life.

"I shall mention another instance of a similar nature which occurred at the same time, which gave rise to a very stormy discussion in the National Assembly, during which Mirabeau was viewed as a most decided radical by those who were situated on the right side of the chamber, and even by other deputies who did not sit on that side. It is known that after a duel between M. de Castries and M. de Lameth, both members of the Assembly, in which the latter received a slight sword-wound, that the people assailed and plundered M. de Castries' hôtel. The friends of the Revolution attributed this circumstance to the irritation of the people, for, on perceiving that the deputies on the left side, who were represented to them as their staunch defenders, were attacked by those on the right side, they imagined that the best method of putting an end to these attacks was to ransack the offender's property. It may, perhaps, be curious to learn how the Revolution contrived to bring about such disorders, from a witness of this disgusting scene. No sooner was it ascertained that M. Charles de Lameth had been wounded by M. de Castries, than three men, known as the heads of the Lameth party, followed by several other persons, made their appearance at the Palais Royal. One of the three men just mentioned, called Feydel, had been *garde du corps* of Monsieur, the King's brother, but he was then employed in compiling the 'Journal de Paris.' The other, called Paré, was head clerk of the famous Danton, and became afterwards Minister of the Interior under the Convention. The third, called Giles Clermont, had been the Prince de Conti's *chef d'office*. These three men mounted upon chairs, and after having declared, in a very violent harangue, that the patriotic deputies were being assassinated, and that the Count de Lameth had just been killed by M. de Castries, they invited the crowd, which had accumulated from all parts, to follow them and execute vengeance. They were applauded, and this crowd, composed of well-dressed persons, poured forward after them towards M. de Castries' hôtel, which they ransacked from top to bottom. M. de la Fayette, who made his appearance on the spot with a battalion of the National Guard, allowed them to proceed without making the slightest attempt to hinder them. One would have said that he had not come with a view of checking the disorder, but, on the contrary, that the ravagers might uninterruptedly pursue their operations.

"This insurrection was truly an insurrection of the *bourgeoisie;* the populace, one of the essential elements in all revolts, undoubtedly took part in it, but not the principal part; those most concerned in ransacking the property of an aristocrat, were prosperous merchants, lawyers, and men of private fortune; while the populace attentively looked on and thought perhaps, that soon perhaps, their houses and shops might meet with similar treatment. Several members of the Assembly, even some among the most moderate on the left side, said that a judicial inquiry should be made concerning the authors of the pillage of the Hôtel de Castries. Mirabeau opposed this inquiry, without attempting to justify the action; he pretended to think it quite natural. Being upbraided by the right side, he made some sarcastic replies which met with unbounded applause on the left side, and he succeeded in preventing the inquiry; the Court felt indignant at his conduct in this instance, and severely reproached him for it. He answered them in a document which will be found among the other materials. In this document he has suppressed one particular circumstance for which he could give no account, of which he never spoke even to me, and I only learned it a long time after his death. His colleague, Malouet, relates, in the printed recollections of his speeches, that he had requested to be allowed to speak on the subject of the punishment which should be awarded to the plunderers of the Hôtel de Castries before Mirabeau had asked permission to do so. They met on the step of the Tribune, and Mirabeau whispered to Malouet, 'Permit me to speak first on this occasion, I shall arrive at the same conclusions as yourself, and shall be more favourably heard.' Malouet moved away, and Mirabeau, in order that he should not compromise his popularity, began by declaiming against the aristocrats and against the anti-revolutionists, and maintained that from their overbearing nature they were the authors of all the disorders which occurred, still he was on the point of concluding in a different strain, but his exordium so irritated the deputies on the right side, that they addressed him in the most vehement and angry language. Then Mirabeau was no longer master of himself, his impetuosity carried him away, and he summed up in a very different manner from his first idea. Malouet reproached him very much for this conduct. 'What would you have wished me to do?' replied he, 'I could not agree to vote with men who would have desired to assassinate me.' I think that Mirabeau's behaviour on this occasion may also be attributed to the vexation which he felt in consequence of the discovery which he had made concerning M. Bergasse. However that may be, Mirabeau's advice could be of little avail, if the measures which were to support it were not strictly executed; he thought that one of the primary objects to be effected, was to give a wholesome direction to public opinion, now in the then excited state of men's minds this was no easy matter.

"One of the preparatory means which he proposed for carrying out this end, was to draw the nation's attention to the inconsistency of their new institutions, and to the principles of anarchy which marked their nature. and which would quite prevent them from being brought into play. All men of reflection perceived the evils of these new institutions; even those who were the authors of them could not disguise from themselves that the working of these institutions gave a death-wound to their presumptuous theories. According to Mirabeau, it was essential to use some address in inducing men to sacrifice a little of their *amour propre*, to retrace their steps, to modify some of the constitutional measures, to disengage the new system of administration from all the useless wheel-work which encumbers its motion, to give the royal power, in short, its independence of action. If the Assembly would not during a lengthened session effect these changes, the electors must be persuaded to confer on the next legislators the constituent power, or, at least, the rectifying power; but in order to render the new Assembly more prudent than the former, it would be necessary to calm the electors' minds, and direct them in such a manner that their choice would fall upon men devoted to monarchy."

MISS SINCLAIR'S "BEATRICE."

Our authoress enjoys such a wide and well-desired reputation for her literary ability, that nothing can leave her pen but must command as early an attention as can possibly be bestowed upon it. We have pursued the stories of Miss Sinclair, when she has led us "from grave to gay, from lively to" (severe, we will not say,—for she is too gentle-minded a woman to tend a crop which is so easily cultivated, namely, the ill-natured and the sarcastic) but we have never read anything from her hand with more serious feelings than "Beatrice."

Let us, in the first place, speak of this work as a romance. But, for a moment, before we do so, let us take Miss Sinclair to task that she has chosen for the motto on her title-page, three lines from Anstey's (undeservedly) forgotten "Bath Guide," which, however well they may indicate the incidents she has to describe, might go far, with those who do not know the conscientiousness of our authoress, to throw cold water on the purpose she has had in view. She copies from Anstey:

> "If authors must write, they had better compose
> Their stories too marvellous almost for prose:
> Add some incidents, too, which are strange above measure."

Now, the incidents in this novel are marvellous, and the incidents are indeed strange, although not "above measure;" but, as we take it—the main intent and value of the book are to be found in its realities. In this novel we find an admirably constructed plot, with characters almost out of number, drawn with masterly skill. What can be better than the characters of Sir Evan M'Alpine and Lady Edith, of Beatrice, of Donald Carre, of Bessie M'Ronald, and even of Mr. Clinton? And Lord Eaglescairn, Father Eustace, and "the Jesuitess," Mrs. Lorraine, are not a little impressive. Anybody might read this story of "Beatrice" (without taking heed of the serious moral intended to be conveyed) with the most absorbing interest. It is by far the best work, considered as a fiction, that Miss Sinclair has yet produced.

But what will—and most deservedly—draw attention to "Beatrice," our Protestant blood being aroused, and our Protestant brains being enlightened as to the designs of the Romish Church, is the solemn purpose which these three volumes are designed, and, we believe, destined to serve. We have no acquaintance with Miss Sinclair, but we have enjoyed a long and most pleasing intimacy with her writings, and we know that what she tells us of her own knowledge is not to be disbelieved. We shall say a word or two, presently, as to one or two short-comings of Miss Sinclair, who says:

"The object of this narrative is to portray, for the consideration of young girls, now first emerging into society, the enlightened happiness derived from the religion of England, founded on the Bible, contrasted with the misery arising from the superstition of Italy, founded on the Breviary; and, in exemplifying both from the best authorities, it has been done by the most careful and most laborious reference to the standard authors of the English church and of the Popish persuasion."

Nothing can be better or more timely than the pursuance of this object, and nothing could more effectually have hit its aim (and the target has been pretty severely touched) if Miss Sinclair had winged her arrow with a feather drawn from our own Protestant wing.

We know and feel her sincerity when she says :—"If an India-rubber quill could be inscribed to rub out every word that should not be written, the author would be particularly happy to obtain the advantage of it on this occasion, as she never felt more deeply responsible for the use she makes of her own pen, though, during many long years, it has been her daily fervent prayer that, whatever she writes amiss, however good the intention, may be at once and for ever forgotten."

Miss Sinclair seldom writes amiss; but in this instance she has not pursued her subject far enough. She needs not to be told,—although it may be well to remind her—in order that she may give us a sequel to her (perhaps) too captivating "Beatrice," that sects, emulous of power, or come recently into possession of it, are eagerly ambitious of spiritual dominion over the laity. This is not particular to Roman Catholics, or to that portion of them who are called Jesuits, although they are making strenuous efforts to compass their own ends. The Puritan, immortalized by Ben Jonson, under the name of "Zeal-of-the-Land Busy," was but a type of these; and when Milton wrote,

"New Presbyter is but old priest writ large,"

and showed in description, what Jonson had shown in the drama, how these wretches wormed themselves into families, and ruled everything spiritual and temporal in the household, it was seen that, however despicable these creatures were, the Church of England had been sadly at fault.

And this is the case now. It is of no use to conceal it. It is all very well to talk of peace, when there is no peace—or of Protestantism when we know not what it means. It *may* be well, at least for those who do not wish us to know. The scandalous divisions of our Church, which some of our own bishops have widened, while none of the rest will take a Curtius leap to close one of them, forbid us to hope anything—for the present at least—but a constantly increasing number of perverts to the Church of Rome, and a flock of Dissenters, encouraged to believe what they like, from the Protestant establishment.

Let Miss Sinclair apply herself to this view of the vital question, and she may do still more good than her present work can effect. "Prevention is better than cure!"

MRS. TROLLOPE'S "UNCLE WALTER."

On several occasions it has been our grateful office to bestow high and deserved praise on new novels as they successively proceeded from the vigorous hand of Mrs. Trollope. Into these performances our distinguished authoress had apparently put her whole heart, contributing at the same time all the powers of her clear and caustic intellect. But of late we have seen, with no small regret—not that her abilities are departing from her, not that her invention is on the wane—but that she will not give herself the time, or undergo the requisite labour to present her readers with what she is still so competent to produce, an excellent work.

Dr. Harrington, a dignitary of the Established Church, and Lady

Augusta, his wife, are exceedingly anxious that their daughter Kate should make such a match as the world must pronounce to be irreproachable, and Lady Augusta has already taken counsel with her friend, old Lady de Paddington, touching the matrimonial desirableness of a grand-nephew of the latter, Lord Goldstable, an unsophisticated booby, who has, however, just succeeded to the possession of an estate of 80,000*l*. a-year. This "Innocent Lambskin" is to be introduced to the girl designed for him, at an approaching ball, to be given by the Doctor and his lady. Pending the "coming off" of this brilliant affair, "Uncle Walter," an elder brother of the Doctor, returns to England, after an absence of many years' duration from his own country. He takes up his residence with his relatives, and speedily becomes attached to his niece Kate.

On the evening of the ball, Lord Goldstable, prompted by his aunt, and somewhat charmed by the beauty of the girl, abruptly makes her an offer of his hand, which she does not in words absolutely decline, although she has no intention of accepting the booby, having given more than half her heart to Frank Caldwell — a young officer of engineers, in the earlier portion of the work, and a barrister during the remainder. Kate, in fact, confused and astonished, flies away from his lordship, who is made to believe by his aunt that such a Parthian proceeding is nothing less than shooting an arrow of acceptance at him.

This intimation, however, is a source of considerable perplexity to the young simpleton, an hour or two afterwards, since, in the meantime, he has been fascinated by the attractions of a young and wily widow, of doubtful reputation, Mrs. Fitzjames by name, who claims him as the unremembering friend of her infancy, invites him to her house, and forthwith proceeds to play, with some chance of success, fox to his goose.

"Uncle Walter" has now some work cut out for him, which he enters upon with his usual vigour. He has to satisfy the young lord's mind that an action for breach of promise will not be brought against him by the parents of Kate, and he has to console the girl under the distress of supposing that her lover, Frank Caldwell, is a confirmed gambler.

Poetical justice is at length dealt out. It is discovered that Frank has a twin-brother addicted to play, whose extraordinary likeness to the other had deceived Uncle Walter; and at a critical moment, a certain Captain Fowler, making himself a "deus" (or rather a diabolus) "ex machinâ," is protruded upon the scene, and claims, or, more correctly to speak, proclaims Mrs. Fitzjames to be his wife. The lady flies, the captain is walked off on a charge of forgery—Lord Goldstable is preserved, and the young people are made happy, receiving for their joint benefit the immense fortune of "Uncle Walter."

Now, there really is not sufficient plot in this novel for three volumes. Read we suppose we ought, and we dare say we shall, whatever Mrs. Trollope chooses to cast into our hands; but it is not to be denied that "Uncle Walter" is by no means such a production as Mrs. Trollope might, with a little more care, have written. Dr. Harrington and his lady are drawn with little force; Uncle Walter has not been seriously studied, for he is too simple at one moment, and too sagacious at another, and Kate and her lover are little better than nobodies. Mrs. Fitzjames is the best-depicted character; but such persons are easily drawn, and their name in fiction is legion. Mrs. Trollope must positively do better next time. "To *have* done, is to hang quite out of fashion," says Shakspeare. Oblivion will in time enshroud even great past doings; but to be reminded of past excellence by present mediocrity is, perhaps, something worse than oblivion.

REMAINS OF PAGAN SAXONDOM.*

Two numbers of this work have appeared, containing coloured engravings of objects discovered in England, and belonging to the period previous to the Conversion of the Saxons. The glass vase found at Reculver will excite the astonishment of those who are not aware of the progress, made by our pagan ancestors in the beautiful art of glass-making; while the beautiful large fibula found in a tumulus at Abingdon, and now preserved in the collection of the British Museum, furnishes an example of goldsmith's work of those early days, which may vie with some of the most elegant specimens of art in modern times. The same may be said of the jewelled ornaments found in a barrow on Roundway Down, near Devizes, given in fac-simile in the first plate, together with a gold buckle set with a large slab of precious garnet, found at Ixworth in Suffolk. The vase, also in the collection of the British Museum, one of those objects which gave rise to that extraordinary dissertation by Sir Thomas Brown entitled Hydriotaphia.

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* Remains of Pagan Saxondom; principally from Tumuli in England. Drawn from the originals. Described and Illustrated by John Yonge Akerman. 4to.

In the concluding paragraph of an article in our last Number, entitled, "Reminiscences of a Man of the World," we unwittingly related an anecdote in which the names of his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, Lord Combermere, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset are introduced.

We have now the highest and best authority for contradicting the whole story, to which, as it is totally devoid of foundation, we regret having given circulation.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

ENGRAVED BY JOSEPH BROWN, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN

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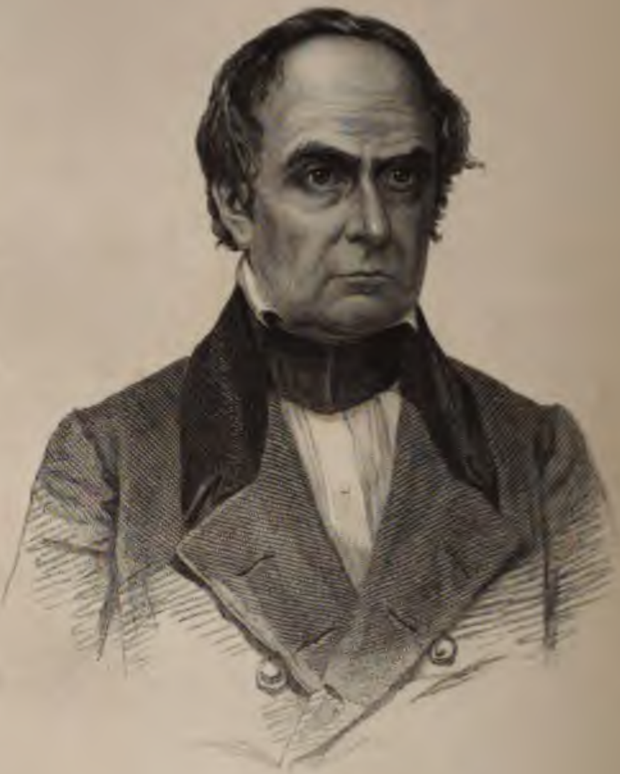


DANIEL WEBSTER,

ENGRAVED BY JOSEPH BROWN, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN 18[illegible]

London Richard Bentley, 18[illegible]

DANIEL WEBSTER.

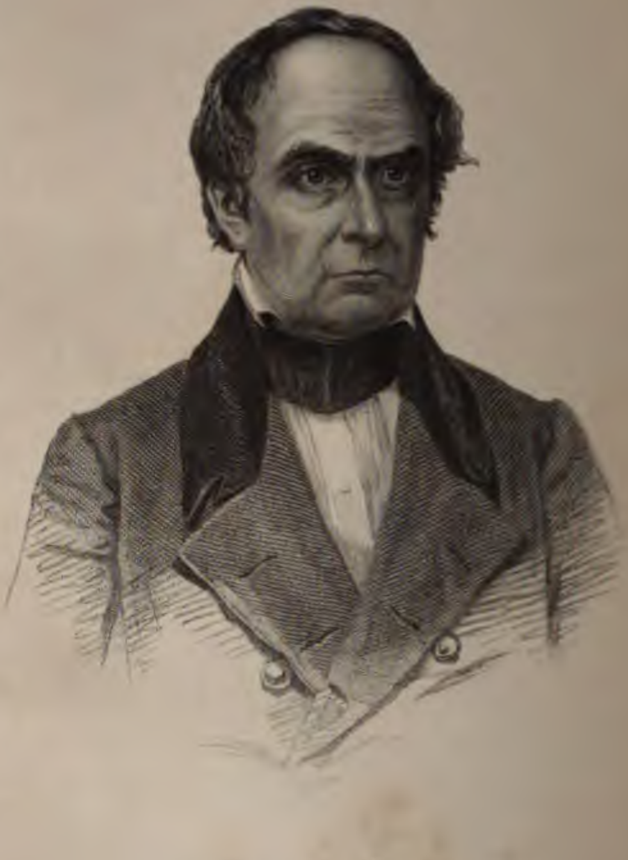
WITH A PORTRAIT.

ETHNOLOGISTS are beginning to speculate on the character of the physical change, which the Anglo-Saxon race undergoes when transplanted to America. The fact of the change is undeniable. The remarkable aspect of the accompanying portrait strongly suggests it. There is intellect, there is energy in those features; but the face is decidedly un-English. Yet they are the features of a genuine descendant of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Daniel Webster's ancestors, for a few generations preceding him, lived and died in America; but very many anterior generations of them were English in residence as well as in race. The family emigrated in 1636. They were among the Pilgrim Fathers of New England: and the State of New Hampshire had the honour of giving America the great statesman and orator, whose recent death she is now deploring.

Daniel Webster was born on the 18th day of January, 1782. His father had served in the War of Independence, and was the owner of a small holding of land, in what was then the wilderness near the head-waters of the Merrimac river. The old man, in spite of the difficulties caused both by the narrowness of his means, and the distance of his settlement from the towns of the province, gave his son the advantages of a regular education, first at Exeter Academy, and afterwards at Dartmouth College. Daniel Webster afterwards became a student of law, and in March, 1805, was admitted to practice.

It was slowly that the more brilliant qualities of his mind developed themselves. His childhood gave little promise of superior abilities; nor did he in early youth show many signs of the acuteness in perception, the fertility of imagination, and the ready grace of expression which afterwards distinguished him. But he, from first to last, was remarkable for the more valuable qualities of indomitable resolution and unflagging industry. As Cecil said of Sir Walter Raleigh, "When he pleased he could toil terribly;" and herein lay the true secret of his success. Classical learning was a labour of love with Webster in his youth and he never abandoned it either in his manhood or old age. He was also passionately fond of modern literature; and few of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic equalled him in familiarity with three of the great masters of our language; with Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden. There are some remarks of his on the practical value of classical and literary studies to a statesman, which well deserve quotation, both on account of their general justice and beauty, and because their truth was so fully exemplified by the man who uttered them. They occur in Mr. Webster's funeral oration over Jefferson and Adams. He attributes much of the success of these statesmen to the beneficial training which their minds had received from classical and literary studies and proceeds to observe that

> "Literature sometimes, and pretension to it much oftener, disgusts, by appearing to hang loosely on the character, like something foreign or extraneous, not a part, but an ill-adjusted appendage; or by seeming to overload and weigh it down by its unsightly bulk, like the productions of bad taste in architecture, where



DANIEL WEBSTER,

ENGRAVED BY JOSEPH BROWN, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN [illegible]

London Richard Bentley 1852

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It was slowly that the more brilliant qualities of his mind developed themselves. His childhood gave little promise of superior abilities; nor did he in early youth show many signs of the acuteness in perception, the fertility of imagination, and the ready grace of expression, which afterwards distinguished him. But he, from first to last, was remarkable for the more valuable qualities of indomitable resolution and unflagging industry. As Cecil said of Sir Walter Raleigh, "When he studied he could toil terribly;" and herein lay the true secret of his success. Classical learning was a labour of love with Webster in his youth, and he never abandoned it either in his manhood or old age. He was also passionately fond of modern literature; and few of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic equalled him in familiarity with three of the great masters of our language; with Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden. There are some remarks of his on the practical value of classical and literary studies to a statesman, which well deserve quotation, both on account of their general justice and beauty, and because their truth was so fully exemplified by the man who uttered them. They occur in Mr. Webster's funeral oration over Jefferson and Adams. He attributes much of the success of these statesmen to the beneficial training which their minds had received from classical and literary studies; and proceeds to observe that

> "Literature sometimes, and pretension to it much oftener, disgusts, by appearing to hang loosely on the character, like something foreign or extraneous, not a part, but an ill-adjusted appendage; or by seeming to overload and weigh it down by its unsightly bulk, like the productions of bad taste in architecture, where

> there is massy and cumbrous ornament, without strength or solidity of columns. This has exposed learning, and especially classical learning, to reproach. Men have seen that it might exist without mental superiority, without vigour, without good taste, and without utility. But in such cases classical learning has only not inspired natural talent; or, at most, it has but made original feebleness of intellect, and natural bluntness of perception, something more conspicuous. The question, after all, if it be a question, is, whether literature, ancient as well as modern, does not assist a good understanding, improve natural good taste, add polished armour to native strength, and render its possessor not only more capable of deriving private happiness from contemplation and reflection, but more accomplished also for action in the affairs of life, and especially for public action. Those whose memories we now honour were learned men; but their learning was kept in its proper place, and made subservient to the uses and objects of life. They were scholars, not common nor superficial, but their scholarship was so in keeping with their character, so blended and inwrought, that careless observers, or bad judges, not seeing an ostentatious display of it, might infer that it did not exist, forgetting, or not knowing, that classical learning, in men who act in conspicuous public stations, perform duties which exercise the faculty of writing, or address popular, deliberative, or judicial bodies, is often felt where it is little seen, and sometimes felt more effectually because it is not seen at all."

Mr. Webster practised as an advocate in New Hampshire for several years. He was successful in obtaining business and reputation; but a career in the provincial courts of that state was not very lucrative; and in 1816, he left New Hampshire, and established his residence in Boston, which thenceforth was his home. His professional fame and income now increased rapidly; and he held the first rank both in the Massachusets courts, and in the Supreme Court of the United States. Many of his forensic arguments have been published, and have attracted much praise for the subtlety and closeness of reasoning, and the great extent of legal learning which they display. There is also printed in the American edition of his speeches his address to the jury in the remarkable trial of the Knapps for the murder of Joseph White, in Salem, Massachusets, on the night of the 6th of April, 1830. This oration is highly lauded by American critics; but it is far too declamatory for English taste; especially as it is the speech of a counsel for the prosecution on a capital charge. It contrasts very unfavourably with the calm and temperate tone which every English barrister maintains in the discharge of such a duty.

But it is as a statesman that Daniel Webster won his right to permanent celebrity. He took his seat in Congress as member for New Hampshire in May 1813, and from that time to his death in this autumn, he was prominently before the world as one of the mightiest wielders of the great Trans-Atlantic democracy. When he first was elected to Congress, war was raging between America and England, and Mr. Webster at once attracted attention by his fervent eloquence in urging his countrymen to attack England by sea, and also by the historical knowledge and full acquaintance with international law, which he displayed in the debates respecting the communications between America and France, as to the Berlin and Milan decrees. Probably his personal advantages did much to ensure his success as an orator. His figure was commanding; his countenance was remarkable even in repose, but when animated by the excitement of debate, it "spake no less audibly than his words." His gestures were vehement, without being undignified; and his voice was unrivalled in power, in clearness, and in modulated variety of tone. He also had the good sense to attend more to costume than his countrymen generally do. One of his American critics, in describing his appearance at the time of his great oratorical contest with Colonel Hayne of South Carolina, very truly, though somewhat naïvely, says, "No one understood or understands better than Mr. Webster the philosophy of dress: what a powerful auxiliary it is to speech and manner when harmonizing with them. On this occasion he appeared in a blue coat and buff vest,—the Revolutionary colours of buff and blue,—with a white cravat; a costume than which none is more becoming to his face and expression. This courtly particularity of dress adds no little to the influence of his manner and appearance."

Mr. Webster, throughout his long political career, was a steady supporter of Whig principles, as the Americans term the principles which we should designate as Conservative. It is greatly to his credit, and to the credit of his countrymen also, that enthusiastic and general popularity was accorded to him, although he was the avowed opponent of the democratic party in many of its most favourite schemes. But the men of the United States, as a nation, were proud of Daniel Webster; and they had good cause to be. The United States, also, as a nation, owe to him a deep and enduring debt of gratitude for preserving them as a nation. He was the pre-eminent champion of the integrity of the Union, at the time when there was imminent peril of the one great Commonwealth being disintegrated into a mere Amphictyony of loosely federated states, which soon would have become jealous rivals and deadly enemies of each other. It was in 1830 that the important attempt was made by South Carolina, aided by other southern and some of the western states, to establish in the Senate the doctrine of nullification, as it was termed: that is to say, the doctrine that any single State which conceived its rights to be invaded by any act or resolution of the central collective authorities of the Union, was at liberty to treat such act or resolution as a nullity, and, if necessary, to repel by force any attempt of the executive power to enforce it. Manfully, heroically, and victoriously, did Daniel Webster combat this deadly heresy; and it is from the warnings and exhortations which he then delivered, that his fellow-citizens, whether New Englanders, Southerners, Far Westers, Texians, or Californians, have learned to look on themselves and each other as the children of one great country, and to acknowledge a duty of affection and obedience to that country, paramount to the local ties by which they are bound to any particular State.

We quote the celebrated peroration of Mr. Webster's great speech during these debates, in answer to Colonel Hayne of South Carolina, who was the boldest, and (except Calhoun) the ablest champion of the supposed rights of the separate States in opposition to the Union.

> "When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in the heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union! on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent! on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, and not a stripe erased nor polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first, and union afterwards,' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, 'Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!'"

It is a satisfaction to reflect that the prayer thus fervently expressed, was fully granted: and that when the eyes of "the old man eloquent," looked their last upon their country, they saw a nation not only enjoying unimpaired freedom, and rapidly increasing power, but knit together in invincible integrity by the reverent love of union and by the Catholicity of American patriotism.

Mr. Webster's celebrity in England was greatly extended by the important part, which he took in the settlement of the Oregon boundary between the States and the British dominions. The moderation and fairness, which he displayed in these intricate and often jealous discussions, contrasted most favourably with the violence of Cass and Allen and other leading men in America. We gladly dwell on the recollection of this most honourable part of Mr. Webster's career, and unwillingly advert to the somewhat hasty and splenetic disposition which was shown by him during the present year, respecting the Nova Scotia fisheries and the Lobos Islands. Probably it is only just to impute the altered character of these last passages of his public life to the effects of illness on an aged mind in an aged frame. Let us judge of Daniel Webster's feelings towards England, by the words pronounced by him when unquestionably there existed the *Mens sana in corpore sano.* We allude to his speech at one of our agricultural meetings, during his visit to England a few years ago. He had not come in any public capacity, and he thus described the motives for his voyage across the Atlantic.

> "I am an American. I was born on that great continent, and I am wedded to the fortunes of my country, for weal or for woe. There is no other region of the earth which I can call my country. But I know, and I am proud to know, what blood flows in these veins.
>
> "I am happy to stand here to-day, and to remember, that although my ancestors, for several generations, lie buried beneath the soil of the western continent, yet there has been a time when my ancestors and your ancestors toiled in the same cities and villages, cultivated adjacent fields, and worked together to build up that great structure of civil polity which has made England what England is.
>
> "When I was about to embark, some friends asked me what I was going to England for? To be sure, gentlemen, I came for no object of business, public or private; but I told them I was coming to see the elder branch of the family. I told them I was coming to see my distant relations, my kith and kin of the old Saxon race.
>
> "With regard to whatsoever is important to the peace of the world, its prosperity, the progress of knowledge and of just opinions, the diffusion of the sacred light of Christianity, I know nothing more important to these best interests of humanity, and the cause of general peace, amity, and concord, than the good feeling subsisting between the Englishmen on this side of the Atlantic, and the descendants of Englishmen on the other.
>
> "Some little clouds have overhung our horizon. I trust they will soon pass away. I am sure that the age we live in does not expect that England and America are to have controversies carried to the extreme upon any occasion not of the last importance to national interests and honour.
>
> "We live in an age when nations as well as individuals are subject to a moral responsibility. Neither government nor people, thank God for it, can now trifle with the general sense of the civilized world; and I am sure that the civilized world would hold your country and my country to a very strict account, if, without very plain and apparent reason, deeply affecting the independence and great interests of the nation, any controversy between them should have other than an amicable issue."

It would be unjust to close even this brief and imperfect Memoir of Daniel Webster without adding that he was exemplary in all the relations of private life, and that he was an earnest Christian in works as well as in faith.

THE TOMB OF GLORY.

"Virtutis fortuna comes."

Hark to the solemn toll—the muffled drum!
Bearing the "mighty dead," behold they come!
A nation comes!—for all that long array
But *represents* a nation's grief to-day.
Its myriad souls unite in silent prayer—
In spirit, if not presence, ALL are there!
Unsullied laurels grace the warrior's bier,
And triumph's smile illumines sorrow's tear.
Though for a season deep regret may reign,
And solemn silence shrouds yon sable train—
Though for a moment glory sits in gloom,
Immortal radiance hovers o'er the tomb!

Greatest of modern Britons!—thou whose name
Shall henceforth be synonymous with Fame—
The second Arthur of our matchless isle—
On whom did virtue, valour, fortune, smile—
Whom pride is proud to honour—and whom state
Owns, in thy simple grandeur, truly great—
Soon to thy name the sculptured tomb shall rise,
And Art's high efforts tell where Glory lies.
The graver's chisel, and the poet's lays,
For thee shall consecrate a nation's praise.
Yet oh! how feeble ev'n the loftiest art
To paint the feelings of a nation's heart.
That mighty heart, to which in true response,
Thine echoed once!—alas, that sad word ONCE!
Ah! vain is all the incense they can raise—
Sculpture's fair forms, and poesy's high praise.
'Tis but the taper glimmering in the sun,
The wreath superfluous, when the race is won.
Glory needs no memorial—born to live
In that best life its deeds or works can give.
With its own hand its monument it builds,
With its own light death's dark abode it gilds.
'Tis thus the name we would record shall last,
And time preserve it when the tomb is past.
That for the living, not the dead, we raise,
To bid them emulate the name they praise—
To tell to after ages *here doth lie*
All of immortal glory that can die—
To ask no idle sigh, nor transient tear,
But proudly tell that Wellington sleeps here!

Eta.

Nov. 18.

"ESMOND" AND "BASIL."

We have put these two books* "over against" each other, to use one of Mr. Thackeray's favourite Queen-Anne-isms, because they have no kind of family resemblance. They are, indeed, as unlike each other as any two books can be. They constitute a kind of literary antithesis. Both have very striking merit—but their merits are of an adverse and conflicting character. There is the same difference between them as between a picture by Hogarth and a picture by Fuseli. We had well nigh named in the place of the former one of the great painters, whose names are borne by the author of "Basil." But in truth the writer of that work ought to have been called Mr. Salvator Fuseli. There is nothing either of Wilkie or Collins about it.

The difference between the two works is this: "Esmond" is a story, illustrative of a period nearly a century and a half ago—a period of considerable domestic excitement, when England was waging great wars abroad, and at home we hardly knew from month to month by whom we were to be governed—when men's manners were coarser and fiercer than they are now—when gentlemen of breeding drank and swore—brawled in the taverns and ran each other through in the streets—and a lustre of a few unhallowed amours was essential to their social character. Yet, for all this, the prevailing tone of "Esmond" is remarkably subdued. The principal characters are men who fought at Blenheim and Malplaquet, and intrigued for the Pretender, or women who were not unwilling to sacrifice themselves to princes of the moral house of Stuart. But although treating of such times, dealing with such circumstances, and setting such characters in action, Mr. Thackeray has written a work remarkable for its extreme quietude. There are no highly-wrought scenes from the beginning to the end of the drama. There is not anywhere a trace of exaggeration. The reader, indeed, is never excited into anything stronger than a gentle glow. But "Basil"—although a story of to-day, although all its accidental environments are of the most ordinary character, although the scene is laid in a scarce-finished suburban square (say in Brompton or Camden Town), although some of the personages are nothing more romantic than London linen-drapers, although the whole action of the drama rises out of an every-day omnibus adventure—is a story remarkable for nothing so much as its intensity—for the powerful excitement which it must produce in every breast, not absolutely containing a mass of stone in place of a human heart. Both romances are admirable in their way, and both are likely to number readers by thousands.

We notice the two works in the order of their appearance. It is rather by the beauty and truth of the individual portraiture than by the mechanism of the plot or the continuity of the incident that "Esmond" will recommend itself to the reader and establish its claim to a place among the cherished favourites of our popular literature. We are not, indeed, disposed to place it in the front rank of historical novels. The fact is that the romance derives little aid from the history; and the history little aid from the romance. The main interest of the narrative is not dependent upon the progress of historical events, nor do the historical personages much advance the dramatic action of the piece. The only palpable exception is in the case of the appearance on the scene of the young Pretender, at the close of the third volume: and here an historical personage is made the chief actor, or rather the centre of a group of actors, in a purely fictitious event. He is brought over to England at the time of the expected demise of Queen Anne, and is actually among us when that event takes place. But he is out of the way at the critical moment. The prosecution of an amour carries him into the country when the Queen dies at St. James's, and King George is proclaimed before the followers of King James can bring him to face his subjects. Now, we do not require to know that every *quasi*-historical incident introdued into a work of fiction actually occurred, but we do not like to *know* that it did *not*. We require at least the stamp of probability on it. If we can feel that it might have happened, though we have no knowledge that it did happen, we are satisfied. But we turn away with dissatisfaction from a palpable violation of historical truth. Even in smaller matters of biographical rectitude we are not sure that we quite like to know that the names of real personages are attached to events which could not have happened without our cognizance of them. One has not much tenderness for such a man as Lord Mohun, but he has iniquities enough of his own to answer for, without laying at his door the death of a nobleman, whom he never spitted. The wretch was twice tried, once for killing Mountford, the actor, and once for killing Mr. Coote. He killed Duke Hamilton, too, as Mr. Thackeray relates, but fortunately he had to give account of that proceeding in another world before he could be tried for his misdeeds in this.

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* The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the Service of H.M. Queen Anne, written by himself. 3 vols.
Basil, a Story of the Day. By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols.

These, however, are small matters, and about them there may be some difference of opinion. It is very probable, too, that some may be of opinion that Mr. Thackeray has gibbeted Marlborough, very truculently, as a meaner man than he actually was. We never liked Macaulay's picture of the Duke; but Thackeray's is painted in still darker hues. It is true that in the latter case allowance must be made for dramatic propriety, and that the reader is warned that Harry Esmond is the narrator and that he had private reasons for thinking ill of the great Duke. In the first place the narrator was on General Webb's staff; and, in the second, he had been treated personally with discourtesy by the Duke. There is nothing better in the historical parts of the work than the illustrations, humiliating as they are, of the jealousies existing between Marlborough and Webb—or rather, as here set forth, the former's jealousy of the latter.

We must give one example of this. Esmond is despatched by General Webb to Marlborough's camp with news of the victory of Wynendael. He brings back a letter and delivers it to his chief. The result is thus told:—

> "He (Webb) slapped it down on his boot in a rage, after he had read it. ''Tis not even writ with his own hand. Read it out, Esmond.' And Esmond read it out:—
>
> "'Sir,—Mr. Cadogan is just now come in, and has acquainted me with the success of the action you had yesterday in the afternoon against the body of troops commanded by M. de la Mothe at Wynendael, which must be attributed chiefly to your good conduct and resolution. You may be sure I shall do you justice at

home, and be glad on all occasions to own the service you have done in securing this convoy. Yours,' &c. 'M.'

"'Two lines by that damned Cardonnel, and no more for the taking of Lille,—for beating five times our number,—for an action as brilliant as the best he ever fought,' says poor Mr. Webb. 'Lieutenant-General! that 's not his doing. I was the oldest Major-General. By ——, I believe he had been better pleased if I had been beat.'"

The letter to the Dutch officer was in French and longer and more complimentary that that to Webb.

"'And this is the man,' he broke out, 'that 's gorged with gold—that 's covered with titles and honours that we won for him—and that grudges even a line of praise to a companion in arms! Hasn't he enough? Don't we fight that he may roll in riches? Well, well, wait for the "Gazette," gentlemen. The Queen and the country will do us justice, if his Grace denies it us.' There were tears of rage in the brave warrior's eyes as he spoke, and he dashed them off his face on to his glove. He shook his fist in the air. 'Oh, by the Lord!' says he, 'I know what I had rather have than a peerage!'

"'And what is that, sir?' some of them asked.

"'I had rather have a quarter of an hour with John Churchill, on a fair green field, and only a pair of rapiers between my shirt and his—'

"'Sir!' interposes one.

"'Tell him so! I know that 's what you mean. I know every word goes to him that 's dropped from every general officer's mouth. I don't say he 's not brave. Curse him! he 's brave enough; but we will wait for the "Gazette," gentlemen! God save her Majesty! she 'll do us justice.'"

But the great beauty of "Esmond"—and very beautiful it is—lies in the portraiture of Rachel, Lady Castlewood. We are not much concerned to think that she is Amelia Osborne or Helen Pendennis "in the costume of the period." We are not sure, indeed, that we do not love her the better for this. We well remember how, aforetime, we thought we could see the lineaments, or, peradventure, the expression only of a beloved face, in an olden portrait of Queen Anne's reign, and did not admire less the familiar attributes because the "costume of the period" of Anna Regina was there instead of that of our own Victoria. Stern critics may say that these likenesses indicate a certain poverty of invention—perhaps they do. And yet some of our greatest painters have adhered, with marvellous fidelity, to an individual model. Reubens and Etty have presented us, time after time, with the same nude forms, somewhat varied in attitude—scarcely at all even in expression. For our own parts, we confess that we could not hang our rooms around with the solid beauties of either the Flemish or the English master. This, however, may be a matter of individual taste, which does not, in our case, run towards the obese. But there is a certain delicacy of handling about the written portraits of which we have spoken—a delicacy of handling which does not weary us by repetition. We may put up "Esmond" on our shelves beside "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis;" and take down either one work or the other, and yet never weary of reading the gentle sorrows of the young widow with the scape-grace son. Rachel Esmond, be it said, however, is a creature moulded of more refined clay than her predecessors—a more beautiful impersonation. Quite flesh and blood. But when Harry Esmond says of his "dear mistress," that all the angels do not live in Heaven, we feel assured that he is right.

The story is a very common one. She loved a man—thought he was of the finest porcelain, and found that he was of the commonest earthenware after all. She was long in finding out this. "'Tis strange," says Harry Esmond, or Mr. Thackeray for him, "what a man may do, and a woman yet think him an angel." Lord Castlewood was a good sort of fellow. "So long," we are told, "as the world moved according to Lord Castlewood's wishes, he was good-humoured enough; of a temper naturally sprightly and easy, liking to joke especially with his inferiors, and charmed to receive the tribute of his laughter. All exercises of the body he could perform to perfection—shooting at a mark and flying, breaking horses, riding at the ring, pitching the quoit, playing at all games with great skill. And not only did he do these things well, but he thought he did them to perfection; hence he was often tricked about horses, which he pretended to know better than a jockey; was made to play at billiards by sharpers, who took his money; and came back from London wofully poorer each time than he went, as the state of his affairs testified, when the sudden accident came by which his career was brought to an end." Add to this, that he was good-looking, of a robust frame, some years older than his lady, and, like most men, exceeding selfish and given to pleasure—that he drank much and read little—that he lay abed late and spent much time in brushing his teeth and oiling his hair—that he ran away from the small-pox, but was ready to be run through the middle by an expert swordsman—and you have a correct portrait of Francis, Lord Castlewood.

It was this running away from the small-pox which more than anything else opened the poor lady's eyes to the real character of her adored lord. She coveted an absolute and undivided allegiance which she was little likely to obtain from such a man. In a few words, she was very jealous. "With the other sex," it is said of her, "perfectly tolerant and kindly, of her own she was invariably jealous, and a proof that she had this vice is, that, though she would acknowledge a thousand faults which she had not, to this, which she had, she never could be got to own. But if there came a woman with even a semblance of beauty to Castlewood, she was so sure to find out some wrong in her, that my lord, laughing in his jolly way, would often joke with her concerning her foible. Comely servant girls might come to Castlewood, but none were taken for hire. The housekeeper was old; my lady's own waiting-woman squinted; the housemaids and scullions were ordinary country wenches, to whom Lady Castlewood was kind, as her nature made her to everybody almost; but as soon as ever she had to do with a pretty woman, she was cold, retiring, and haughty." This is a charming trait in Lady Castlewood's character: for it is just the one womanly weakness, that was necessary to give a sufficiency of flesh-and-blood to an almost angelic portraiture. Angels, doubtless, are not jealous. But women are worth nothing who are not.

But it was, as we have said, the affair of the small-pox which opened the eyes of the poor lady to the painful truth and made a shipwreck of her happiness. Not but that something else would have done it in due course of time. The lamp of love would have burned out by itself; no need of a rude gust to extinguish it. My lady falls sick of the small-pox, and my lord rides away. When he comes back he finds, though not scarred and pitted, that her face is not quite what it was. He does not see that the disease, though it may have marred the clear red and white of her skin, has brushed off none of the bloom of her affection. The true and loving heart—ever the charm of charms — is there; but my lord has not the same eyes to see it. He becomes more and more negligent every day—drinks deeper and deeper —and presently enthrones a paramour in the neighbouring town. This selfishness of the man has, in time, the common result. My lady sees of what gross clay is made the deity she adored, and the idol-worship does not go on as before. "So the lamp was out," says the narrator, "in Castlewood Hall, and the lord and lady there saw each other as they were. With her illness and altered beauty my lord's fire for his wife disappeared; with his selfishness and faithlessness her foolish fiction of love and reverence was rent away. Love! who is to love what is base and unlovely? Respect! who is to respect what is gross and sensual? Not all the marriage-oaths sworn before all the parsons, cardinals, ministers, muftis, rabbins in the world, can bind to that monstrous allegiance. This couple was living apart then: the woman happy to be allowed to love and tend her children (who were never of her own good will away from her) and thankful to have saved such treasures as these out of the wreck in which the better part of her heart went down." An old story this; but not the less sad because it is old. It has often been told before, but never with more delicate truthfulness than in this history of Harry Esmond.

And sometimes in the midst of the narrative—the character of the narrator almost forgotten—Mr. Thackeray's own feelings break out in a loud strain of bitterness and indignation. He is ever on the weaker side—here is something for the digestion of the Grand Turks of the easy chair, and there is much beside like it.

> "And so it is, for his rule over his family and for his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—any one who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes of the account which many a man will have to render. For in our society there 's no law to control the King of the Fireside. He is master of property, happiness—life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand seigneur who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children, or friends and freemen, or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talking over the newspaper and railing at the tyranny of the French King and the Emperor, and wondered how these (who are monarchs too in their way) govern their own dominions at home, where each man reigns absolute? When the annals of each little reign are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath, and as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles."

This is of my Lord Castlewood, of whom Harry Esmond speaks elsewhere, as of a brave and generous man and a kind patron. And, indeed, in spite of his selfishness and faithlessness, the reader has a sort of liking for him, up to the very time when Mohun's curst rapier sends him to give account of his little reign to the Supreme Master. One does not wonder at the result. The history of the whole is told in a few words. They were, as we phrase it now-a-days, "ill-matched." It is not often otherwise in this world of ours. Not that it is always well for people of like character to be tied together. Contrasts and diversities are necessary to happy union; but they must be contrasts and diversities of the right kind. We love in others what we do not possess in ourselves; but there are adverse qualities which do not amalgamate, and there are others that make a pleasant mixture, as the sweet and the sour, the strong and the weak, in punch. It must be clear to a dullard's comprehension, that Rachel, Lady Castlewood, with all her meekness and gentleness, her sweet womanly qualities, was not, as we say in these times, "the sort of woman for such a man." He did not understand her virtues; he did not appreciate her gentleness. To a man of my Lord Castlewood's nature, she must have been, truth to tell, somewhat insipid. My lord, however, is killed off in the beginning of the second volume, and Lady Castlewood then transfers her affection (it is doubtful whether she did not so before) to young Harry Esmond, a poor relative brought up in the family, supposed a cousin on the wrong side of legitimacy, but in reality the real lord. My lady still being young and beautiful (despite the small-pox), loves this young Esmond in her own quiet way; but young Esmond loves her daughter. Here is a glimpse of the elder lady, from which we may learn something of the beatings of her heart:—

> "'Hush, boy!' she said, and it was with a mother's sweet plaintive tone and look that she spoke; 'the world is beginning for you. For me, I have been so weak and sinful that I must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and pass my life in penance. But I would love you still; yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now; and my dear Lord in heaven may see my heart, and knows the tears that have washed my sin away; and now—now my duty is here, by my children whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and—'
>
> "'And not by me?' Henry said.
>
> "'Hush!' she said again, and raised her hand up to his lip. 'I have been your nurse. You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the small-pox, and I came and sate by you. Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry. Oh, it is horrid to look back to that time! It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again I will come ever so far. When your heart is wounded then come to me, my dear. Be silent! let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry; no, you do not now, and I thank Heaven for it. I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to college? 'Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr. Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London. And they both gave me absolution—both—and they are godly men, having authority to bind and loose; and they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven.'
>
> "'I think the angels are not all in heaven,' Mr. Esmond said. And as a brother folds a sister to his heart, and as a mother cleaves to her son's breast, so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him."

Now the creature whom Harry Esmond has the bad taste to love in preference to this gentle lady, is a sprightly Maid of Honour, beautiful to look upon, scheming, heartless, altogether a coquette. She is, as we have said, the daughter of Lady Castlewood, and Harry, on returning from the wars, having left her a child finds her a woman, and she sets, not her cap, but her stockings at him, and poor Harry is fairly caught:—

> "So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before, tripping down the stairs to greet Esmond. 'She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes,' says my lord, still laughing. 'O my fine mistress, is this the way you set your cap at the captain?' She approached, shining smiles upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced, holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her, as he used to do when she was a child. 'Stop,' she said, 'I am grown too big! welcome, Cousin Harry;' and she made him an arch curtsey, sweeping down to the ground almost with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as that of the

> first lover is described by Milton. 'N'est ce pas?' says my lady, in a low sweet voice, still hanging on his arm. Esmond turned round with a start and a blush. He had forgotten her, wrapt in admiration of the *filia pulchrior*. 'Right foot forward, toe turned out, so!—Now, drop the curtsey and show the red stockings, Trix. They 've silver clocks, Harry. The dowager sent them. She went to put 'em on,' cries my lord. 'Hush, you stupid child!' says miss, smothering her brother with kisses; and then she must come and kiss her mamma, looking all the while at Harry over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gave him both her hands, and then took one of his in both hands, and said, 'Oh, Harry, we 're so, so glad you 're come!'"

This fair Beatrix, we perceive, is likened by the critics to Becky Sharp, but the points of resemblance are few and not very distinct. She is much more dazzling and less designing—more imperious and less clever—more of a fool, less of a hypocrite—and a beauty past all denying. Poor Harry Esmond lost his heart to her very soon.

If any one should say that it was not natural for such a man as Harry Esmond, one so strong-minded and brave-hearted, with such steadfastness of purpose, so noble a resolution, with so much sound intelligence and high principle, so all in all a good and able man, to love so light a thing as Mistress Beatrix, all we can answer in reply is, that he who says it does not know love. Men are cautious, prudent, rational, wise, in everything *but* love. In love they are simply lovers—fools, if you will, stern reader—we do not care to answer thee in this. All we know is, that this picture of Esmond's love for Beatrix is truth itself, and mainly because of the very inconsistency which may be objected against it. A man may choose a horse or a house wisely, and he may be able to give very sound reasons for choosing a particular kind of horse or house, but love does not deal in reasons. All that Harry Esmond could say about Beatrix was, that she was his *fate*. And many very wise men have had a *fate*, quite as inevitable, of the same kind. It is of no use to attempt to legislate for the affections. They are utterly beyond the reach of all laws. It is a common thing to hear people say that they wonder how Mr. So-and-so, a man of ability, refinement, and principle, can dote upon a woman, who has not one of these qualities, and sacrifice everything, his character perhaps included, for one so unworthy of him. But if they knew anything about the matter, they might deplore, but they would not marvel. It is impossible to explain what it is that stimulates the desires of a man, sets his reason at defiance, and causes, as it were, an introversion of his whole moral being. But he feels, in his inmost heart, that the object of his desires is inexpressibly dear to him, and that—he cannot help himself. It was well said by one of the shrewdest thinkers and observers, who has ever jotted down his passing thoughts, that "the character of a woman is one thing, her graces and attractions another; and these last acquire even an additional charm and piquancy from the disappointment we feel in other respects. The truth is, a man in love prefers his passion to every other consideration, and is fonder of his mistress than he is of virtue."[*] Or if we would see the same truth set forth in poetry, what can be more truthful than this?—

> "Love and wisdom, though it may be they are twins of heavenly birth,
> And in heaven are sister angels, are no sisters upon earth!
> Seldom falls the smile of wisdom upon love's impassioned thrill,
> Seldom comes the happy bridal of the reason and the will!

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[*] Hazlitt's Characteristics.

"Not always sweetness, goodness, worth, the charm of mutual minds,
Nor even beauty's treacherous self the chain of passion binds;
A power occult—a sympathy or genial or perverse,
Still draws the yielding spirit to its blessing or its curse!

"In friendship's milder dream of joy—perchance not all a dream—
Some little ground pale reason gives for liking and esteem,
Some little help the fabric boasts from wisdom's shaping hand,
Some little promise knowledge gives that 'tis not built on sand.

"But Love, a stormy vision, comes fierce, sweepingly, and blind,
And Reason, Wisdom, Knowledge, all, are scattered to the wind!
For loving some *un*-loving thing all earthly things above,
A 'woman's reason' serves alone—'we love *because* we love.'" *

It is of no use, indeed, to reason about the matter. A man can no more help loving one person more than other, than he can help being hot in summer, or cold in winter, or catching the small pox if he has not been vaccinated. He knows, he feels that it is his fate. We read in a story, perhaps, how the hero fell in love with what we are pleased to call "the wrong woman;" we wonder at his blindness; we reproach him; we reproach the author; we are angry and indignant, and wonder that both of them did not know better. But although we are very wise about these things when we sit in judgment on other men's cases, we should probably have made the same mistake ourselves, or a similar mistake in like circumstances. And, after all, we are not so sure that the erratic choice which sets reason at defiance, is necessarily a mistake. Most men know what they like—know what pleases and enchants them. A man is just as likely to make a mistake in marrying a woman too good for him, as in marrying one not good enough. The stern moralist, perhaps, may talk of depraved appetite; but there are few men who have not a "depraved appetite" of one kind or another. Such a man as Harry Esmond ought not to have been less fascinated by the meek intelligence of dear Lady Rachel's eyes, and all her gentle, womanly virtues, than by the white neck, the red stockings, and the bad spelling of her winning daughter; he ought not to have preferred so much worth to so much worthlessness—but, unfortunately, *he did.* It was a mistake. Granted. But love is almost always a mistake. Some may say, too, that it was altogether unnatural, that a man of wit and a scholar, though he might have loved the white neck and the red stockings, should have tolerated the bad spelling. But a scholar and a man of wit may be very tolerant of bad spelling, *when it is addressed to himself.* And that was a fine stroke of the author of "Esmond," which made the scales fall from the lover's eyes when they fell upon bad spelling addressed to another man. The egotism of love is very tolerant. It is never more nice than wise.

It is time now that we should lay down these pleasant volumes, but not before we have said a word about the style in which they are written. "Esmond," from first to last, is written, not only in the manner of Queen Anne's time, but in the manner of a complete gentleman of Queen Anne's time. It has altogether what the Dowager Lady Esmond called the *bel air.* The *vraisemblance*, not merely of the times, but of the man, is admirably preserved; for "Esmond" is a book *about* a gentleman, and *by* a gentleman. The Colonel has no airs and graces, but the reader cannot help continually thinking what a thorough gentleman he is.

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* Poems by James Gregor Grant.

To write effectively of "Basil" we ought to have another vocabulary at command. It is a story of love and hatred—of passionate love and deep vindictive hatred. The *intense* everywhere predominates. It is of the Godwin school of fiction. A single grand idea runs through the whole. There is a striking unity of purpose and action in it. The interest is single—undivided. The fatality of the Greek tragedians broods over the drama. There is a Nemesis not to be escaped. The hero of the tale sees a pretty girl in an omnibus; and he—goes to his doom.

We do not purpose to be too communicative about the story. It is enough that we should faintly indicate the circumstances out of which the great catastrophe arises. A young gentleman, of one of those ancient families, the heads of which look down upon three-fourths of the nobles of the land as *novi homines*, falls in love, at first sight, with a girl whom he chances to see in an omnibus. Accompanied by her mother, she enters the vehicle, after he has been for some time seated there, and he helps her to make her way to a vacant seat. The effect of the contact is instantaneous. "I had helped to hand her in as she passed me," says Basil, for the story is written in the autobiographical form,—"merely touching her arm for a moment. But how the sense of that touch was prolonged! I felt it thrilling through me—thrilling in every nerve, in every pulsation of my fast throbbing heart. It seemed as if I must have known her in some former state of being, as if I had died for her, or she for me, after living *for* each other and *with* each other in some past world; and that we were now revived and reunited again for a new life in a new earth."

He follows her home—she lives in a new square in an unfinished suburb. She is the daughter of a linendraper; he the son of one of the proudest gentlemen in the land.

After a little while, Basil introduces himself to the girl, and makes the acquaintance of her father. His passion never halts; it recognizes no obstacles; but goes at once to the point. He formally proposes to the linendraper to marry his daughter. The man of trade consents, under certain conditions, and the young lady yields a not very enthusiastic consent.

The conditions are that the marriage should be immediate, but secret; that the young couple should separate at the church door, and only meet, during the first year of their wedded life, in the presence of one of the parents. The conditions were, doubtless, very hard; but Basil at that time would have accepted any conditions, so long as they were attached to marriage. He consents; and the strange nuptials are speedily solemnized.

Out of this state of things arises a tremendous tragedy, developed, in these volumes, with remarkable power. We shall say nothing to weaken the absorbing interest which the perusal of such a story must excite. It is something not to be forgotten. The novel-reader may devour scores of fictions afterwards; but they will not efface the recollection of this.

It is not easy to detach a passage from that portion of the work in which the main action is embodied, which will be intelligible to the reader without more explanation than we purpose to afford;—but here is something illustrative of the results of Basil's gigantic error. He tells his father what he has done and what he has suffered. The haughty aristocrat hears the humiliating story in bitterness of spirit; and then unlocking a book-case takes from it a gorgeous volume containing a manuscript history of the family, with a blank page left for the insertion of the domestic incidents of Basil's life—the life of a man who has married a linen-draper's daughter, and been————————

> "He stopped, shuddering. When he proceeded, his voice faltered, and his head drooped low.
>
> "'I say it again:—you have sunk beneath all reproach and all condemnation; but I have a duty to perform towards my two children who are absent, and I have a last word to say to you when that duty is done. On this page'—(as he pointed to the family history his tones strengthened again, and a strange, shadowy darkness seemed to move over his face)—on this page there was a blank space left after the last entry, for writing the future events of your life. Here, then, if I still acknowledge you to be my son, if I think your presence and the presence of my daughter possible in the same house, must be written such a record of dishonour and degradation as has never yet, through the lapse of centuries, defiled a single page of this book. Here the foul stain of your marriage and its consequences must be admitted to spread over all that is pure before it, and to taint to the last whatever comes after. This shall not be. I have no faith or hope in you more. I know you now, only as an enemy to me and to my house. It is mockery and hypocrisy to call you son; it is an insult to Clara, and even to Ralph, to think of you as my child. In this record your place is destroyed, and destroyed for ever. Would to God I could tear the past from my memory, as I can tear the leaf from this book!"
>
> "As he spoke the hour struck, and the old French clock rang out gaily the same little silvery chime which my mother had so often taken me into her room to listen to, in the bygone, the long bygone time. The shrill, lively peal mingled awfully with the sharp, tearing sound, as my father rent out from the book before him the whole of the leaf which contained my name, tore it into fragments, and cast them on the floor."

We must give the sequel of this from an after part of the story, premising only that Basil has a sister, Clara, whose sweet womanly character is beautifully drawn in these pages. We do not remember any lovelier embodiment of sisterly love. Nor is the abstract beauty of the impersonation its only merit. Clara is artistically introduced, as a snatch of light amidst the surrounding darkness—a relief from the all-prevailing agony—something pleasant to dwell upon amidst so much that is inexpressibly painful. She is the good angel of the piece; here she is endeavouring to solace Basil by leading him to hope for the forgiveness of his father:—

> "'I have a hope already, Basil—very, very far off fulfilment, but still a hope. Can you not think what it is?'
>
> "'Your hope is far off fulfilment, indeed, Clara, if it is hope from my father.'
>
> "'Hush! don't say so; I know better. Something occurred, even so soon as last night — a very homely, trifling event, but enough to show that he thinks of you, already, in grief far more than in anger.'
>
> "'I wish I could believe it, love; but my remembrance of yesterday—'
>
> "'Don't trust that remembrance; don't recall it! I will tell you what occurred. Some time after you had gone, and after I had recovered myself a little in my own room, I went down stairs again to see my father; for I was too terrified and too miserable at what had happened, to be alone. He was not in his room when I got there. As I looked round me for a moment, I saw the pieces of your page in the book about our family scattered on the floor, and the miniature likeness of you, when you were a child, was lying among the other fragments. It had been torn out of its setting in the paper, but not injured. I picked it up, Basil, and put it on the table, at the place where he always sits, and laid my own little locket with your hair in it by the side, so that he might know that the miniature had not been accidentally taken up and put there by the servant. Then, I

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JULIA.

Nay—talk not of beauty, of beauty alone—
Go view it on canvas, in marble or stone:
It may dazzle the eye, it may charm thee awhile,
But Love cannot live on a glance or a smile.

Nor tell me of Wit and of Intellect's throne—
Its pow'r is but feeble when reigning alone:
The cold or the aged perchance it may bind,
But Love pants for more than the charms of the mind

When the sceptre of Beauty is wielded by Wit;
When the mind fans the flame which the person has lit;
When both are united, ah! who shall delay
To yield to their power, to bow to their sway?

See both then in Julia!—is she not fair?
That brow and that glance—is not intellect there?
See the graces of person, the glory of mind,
The triumph of Wit and of Beauty combined!

A. W. C.

gathered together the pieces of the page and took them away with me, thinking it better that he should not see them again. Just as I had got through the door that leads into the library, and was about to close it, I heard the other door by which you enter the study from the hall, opening, and he came in, and went directly to the table. His back was towards me, so I could look at him unperceived. He observed the miniature directly, and stood quite still with it in his hand for a long time; then sighed, sighed so bitterly! and then took the portrait of our dear mother from one of the drawers of the table, opened the case in which it is kept, and put your miniature inside, very gently and tenderly. I could not trust myself to see any more, so I went up to my room again; and shortly afterwards he came in with my locket, and gave it me back, only saying, 'You left this on my table, Clara.' But if you had seen his face then, you would have hoped all things from him in the time to come, as I hope now."

"'But, as I will hope, Clara, though it be from no stronger motive than gratitude to you.'"

What the great humiliation was that crushed Basil utterly, and well-nigh broke the heart of his proud father, the reader must learn for himself. The book is one that is sure to excite attention. It is not by any means a faultless work, but the faults are, for the most part, the faults of genius. We hesitate to pronounce anything improbable. There are many of us whose lives are so full of improbabilities, that a faithful chronicle of the incidents even of a seemingly uneventful career, would be received with incredulity by the majority of readers. That "Basil" will be pronounced "improbable" we do not doubt. There is a startling antagonism between the intensity of the passion, the violent spasmodic action of the piece, and its smooth, common-place environments. The scenery, the *dramatis personæ*, the costumery, are all of the most familiar every-day type, belonging to an advanced stage of civilization; but there is something rude and barbarous, almost Titanic, about the incidents; they belong to a different state of society. But this very discrepancy enhances the terror of the drama; and there is something artist-like even in this apparent want of art.

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A. W. C.

THE SADDLEBAGS;

OR,

THE BRIDLE ROADS OF SPAIN.

Our venerable and attentive hostess paid us a visit, and told us about many remarkable persons, who had been here during the nine and twenty years she has lived in Tangier, with many things which they did and said; but the only vivid picture which this chronicle has left on my memory is of the amiable and condescending manner in which the Marquis of G—— dried a pair of silk socks over the charcoal brazier in the kitchen; an historical fact which occurred about nine years ago.

The moon is glancing in through the open window from the spangled ripples of the bay, but I am too sleepy to be poetical, so, good night, dearest. I will make a long journal letter of this, for there will be plenty of time here.

This morning, before breakfast, I stopped before one of the little shop-nooks in the main street, where a grim and bearded Pagan sat cross-legged, and began to bargain with him for a pair of bright yellow morocco-leather slippers. While the treaty was proceeding, a sleek and officious Jew came up, under pretence of interpreting, and insinuated that *he* had better and cheaper slippers at his shop. I thought, perhaps, he was no greater rogue than others and so I went with him and found a very smart establishment up stairs with a great variety of shawls and scarfs, and jillabiahs, and Moorish cushions, and daggers, and every sort of curiosity, the only thing which appeared to be deficient were yellow slippers. In the *patio* of the house there was a plasterer, or white-washer. While I was looking over the things he had slipped out, and when I came into the street, he fell upon me with strong entreaties to inspect *his* shop somewhere else, but I told him he was a whited sepulchre and went back to breakfast.

Wandering about the town we came to the foot of the castle hill. At the top there was a gateless and dilapidated arch amenable to pacific entry, and within, a picturesque, irregular courtyard partially in ruins, with horse-shoe arches and slender arabesque columns. Sauntering in through the archway we had been passed by a handsome maiden, bearing a basket, whom we knew, by being unveiled, to be a Jewess. At a modest distance we followed the fair Susannah among the winding angles and corners of the ruin. She went in at a low, broad arch. Here we were received by a grizzly-bearded old man in a turban with a couple of large keys in his belt. Him we saluted with "*essalâm aleykom*" and a bow.

"*Waleykom essalâm*," he replied. "Ye, oh caballeros, are apparently Spanish," he continued in slow, strangely accented Castillian, and are doubtless come to see the prison."

"We are come to see the prison truly, but we are not Spanish, being *shokr Allâh* * of the family of the Inkleez."

---

* Thanks be to God!

"Thrice welcome, sons of the Inkleez; I am the father of the prison," said he, making a salam; "and ye shall see my children." He then poured out some coffee from a pipkin which stood over a few charcoal embers. He made many excuses for only having one cup in his coffee service, and lit a long chibouque, from which we each smoked a few whiffs after we had taken a few sips of the coffee.

"But who is that fair maiden whispering through the hole in the door?"

"She is Rahab, the daughter of one Joshua, an old rogue who lately sold a donkey to one of the faithful for more *dirhems** than it was worth, even if it had not been bewitched; but bewitched it was, and died within a week; and the old dog will remain in my family till he refunds the price. His daughter often brings him food in her basket. He is by far too well off, the old thief, and if he were starved a little he would give up his dishonest gains much sooner; but the other day when I told her she must come no more, she cried so bitterly, saying the old man would die, that I could not find in my heart to refuse her, for the she-wolf of an unbelieving Jewess has fair eyes, and it pinches my heart to see her weep. Daughter of the accursed, stand aside, and let these gentlemen look through the door."

A most foul, black, damp, and dismal place it was; the crowded prisoners squatting about here and there on the floor, which was like the pavement of a stable, or an old-fashioned farm, where ammonia is not economised. The ancient Joshua was standing near the door, his long white beard wagging as he chewed. While we were looking there was a noise at the outer gate, and a fresh offender was brought in. He was an old acquaintance, having only been let out of prison a week ago, and now he had been caught again, stealing a bunch of carrots in the market-place. He was very vociferous in his defence, but in the most brilliant crisis of his harangue, as soon as he had been shouldered opposite the prison-door, it opened with a crash of bolts and chains,—they gave him a slap on the back, and in he leapt head foremost over the high stone threshold; the door crashed to again, and there was an end of him. There was something irresistibly ludicrous in the extremely sudden disposal of this turbulent purloiner of vegetables, of which a description, necessarily telling a number of simultaneous occurrences one after another, can give but little idea.

We presented the prisoners with a small contribution for bread, which they clamorously demanded, and gave the father of the prison a large cigar. Going out of the castle we sat down on a stone-bench along the wall, beneath the shade of a tower. Here a small crowd of infidels gathered to see us light our pipes with a burning glass, after which they wished to have their fingers burned, and we fell into a religious discussion, which we carried on first by passages from the Koran, of which having exhausted our stock ineffectually, we finished off the argument with our broomsticks; these we applied to their shins; for they could not keep their tempers when we quoted Mahomet to prove that both Christians and Jews might be saved, if they believed in God and the last day, and did virtuously.

As we descended through the town, we were seized upon by Israelites and carried to many shops, where they took us in, but we would not buy anything, for I saw nothing so good as the smart warehouse up-stairs, which I had seen before breakfast. Thither we went and instituted a general rummage. Jillabiahs, haiks, boornooses, fezcaps, cushions, &c. H—— told me that a *haik* was considered a most desirable thing by young ladies, as a dress to go away from evening parties in. I always wondered for my part, why fair creatures were so particular about what they went home in in their dark carriages; but perhaps it is for the sake of the last impression they leave on the carpeted door-step, to haunt the dreams of some shivering adorer, who stands in the night air till John has slumped the tight door into the panel—the sleepy horses plunge heavily away, and Lady Something Else's carriage stops the way.

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* Pieces of silver money.

While I was wavering whether to lay out on one of these Moorish veils, which are of a curious white woollen texture, striped or shot, or something of that sort, with silk, the cunning old Jew sent for his daughter. She came up very slovenly attired, but they hung the haik upon her, and she looked so pretty in it that I purchased one without more ado. It, indeed, effected in her a great metamorphosis, covering up all the slovenly attire in soft white drapery, and showing only a most fascinating pair of Jewess's eyes (worth more than Jews' eyes), some stray tresses of deepest jet, &c.; for this recital will not interest you much, nor did it me, indeed, but H—— was much struck. She could not persuade him, however, to buy one, though she vividly depicted the disappointment of his *novia* (sweetheart) at not getting one when mine did, and he was forced to confess, with a sigh, that he had no *novia*, on which she pitied him, but said he must take heart, for he was sure to find one soon, and ought to have a *haik* ready for her. I have little doubt he envied me, poor fellow, the pleasure of preparing masquerading disguises for the queen of that unhandsomely limited harem, which European prejudices admit; and of imagining how a certain vain little queen, who shall be anonymous, will some day admire herself in her looking-glass, arrayed like a real Tangerine Sultana in haiks and boornooses, and slippers of scarlet morocco-leather embroidered with gold. I am an ungracious wretch, very!

Afterwards we looked in at the place where they smoke *keef*; a dirty, sloppy patio, little better than the prison. The smokers were squatting about inhaling the fumes of very small pipes, and rolling up their eyes as if it was very delightful. In the corner a man sat whittling pipe-stems in curious arabesque patterns. The demand apparently exceeded the supply, for he had only one on hand, which was also in hand, and on my offering to buy it, he said he must finish it; I said I had rather not wait, for I could finish the other end, copying the pattern of the one already done. We bought keef, which appears to be a small leaf, growing along a certain kind of hemp stalk, and retired to our house-top to make the experiment. Our imaginations were filled with a forecast of the brilliant dreams about to draw their magic-lantern shadows across the white sheet of the lulled mind. I knew well enough whither away *my* spirit would flee to be at rest, and my heart beat loudly as I lit the little pipeful of what seemed very like sawdust. But though I drew breath after breath, down to the very bottom of my lungs, and vigorously prepared to be much affected, I could not perceive that it produced any effect whatever, nor could H——. He disliked the peculiar flavour of the herb, which I found rather agreeable than otherwise. After smoking three or four pipes the experiment was given up as a failure.

In the meantime a (no doubt) lovely creature, entirely enveloped in her haik, was walking about on the adjoining roof. She seemed inclined to pay us, at least, the compliment of curiosity, and stared us so much out of countenance through her eye-holes, that we were forced to go to the other side of the roof. Here we saw a cat take a run and a flying leap over the narrow street, and we could not help observing, that the gay Lotharios of the East no doubt watch circumspectly how the cat jumps. The houses, which are very inaccessible every way but from the top, stand so close together, that a good leaper might easily travel from one end of the town to the other on their tops. They are all detached from one another, at a distance which is no doubt deemed safe by lethargic old Orientals, bundled in long robes, against all eaves-droppers. Besides, *lepers* are turned out of Eastern cities.

Summoned down stairs by the Jews coming with what we had bought in the morning, they nearly cleared us out of all our little means, for in Gibraltar we could not raise any money, because H—— had left all his Coutts's circular notes packed up in his portmanteau at Seville; and as there appears to be no vessel going back to Europe, it is more than probable, that our excellent landladies, the Misses Duncan, will have to distrain upon our bodies, and sell us to the Algerines to indemnify themselves for our sustenance.

While I sat carving the pipe-stem our early dinner was ready, after which we wandered forth with Hamed. The corn-merchant of the felucca met us, shook hands with great cordiality, and insisted on taking us to a coffee-house to be treated. Up a narrow flight of dark stairs into a narrow patio covered with matting. Here were assembled a group of chattering Moors all standing, for there was no place in the floor clean enough to sit down upon.

Coming down from the *café*, we were met by another of our fellow-passengers, the young Moor who had drawn the mosque-towers and fort in H——'s book. He also shook hands most affectionately, and carried us over the way to his shop, for it turned out he was a barber, and not a son of the old corn-merchant. His shop was surrounded by a sort of divan, covered with matting, on which we sat cross-legged and smoked and drank more coffee, and talked as well as we could in Alcoranic Arabic, which is very different from Berber. A lame man came in and sat down. He addressed us in broken English. He was from Mogador, and had been in London with Batty's Company's as a Bedouin. He had been in other parts of "London," viz., "Littlepol and My Sister (Liverpool and Manchester), had married wife in England" ("not lowsy woman"), he had had an accident which caused his leg to be very "sick" ever since—had come back here to go home to Mogador, but had here set up as a gunsmith—he had a gun which he could sell us ("not lowsy gun") at a moderate price.

The dark had crept upon us unperceived. A pious faquir came by, and stopping on the threshold, swang about a censer scattering incense, and vociferating prayers. This itinerant mass-performer was rewarded with a copper coin and departed. Then came a man with a young cock. The barber jumped up and cut off its head with a razor in a most expeditious manner, and the fowl-bearer departed. I asked if people did not kill their own chickens in this country, and was informed that many persons had an objection to shedding blood, and were in the habit of sending to him. Doubtless he must have shed a considerable amount of the blood of the faithful if he shaves them with the same razor which decapitates poultry.

Hamed now informed us that he had heard there was a Jewish wedding to-night, whither he would conduct us if we pleased. As the Hebrews hold open house on these occasions to all creeds and nations, we followed him through the dark winding streets, till we came to an open portal, where flaring torches gleamed on a swarm of people going in and out.

The supper was just concluding, the tables were removed, and we were seated in the banqueting-room in the highest place, that is to say, nearest the right hand corner of the nuptial bed, which filled the whole end of the room. What do you think there was on the bed? Why, about six-and-thirty Jewesses, the loveliest collection of women huddled in the smallest space I ever saw. Positively all beautiful, and if my heart had not been otherwise engaged, I should not have minded marrying the whole bevy at once—foolish indeed—nevertheless an idea worthy of Solomon. The young ladies, it appears, were only invited to *adorn* the banquet with their presence, and set up there to be looked at while their male relatives ate. In the furthest corner, as much out of sight as possible, and veiled, sat the bride—poor thing, she must have been very nearly smothered under that cloth, for we could hardly breathe, and the heat and crush were tremendous even to us who sat on a bench, unveiled and unsurrounded by a compact huddle of three dozen fair friends on one four-poster.

But now there was a stir, and the chief Rabbi was conducted to the head of the bench opposite us. In his hand he bore a fiddle on which he began to play across his knees as if it had been a bass; but it was a small violin, and he was a large man with a long white beard and a pair of silver spectacles over a very large hooked nose. When he began to play, the guests began to howl an accompaniment with great unction. Shortly a ring was formed, and a blooming Herodias was picked from that hot-bed of lilies and carnations to dance before the company. The dance seemed to be more of gesture than steps—she swayed about her body, and waved about her arms, but the steps seemed hardly more than occasionally beating time with her feet. The company beat time with their hands, and howled still more than before, so as nearly to drown the screeches of the *rabbi'd* fiddle.

When the dance was done the bride was brought in unveiled; she had been smuggled out behind the bed and attired, the first of a series of suits, which she subsequently showed off in succession. She was a beautiful creature, with that brilliant pearly complexion, those lustrous eyes and glossy raven tresses, which only Tangerine Jewesses possess in such perfection. The bridegroom, I am grieved to say, was a sorryish looking individual, who seemed in no wise to appreciate the happiness he was about to undergo; he appeared nervous and melancholy: and, to make the matter worse, they set him down in a chair in the middle of the room, and shaved him before the audience. After this there was a contribution, whether to pay the barber or the supper, or to increase the dower of the bride, we could not clearly ascertain, but we paid up our bachelor's mite and departed, much gratified and nearly baked.

This morning, as we were sitting on the brow of the castle hill, there appeared to be a commotion of some sort in a broad open space near one of the gates of the city below. Going down to see what it was, we were soon met by a crowd coming up the narrow street. They were headed by musicians, with tamtams (a sort of kettle-drums) and trumpets and fifes. A Moor, with a white beard, led a calf. Next came a turbaned figure enveloped in much drapery, riding on a black horse with two huge paniers, out of which appeared the mild, resigned faces of two venerable old rams. A few men, with very long firelock muskets followed—the rest were tag-rag and bobtail. Under the last denomination we enlisted ourselves, and returned with the crowd to the castle hill, from which we commanded the house of the bride—for it was a marriage procession, at least one of the preparatory measures.

The band played a strange discordant combination of noises, interrupted at irregular intervals by the explosion of firelocks. The firing of these unwieldy engines was curious. The musketeer about to discharge, balances himself gingerly on his left heel, points the muzzle at the ground and applies the smoking end of his long, salt-petred cord—fizz! flush! bang!—and round he spins, twirled on his heel by the recoil of his long, rusty piece. We could see inside the open door a good many veiled Moriscas. What came of the calf and rams we did not see; they probably were wedding gifts, not sacrifices, and destined to figure in the capacity of veal and mutton at some subsequent ceremony.

Waiting for the muezzin's call to prayer, with many of the faithful around us in the market-place, H— was moved to address them with the last speech and confession of the Moor of Venice, and when he came to the words "smote him thus," hit the most prominent starer a slight tap on the head with his broomstick. We are always followed up and down the streets by an escort of about thirty or forty ragamuffins, and if we did not carry a staff a-piece we should find it difficult to stave off the press. A respectable Moor sitting at the gateway of the mosque offered us long pipes (which we smoked), and made ineffectual efforts to disperse the crowd, which we begged him not to do.

A shoemaker over the way invited us all to his stall to drink verbena tea, which, he assured us, along with a pipe of keef, would have the same effect upon us as brandy. The *yerba buena* (*Arabice*, Luisa) makes a pleasant infusion, but does not possess any intoxicating qualities, at least we departed as sober as we came.

To-day I have gone about in the Moorish costume, but have not been less stared at from dressing like any other pagan. A crimson skullcap with a blue silk tassel, a loose, blue and white striped, shirtlike robe of woollen, with a long cowl, either drooping behind the shoulders or pulled up over the head. I call the cowl long, because it goes back in a long peak like the tail of a casting-net, and has a tassel at the end. A pair of bare ankles and yellow slippers complete the costume as far as visible to the world at large. I have been standing in theatrical threatening attitudes for H—— to draw me, but the folds of the drapery are difficult to do, and he has hung up the jillabiah against the wall to make a study of it. It looks, with its extended sleeves and cowl stretched down from the nail on which it hangs, like a grey, extenuated, long-necked ghost of a Bedouin Arab, or Capuchin friar, pinned up in great torment against the walls of Purgatory.

It is night. We have just come in from a most awful scene. Rolling clouds of smoke, lit by the red flash, and rent and shaken by the explosion of musketry; parties of Arabs charging about here and there beneath the sulphurous canopy, shouting as well as shooting. What do you think it was? An insurrection? No — A wedding. The red heifer and the rams had only been preparatory, and to-night the bride was to be conducted to the house of the bridegroom. These skirmishers were merely making ready an atmosphere with the smoke of their *feux de joi* for the procession to pass through. At last it appeared. Around the howdah (a sort of sedan chair in which the bride is carried) the Arab soldiers redoubled their activity, charging, one party upon another, and discharging their long guns into the air. Flaring torches flung a flickering and uncertain light over the tumultuous but rather formidable chaos through which the timid Moorish maiden goes from the nursery to house-keeping. We could not help thinking that in happy England some of our hardened and experienced spinsters, who have braved the linkboys and "carriage-stops-the-way-coming-out" struggles of three or four seasons, would hardly go through such a trial in the cause of matrimony—but perhaps we were wrong.

I shall finish off this letter which I have contrived to make very dull, although we have been very much amused since we have been in Africa. Perhaps *because*, rather than *although;* for when the mind is kept constantly amused the spirits fly off in talking and laughing, instead of being bottled like Seltzer water for literary exportation. There are many other strange and agreeable things we have done here, which, if they were written in a letter would stretch to a still more tedious length than this. When the post will go, or when we shall get away, cannot be predicted with any certainty, for we hear of no vessels going back to Europe, so that it seems likely we *shall*, after all, have to be disposed of to the Algerines. I remain, in the meantime, yours till my release from captivity.

Once more in the same continent with my own Mabel,—it really almost feels like coming home again, to get back to the dear old Rock. But how did we get back? I think we left ourselves with rapidly declining finances, and no prospect of a vessel to carry us away from the African coast. Shall I tell you how we got impatient at last, and hired a little boat, and were betrayed by our crew into the hands of a cruel pirate captain from the Moghador coast—who sold us as slaves up the interior—whence we escaped, with a couple of black princesses, and reached the spot where the Nile and Niger are tied together in a knot, which, of course, we undid—and how each of us built a boat and sailed away, one down the Niger, and the other down the Nile, with a moving panoramic journal of the scenery,—how our boats subsequently met off Europa Point, and we sailed into Gibraltar bay together, both having, unfortunately, or fortunately, lost our black princess on the way.

This, with a few episodical treatises on the kingdoms of Abyssinia, Timbuctoo, &c., and an excursion to the happy valley (entered by an accidental discovery of the celebrated Rasselas tunnel through the mountains of the moon) will make an interesting chapter in the voluminous vols. By-the-bye, you asked me in one of your letters what was to be the plan of our work, and how we should manage to write it together? was it to be in the Lee and Cooper style—landscape by one and groups by the other? I will tell you. We have decided that the world is, or at least ought to be, sick of the ordinary, stupid accounts of ordinary unromantic goings up and down in the earth, related for the most part with fatal fidelity, except when their authors attempt to enliven them here and there with painfully improbable draughts on their imagination. Therefore we agreed, without a dissenting voice, that, about this period of our literature, something eminently new and original was demanded in the "Voyages and Travels" department. Here is our prospectus, which you must keep a profound secret. I am to write a mass of (fictitious) adventure and (invented) legendary anecdote, interspersed with romantic ballads, and indeed, whether poetry or prose, enveloped in a moonlit haze of sublimity. H—— is to follow each chapter with a plain unvarnished recital of what actually did occur; and a conversation, in which each writes his own share of the dialogue, will explain to the public how the ideas of the adventures and legends arose, or were suggested, with a body of bold criticism and acute remark, not strictly confined to the point whence the discussion started, but rambling through space and matter, and time and eternity with much liveliness and versatility.

The disadvantages of such a course will be, that the critics will call it flippant; and the stupid public, which likes to be gulled rather than enlightened, will wish all the impertinent matter, such as the true statement and the discursive criticism, at Jericho; however, this class of readers will be warned to read only the fictitious part, and recommended, in order to keep up their interest, to believe every word of it.

But I have to get back from Tangier. We were almost in despair, when one morning a great steamer ran into the bay. It proved to be a French war-steamer, bringing a consul-general; for the republic has made up some little difference with the empire of Morocco, which caused the consul to retire some time ago. This steamer was going back to Gibraltar next morning, so we lost no time in calling to pay our respects to the newly-arrived functionary. We were shown up into a Parisian-looking drawing-room, and a beau monsieur, of about thirty-five, dressed in a smart official uniform, arose to receive us. His good manners could hardly prevent a look of surprise from mingling with that appropriate listening face with which he bowed and stood waiting for us to explain our errand. We felt that in our soiled but still flaring muleteer's dress we did not look like the proper sort of individuals to ask for a free passage on board a man-of-war of a foreign power. I waited for H—— to say something, but he said nothing; and so, after a slight pause, I began to state our case.

"Tant soit peu qu'il doit paraître, nous sommes des gentilshommes Anglais,—we are dressed as contrabandiers, because we have been travelling among the mountains of Spain, and have no other clothes, otherwise we would not have ventured to present ourselves attired so little *à la mode*."

"Mais, messieurs, n'en parlez pas je vous en prie. Cela se voit fut bien, et du reste, c'est une mise assez commode pour voyager. Moi aussi, j'ai voyagé en Espagne. Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"We are *au désespoir* for a vessel to take us back to Europe; and we understand that the steamer which brought your excellency is going back to Gibraltar; we are ashamed to derange you on your arrival, but we have no alternative."

"With the greatest pleasure, gentlemen: ces sont de petites complaisances que les nations se font mutuellement."

With which, having been thus made an international affair, we were handed two small state-papers, requesting the captain to receive us aboard; and we took leave of our polite benefactor with many thanks.

That evening, taking a turn through the city for a farewell look, some camels, with wilder-looking Arabs than common, came in at the western gate from the distant deserts of the interior. We felt on seeing them more identified with the real inhabitants of Africa than we had been by our intercourse with the same barbarians of Tangier, so much handled by Europeans, as to be comparatively harmless, like Zoological Garden lions. Two Ethiopians, in the same quarter of the city, which seems devoted to strangers from the interior, sat cross-legged on the ground, rocking themselves, and nodding their heads, and rolling up the yellow whites of their idiotic eyes, with their thick lips dropped, and their dark brown, oily features (without the slightest vestige of consciousness) shining in the sunset. We asked what was the matter with them, and found they had been chewing *hasheesh*.

But I must get away from Tangier, for we have to get away from Gibraltar to-morrow, and our history is trailing at a deplorable distance behind. And yet I must tell you of a conversation we had with a worthy clergyman of the Church of England, who arrived the day before our departure, and with whom we partook of our last African tea. It was about carrying arms or not, travelling in Spain. He was strongly against the practice, for fear we might shoot some of the banditti. We said we were much more afraid of the banditti shooting us, and very much preferred being on equal terms with them.

"But," said he, "you have no right to shoot a fellow-creature, merely to prevent yourself from being robbed; and if, as you say, you are called upon to go down on your face, and give up your money, you should do so much rather than shed blood."

"No doubt," I replied, "if they amiably took what you gave them, and your word for it that you had no more valuables, and did not proceed to strip you of your clothes, and take your horse; and if, after all, not being satisfied with what they had found on you, they had not an unkind habit of rubbing the traveller's nose on a flinty road; and if they did not now and then kill travellers outright,—I agree that your argument would be good. But as it is, with all these possibilities, added to the inconvenience of losing one's money, costume, and horse, my impression is, that the most reasonable thing to do, when an evident and acknowledged bandit rushes out of the bushes and seizes your rein, is not to say, 'Sir, I have money which I am ready to surrender, and pistols, with which I will fight, if you intend to use me uncivilly; for then he would have time to throw his cloak over your head, and stick you at leisure with his *navaja*."

"Then, sir, what is the most reasonable thing to do?"

"Why, to shoot him down at once, and do the same to the next man" (suiting the action to the word, and taking my revolver out of my belt, on which the ancient and reverend gentleman cried, "Oh! pray don't!" in a tone of some anxiety), "and the third man would probably run away."

"It is the squeamishness about shooting robbers that causes robbers to continue," said H——. "A friend of mine lately killed two with a right and left rifle-shot in Mexico, and the road has been much safer since. The common view to take is, that the robber is to be considered more than the traveller."

"Yes," said I,—"now the robber who selects this profession is, if he has read Adam Smith, aware that the little industry required, the rapid profits returned, and the exciting and romantic character of his trade, would draw so many persons into it, that there would soon be nobody left to rob, *unless*, observe me, unless there were certain drawbacks. One of those drawbacks, the bandit is well aware, consists in the liability to be shot in the ordinary course of his business."

"But," replied the reverend gentleman, "if you shoot him, you precipitate a human soul into eternity unprepared; and what an awful thought is that."

"I am by no means sure that a prudent and pious thief, going on what he knew to be a perilous expedition (and if he was going to rob us who carry a regiment of pistols openly, he ought to pay us the compliment of thinking it a perilous expedition)—I am by no means sure, I say, that he would not get himself specially and provisionally shrived of his sins in case of accidents; and, indeed, I think the scrupulous traveller has a right to suppose that such would be the case, and despatch him accordingly at so advantageous a conjuncture."

"By-the-bye," said he, "the robbers sometimes shoot *themselves*—perhaps because they feel it is part of their profession to be shot now and then, and find the scrupulous public object to performing their legitimate share in the transaction. I read in the Granada newspaper a curious story of the suicide of a notorious robber the other day near Seville. It appeared he had been robbing a horse-dealer, but whether his desperation proceeded from remorse, which seemed improbable, or from a quarrel with his sweetheart, which is, perhaps, still more so, the writer had not been able to make out."

"Perhaps he shot himself by accident," said I, and the conversation turned.

There was a peakfaced, affable young gentleman, lately from one of the Universities, who had come over in the same boat with our worthy pastor. Finding that he sketched, we showed him our drawing-books, which were execrable things, in the hopes of getting a hint or two from his. But it turned out little better than ours, and that rather from a less ambition in the style (Indian ink), than from a greater artistic grasp—for we feel ourselves (in confidence) to be Rafaels at heart and in eye, only that we have neglected, alas! to furnish our finger ends with the base mechanical part of mixing the colours and dabbing them on. However, our friend, we suspect, is a rival in more departments than one, for when we went to bed (which was early, because we had to get up at half-past five next morning), he tapped at the door of our bedroom (opening out of the drawing-room), and asked us for a very long candle that had lighted us to bed. The presumption, therefore, was, that he was about to sit up all night writing a very long chapter of how he got to Tangier. The quantity of people we have met, evidently *all* about to publish, is quite discouraging. Indeed it is well known, that everybody who travels in Spain must write a book. How weary the public must be, I think; we shall hardly have the heart to go into the voluminous vols. However, we shall have a better chance than some; for since we know nothing about architecture, high art, or history, we shall not tell our readers about the same churches and altarpieces, and pictures, and battle-fields, which they have read about so many times over, but about ourselves, and what we saw, and did, and said, and heard, and imagined, with a correct picture of our hunger, and weariness, and ignorance, and impatience, &c., which will give the stupid and ignorant reader, who is, of course, the commonest sample, a clear idea of what *he* might expect to meet with if he threw himself upon the Peninsula. We think that vacant young men in the long vacation, if they knew that in the course of that period they might go out to Seville and learn sufficient Spanish (in, say two months), and then buy a pony and ride through Spain, all within 100*l*., it would suit some of them to do it.

But I shall never get away from Tangier. I positively must embark. Well, the pilot's boat took us aboard the "Narval," a formidable large black war-steamer. We were relieved of some slight uncertainty, as to how such strange figures would be received, by the lieutenant, who politely addressed us in very good English, and after making our acquaintance in about two minutes, introduced us to his brother officers. We breakfasted with the mess, and afterwards smoked and delivered a lecture on the English language, for several of the officers were learning it, but our lieutenant (Morin) had a surprisingly accurate and critical knowledge. The surgeon was musical, and had a book full of Spanish airs, which he had written after Rousseau's method, which, he says, is coming very much into use. You will remember that Jean Jaques' first effort, was to publish a system of musical notation by numerical figures, instead of those mysterious dots and lines; but at the time the idea met with no attention. The surgeon played the guitar and sang. Morin, from English literature came to French. His favourite author was Paul Louis Courier, a name we had neither of us heard. He produced the volume, read us some extracts, and seeing we very much appreciated them, gave it us. He would not hear our deprecations; he should be in Paris within a fortnight and could get another; he had given away many copies in the course of proselyting. Paul Louis Courier was a republican and bitter anti-Buonapartist, witty and whimsical, amiable, though rather caustic. He was always getting into quarrels with the mayor of his commune, who, according to his own very amusing account, disliked his politics, and encouraged everybody in bullying and cheating him. One might have thought from the quaint and fanciful way in which he complains of his grievances, that they were next door to imaginary ones, if it did not appear by his life that he was finally assassinated by his enemies.

While our time thus passed tranquilly in the cabin, a storm was brewing outside. The wind was dead a-head, and grew stronger and stronger. The motion began to be unpleasant, and going on deck it was found to be raining fast. Shortly it rained faster, and then torrents; the pitching of the vessel, too, had become so unpleasant, that I could not stand the cabin atmosphere. The whole mess recommended me to take each a several sovereign thing against nausea; but at last it was unanimously carried that, for an English stomach, tea was the sovereignest thing of all; so a cup was made and administered, and I must say tasted a good deal like physic. We had established ourselves in as sheltered a corner as we could find on deck, wrapped in our cloaks which shed the torrents very successfully. However, as the rain fell much faster than it could run off by the drain-holes at the sides, there was soon a great flood. This, as the ship rolled, came rushing down upon us, and washing back again in a tidal wave about a foot deep. Of course our feet got rather wet. I never was in such a storm of rain in my life; sky as black as ink; great clouds sweeping over the dark sea before a very violent gusty wind; now and then the tops of the African mountains looking down through a break in the mist. The moan of the gale through the vibrating shrouds, the splash of the paddles, and the plank-deafened metallic din of machinery straining against the tempest, made a sort of melancholy, unmusical accompaniment to our uncomfort, which was so complete, and on so grand a scale, as to gather a sort of consolation from its own sublimity.

You may imagine what sort of work it was, from the fact of our taking about nine hours to go thirty miles in a great steamer. However, there is an end to all things, and we got ashore before gunfire, which if we hadn't, we should have had to sleep on board.

The next day was Sunday and it rained and blew great guns. We were reduced to so low an ebb for a moment as to set about copying a picture of Abraham offering Isaac, which hung in our room. As we sat painting, Morin came in; we asked him to dine and he greatly enlivened our evening. I gave him my Sevillian navaja to cut the pages of his new Courier when he got to Paris. He also had brought me an ingenious French leather pouch full of *caporal* (the national tobacco of France, as shag is of England and pigtail of Scotland), which came in useful, for my old Norman one of wood and birch bark, which has served me faithfully for more than a year, broke, being scranched in my pocket, when I fell off pony-back near Moron. The pouch was a *souvenir* from the surgeon. Our conversation with Morin leapt from French to English, and from English to French, as often as the speaker came to a difficulty and relapsed into his own language to explain himself better.

To-day (Monday) is our last day, and now or never we must see the wonders of the Rock. We were woke early by Morin, who came to say his *adieux* and *mille choses*. He of course had to sleep on shore because the fortress is locked up at sunset, and nobody can go in or out on pain of death. Since breakfast I have been out buying a variety of things—tape, a packing-needle, a pair of spurs (English spurs are much sharper than Spanish, and we are preparing a pleasant little surprise for the flanks of our lazy ponies), half-a-pound of gun-powder, a pencil, &c. The diplomatic waiter has gone to get us permission to see the galleries. I will write you an account when we come back, and with it finish this; for to-morrow we shall start for Malaga, and I may as well tell you now, for fear I should forget, that your next letter had better be directed to Granada.

THE HEIRESS OF RHUDDLAN.

A LEGEND OF WALES.

Sir Pontypool Dragonhead sat on his chair,
With a most unmistakable sulk in his air;
His lips were compressed and his eyebrows were knit,
His hair was uncomb'd and his beard was n't fit
To be worn by a Christian—much less by a knight—
While his clothes hung about in a terrible plight:
And he stared at the fire just as if the great logs
That crackled and blazed on the hearth's brazen dogs
Could have lent him their aid—or at least some relief
From the demon that troubled him—anger or grief.

Then he 'd suddenly turn, and his great oaken seat
Would creak with his weight, and he 'd stamp with his feet,
And he 'd scratch his rough head, and he 'd rub his large nose,
And he 'd deal his own legs such soniferous blows
As Tom Cribb might have envied for regular "teasers,"
Well planted, "one-two," on his enemies' "sneezers."

In short, as you gazed on Sir Pontypool's visage
(Which wasn't so very bad-looking for *his* age,
For Time had just pepper'd his head with some sprinkles,
And scratch'd here and there a few crow's-feet or wrinkles),
You could swear that in action, in word, or in thought, he
Had suffer'd, had done, or had plann'd something naughty;
But what it might be you could never be certain,
Unless you 'd the power to lift up the curtain
Which beneficent Nature has hung o'er the portal
That leads to that Hades—the heart of a mortal.

Sir Pontypool Dragonhead's page stood by—
A meek-looking youth with a mild-looking eye—
So neat and so trim in his blue velvet suit,
Embroider'd with gold, and his ringlets to boot,
And his very white collar of Brussels point lace
Arranged with the utmost perfection of grace,
Displaying a throat and a neck soft as down,
Where no nasty rough beard had, of course, ever grown,
That he look'd like Adonis or Cupid array'd,
Or a model in wax for the hair-dressing trade.

Sir Pontypool turns his head at last,
And his fierce dark eye on the page is cast;
And he looks a look of blood and thunder,
And the page's thin legs are shaking under
Their pretty don't-name-'ems (whose spacious dimensions
Might accommodate legs of much greater pretensions).

"How now, Sir Page!" Sir Pontypool cries,
As he knits his brows and rolls his eyes;
"How now, Sir Page!" and his voice's tone
Sounds like the blast of a big trombone.

The meek-looking page is down on one knee,
But never a word respondeth he,
And he hands up a great, long, awkward letter
(A flunkey in these days would turn out a better),
That looks like a beggar's appeal, or the State's
For your small contributions to taxes and rates!

Sir Pontypool snatches the letter in haste,
And tears off the small silken threads that are placed
In lieu of red wax; and he growls as he reads,
And his eye gets more bloodshot, and little round beads
Of moisture burst out on his cheeks and his brow,
And one moment his hand grasps his dagger, and now
He springs from his seat, and he hurls back the chair,
And shivers the oak like a reed in the air,
And he shouts—while the roof and the panels around,
Of the age-blacken'd hall with the echoes resound—
"Ho! turn out the men-at-arms—saddle my horse,
Black Demon—out, out the whole garrison's force!
Bring my armour—my battle-axe—quick, dullard page!—
Hell and fury! who dares to brave Dragonhead's rage?"

Then oh what a din
Without and within,
Like a revel of fiends in the regions of sin!
The horses are neighing,
The trumpets are braying,
The soldiers are swearing, the women are praying;
Swords, bucklers, and spears,
Shouts, curses, and tears,
Wherever a man or a woman appears.
The pikemen, the bowmen,
The heralds (like showmen),
All arming in haste to be down on the foemen.
The squires of the knight,
In their harness all right,
And eager to warm up their blood in a fight;
And the lord of them all,
Black, gloomy, and tall,
With an eye to command and a glance to appal!

Then down fell the drawbridge, up rose the portcullis
(One raised and one lower'd by strong iron pulleys),
And away in a torrent pell-mell they all went,
Like a pack of starved jackals or wolves on the scent.

And all this fuss and all this rage
About that letter which the page

Had just deliver'd? which declined,
For certain reasons well defined,
To let a fair young lady wed
The doughty knight, Sir Dragonhead;
Because, although a hero's daughter,
She hadn't got a taste for slaughter;
And look'd upon a warrior's name
And on a cut-throat's much the same,
Creatures to shun, and curse, and loath,
Arcades ambo, villains both.

Slowly, deeply booms the bell,
  Proclaiming sunset's hour,
As the orb's last rays of glory fall
  On Rhuddlan's* lordly tower.

Oh, for a painter's hand to trace
  The brightness of that scene!
Could aught on earth its beauty match
  The distant poles between?

The grey old castle, old e'en then,
  Like some gigantic rock
That stands unscath'd through many an age,
  And scorns the tempest's shock.

The deep swift stream that rolls below—
  The Clwyd, whose lovely vale
Hath form'd the theme of many a song,
  And many a minstrel's tale.

Mountain on mountain-top still piled,
  Rearing their heads on high,
Like those the Titans in their pride
  Upheaved to scale the sky.

The mighty oaks, the stately firs,
  Clothing the hill and dale—
The ocean, on whose distant wave
  Flutters the snowy sail.

The yellow corn—a sea of gold—
  'Neath its own riches bending:
The em'rald meads—the flocks and herds
  Their slow steps homeward wending;

And over all, Heav'n's varied tints,
  Whose splendour none may tell,
Proclaiming to the world beneath
  The God of Day's farewell!

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* Rhuddlan Castle is one of the most celebrated in Wales. It is a magnificent old ruin still. The village is a poor little place, though Edward I., six hundred years ago, held a parliament here, by which Wales was erected into a Principality and Edward's eldest son declared its first Prince. A portion of the building in which it met is still standing.

In such a scene, at such an hour,
The Lady Hilda quits her bower,
And passing from the castle walls,
She seeks a distant spot, where falls
The long drawn shadow of a grove—
Such as Diana's self might love.

Yet well I ween 'tis not to gaze
Upon the sun's declining blaze,
'Tis not to watch the cold, chaste moon,
Whose pale light shall supplant it soon;
'Tis not to listen to the note
Of nightingale, whose echoes float
So sweetly through the evening air,
That Hilda's steps have wander'd there.
For scarcely hath the forest glade
Conceal'd her in its welcome shade,
Than Lady Hilda's matchless charms,
Are clasp'd within her lover's arms.

And who *is* the lover? What valorous knight,
What youth of high breeding, of fame, and of might,
What mortal so bless'd has discover'd the road
That leads to that spotless and sacred abode,
The fair Hilda's heart? Oh, Venus! oh, Cupid!
Can a fellow like *that*—a poor, dandified stupid,
As soft and as puny in person as mind,
Who couldn't another such "spooney" well find
If he sought through the world—can a milksop, a noodle,
A block for a barber to friz like a poodle—
Can *he* gain such a heart in a valorous age?
For, by Jove, it 's the meek-looking, slender-legg'd page!

"Fly, fly, dearest Hilda!" he cries in alarm,
As trembling and weeping she clings to his arm;
"Fly! fly! for Sir Dragonhead comes to attack,
To murder, to plunder, to ravish, to sack!
With all his fierce soldiers in battle array—
Oh, goodness, dear Hilda, *do* hasten away!"
And the page's thin legs, as he urges her, shiver,
And the tones of the page's voice stammer and quiver,
And the cheeks of the page's wan visage grow paler—
He hasn't the "pluck" of a mouse or a tailor!

And poor little Hilda is shaking with dread,
And scarce knows if she stands on her heels or her head,
For, though born amid warfare, and bred amid strife,
She 's a terrible horror of losing her life,
And still more of losing her "heart's only joy"—
That white-liver'd, meek-looking, spindle-shank'd boy!

But hark to the clatter of horses' feet,
And the sound of the infantry's regular beat!

And hark to the echo of trumpet and drum!
The knight and his blood-thirsty followers come.

And look through the wood, too!—how helmet and blade,
And buckler and spear seem to flash through the shade,
As they catch for a moment some lingering ray
Of the fast setting sun; how the banner's display
Of azure and gold, as it flaunts in the breeze,
Contrasts with the hue of the sombre-clothed trees!

One moment, Hilda turns her gaze
In fear—in horror—in amaze—
Then catches at her lover's arm,
As if no earthly power could harm
While clinging there: but, ah! great God—
She shrieks and sinks upon the sod—
No arm is there—she stands alone—
The craven-hearted page is gone!

Yes—bolted, by Jove! the young, pitiful monkey,
Was off like a shot, as outrageously "funky,"
As though Satan himself and Inferno's whole bevy
Of goblins and imps were pursuing full chevy!

The moonlight rests on Rhuddlan's tower,
The curfew tolls the evening hour;
Upon the stately castle's walls
Dully the sentry's footstep falls;
And all within is blank despair;
For Lady Hilda comes not there,
And none may tell of Hilda's fate—
And Hilda's sire is desolate!

Sir Pontypool sits in his chair as before,
But he 's gloomy and sulky and restless no more;
Not a touch of ill-temper remains in his air,
But a something decidedly *tout au contraire*.
For he smirks and he smiles, and he rubs his rough chin
(Though he 's rasp'd off his beard with a trifle of skin),
And complacently gives quite a dandified twirl
To his hair, as he fancies he 's settling a curl.

And he chuckles and grins,
And playfully spins
His dagger—alternately nursing his shins,
And he mutters "By Jove!
I 'm a fortunate cove
Without any trouble to pounce on my dove!"

Then he calls to his page, and he shouts for some wine,
And he muddles his brains,
As the goblet he drains,
Crying "Here 's to this little caged damsel of mine!"

And the meek-looking page,
Though he feels in a rage,
Does nothing to show it but stammer and shiver,
And his look is still meek,
And his voice is still weak,
And his face is as white as his shirt or his liver.

And poor little Hilda sits weeping alone
In a nasty, cold, damp-looking chamber of stone—
Though 'tis really the best that the place can afford her,
And they 've made some attempts, by Sir Dragonhead's order,
To give it as cheerful a look as they can;
But on *such* points the unguided notions of man
Are at best rather crude—and it 's pretty well certain
They couldn't succeed without even a curtain
Or morsel of tapestry, neither of which things
Were known in the castle,—their master would pitch things
Like those to old Nick as effeminate lumber
Unfitted his warlike abode to encumber:
For he lived like a soldier, work'd hard, and slept harder—
Though his cellar was decent and so was his larder.

And poor little Hilda keeps crying and saying
"Oh! what *shall* I do? I declare if my praying
And begging would get me away from this hole,
And that horrid old man, I would pray from my soul.
Oh, where can dear Edgar be? Why did he fly,
And leave me alone in the forest—oh my! [*]
I *suppose* he 's quite safe—and it 's here that he lives—
Yes, here!—that 's the only reflection that gives
The least comfort at all. But—oh, dear! what a place
For poor Edgar to dwell in!—his beauty and grace
In this nasty old castle! I hope and I trust he
Wont suffer from damp, for I 'm *sure* it smells musty."

She stops: there 's a sound of a step at her door,
And then there 's a hurried "tap-tap"—and before
She can cry out "Who 's there?" or "Come in!" it is done,
And Sir Pontypool Dragonhead stalks in alone!

The knight made a bow,
The best he knew how—
Though his spine was as straight as a pikestaff or poker,
And his neck was as stiff
As a block's, or as if
He were Brummel himself in a double-starch'd "choker."

The lady look'd up, and the lady look'd down,
A pout on her lips, on her forehead a frown,

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[*] A very feminine exclamation, but a classical one nevertheless. It is a corruption (oh that anything feminine should be corrupt!) of "Oh mihi," or "O! mi!" as the vulgar and profane "My eye and Betty Martin!" is a corruption from the hymn "Mihi beate Martine!"

Unmistakably showing the hero that seldom
Had visit of his been less pleasing or welcome.

It made him feel awkward—he scarcely knew why—
That slight little girl with that scorn in her eye:
It seem'd to upset him—to freeze and unnerve him—
Not a grain of his dare-devil valour would serve him;
But the hero, who 'd charge a whole troop undismay'd,
Stood cow'd by the glance of a baby-faced maid!

But it didn't last long—he soon managed to find
His courage, his coolness, his presence of mind,
And he said, half-jocosely, "Good day, damosel,
I hope you 're not pining away in your cell—
Poor captive! well-well, though we *are* very cruel,
We sha'n't, by my honour, fair lady, use *you* ill."

"Then let me go free, sir," the lady replies,
"Or your smiles and your protests are nothing but lies.
Yes, *lies*, sir! I said it, you nasty, bad wretch you!
You 're destined for Satan—I wish he 'd just fetch you."

"Indeed, pretty Hilda, you judge me unfairly:
As yet you 've scarce seen me, you know me but barely."

"I 've seen you too much, sir; I know you by fame—
I hate and detest you—the sound of your name
Makes me shudder and cringe, I—" "Nay, stay, lady, stay—
Have mercy—don't crush me *sans* pity, I pray.
Besides, it 's not politic;—think, lady, think,
How soon may the sweet matrimonial link
Unite us for ever! and then, when we 're wed,
You 'll not like to recall the sad things you have said."

"*I* wed you!—you 're mad, sir,—Wed *you!* why, I 'd rather
Be tortured to death. Do you think that my father
Would ever allow it?" "Your father! ha, ha!
'Pon my soul, ma'am, I don't mean to *ask* your papa:
You are mine, my fair damsel—by capture you 're mine—
Talk of father's consents—it 's amazingly fine
In a captive!—Without there!—bring goblets and wine.

"I 'll pledge you, my brave little mistress—by Jove,
You 've a spirit within you a soldier *must* love."

As he finish'd his sentence the mild-looking page
Walk'd in with a tray,
And a flask of tokay,
As grave as a mute on the opera stage.

Then, oh! what a scream! what a cry of delight,
Of love and of rapture burst forth at the sight,
From the lips of the lady, as, bounding with joy,
She springs forth and falls on the neck of the boy.

And then—yes, oh *then !*
Had I only the pen
Of Homer, to tell how the fiercest of men
Stood by, wonder-o'ermaster'd,
Like a fellow pitch-plaster'd,*
Confounded, struck all of a heap, flabbergaster'd !

"Oh, Edgar ! dear Edgar, oh bear me away !"
(As if Edgar *could* bear anything but a tray,)
Cried Hilda, despairing : "I 'm thine, Edgar, thine !"
(Here Edgar got funky and upset the wine),
"Oh shield and protect me from yonder vile wretch !"
(Thinks Edgar, "I 'm safe for the hands of Jack Ketch,
And oh what a neck for a halter to stretch !")
And while Hilda still sobb'd in way quite hysteric, "Oh,
Edgar ! my loved one !" he wish'd her at Jericho.

"So, so !" at length Sir Dragonhead cries,
"Embracing my page, and before my eyes !
Very pretty, my lady ! we 'll very soon settle
This little affair : for a girl of *your* mettle
To wed such a pitiful rascal as this
Would be highly improper, my fierce little miss.
Ho ! warder, below there ! just send up a guard—
One man will be plenty—get ready a yard
Of rope, with a noose to it, fix'd in the wall,
And let this young gentleman quietly fall
As far as 'twill let him, made fast to his throat,
And dangle to frighten the rats in the moat !"

'Tis done in a minute ! the terrified fellow
Has scarcely a moment to shriek and to bellow,
Ere the rope and himself are alike "in a fix,"
And over the ramparts suspended he kicks !

Poor fellow ! poor fellow !—well, reader, don't weep,
We 'll give you a sort of a privileged peep
Behind the stage curtain of tragedy green,
That ought to be dropp'd on this terrible scene.

The warder was not a bad fellow in grain,
And didn't quite wish the poor page to be slain,
So he 'd taken good care that the terrible noose
Should be tied in a knot so agreeably loose
That the victim was sure to escape with a pitch
Of some twenty feet headlong, right into the ditch,
Where he kick'd and he flounder'd, but got out at length,
And bolted with all the remains of his strength.

Of course Lady Hilda had fainted away,
And for many a long hour insensible lay ;

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* A rival of the "garotte," coming again into fashion—Burking *redivivus*.

But dreaming of pages in blue and gold suits,
Some hung by the hair, and some hung by the boots;
Some fair and some dark, and some short and some tall,
Some handsome, some ugly, some "so-so," but all,
For some crime, some omission, or p'raps some pretence,
Unpleasantly placed in a "state of suspense."

And each poor wretch of the ghastly band,
Pointed to her with his bony hand,
And opened a cold and fishy eye,
And said with a most unearthly sigh—
"Here we hang for endless ages,
Torn from life—unhappy pages!"

But the dream is over, the lady wakes,
And a half-scared glance at her chamber takes,
And close to her pillow she finds a scroll,
Convey'd on the sly by the warder, good soul,
To ease her alarms touching Edgar's demise;
And ne'er did she read with more blessed surprise,
And never were words more devotedly kiss'd,
Though they *were* in a very remarkable fist.

"He ain't been hung. With a bit of a duck he
Got out of the moat and he 's cut his lucky."

Many revolving years have fled
Over the Lady Hilda's head;
Many a year since Hilda wed
The doughty knight Sir Dragonhead;
Many a laughing child is seen
Sporting or tottering between
The hero and his stately dame,
Who (if we trust to common fame)
Now rules her lord in such a way
That all the folks around them say
So great a shrew was never known
So meek a hen-peck'd spouse to own!

And 'tis said that when once she 'd establish'd her sway
In this very decided and feminine way,
She ask'd, as the first boon her husband must give her, he
Should change most completely the family livery,
Putting dark green and silver instead, as of old,
Of those suits of cerulean purple and gold.

Touching Edgar, the page, we have only one word,
Ere we close our historic romance, to record,
He got safe into England—p'raps thinner and paler—
And became a most highly respectable tailor!

Moral.

If in search of a wife
As a partner for life,
With a hatred of "rows" and a horror of strife,
'Twixt ladies who 're "blues"
And ladies who 're shrews,
It 's sometimes a difficult matter to choose.
But of one thing be sure,
For an ill without cure,
There 's nothing so bad, nor so apt to allure,
As sentimentality,
Feigned "ideality,"
Nothing but humbug in sober reality.
For, the sentiment flown,
It 's a fact that 's well known,
The lady has *always* a will of her own;
And your heart should you barter
For *hers*, you 're a martyr,
And you 'll find out the meaning of "catching a Tartar."

And now, for farewell,
We 've a moral to tell
That lurks in our legend, like truth in a well;
'Tis to warn you beware
How you ever despair,
No matter what aspect your destiny wear.
Though the shape it assume
Be of danger and gloom,
Relief may be near, though you *don't* see it "loom."
At the very last gasp,
When grim death seem'd to clasp
The poor page, he contrived to escape from its grasp;
For there 's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,
And it 's very strong poison that kills with one sip.

ADVENTURES OF A FIRST SEASON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Years had passed by, years loaded with the rich hues of happiness that gild the days of laughing, innocent girlhood. No care to ruffle—no sorrow to obscure—no sigh to damp, even for a moment, the tranquil contentment of school-room occupations, where liberty and constraint are so happily mingled, that it is impossible to define where the one ends and the other begins! The chains, if chains there are, are woven in flowers, and the flowers have no thorns. Delicious girlhood! so fresh—so confiding—so inquiring—opening to all the successive phases of life, all alike new and delightful. The present joyful, but the future fraught with vague, dreamy, shadowy expectation! London—coming-out—balls—dancing—*beaux*—lovers' presents—orange flowers—husbands—marriage—and heaven knows what beside, filling up the interstices of a young lady's brilliant imagination; making her thrill with rapture as each successive image passes with kaleidoscope rapidity before her mental vision!

Our little friend, who was introduced so prematurely to the sanctum of royalty, had grown up and prospered, having now arrived at that charming age, seventeen. In the solitude of the country, she had well pondered on all the wonders, the marvellous developments, that awaited her *début*. What happy day-dreams, undisturbed by a single cloud, for, with her fortune, she felt well assured of at least her due share of attention, and stood in no dread of blushing, solitary and unseen, in the corner of a ball-room. A country education had improved and strengthened a character naturally decided, but was not adapted to give her the slightest insight into the world; and at the time she started for town, she was as very a little rustic as ever stared into a print shop. Men and manners were to her undeveloped mysteries, no less unfathomable than the knottiest point ever argued by theologians. She looked on the first—men—as curious and extraordinary animals, whose notice and admiration might doubtless be desirable, and certainly were agreeable, but whom she was profoundly ignorant how to please or attract, and almost to converse with. As to the latter part—the manners—these she interpreted to mean holding herself upright, wearing gloves, answering properly when addressed, and not tearing her dress. She really was a curious specimen of a country Miss, when she first came to town. But why should I say she? for am I not describing myself? Let me drop the third person, and adopt the honest vowel, "I," in describing my adventures.

Some country squires had gazed on me and sighed—deeply sighed in the fear of not securing my fortune; but they were but poor Tony Lumpkins after all, and even I had wit enough to perceive their views without wearing spectacles. Besides, the idea of settling down in the country, when all the undefined future, lit up with golden visions, was before me! Such madness was not to be contemplated. I fancied myself great—a countess perhaps—my lady—how delightful! I never would marry a plain mister, that was certain; and I had doubts whether even an earl were high enough. Visions of poetical romantic youths—handsome of course—haunted me. I conjured up just such a hero as might ornament the title page of an illustrated romance—with curling hair—open shirt collar and neckerchief tied *à la* Byron. Then I imagined him on his knees before me, calling me his angel—his love—his life—&c.; and I jumped from my chair, and danced round the drawing-room, which being rather small was not expansive enough, so I added a rapid run in the flower-garden. I was convinced that I could not make my appearance at a London ball, without meeting a dozen lords; so I never had any serious doubts of the realization of my aristocratic dreams, and only waited the happy moment that was to present to my eyes a living lover of the required birth. I felt I should not allow him long to sigh in vain. I should yield—gradually, by degrees—I would give him my hand—perhaps I ought to faint; but if, by reason of robust health, I could not quite manage that, at least I might cry, which always looks interesting. Then he would press me to say "yes;" and I should hesitate, and tremble, and be confused, and at last I should say *yes!*

Oh! it was all exceedingly charming, and life seemed to me then like one great, immense verdant walk, bordered with flowers, and sown with sweets; a clear unclouded sky above, and peopled by smiling faces as glowing with happiness as my own. Alas! why did after years so bitterly belie this dream? Why did the flowers turn into thorns and tare and rend me? Why did the sweets become bitter as gall? Why did the fruit turn into poisonous berries, and the sky become dark with clouds, and storms, and hurricanes, thunder, hail, and lightning burst forth, all pouring down their various furies on my unprotected head? Alas, why? But this is beside my present subject; and I resume. I will not anticipate.

I must say, in self-defence, that these images of lords and dukes were not quite so preposterous as they may appear to the sober reader. There were various families in our neighbourhood of high rank, with whom we were well acquainted, having ever maintained a high position in my native county of B——shire. One noble family, in particular, sought our acquaintance, and, indeed, courted our intimacy; and they were as happy a specimen of exalted rank, united with every endearing quality, as all the peerage could show. Many a happy day have I spent at their princely seat, where all that money and magnificence could procure was lavishly accumulated; the whole enhanced by the courtly urbanity and real hospitality of the noble owners. My lord marquis was dignified, courteous, and loftily-familiar, yet good and kind, in spite of a little pride, in the highest degree. My lady marchioness was all that can be conceived most appropriate in a dame of rank; beautiful in person, stately in manners, unsullied in fame; she was distinguished by a dignity, softened and tempered by amiability, that really was admirable. Never have I beheld rank so gracefully supported as in Lady D——, whom to know, was to love and to admire. Whether she welcomed a royal duchess, or a simple gentlewoman, to her saloons, all was regulated by the nicest breeding; and each experienced the cordiality and the urbanity of the noble hostess, whose refined good breeding placed every one at ease, and lessened the distinction without forgetting the difference in rank among her various guests

But the one in the whole family that I really loved, was a certain merry-hearted younger daughter, the jolliest little maiden that ever climbed and tore her frock in an apple-tree. Lady M—— was the most regular romp, the most daring piece of mischief, I had as yet encountered. My own qualifications in that line were considerable. I have done more wild things, and got into more scrapes, than twenty other misses together of my age. I had ridden wild horses, driven tandem with dogs, mounted ladders, bird's-nested in lofty trees, waded in rivers, until I conceived myself as good as a boy.

But when I became acquainted with Lady M—— I was undeceived; she distanced me completely, and made me feel thoroughly ashamed of my small achievements. Such a hoyden never, I think, did exist as she: and I humbly took up my place as her follower and admirer, submitting to her lead with the utmost humility. I had found my match.

When I look back now at those merry days, it seems marvellous to me that we never committed any irreparable mischief, such as firing the house, drowning ourselves in the canal, or breaking our limbs. For what we did attempt was so wild, so reckless—and I, ashamed of being considered a coward, followed her lead so implicitly, that it is strange we escaped. One accomplishment I did envy her, she could fire off pistols, and for this I loved and respected her beyond words to describe.

We used to slip out of the drawing-room at —— Park, leaving all the calm, well-bred company sitting mildly conversing with her dignified lady-mother, who would have fainted had she beheld the pranks of her daughter. Once escaped, we flew up stairs to a certain upper chamber, and there arranged the particular line of campaign for the day. Once—never shall I forget my terror—she dared me to climb by some creepers that surrounded the windows, and mount the roof of the house! This was too much, even for my daring, and I entreated her not to attempt such an *escapade*.

"Not," said I, "dear, that I am afraid, but only consider, we should be sure to be seen, and then what a row there would be."

Well, she allowed this was worth consideration, standing, as she did, somewhat in awe of her mamma, whose grand style of dignified reproof rather cowed her roguish daughter; so the walk on the roof was abandoned, and we descended instead to the canal, where, under cover of some sweeping oaks, whose huge branches, dipping in the water, concealed us completely from view, we launched the boat, and then and there committed various atrocities.

What sworn friends we were! When parted, what heaps of hieroglyphically crossed letters were exchanged! How fondly we sought each other's company. What joy, what kisses, when we met; what tears and sorrow when we parted! Who would have thought that in after years Lady M——, the merry-hearted, affectionate hoyden, could become the cold, heartless woman of fashion? That a heart so kind and warm could turn to ice, and that when misfortune came, and the dark clouds gathered around her early friend, she could neglect, insult, and finally forsake her? Yet, such was the case, and such the termination of this tried and ancient friendship. But I will not sadden the happy present by anticipation.

At the time of which I write, we were sworn friends and sisters,—yes, sisters, in more than the mere name, so fondly applied by loving school-girls to their favourites. For, sooth to say, there was a further interest in the visits I made to —— Park than was afforded by either the somewhat haughty kindness of Lady D——, who constantly loaded me with presents, or the romps with Lady M——, satisfactory as they were to my feelings. There was a certain lordling, about my own age, [illegible] refined, aristocratic and dignified withal in the lofty dignity of an Etonian, who, being quite a man, looks down on "girls" as mere trash. This little gentleman, the heir of an immense fortune, that descended to our through a collateral branch of the family, was, I knew, destined for me, and though we rarely spoke to each other, yet, still there was a certain vague charm in the idea that he was a kind of lover, or, at least, might one day become such. I felt satisfied he would meet my ideas of a husband. Of high rank and unbounded wealth, handsome and aristocratic, every ingredient was there; the *love* alone was wanting. Aye the love! that curse, that blessing of woman's life! Love—that she gives so freely—that she receives so scantily—the fruition of which she so seldom possesses! Love, the chimera she ever seeks and rarely finds—dying at last, still engaged in the pursuit of a shadow that flies from her grasp; for when did a man ever love like a woman? When ——?

Certainly there was no love lost on either side between my little lordling and myself. I was afraid of him, and rarely addressed him, while he took every opportunity of showing his supreme contempt for the amusements so dear to his sister and myself, and spoke of us briefly as "the girls," in a tone that expressed volumes. I painfully felt my country breeding and school-room *gaucherie* when called on to dance or walk with him—attentions he was invariably forced into paying me by his father, who evidently was determined to bring us together. But, like all forced unions, the attempt did not succeed. I was aware he danced with me because his father made him, and felt piqued and annoyed, although wanting the courage or wit to show it. And he only stared at his boots, played with his chain, looked awkward, said nothing, and escaped as soon as he could. We both knew we were intended for each other, and this very consciousness divided us effectually.

One day I had been considering that, after all, I was the lady, and ought to make myself a little gracious; so I determined to try and make friends with him, and endeavour to remove the reserve that existed between us. The whole party had come over to spend the day at our place, out-riders, carriages and four and all, for my lord marquis would have expired with annoyance had he traversed our lonely lanes, avenued with trees and flowered with luxuriant blossoms, without a state and retinue fit only for a grand duke on a gala-day; but such was the man, kind and good though he was at heart. All the party were lodged in our modest abode. My lord was discoursing with my mother on farming, that eternal topic, uniform as the crops it produces. The lady mother was surveying the modest array of tube-roses, oleanders, and various old-fashioned but sweet-scented plants in our conservatory, sweeping through the green alleys in silks that reflected every sunbeam in their gorgeous folds — a study worthy of Tintoretto. Oh, she was a lovely, gracious dame in those days, and I loved to gaze on her pale but beautiful face, calm and noble as it was!

Now and then she noticed some beauty, or criticized some fault in our humble flowers, which remarks were addressed to my mother, who divided between the farming of my lord marquis and the gardening of my lady, was fully employed, and obliged to be, as people say, "all ears and all eyes;" a circumstance I especially rejoiced in, having in the height of my glee on the advent of the illustrious party slid down a certain green bank in the garden. I had made an awful rent in my muslin dress, and sadly stained my pink sash—misfortunes I dreaded meeting her observation. So I prudently kept in the background. Lady M—— also, under the immediate *surveillance* of her lofty mamma, was quiet as a lamb, and was indeed arrayed in a style of splendour that quite humiliated poor little me, in my white muslin frock. Her hair arranged with the utmost nicety, was as smooth as mine was rough; an elegant bonnet, of undoubted Parisian parentage, adorned with such artificial flowers! set off her brilliant black eyes and glowing complexion; ornaments and chains, and bracelets, loaded her neck, her arms, and her waist. A dress of some unknown and beautiful texture, falling in ample folds around her, gave height to her somewhat short figure, and she wore gloves, and looked so prim, I could scarcely believe she was the romp I knew her to be.

The little lord, who of course formed one of the party, was dressed in a style worthy of Mr. Toots, had he lived in those days, and of his tailors, Burgess and Co., so faultless was the equipment. I gazed in wonder! Was that my beau! O dear, what an honour! He passed near me, and asked me some trivial question. I was suddenly seized with a desire to be polite, and to do the honours to him, and felt more inclined at that moment to break the ice than I ever had before. Besides, I was tired to death of the formality of the circle, for even Lady M—— was infected, and sat fixed on a sofa, looking as grave as if she had never fired off pistols in her life. My dear mother, too, was approaching, and I anticipated some admonitory glances. So altogether the moment was propitious, and I seized it.

"Will you," said I, "Lord ——, take a walk with me? There is such a pretty path I can show you in a wood!—oh, so very pretty, and where such beautiful wild flowers grow! and there are nuts too; lots of nuts!" He started. "Don't you like walking in a wood?" said I, very innocently.

"Oh, yes, certainly;" replied he. "Very agreeable, when there is plenty of game."

"Then, perhaps," said I, "you would rather not go? But I can assure you it is very pretty, and I often go there. Do come!"

He looked as if he wished me—I won't say where, but I, intent on endeavouring to amuse him, and doing the honours, and anxious to show to another what to my eyes was so beautiful, passed on, and he followed. I saw his father give him an admonitory glance, and smile on us complacently as we turned into the garden.

Ah! that garden! Would I could see it in all the glories of a July sunshine! that vast extended prospect all round stretching away into infinite space. First comes the great heath, covered with purple flowers, casting such rich hues in the sunshine, skirted by a deep wood of dark pine-trees, groups of the same trees being dotted about in picturesque confusion all over the common, where resort droves of cows and horses from all the surrounding neighbourhood, forming many a subject worthy of the pencil of Ruysdael or Cuyp. Pine-woods always suggest romantic adventures to my mind. They appear to me the abode of knights and ladies and serpents, whence something in the shape of a dwarf or a monster suddenly emerges from behind the huge trunks. The great knotty branches twisting in such fantastic shapes look as if the trees were enchanted, and when the long evening shadows fall, one may fancy each tree the abode of some victim of a cruel magician, where he is to do penance for entering his castle, for long long ages, until the arrival of some charming lady fair, or lovely prince Nonpareil, suddenly breaks the spell and liberates the prisoner.

Beyond this dark wood lies a broad belt of timber, for B—shire is like a great wood, only broken by parks and occasional fields; the whole prospect rounding off in the extreme distance into gentle hills, that close the view and meet the clouds.

Such was the distant view. At our feet were beds filled with myriads of gay flaunting flowers, some garlanded on poles in bright festoons, some shrubs, some trailing their luxuriant ropes of blossoms on the ground. There was a display of every hue, a patchwork of Nature's own designing; the green turf between was of the brightest green. We stood on a terrace, ornamented in the Italian style, with vases, balustrades, flights of stone steps, leading from the house to the garden.

Although I had lived here all my life, and gazed on this scene in summer and winter, in the russet shades of autumn and amidst the brilliant leafy green of spring, I thought I had never seen it to such advantage as at that moment, under the shower of glorious light that bathed it all around. I turned to my companion, forgetting at the moment who he was, our usual reserve, and his coldness. "Is it not beautiful!" said I, in a kind of ecstasy. "You can't imagine how I love this garden and that view! I am sure nothing can exceed it. Is it not lovely?"

He looked quite astonished.

"Very pretty," said he, coolly. "Certainly a good country for hunting. Do the hounds often meet here?"

"Very often," said I, turning away quite ashamed of the warmth with which I had spoken, and feeling how ill-bred my enthusiasm was when compared to his lordly *sangfroid*.

Now the walk that I intended taking him was at some little distance, and when I remembered how rough it was, I felt my doubts as to whether he would relish it, and altogether rather regretted having invited him to come. But, thought I, it is so pretty; and then, if he shoots he must be used to such excursions; so on I went, and led the way.

We passed through our park, where the trees growing large and low, formed a delicious shade, and the glades of verdure, the emerald turf, and the vistas opening to the distant views all round (for it was situated on a hill), formed a lovely scene. Out of the great iron gates we went, saying little or nothing, and on to the common.

"Whither are you going?" said he at last.

I blushed; for although not initiated then into the *convenances* of society, I felt abashed and ashamed, I scarcely knew why.

"Oh, I am just going to take you across the common, and into those grounds you see opposite, where you see those great gates and the lodge: it is there in the pleasure grounds that my walk lies."

So on we went; and the lodge was passed, and the neighbouring park entered. No one lived there, the family to whom the place belonged being abroad.

Now there ever has been to me an inexpressible charm about the solitude of an uninhabited park. Everything is wild and luxurious, and grows with a freedom far more pleasing to my fancy than the neatness and primness of a well-kept shrubbery. The walks may be overgrown with grass and weeds, the unpruned branches may impede one's progress, but who stops to observe that, when each step discloses the rich blossoms of the lilac, half covering the path, or the long tresses of the yellow liburnum beating against one's face, and bathing one with sweetly-scented dewdrops? Then there are the rhododendrons that love to spread their low branches, unpruned by the cruel knife of the gardener, and open their delicate piles of many-hued blossoms under the shade of the overhanging branches of the oaks; there, also hidden in softly-folding leaves, peep forth the snowy fragrant bells of the lily of the valley; besides the thousand other flowers that carpet the ground in wild but sweet confusion.

Into just such a scene of solitary beauty did I and my noble companion enter. We dived into a path canopied with oaks and chestnuts, dark and cool even at mid-day; then we emerged on a large platform of the finest, greenest turf, bordered with shrubs of laurel and holly, at the extremity of which stood the house—an immense red pile of walls and gaping windows. I expected he would admire what to me was so beautiful, not the house (which, however, from long association I looked on with a species of respectful awe from its size and the rank of its owners) but the surrounding scene.

Terraces flanked the building on each of the four sides, planted with double rows of venerable pine-trees, whose dark green branches rose against the blue sky in a strength of colour and contrast worthy of an Italian landscape; the back-ground of brighter green, formed by the wood through which we had entered, lending a softer and more English-like verdure to the whole. But he walked by my side, and never uttered one word—indeed, I think he was humming an opera tune. This park, then, these trees that I so loved, where I had indulged so many and such delicious day-dreams, such, alas! as never visit miserable mortals after sweet seventeen, and all its simplicity are passed, did not elicit one remark—one expression of admiration!

It was a scene to me fraught with recollections, where I had wandered from early childhood, where every tree, and plant, and flower, spoke their own peculiar history, and were all endeared by some special remembrance! I knew the spot where the earliest cowslip sprung, under which trees blossomed the earliest primrose, and the sunny banks where the violets and the snakes appeared together, the one scaring me from plucking the sweet flowers I longed, yet feared to gather; but all this could possess no intrinsic charm, or he must have been struck with it. He who had seen so much more than I, thought nothing of it. I was wrong; my paradise was a weed-garden—my flowers all valueless, my trees stinted and miserable. I felt inexpressibly humiliated, and the tears rose into my eyes.

Could I have understood the truth—could I have appreciated the treasure I possessed in loving and admiring the beauteous works of Nature, and rightly estimated his loss—who, already blighted even in youth by worldly pride and contemptuous indifference, closed his eyes on the glories of creation, to open them only on the vices and follies of men, how I should have despised him! But I was too inexperienced to make these reflections, and all my simple delights and enthusiastic love of Nature fell on me at that moment like a reproach—I was ashamed of myself: the prolonged silence became painful.

"Do you think this is a pretty place ?" said I timidly.

"Why, ye—es," drawled he, "pretty well ; very much out of order, on account, I suppose, of the proprietor's absence. But what a hideous house ! it looks like an hospital."

The house I so respected, and thought so handsome, like an hospital ! Well, but not to appear behindhand in refinement, I replied,—

"It is indeed very ugly, but I did not bring you to see that ; it was this wild, romantic, desolate park, which I am so fond of, that we came to visit. Do you know I spend nearly all my playtime here, because I like to be alone, and at home I meet people ?"

"Really," said he, "you are very odd—quite a character," and he gave a frightful yawn.

"I am afraid you are tired," said I ; "shall we return ?"

"Oh, no, not in the least—I beg your pardon. Is there much game here ?"

"I don't know," replied I ; "but I often run after the pretty pheasants through the brushwood, there are plenty of them."

"Is this all there is to be seen ?" asked he, with another awful yawn ; "it seems but a small place."

Another blow !—small ! To me it was an universe—boundless. The grounds were much larger than our own park, and I thought there never was so fine a domain.

"Why," said I, "if you will turn down into this flower-garden the place I wanted to show you is beyond. If you really like to go, but I am afraid it will not please you."

We entered the flower-garden where the roses grew by thousands, and formed a tangle of blossoms, red, pink, white, yellow, about the neglected beds. The creepers—clematis, honeysuckle, and ivy, stretched from tree to tree in wild festoons. Beds of great white lilies rose out of the long grass, and the daisies, left to grow untouched, formed a carpet of little white stars mixed with the yellow buttercup. There was a broken fountain in the centre—it did not play—but the water-lilies in the basin blossomed among the dark green moss as freely as in their native islands on the broad waters of the Thames. To me it was a wilderness of sweets.

My lord cast a contemptuous glance around.

"What a hole !" cried he, "why, surely, Miss, you don't admire this bear-garden ?"

I blushed—I hesitated—I tried to say I didn't, but the lie would not come. I would rather appear what I was, an ignorant country Miss, than deny my dear flowers—especially the lilies that I *loved* so well.

Lord —— played with his chain, and gave me a glance of extreme good breeding, but which, nevertheless, expressed as plain as words—what a fool this girl is !

The ultimate end of the walk was to a certain wild plantation in the centre of the wooded part of the park, covered with furze-bushes then in full blossom. The ground was uneven and rugged, and the high banks formed a kind of amphitheatre, the red earth of which they were composed, partly overgrown with moss, and planted with fir and larch trees, giving a melancholy, gloomy character to the wild scene. A few old oaks stood on the highest points, spreading out their scathed time-worn branches to the sky. The path descended through a little ravine, darkened by tall fir-trees, and led by a narrow track, or rather by a series of tracts—for path there was none—through the thick furze and fern that entirely covered the bottom of the space. Now, this place to me was veritably enchanted ground; I could not find words to express how I loved it. I had peopled its recesses with fairies; I had imagined fairies, queens, and princesses, and armed knights, and even goddesses, attended by all the paraphernalia of celestial splendour, floating about among those trees. Just according to the books I read were my imaginations; so the scene altered nearly every day. Sometimes I fancied a murder had been committed in yon deep nook under the steep bank, that forms a kind of cave, whose mouth is enclosed with thorns and underwood. Then, again, a green bank sloping towards the south, shaded by trees and carpeted with soft moss, was the trysting-place of lovers, who, like Lorenzo and Jessica, met to gaze on the silvery moon and whisper their mutual passion. In another corner fairies were supposed nightly to dance all clothed in hunter's green. One path conducted to a chain of miniature mountains, another led to valleys where princes and princesses passed away their lives in eternal happiness among the flowers, and lived on wild strawberries, roots, and acorns. I fear I am already wearisome, but I might fill pages with the account of the various scenes and inhabitants of my Elysium.

Alas! I had never before entered it with such feelings as now; I was thoroughly undeceived, and, for the first time, entertained doubts whether my favourite haunt was really as wonderful a place as I had imagined; I dived into the narrow paths, and, looking back, saw Lord ——, with evident annoyance, carefully picking his steps, and struggling among the brambles.

"What a strange place this is?" said he, "had we not better go back? This is nothing but an old gravel-pit, and the furze-bushes are most disagreeable." And he looked as if he found them so—very cross.

Now, the idea of my enchanted ground being nothing in reality but an old gravel-pit, had never occurred to me. I had invested it with such various forms, that I had quite forgotten the real in the unreal, and for the first time my folly appeared plainly to my mind. The notion of bringing a young lord in an elaborate toilet, and overdone with aristocratic exclusiveness and refinement, to walk in an old gravel-pit by way of enjoyment! Oh! how I blamed myself for a little country-bred fool. What was I to do? By this time we were in the middle of the brambles, and thorns, and furze-bushes. I apologised—I said I was very sorry. But he hardly deigned to reply to my scarcely articulate excuses, and coldly requested me to conduct him back. "For," added he, "I am not exactly equipped for so savage an expedition." I rushed along the little tracks, and in my confusion lost my way several times.

A feeling of womanly pride came at last to the rescue. Was this the youth that sought my hand? Was this the wooing that was to gain my heart? Did he imagine that his rank entitled him to treat me with such arrogant contempt?

All these thoughts shot through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as we crossed the common on our return home. No word was spoken. My lord whistled, and I frowned. From that day I hated him. Not all the ambitious dreams of rank, not all the inducements of high position or unbounded wealth, could ever win me back. The walk was fatal—I never forgot it—and, from that hour, a kind of antipathy arose between my haughty wooer and myself, which not all the endeavours of our parents could subdue. From that time we were like oil and water—mixed, but never mingling: force may shake them together for a time, but, when left to themselves, the particles instantly separate.

As we returned, we met the marquis strolling through our pleasure-grounds.

"Well, young people," said he, smiling, "have you enjoyed yourselves?"

"No," said I, abruptly, and I walked on. He looked at his son.

"Miss —— prefers rather rough walking, I think," drawled that young gentleman; "the next time I have the honour of accompanying her I shall put on a shooting dress as most appropriate."

Lord D—— drew his son's arm within his own, looking much chagrined, and they turned down a different alley conversing earnestly. He seemed remonstrating, and the son defending himself.

Lady M—— was delighted to see me.

"What have you been about with my brother?" cried she; "I thought you had eloped."

"No," said I, "there is no fear of that."

"Do come into the garden, I am tired to death of sitting here and being criticised by mamma. What have you got in the way of fun? Any trees to climb?—a swing? Where are the dogs?"

She ran on in her lively way, but I could not reply; my heart was too full. I had experienced the first bitter lesson of the world's contempt. All was not Arcadia, though I might be a Phyllis, and the discovery was very distressing. Lady M—— assured me I was as stupid as an owl. I felt I was—I longed for them all to depart, and to be alone with my own thoughts.

At last the brilliant equipage drove to the door, the four horses stood pawing the ground, the outriders in readiness. My lady, who never, even in her sleep, I believe, forgot she was a marchioness, advanced to the carriage with her usual dignity, amid the bows and adieus of my mother. My lord followed, looking vexed—Lady M—— bored, and the lordling contemptuous. After arranging his curls, he mounted his horse, and raising his hat from his head, gave the house and me and all such a look of supreme disdain as I shall never forget. When they had driven off, I flew to the desolate park, now darkened with the lengthening shadows of evening: the moon had risen, and silence—delicious silence reigned around. I made my way to the outraged scene of former delight, and there, seated on my favourite stone, I burst into a passion of tears. "If," cried I, "all the world is like Lord ——, I hate the world."

A DAY AT MAYENCE.

The ancient city of Mainz, or Mayence, garrisoned with 10,000 Austrian and Prussian troops, has something the character of a cuckoo's nest. More correctly, perhaps, the Grand-duke of Hesse Darmstadt may be called the hedge-sparrow, with these intrusive, overgrown birds seated at ease under his wing. A story is told of his highness, how some years ago he was delivered of a practical joke, and it may be given among any future anecdotes of royal and noble jokers.

The Grand-duke, it is said, felt a little jealous of his neighbour the Duke of Nassau, because he, Nassau, inveigled away the travellers who, in former times, going to Weisbaden, were wont to reach that abode of fashion by way of Mayence; whereas the Duke, by holding out the quiet solicitation of a pier at Bieberich, and the advantage of cutting off an angle in the journey, drew away the great stream of travellers — the English particularly— from its former round-about flow, and turned it at once upon his own capital; leaving Mayence, with all its hotels, all its touters, its omnibus-keepers, its cabmen, its landlords, its tenants, its weasels of all kinds, without a chance of sucking the golden eggs which the great flock of English geese, were wont, before the new pier was made, to drop there in their migrations.

The Grand-duke felt himself aggrieved at this: he had not a fair share of the harvest.

By some unaccountable means, a little book with an odd name, written by an old man, had brought all the world flocking to his neighbour's country. This alone was enough to vex a grand-duke,—it is so natural to hate a neighbour who gets on better than one's self,—but when that neighbour spread a net, and took all the good-luck to himself—why it would have tried even the patience of a saint! So he sat down in his cuckoo's nest and hatched a practical joke.

Summoning his Home Secretary, his Woods and Forests, his chief Engineer, his First Lord of the Admiralty, he directed them, in their several departments, to quarry with care certain huge masses of rock— large jagged fellows, such as would form a reef, or a breakwater, or still better, a break-steamer, to bring them to his principal quay, load therewith a certain large vessel, and taking advantage of a moonless night, to drop easily down with the stream to Bieberich, to bring-to off the offensive pier, and there to discharge the rocky cargo so judiciously that no steamer could by possibility approach that pier, still less land its passengers thereupon. By this being done in the night, he calculated that the stones would remain undiscovered till the following evening, when the steamer, with its full cargo of Smiths and Browns, would run full tilt upon the reef; and even if no worse accident should happen, the event would so astonish the Browns, that in writing home to their friends— many, perhaps, even then packing up their portmanteaus to follow— they would naturally dissuade them from landing at that dangerous pier, and recommend by all means the old and safer road by Mayence.

Besides, he knew that the Smiths and Browns liked to see themselves in print, and that among them there would be no lack of "Constant Readers," and "Old Correspondents," and "Subscribers of thirty years' standing," who would instantly write to "The Times" a full and particular account of this their sad mischance; urging that popular organ to blow its influential bellows, and warn all Europe, but especially all other Smiths and Browns, to avoid the dangerous locality of Bieberich, and to go on, as they valued their lives, to Mayence. Nor was it likely to stop there; for the correspondence would, of course, call up "Vindex" and "Verax," and "Fair Play," on the side of Nassau; who would be again answered by an "Old Traveller," who preferred the old road; a "Timid Invalid," who was half frightened to death by the shock, and "A Sufferer," who suffered somehow or other from the pier: all of which would beget discussion and doubt, and at any rate send on the timid interest to Mayence—a great point gained, even if it went no further.

This was unquestionably a pleasant jest of Hesse Darmstadt, and likely to be much laughed at by Nassau,—perhaps even calculated to tickle the risible faculties of his subjects. It was, besides, doing Nassau a positive good in laying down the foundation of an island, in case he wished to increase his colonial possessions.

But how strangely constituted is the mind of men; and what an experiment a joke is, after all? Point it, train it, bring it up to the mark ever so cunningly, draw it on with what traps and devices you may, it will often either fall short, or come back, like a rocket, to the sender.

Strange to say, Nassau could not be made to comprehend the fun of the thing. He persisted in thinking it was no joke at all either to himself or his subjects; and his unimaginative mind saw nothing in it but a heap of stones, an obstruction to his jetty, a dirty and unneighbourly trick, and an insult to his crown and dignity. It was the more offensive for having been done under his very nose; and he naturally enough considered that his national flag was typically lowered and put down by the sinking of flags in the Nassau waters. He was determined not to stand it, for he knew that when the news reached his capital, the very flags of Weisbaden, like the "stones of Rome, would rise and mutiny" against the insult. So, he fired up; concentrated all his forces—easily effected during the forenoon—put his artillery, one gun, upon the war establishment, and horsed it with the relay of the omnibus; and taking the railway as the base of his operations, threatened to move his grand army by an early train against Mayence, unless the injury were at once redressed.

In this doughty resolution he was seconded by the unanimous outcry of his loyal subjects. Enthusiasm was at its height. All the hotel and lodging-house keepers, with their waiters and touters, came forward as one man. The nymphs of the Kochbrunnen declared themselves incapable of throwing cold water on the movement. Every *Bad-Haus* said it was a bad job. Every Hof felt it a huff, and the Cur-Saal condemned the thing as a dog's trick. In a word, Nassau was all in a bubble, requiring but a spark more to make it boil over; and the promptest of measures might be looked for from a nation whose steam was always up.

While matters were in this effervescent state, news was brought to Prince Metternich, that a thunder-storm was shaking the central puddles of Germany; that a little war was going to be declared in the heart of Europe, and fire and sword to be carried about in the immediate neighbourhood of his vineyards at Johannisberg; so, the story goes, that he commissioned that influential cuckoo, the Austrian Governor of Mayence, to intimate to the head bird, that it would be better for the present to withdraw the joke of the reef, to let Nassau remain without an island, the hotel-keepers without a grievance, Europe without a war, and the duchy in undisturbed possession of the Smiths and Browns; to cherish, in short, his two cuckoos, and let the British geese fly their own way.

Now, what should we say at Stoke Pogis, if a man set up a jest like this? What, if taking example from "the porcelain clay," Crock, being jealous of Pipkin, were to empty his dung-cart, or shoot his rubbish, at Pipkin's door to spite him? We should, of course, make common cause against Crock, cut him—not deal with him—make Stoke Pogis too hot to hold him—send him to Coventry.

To be at Mayence without hunting up such traces as remain of the great original publishing house of Faustus and Co., would be a neglect of which we, illiterate as we are, could scarcely be guilty; so under the guidance of Monsieur le Commissionaire of the Hotel d'Angleterre, we proceeded in the search, consigning our friend, on more than one occasion, to the tender mercies of the alleged sleeping partner of that concern, for taking us into such filthy places. To do him justice, it was a job he did not like. He would fain have kept to the open spaces of the city, to the promenades, squares, quays, anywhere but where we wanted to go. His bent was towards the bran new pictures, the furbished-up monuments, and especially the works of his townsman, *l'habile sculpteur Scholl.* Much he wished to draw me towards an institution, which, warbling in German, he called "la Naturforschergesellschaft," which we declined as too formidable. He was disposed to be angry when twitted about the offensive odours, but had rather a happy retort upon those who forced him to go amongst them. In our progress we saw many curious specimens of old architecture, which it is now the fashion to repaint and restore; but the most curious thing that we encountered, was that ingenious invention, the head-dress of the Austrian artillery, which, for quaint contrivance, and variety of form, as seen from different points, is, I suspect, unrivalled. Fore and aft, at a little distance, it looks a plain civilian's hat, with something thin sticking upon the side. On a nearer approach, this last appearance turns out to be the flat side of a cocked-hat foreshortened; and on the man's other side the thing is most like a jockey's cap; thus presenting to the inquiring amateur three distinct phases or faces. After this, our own contrivances in this line seem puerile in the extreme. The commissioner at first declined to join in the opinion, that it was a *chapeau organique,* but eventually he inclined to think it was.

Arriving in a very small square, with a tower in the corner, we were informed that here it was Faust set up his press; which was of such ingenuity that the devil was naturally enough supposed to have a hand in it (*quære,* does the modern printer's devil derive his name from this original sleeping partner?).

But it was, after all, the birth-place of Guttenberg, or, more properly, Gansfleisch, gooseflesh (Guttenberg being the name of his place), that we were most desirous to see, and after a ramble back into a better region of the town, found ourselves thrust unceremoniously into a small yard, with a kind of back-kitchen or outhouse opening into it, in which was a woman washing clothes.

People seldom look more silly, than when introduced to some such world-famous place as this. You feel it necessary to sink the ridiculous in the sublime, to look with respect upon the old plaster, to treat the dirt with reverence, as appertaining in some way to greatness; and however offensive the smell may be, good-breeding teaches you that anything in the nature of a contemptuous sniff would be felt as a rudeness. You take a lively interest in the sink, as having received the washings of the infant printer's pap-boat; at the stones over which he toddled to be washed at the pump; at the roof and walls that echoed his early cries; nay, scrape away a bit of plaster to make sure of getting at the true original surface, against which his early howlings struck; you fall into a fit of musing upon the fact, that to the squalling, sprawling brat of this old yard, you are indebted for the most important of all human inventions—for benefits incalculable—not omitting the small one of making public your own little lucubrations. You muse, too, upon the coincidence of goosequill being superseded by gooseflesh. Meantime the washing ceases, and has given place to silent wonder. The girl has drawn her wrist across her eyes to have a better look at you and your strange proceedings. She exchanges glances with the guide, who whispers mysteriously. He has made you out to be somebody, as is the custom of all guides to enhance their own importance. You feel it necessary to say something; and having no other German word at hand, utter "Gansfleisch?" with an interrogation; to which she as readily answers, "Ja, Ja," as if you mentioned Lord John Russell or the Pope of Rome; and follows you out with a stare of solid wonderment, which says as plainly as stare can say it,—"What in the name of all the Saints can have brought the man here, to look at our old wash 'us!"

In such a hurry was the guide to show me the renovations of the cathedral, that he hastened onwards, regardless of my lounging and desultory habits; chafing, even, at the shop-door when I entered to purchase some small chemicals of Mr. Julius Kick, the apothecary,—an unhappy name, by the way, for one of his calling, as too suggestive of the last kick of his patients.

The restorers have had their full fling at this cathedral; they have done their best and worst. The red sandstone is scraped to look as good as new, the monuments have been patched and mended, and the figures re-gilt and re-painted. All the stiff old gentlemen in ruffs and jerkins and trunk-hose; all the pursed-up old ladies in close caps and never-ending waists; all the little boys and girls, with their short cloaks and bunchy breeches and petticoats, kneeling with pointed hands behind their papas and mammas; all the bishops and abbots, whom we had begun to congratulate upon getting rid of, their flaring gilding, and blue and red paint, are now successfully raddled-up to the taste of the middle ages. Arms and legs, fingers and toes, are put on again; and some modern Taliacotius has been at work upon their noses. But, say the restorers, we have made them what they were, all done with historical accuracy,—more 's the pity!

One old bit has, as yet, escaped the men of taste; and from its insignificance, as well as the bye place it occupies, may, it is hoped, continue to do so. In the cloisters is an old, broken, defaced representation of the funeral of the famous minstrel or troubadour, Frauenlob ("Praise the ladies"), from the complimentary character of his poetry. In this are represented his mortal remains, being carried to the grave by eight beautiful and noble ladies of Mayence, followed by two other figures, one of whom, from the superior height, we should be disposed to think intended for a man—his executor, or residuary legatee, probably. From a certain projection, like an elbow, near his companion's neck, it would appear as if the sculptor had designed to represent this figure in the act of indulging in the freedom of a chaste salute; but the whole group is so sadly worn away, that it is difficult to make out the figures at all. Some exaggeration, it is to be hoped, there may be in the length of the ladies' feet.

It was not without difficulty I could prevail upon the sexton to let me stay long enough before this old group to commit it to paper, so impatient was he to show me the modern statue and monument—erected within a year or two—to their dear departed, by the ladies of Mayence. This is a thing to pause upon; for I doubt if the whole compass of history can produce a more touching instance of the power of soft-sawder. Frauenlob died in 1318, and now—in these hard, utilitarian times, when poetry is all but dead and buried—when to build the lofty rhyme would be about the last architectural speculation which a sensible man would think of—when for upwards of five hundred years has been

> "Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,"

the ladies of Mayence have saved their pin-money, and cabbaged their housekeeping allowance, and gone upon tick to the *tailleuse*, and, without question, brought discomfort upon the household, to raise a fine marble statue and monument to a man who tickled the ears of their great-grandmothers!

Chew the cud upon this. Take a stool; and, having in your hand the "Description Pittoresque de Mayence," by the Chanoinesse Adelaide Von Stolterfoth, you will read, "Le corps de ce troubadour Allemand fut porté par huit des plus belles et de plus noble dames de la ville, depuis sa maison jusqu'au lieu de la sepulture, parcequ'il avoit chanté en vers mélodieux les vertus du beau sexe. Albert de Strasbourg raconte qu'il fut inhumé la veille du Saint André, dans le parois de la cathédrale, pres les degrés, et que les dames, outre les larmes abondantes qu'elles répandirent, versèrent sur sa tombe une si grande quantité de vin, que le parvis en fut inondé."

We think it a great deal to say, in modern phrase, that there was not a dry eye upon such occasions; but here they flooded the cloisters! We feel what a breakdown modern flattery must be after this; and what ablest professor, in his wildest dreams, could hope to touch the hearts of the twentieth generation after him? How exceedingly small, vanishing into the faintest pianissimo, it behoves the modern lady-praiser to sing when he thinks of this great fact. These do, it is true, find avenues to the female heart, and reach it after a halting fashion, but Frauenlob travelled there by a special train. He was, doubtless, the Hudson of humbug.

Unfortunate husbands of Mayence! As if there were not lady-praisers enow and to spare in these days, but you must be laid under contributions for the sake of one who died five hundred years ago? Who can tell your sufferings and privations, your reiterated cold mutton, your scraped-up dinners and the scantiest ashes? What sighs and groans of a Saturday! and how often, in place of the accustomed joint, has the statue of old Praise-the-ladies been thrown in your teeth. We may imagine the state of those recusant husbands who refused to join in the great

Frauenlob movement, and the wear and tear they endured from "continual dropping" which King Solomon speaks of so feelingly. may even go further, and picture to ourselves the "Caudleism," bu prefer to stop, and draw the curtain.

In the railway carriage, first class, we inadvertently placed selves opposite to a gentleman of excessive dignity, wearing point ruffles at his wrists, his head surmounted by a light brown (not to s ginger) wig, his breast adorned with an enormous pin, and his fin flashing with bright stones. The two other seats were occupied by tlemen evidently in some way belonging to this great man, for suc decidedly was, and I fear, from the withering looks your contrib received, the intrusion was felt as a bad rub to this piece of proud fl But unfortunately there was no help for it when the train wa motion. It was no fault, simply an inadvertence, that I was mi shins with a king; so, to withdraw myself as well as I could from august presence, I had recourse to Miss Stolterfoth's little volume, ar ing at her pathetic conclusion just as the towers of Mayence were sink from the view.

"De quel côté que le voyageur tourne la vue, la nature s'offre à dans tout l'éclat de sa gloire et de magnificence; aussi n'est ce q regret qu'il s'éloigne de ce séjour enchanteur, en addressant aux pays ravissans qui l'environnent, ces mots d'adieu si doux à prononcer: revoir!"

In spite of the withering looks of His Majesty, I could not help wav a hand from the window, not without a touch of Miss Stolterfot pathos, and exclaiming "Au revoir!"

LINES ON BRAZIL.

BY A MIDDY.

Know ye the ensign, where coffee and cotton
  Shine on a field, that is green as the main?
'Tis the flag of a nation, whose name there 's a spot on,
  And in their escutcheon a deep-lying stain.
'Tis the flag of Brazil, on which Nature in show'rs
Pours the choicest of fruits, and the fairest of flow'rs;
'Tis the land where the orange hangs tempting above,
And fills with its perfume the whole of the grove;
Where the yellow banana droops down from its stem,
Through the thick-shading leaves peeping forth like a gem;
Where the humming-birds flit through the glad forest-scene,
Their crests flashing gaily with scarlet and green;
Where the gaudy toucau and the red paroquet
Fill the air with loud songs from their highly-perched seat;
Where the choicest of flow'rs spring forth from earth's breast,
'Tis the clime of delight, 'tis the land of the West.

VISIT TO ITALY.*

BY AN ARCHITECT.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Then let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

SHAKSPEARE.

I MAY not linger at Padua: so on for Vicenza, the especial "nursery" of Palladian art. So unusual is the excellent appointment, and such the celerity of the public coach which makes this journey, that it will not be forgotten in years to come.

Vicenza! "Here," I exclaimed, "could I live and die!" How beautiful its immediate neighbourhood; how magnificent its northward Alpine prospect; how entirely architectural itself! There is nothing overwhelmingly imposing in any one of its numerous palaces and other public buildings; nor are they all to be fully approved by our now more matured critical taste; but all is unvulgar. Though some of it be weak, all is refined. The gentleness and delicate yearnings of Palladio's perceptions and feelings are more apparent than any commanding strength of conceptive power. He had the head and countenance of a saint, the heart of a Christian, the feelings of a perfect gentleman; and he seems to have here lived and practised in his native town among men of his stamp, who loved him for his self's sake, and patronised him for their own. An enthusiasm for architecture, in its milder and more social phase, seems to have prevailed during the golden age of Vicenza. Here is one of the finest Lombardo-Saracenic churches I have seen; and on a lofty eminence of toilsome ascent is the more modern show-church of the "Madonna del Monte." In the basilical town-hall we have a remarkable instance of Palladio's taste and ingenuity; in his Olympic Theatre an interesting model of the antique; but Vicenza and its neighbourhood are, as I have just hinted, less remarkable for church and other public architecture, than for their private mansions and villas. The lowliest of the examples which claim any marked critical attention is the little *façade* of Palladio's own residence. How I should love to tenant it! It has its own particular charm; one of pleasing characteristic rather than of distinguished beauty; but it has its association, which is better than all. I feel that he had a reason for making it just what it is; and I desire to be in just the same modest condition of simple requirement. Others might wish to stop up a window here, and to open a window there; but to me—

> "Any change from what you are
> Would make you less delightful, Sophy."

I believe, that, to travellers in general, Vicenza is little more than a mere stopping place for one evening's stroll; a bed; or, probably, only for a change of horses. In my own case, too, a brief stay is compulsory. I feel my departure perhaps the more, for the weather is affectingly mild, calmly bright and beautiful. A spirit of gentle happiness, touched with that melancholy, which seems mysteriously connected with a kind of hope in apprehension, pervades "the casing air;" but I am getting maudlin;—let us on!

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* Continued from page 486.

I leave the Palladian city just at daybreak. As we proceed, the snowy summits of the Tyrolese Alps blush faintly their "good-morrow to the sun." A pleasant journey of some thirty miles brings us to Verona,—a name especially associated, in the minds of Shakspearean Englishmen, with "two gentlemen," and one lady—the "fair daughter of old Capulet." I have sufficiently sentimentalised the subject of *Juliet's* tomb in my "Sketches by a Travelling Architect;" but I may here briefly revert to the fact that, architect as I am, I am compelled to pay my fond homage to the shrine of the Italian girl, before I give thought to the great amphitheatre which makes the city famous. The stone coffin of the former is doubtless a poetical fiction; the grand remains of the latter are an impressive fact. It has not the Coliseum's amount of external shell; but it internally retains much more of the original form than appears in the great example at Rome. The one "pieces up" the lost portions of the other; but the Verona ruin is not a third the size of Vespasian's colossal structure.

And now, on an evening of most suiting silence, I am on the seats of the Verona spectatory, witnessing a very amusing performance of one of Goldoni's comedies. A small but adequate segment of the interior is inclosed for the purpose. But for the conflicting hubbub of rival declamation, the drama of the whole world might be simultaneously illustrated in this building, which affords room for about 24,000 spectators. Modern buildings by Palladio and his school are here in abundance, and the Scaligers have tombs with a monumental pomp proclaiming the pride of the princes of Verona. The city has ere now claimed the honour of giving birth to Vitruvius; but Forsyth thinks he "was more probably born at Formiæ." From the loss of its casing shell, the exterior of the Veronese amphitheatre has a much more sombre effect than that of Rome. It has not the vegetable luxuriance, nor the varied surface colouring which give such a lively charm to the other. The Coliseum is like the deceased body of a giant, retaining its life-bloom in spite of mutilation, and over-strown with green garlands and wild flowers: the Verona building is like "a blasted and blackened corpse which invites not even the glut of the vulture."

I have the vague memory of a rich and beautiful country between Verona and Milan, with mighty mountains rising from the sides of a noble lake (that of Guardi), and of an unhappy looking Englishman sitting silent before me in the coach, with a black handkerchief over his head, vibrating in a sort of tragic stupor between two solemn Germans, who seemed like death's officials conducting my compatriot to the gallows in the next town. I remember a rainless thunder hour, with meteoric flashings, dispelling, for instants, the midnight darkness; and, on these subsiding, a continuous moving net-work, woven by myriads of fire-flies, to the accompaniment of an incessant croaking of millions of frogs. Now, I am moving over a smooth stone pavement. The ghostly form of a huge cathedral accosts me for a moment. Now, there is an unstrapping of luggage, and a selfish earnestness to secure a bed; and now I am — asleep in "mine inn" at Milan.

The impression now on my mind, of Milan, is that of an almost English character—so far, at least, as may have reference to certain of our gayer and more fashionable cities. There is an openness, a cleanliness, and a somewhat unromantic expression of comfort and general private wealth, which make me feel at home. The people, too, are fair.

The revengeful and designing, of complexion, dark hair and eye, are supplanted by the amiable and frank of a very Anglo-red-and-white; by sunny locks and pleasant grey-blue eyes. Possibly I happen more particularly to encounter such. The lady-laded carriages, in the strings of the afternoon drive, are more Hpde-park-ish than what I have seen of late. The young men are dressed precisely in the English fashion, and they seem to be mildly cheerful yet robust young fellows, with a regard for respectability, which keeps down the exercise of those fascinations they might practise to an "improper" end. The bookseller's shop, in which I buy my "Descrizione del Duomo di Milano," might be Mr. Bentley's or Mr. Murray's. A quiet, intelligent, and gentlemanly business-like bearing, seems to indicate a familiar and general intimacy with the "republic of letters." There is sun everywhere, in-doors as well as out; with qualifying—not darkening—window-blinds, just sufficient for the amount of sedate shade required. The pervading beauty of the city makes me careless of seeking for any particular feature, beyond that which proclaims itself without being sought,—the Cathedral,—a mountain of white marble, or at least of marble that was white; for much of the lower part is blackening most gloomily. The upper part of the enormous pile, however, glitters in the sun, throwing athwart its elaborate flying buttresses, shooting up its splendid legion of pinnacles, its lantern and crowning spire, which stand sharply forth in distinctness perfect as their delicacy, against the blue of the sky. I feel, nevertheless, that the crowning spire wants bulk and loftiness as the supreme member of such an exterior; that the upper part of the interior, with its plain vaulting and little cramped clerestory windows, is poor, after the more genuine gothic cathedrals of northern Europe; and that the western *façade* is nothing better than a splendid abomination; a thing fitted to—not suiting—the rest of the building. It is, as if the intended continuation of the nave had been abruptly cut short, leaving the sectional surface of amputation to be plastered over with as becoming an appliance as the incongruous means of the hour could afford. It is not merely, that Roman door and window dressings are introduced into a pointed gothic front; but, that the unequalled and effective surface-splendour of the entire remaining parts of this cathedral, required—not a flat mask-façade—but a bold and consistently ornate chief front, much more like that of York, than that of Milan.

My other promptly rising reminiscences of Milan, are the antique remains of the "Baths of Hercules;" a great unfinished arch, intended to be honourably commemorative of Napoleon; a large surfaced but (substantially) small circus, after the fashion of the ancient Romans, denoting how the said Napoleon sought to play upon the modern Italians; the magnificent but sombre interior of the *Scala* opera-house; and *the* "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Dominican convent.

A word, touching the deluge of sacred picture, in which the "old masters" have swamped all other variety of historical art. I know an impudent fellow who thinks that its excess is little better than a "bore," and that if we could chop and change every dozen "Holy Families," &c., for one such painting as their authors could have produced, in illustration of the imperial and republican history of Italy, what a good thing it would have been. If the Church was the great promoter of Italian art, he still laments that the Church kept it all to itself. This was natural enough on the part of the one patron; but why did not these great men seek to generate other patronage—if, indeed, "patronage" be a thing to which such men should condescend to submit? Where is there any sacred subject having half the wonderful merit shown in the copy of Michael Angelo's cartoon for a picture on the subject of the battle of Pisa, when, while a party of infantry were bathing in the Arno, the close and unexpected advance of the enemy was suddenly proclaimed. "The first impulse produced by this surprise was the moment of time selected by the painter;" and it was said of the design, by Benvenuto Cellini, "that no work, either of the ancients or moderns, has attained such excellence!" See the description, and a small spirited wood-cut of this masterly production in the life of Buonarotti, published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Leonardo da Vinci designed a rival picture, illustrating a passage in the victory gained by the Anghiari over the Milanese general Piccinino; and, though inferior to Buonarotti's, it was perhaps the finest thing he had projected. But neither artist was commissioned to paint the picture; and Michael Angelo's design (fortunately after the copy alluded to had been made) was destroyed by the jealousy of one of Da Vinci's over-zealous partisans!

I am now on the road for Lausanne; the journey to be done in one coach, with one pair of horses, occasionally assisted by a third, *viâ* Simplon and the valley of the Rhone. This is "memory's sketch." A long road through a cultivated level; a ferry across the head of a widening stream; scenery increasing in boldness and beauty; the stream swelling into a lake; Lago Maggiore opens its mountain-girt waters to view; an evening ramble on the heights of Arona, round the colossal bronze statue of San Carlo Borromeo, seventy-five feet high, and, with its pedestal, thirty feet more; enchanting progress along the shores of the lake, till the road enters the defile which leads under the huge range of Mount Rosa to Domo d'Ossola; a romantic ramble before supper; in the supper-room, prints of Queen Caroline, Mr. Brougham, and "brave Alderman Wood;" start again before daybreak; hear the growling of the torrents before we can see them; ascent of the Simplon commences; awful grandeurs appear with the coming light; caverned ways under impending rocks; trembling bridges over frightful chasms; clouds sailing above to be wrecked among mountain-peaks; cataracts rushing, as if affrighted, from their snowy source, and madly plunging to join the unseen waters which roar in the mysterious profound below; toilsome windings on mere ledges of road, notched round the angles of slightly inclined precipices: a valley, deeper than the lowest of the Snowdonian, and yet having its bed far higher above the Rhone than the Cambrian peak above the sea; snow from the giant summits all around, almost to our feet; the village of Simplon in its vast crater, apparently cut off from the world, and yet containing an inn, with the best of the world's good cheer "for man and horse;" more and more ascent—into the snow—till we are fixed; alight from the carriage, which works its slow way after us in short pulls, till the panting horses stop to gain breath on the summit—not of the mountain—but of the pass; parapet walls just showing their tops above the snow of the road on one side, and the equal level on the other of snow, which now fills up and conceals the abyss beneath; like an immeasurable fool, I step over the parapet, when in an instant the driver lays violent hands upon me, and, with a face of horror, pulls me back; he can say nothing for many seconds, and then there is no need of a word, for I apprehend the danger I have escaped!—the descent is begun, and we soon re-enter the carriage; rapidly, and yet more and more rapidly, we make our downward progress; the peak of the Jung Frau appears; the beautiful opposing heights of the Vallais are before us; we are in Switzerland; the valley of the Rhone opens its glorious bed from the foot of St. Gothard to St. Bernard; the wooden Swiss cottage shows itself, like the toy of a baby giant; but the Swiss peasant appears—*no* giant; a town lies low in the mid distance; the rapidity of our descent is fearful; our horses must be Swiss horses with the stable of their foal-hood in sight; we are at the bottom; we cross the Rhone; and are soon fed, and fast asleep, in our hotel at Brigg.

On again, along the low level of the valley, through Sion with its romantic castled rocks; further on, two other insulated precipices castle-crowned, and fascinatingly associated with murder, revenge, and conflagration; there, is the beautiful cascade of Tourtemagne; and there, the summit of Mont Rosa, challenging Mont Blanc as his rival for the monarchy of the mountains; here, we are turning the angle at Martigni, already familiarized to me by prints or drawings somewhere seen; southward is the foot of the St. Bernard ascent; but we turn northward, through a continued route of grandeur; and there we see the startling chasm or mountain fissure, which yields forth the waters of the Trient; and there is the cascade called the Pisse-Vache, a name rather *cow*-ing to the ears of sophisticated delicacy; we reach Villeneuve; water in sight,—and a castle; the first is the opening end of Lake Leman, the other the fortress of Chillon, why eminently interesting need not be said; exquisite is the scenery here, but it becomes less particular as we proceed; we pass through a town; it is Vevey; the lake swells in width, but gains not in beauty as in water; it is becoming too like a great estuary of the sea, though its deep blue waters shame even the blue of the Mediterranean; on again; the coach breaks down, and an old Swiss gentleman is nearly choked and blinded by a box full of snuff, of which he only intended to take a pinch, just as the catastrophe occurred.

Lausanne. Sated with architectural observance, and fatigued with its practical study, I have a quiet pleasure in the place which has no especial claims on my professional attention. The student now enjoys a holiday, and gives his exclusive sympathies to "charming walks, shaded terraces, pleasant villas, vineyards, lovely gardens, and lofty mountains," mirrored in a noble lake, on the declivity of whose bank rises a quiet unpretending town, with its principal church crowning its higher portion. Here Gibbon wrote his great historical work, and Kemble lived out the last years of his "lease of nature." A steamboat is at the quay of the village of Ouchy taking in passengers. I am one of them; and a delightful voyage of some thirty-five miles brings us to Geneva.

But I am recording impressions of the past, made a quarter of a century back. Lausanne and Geneva, and every other city I have referred to, may now be the swollen bulk of which I am noting only the core. I read of great works in the capital of religious reform, which were not conceived when I saw it. I remember less of the town than of the exquisite scenic beauties which environ it. They are wondrously varied, and in every variety charming. The great lake, which received the blue waters of the Rhone near the wooded vicinity of Chillon, here redelivers them to follow for a brief distance their course of unequalled clearness, till they fall in with the muddy fellowship of the Arve, and, after a shy aversion of some duration, reluctantly admit the deteriorating communion. It is interesting to stand on "the tip of the tongue" of land, which to this point divides the rivers, and witness this incongruous "meeting of the waters;" the Rhone illustrating Talfourd's lines, descriptive of Ion, whose

> "Life hath flow'd
> From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream,
> In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
> Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
> May hover round its surface, glides in light,
> And takes no shadow from them."

The Arve, on the contrary (at least as I saw it), pursues its turbid course; and on its muddy surface (which "mirrors" nothing) carries only the *shadows* of the substances which rise on its banks. Yet the two, however they first encounter in direct opposition, still continue to associate, till, in spite of their differing natures, they familiarize, connect, and mingle,—as I have seen a Juno of a woman unite with a Snob of a man,

> "What is fine within her growing coarse, to sympathise with clay."

Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" describes the union of his Amy

> "With a clown,
> The thick grossness of whose nature will have weight to drag her down."

Allow a slight alteration in the reading, and the marriage of the Rhone and the Arve are poetically described.

A curious fact for the naturalist presented itself to me on the sunny grass, as I was taking an evening walk round Geneva. Two insects (I scarcely remember of what tribe) were employed in rolling along a ball of earthy and vegetable matter, about the size of a boy's small playing marble. One was walking on his fore-legs, drawing the ball after him with his after legs; the other was advancing with his hind legs and pushing the ball along with his fore-legs. After a move of a few inches, they stopped, as if fatigued, till the rear insect climbed over the ball and with his fore-legs tapped the leading insect on its back, as if intimating that it was time to move on. They then resumed their toil. I touched them, and they stopped, affrighted. It was some time before they moved on again; but they did so, and I left them to their honest labour.

From Geneva to Paris. The grandest thing in Europe is said to be the view of Mont Blanc and the Lake Leman, from the summit of the Jura Pass. I was therefore in the position to see it; but, alas! I saw it not; such was the dense mist which enveloped us. I was also informed of some fine mountain scenery between Pont de Pauy and Dijon, but we passed it in the dark.

Paris again. I am sorely perplexed; for half the Italian picked up, I have lost half my French, and I now speak a very incomprehensible medley. I now estimate the amount of money necessary to my remaining travel. It leaves a balance of ten or fifteen pounds in hand. I might have seen Naples and Pæstum! Then, why not visit Rheims and Amiens? No, I must not lose Rouen. So I "lay out" in a purchase of books at Galignani's. Moreover, I have a growing desire to get home; for there is a growing care for something—or somebody—there, which qualifies the architectural enthusiasm. I therefore proceed at once for Havre; giving, after all, only a brief glance at Rouen on my way. The cathedral is a huge medley of all sorts of Gothic varieties, magnificent individually, incongruous collectively. Plainness, richness, simplicity, complexity, crowded together with transitional violence; and the great mistake of huge portals, deterioratingly robbing the hugeness of the bulk. In many of the great French and German cathedrals this manifest error prevails. It was a beautiful feeling which induced the English Gothic architects (excepting only in the case of Peterborough) to make their entrance-doors as *small* as is consistent with their importance as features of a grand whole; to subdue them in a measure to the quality of their purpose as "exits and entrances," not for colossal giants, but for humble Christian men. In the west front of York the western doors have a beautiful proportion, relatively to one another, and to the whole of this most perfect of Gothic *façades*. In Wells, the doors are positively like the openings of bee-hives. The latter should, perhaps, be more emphasized by frame-decoration; but the sentiment of humility is charming. In Rouen, Amiens, and others, the door is the great feature; the worshipper is ostentatiously symbolised. In York, and others of our cathedrals, the great window above the door,—the symbol of the effulgence of the light of divine truth,—is the feature most cared for. The Church of St. Ouen, at Rouen, is—so far as it is finished—a much more admirable model than the cathedral. It is infinitely larger, but, internally, strongly resembles the famed church of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol: though its vaulting is more simple—too simple, in fact—a fault common to the foreign churches; and it is altogether less ornate than the Bristol example; but it is extremely elegant and vastly imposing. The Gothic cathedrals, in short, of Normandy, France, Belgium, and Germany, should be seen and studied by the English architect; but he will still bear in mind that, as models, considered apart from mere scale, the English cathedrals have critical merits and picturesque effects which leave them in the ascendant as examples for imitation.

I am now at Havre, a Gallo-Anglic sort of seaport. I ascend the noble heights north of the town; but I look towards England; and I hear, with pleasure unspeakable, the language of the English sailors and other of my countrymen who were loitering on the quays. The steamboat is preparing for her start, and I am impatient for the signal for sailing. It is given. The paddles are in motion, and the French coast is soon a fading form in the distance. Qualms, humiliatingly subversive of

"The grace of life,
Its comeliness of look, and port erect,"

come over me. It is in vain to look for help above, so I go below and take to my berth, with my head somewhat lower than my heels, a position which ever enables me to avoid the unseemly exhibition of seasickness. The night comes on, and I sleep,—a far longer and sounder sleep than is usual with me. A bustling noise on deck awakens me. I raise my head, and find I can do so with impunity, for we are in still water. In short we are closely approaching the Southampton pier. Another quarter of an hour, and I am on English ground, under the protection of English laws, the first act of whose ministers is to seize my luggage, injure some of its contents, occasion (as in a former instance) the loss of some valued sketches, completing this official performance by a little gratuitous insult. The delights of the English hotel, however (I speak of the particular one at Southampton, as it happened to be then conducted), make amends for all. A kind motherly landlady, a model chambermaid, a bed-room trim as a new toy, a bed of snowy whiteness: the whole establishment the very *caricature* of cleanliness, comfort, and respectability. I lay me down, and sleep.

With the early morning I awake, but still to dream. I am in England again after less than a twelvemonth's absence; and yet it appears as if I had lived through several stages of manhood, during the interval between my departure and return. I have been an English youth, a Parisian gallant, a Florentine student, a Roman citizen, a Venetian recluse, and am become an experienced traveller. I have spoken several languages, mixed with distinct peoples, submitted to as many governments, and passed through such a perspective of scenes, changes, customs, costumes, and manners, that I am by no means clearly assured of what I now am, or what I shall be next. I have been simple George, Monsieur George, Signor Giorgio, and have achieved several titles, whose honours are summed up in the unsurpassable extremity of "illustrissimo." My wits seem to lie all fluttering with exhaustion; and "in my brain, which is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage, I have strange places crammed with observation, the which I vent in mangled forms." I am the centre of a panorama, which, like one of Martin's pictures, is made up of temples, clouds, ruins, rocks, valleys, mountains, cascades, populous cities, bleak deserts, palaces, bridges, and prisons. Out of the stunning gaiety of the masquerade, comes the silent horror of the black procession to the scaffold; here a mountebank; there a headsman. Monks and merrymen, priests and bagpipers, the swell of music, the booming fall of the avalanche, seas, lakes, rivers, and canals, ships, steamboats, barges and gondolas, popes, players, brigands and custom-house officers, are all whirling about me "thick as the motes that people the sunbeams." The noise of a town, waking from slumber to active life, comes o'er me with the opening day; and, at length, I hear voices speaking decidedly unmistakable English. The soft voice of my landlady is heard calling out the sweet names of "Mary" and "Jane." John is at the door with my boots. Jane is at the door with my hot water; and her gentle tap is accompanied by the announcement of "past eight." I went to bed a nondescript; but, to the best of my belief, I rise—an Englishman. The Salisbury coach is to start at nine. Did I ever so relish a breakfast? Did I ever feel more buoyant with joy?

"My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this morn an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the earth with cheerful thoughts!"

My bill is paid, and landlady and maidens wonder at my shaking hands with them as I depart. Four noble horses are waiting me, "straining upon the start." I am on the box with ——, such a coachman! "Ya! hip!" and away we go! But this must begin a new chapter.

THE OUT-POSTS OF ENGLAND;

OR,

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW OF THE ROYAL MILITIA OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

"The country's in little danger, when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish, as the laird for his lands."—*Antiquary*.

DURING De Rullecourt's stay in his harbour of refuge, he is represented to have exercised the most rigid discipline, amounting to savage barbarity, if contemporary accounts are to be relied on. One of his soldiers having complained of the severity of the weather, was cleft to the chine by a blow from his general's sabre. Another, venturing to expostulate about the scarcity and badness of the provisions, was condemned to be bound to a rock at low water, and there suffered to remain, until the flowing tide drowned him and his complaints together.

On the 5th of January, 1781, the weather having moderated, the invaders were enabled to leave Chausey, and reaching the south-eastern point of Jersey about eleven o'clock at night, prepared to land. The place selected was a rock insulated at high water, but connected with the shore during ebb-tide by a rocky ledge, about two miles in extent. During the disembarkation a couple of boats, containing the artillery-men and drummers, were swamped, and the men all perished amid the rapid currents; the rest of the force, now reduced by various accidents to little more than seven hundred, advanced, *ventre à terre*, along the rugged causeway, and gained a low promontory on the mainland, called La Platte Roque. Here they came upon a battery of four guns, occupied by a detachment of militia, who little anticipating the event, were easily surprised and made prisoners.

Leaving about one hundred and twenty of his men in the battery to protect the boats, De Rullecourt, with the remnant of his corps, stole silently and cautiously along, avoiding the shore, so as not to alarm the numerous guard-houses along the coast. After a march of upwards of three miles, the invaders entered St. Helier's, the chief town of the island, about daybreak, without the slightest token of alarm having been created. The campaign commenced by the wanton slaughter of an inoffensive old man in the suburbs, and wounding with swords and bayonets all stray passengers they happened to encounter in their progress to the royal square, where, after shooting the sentry, they surrounded the guard-house, making its unsuspecting inmates prisoners. One soldier, however, who managed to elude their grasp, hastened to arouse the 78th regiment, to which he belonged, quartered at a short distance in the western suburb.

Captain Hemery, of the militia artillery, finding to his surprise that the square was occupied by French troops, escaped from his dwelling through a trap-door, and proceeding to the residence of Major Moses Corbet, the lieutenant-governor, informed him of the event.

"Mount one of my best horses!" exclaimed Corbet, "and at full speed convey your intelligence to Captain Campbell, commanding five companies of the 83rd regiment at Fort Conway."

This first burst of energy seems to have been the only one the unfortunate governor was capable of; henceforth, with an infatuation scarcely to be explained, he resigned himself to apathy, the effect of irresolution rather than despair; he might readily have quitted the town, and, rallying the regular troops and the militia, have placed himself at their head, and at once overwhelmed the small number of assailants, whose chief strength arose from the boldness of their commander. But he remained quiescent, awaiting, rather than anticipating events, taking no measures, giving no orders. The subsequent exposure of his person rescues him from the imputation of cowardice; his attempts to prevent resistance on the part of a valiant garrison indicates humanity tantamount to imbecility, but does not secure him from the accusation of treachery, from which, however, succeeding events hold him absolved, but do not secure him from want of self-possession in the hour of danger, a crime, in his position, of the first magnitude.

The French general, possessed of a superabundance of that quality his adversary stood in need of, taking advantage of the panic his presence inspired, proceeded to capture the timid governor, the bailiff, or chief of the legislature, the King's attorney-general, and all the authorities, civil and military, he could lay his hands on. Those who ventured to offer resistance were pinioned by his soldiers, provided with ropes for the purpose, and conveyed to the town-hall, a building forming a prominent feature in the public square, now occupied by French troops, and every avenue commanded by their cannon.

De Rullecourt, having assembled his captives in the court-house, represented to them with more boldness than veracity, that the whole island was in the possession of his troops, which he magnified to five thousand, that the 83rd, or Glasgow regiment, had surrendered at Fort Conway, and that all resistance would be fruitless. On the strength of these assertions he proceeded to dictate terms of capitulation to Corbet, requiring the immediate surrender of the castles, forts and dependencies to him, as the representative of the King of France.

Corbet having objected to some of the articles, the French commander laid his watch upon the table, and threatened that if the capitulation was not ratified he would set fire to the town, put the inhabitants to the sword, and deliver their dwellings up to pillage. In this laudable resolution he was very warmly encouraged by the officers of his staff, one of whom observed, that if he had the command but for a single hour, every house should be in flames, and every street deluged in blood.

In the mean time De Rullecourt, to inspire greater terror, issued orders for the advance of his imaginary forces, and wrote despatches announcing to the French government the complete success of his undertaking.

Corbet, fearful that these terrible threats would be put into execution, at length affixed his signature to the capitulation; his example was followed, although with great reluctance, by the fort-major; but the bailiff, the attorney-general, and others, stoutly refused to sign, although menaced by the French officers, and most vehemently by a "Turk of distinction," one of De Rullecourt's satellites, who drew his dagger, and threatened to stab all who hesitated. Having signed the articles, the ex-governor was directed to issue written orders, accompanied by an abstract of the capitulation to the commanding officers of the regulars and militia, and also to the commandants of the fortresses, giving directions to the former that the soldiers should be confined to barracks, and to the latter that the garrisons should prepare to surrender upon summons.

De Rullecourt conceiving himself complete master of the island, and much elated at having so easily achieved his conquest, thought it high time to invest himself with his long-coveted titles—he accordingly produced the insignia of the order of St. Louis, together with the commissions of general in the French armies, and governor of Jersey, provisionally entrusted to him by his sovereign,—with permission to assume them as soon as he was in possession of the capital of the place.

He then issued a pompous proclamation announcing the annexation of Jersey to the French crown, and congratulating the inhabitants on the transference to so indulgent a government, which secured to them the enjoyment of their rights and privileges and the free exercise of their religion. The British garrison and the militia were directed to march in small parties into the town and deliver up their arms,—the shops also were ordered to be opened, and business of all kinds to be transacted as usual, but all assemblies of the people, male or female, were prohibited; for, as soon as any group of more than half-a-dozen persons, women as well as men, were found collected, they were immediately dispersed by the French soldiers. Little calculating on the reverse which awaited him, De Rullecourt condescendingly invited the native authorities to meet him at dinner in the afternoon at the residence of the deposed governor, his prisoner.

But although the inhabitants of the town itself, subdued by panic, and the presence of a superior force, were prevented from offering resistance, the British regiments in the outskirts, and the militia of the country parishes, not in the same predicament, were rapidly assembling at different points of rendezvous. The 95th under Major Peirson, the hero of the day, and the Highlanders under Captain Lumsden, assembled on an eminence to the westward of the town, called Mont Patibulaire, where they were speedily joined by the whole of the militia regiments, resolved to support the regulars; fully prepared, one and all, for a desperate encounter, but determined to do their utmost to expel the invaders

Captain Mulcaster, of the Royal Engineers, who had retired to Elizabeth Castle on the first signal of alarm, with the intention of defending the fortress to the last extremity, seeing the militia assembled in force on the opposite heights, sent to demand a reinforcement, which was readily granted, and a detachment of the St. Lawrence battalion of militia was instantly placed at his disposal.

De Rullecourt, who had also noticed that a large body of troops was in position on the heights, directed the subservient Corbet to summon them, on the faith of the capitulation, to come into the town and surrender. He then, at the head of his whole force, leaving only a small party to guard the town, marched out leaning on Corbet's arm to take possession, as he imagined, of Elizabeth Castle. No time was to be lost, for the only approach by land was a narrow causeway three-quarters of a mile in extent, only practicable at low water. Apprehensive of being overwhelmed by the rising of the tide, and anxious to occupy the fortress, the French commander urged his troops forwards, but no sooner had they reached the entrance of the causeway than a shot from the castle conveyed a significant warning to them to retire. The warning was disregarded, they continued to advance along the narrow defile, when another shot struck the officer of grenadiers and wounded several of his men. A halt was ordered, and an officer with a flag of truce, a copy of the capitulation, and a peremptory order to surrender was despatched to the castle.

Captain Mulcaster received the documents with much apparent indifference, and, alleging that he did not understand French, put them unopened into his pocket. The French officer represented to him through an interpreter, that resistance would be unavailing, as, in addition to the forces already landed, ten thousand fresh troops were expected to land the ensuing day.[*] "So much the better," coolly replied Mulcaster, "we shall have the more to kill." He then ordered the Frenchman to be blindfolded, and conducted to the upper ward of the fortress, from whence, the handkerchief being removed, he was indulged with the prospect of an extensive range of guns, their *bouches-à-feu* commanding all approaches to the castle.

On the return of the envoy with an account of what he had heard and witnessed, the Baron, hitherto the most self-satisfied of victors, began to perceive that he had been somewhat premature in his conclusions, that the occupation of the capital did not insure the capture of the island. Furious at the disappointment, and breathing vengeance against the inhabitants, he counter-marched his troops, and on re-entering St. Helier's took possession of the guns in its arsenal. The threatening aspect of the troops of the line and the militia inside the town, proved that he must now adopt defensive instead of offensive measures. The guns he had seized were planted in the avenues of the public square, and his troops posted in the manner best calculated to resist the anticipated attack, whilst he reiterated his threats to burn the town and massacre the inhabitants, if the troops were allowed by Corbet to advance.

Intent on nothing, it would seem, but conciliatory measures, Corbet now sought to appease him by sending another order for the surrender of the regulars, the militia, and the garrison of the castle. To the latter requisition, Captain Ailwards replied, that as the governor was evidently a prisoner, and therefore acting under hostile influence, he, as commandant of the garrison, could not recognise either the capitulation, or the transmitted order, and was fully prepared to defend the castle to the last extremity, rather than disgrace the British flag which had so long floated unsullied over its battlements, by a base and cowardly surrender.

And now the combined British force, consisting of the troops of the line and the island militia, burning with impatience to be led into action, Major Peirson of the 95th regiment, the officer next in rank to Corbet, took the command, and, although a young man not yet five-and-twenty, displayed as much discretion in his plan of operations, as he afterwards evinced bravery in carrying them into execution. Having detached the light companies of the 78th and 95th, together with a couple of militia regiments, under command of Captain Frazer of the Highlanders, to make a *détour* through by-roads so as to occupy an eminence on the opposite side of the town, which commanded the enemy's position, he himself at the head of the remaining troops, commenced his march with the intention of assaulting the enemy. De Rullecourt, seeing his now dreaded adversaries in motion, dispatched a flag of truce to demand a parley, under the vain hope that they might still be intimidated into conforming to the terms of the capitulation. Just as the English companies, somewhat in advance of the militia, all in close column, reached the foot of the hill, a French officer appeared, riding at full speed towards them with a white handkerchief waving on the point of his sword. A temporary halt took place in order that the object of the message might be ascertained. The bearer, in his interview with Major Peirson, informed him that as Governor Corbet had signed a capitulation, in which the whole of the English were included, it would be contrary to the usages of war, and the cause of much unnecessary bloodshed, if the Major's forces persisted in advancing; he also represented that it was the French general's determination to set fire to the town the moment an assault took place, he therefore advised the British commander to order his troops to pile their arms, march quietly into the town, and surrender themselves to the French general at the court-house or town-hall. Major Peirson, with supercilious politeness, thanked him for his advice, which he rejected, and speaking in French, said, " Oui, nous porterons nos armes à l'Hôtel de Ville—mais ce sera la bayonette au bout de fusil." " Return to your general," said a militia officer, " and tell him that the troops here assembled are resolved to drive him from the town within an hour, even if his troops were ten times as numerous as they are."

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[*] Some papers found on the person of the French general after his death revealed the fact, that a corps of 14,000 men were ready on the coast of France, destined to land in Jersey in the first place, and then to invade Guernsey. It appeared to be the intention of the French government, once in possession of the island, to have deported the inhabitants to Languedoc, and to have replaced them y a French population.

The French officer, finding them so determined, endeavoured to gain time by requesting that the attack should be delayed for at least an hour, in order that he might inform his commander of the result of the conference. The whole of the British officers were opposed to the delay, and the soldiers scarcely to be restrained from pressing forwards. Peirson, however, glad of a pretext to postpone the advance, until assured that his detachment had reached its destination; and desirous of ascertaining whether Corbet was really a prisoner, granted a truce of half-an-hour. He ordered the adjutant of the 95th to accompany the French officer, and inform the Baron that neither his own troops nor their allies would consent to surrender on any terms, and insisted on the immediate release of the lieutenant-governor, as a preliminary to any further conference.

In the meantime Hemery arrived, and informed Peirson that Captain Campbell, far from being captured, was preparing with the Glasgow companies to attack the party of the enemy occupying La Roque battery. Hemery, after conveying to Fort Conway the news of the invasion, had been taken by a party of the enemy from whom he had contrived to escape by a stratagem. Colonel Patriarche, and several other officers of the militia who had been fortunate enough to escape from the town, now joined the assailants, and were supplied with arms.

The English adjutant returned in due time; he announced that

De Rullecourt denied the fact of Corbet's being a prisoner, and threatened that if the capitulation was infringed, he had made such dispositions as would be certain ultimately to enforce it. These first statements, however, were palpably so much at variance with the truth, and the desire to gain time so evident, that Peirson at once ordered his eager troops to advance to the encounter. On reaching the outskirts of the town, he divided his force into two columns, taking the command of one himself, and entrusting the other to the conduct of Captain Lumsden, of the 78th. The latter, preceded by a field-piece, advancing up the main street received the fire of the enemy's guns, planted in the avenues leading out of the square. Fortunately for them, the French gunners having perished at the landing, the guns were badly served, did little mischief, and were soon taken; but the musketeers fought bravely, disputed the ground inch by inch, and only yielded with loss of life. In the midst of the firing, Corbet, accompanied by a French officer, endeavoured by his presence to suspend further operations. But finding the bullets flying thickly in all directions, and the opponents too hotly engaged to be separated, he gave over the vain attempt and retired to the court-house.

Lumsden's column, driving the enemy before them, forced their way into the square, where they found that a subdivision of Peirson's, meeting with less opposition, had preceded them. Peirson, at the head of his grenadiers, cheering them on, now pushed into the square, but the instant he entered the open space, the head of his column was assailed by a volley from the French, and, struck by a bullet, which entered a little below the left breast, the gallant fellow, the missile in his brave young heart, fell dead in the arms of his grenadiers.

The assailants, dismayed by the untoward event, for a moment gave way, but Philip Dumaresq, then a subaltern of grenadiers in the South West Regiment of Militia, seconded by an English sergeant, succeeded in rallying them. The British regained the ground they had temporarily lost, and so the strife continued. At length De Rullecourt, seeing that the assailants were pouring in great force into the square through every street and alley, and that his own men were fast giving way, showed himself on the steps of the court-house, in order to encourage them to rally. He was accompanied by Corbet, whose presence he insisted on, alleging that as the attack had originated in his not enforcing his orders, it was but proper that he should share the danger. No sooner were they descried by the grenadiers of the 78th, infuriated at Peirson's fall, than they fired a volley at the two commanders, one equally as obnoxious as the other. Two of the bullets passed through Corbet's hat, who stood somewhat in advance, shattered De Rullecourt's jaw and otherwise injured him. He was borne back into the court-house and soon after expired.

The French, already overwhelmed by enemies in their front, and in momentary expectation of an attack from Frazer's party in their rear, now felt that further resistance had become useless; the death of their commander completed their discomfiture; they fled in all directions and sought refuge in the very houses they had a short time before been intent on pillaging and destroying. Their officers now held a council, and it being decided that nothing but unconditional surrender could reserve them whole from destruction, the senior officer appealed to orbet, who, with some difficulty, at length prevailed upon the British troops to cease firing. Released from the paralysing influence which had hitherto enthralled him, this weak man assumed the command, and succeeded in restoring order. The victors were ordered to secure their prisoners, and then confine them in the parish church, under the surveillance of the St. Lawrence battalion, whilst the rest of the militia regiments were sent to the place where the landing had taken place, expecting, in consequence of De Rullecourt's fanfaronade, to encounter fresh enemies. They were agreeably surprised to find that this was not the case, and that the small party left in charge of La Roque battery, had been captured by the Glasgow regiment.

As fighting had taken place on this point, it may be as well to enter into some brief details of the affair, in order to complete our account of the invasion of Jersey. Captain Campbell, on receiving Hemery's communication, was preparing to march to St. Heliers, when another message arrived, ordering him to retain his soldiers in their quarters. The Rev. Francis Le Couteur, rector of the parish, had already caused the two field-pieces, kept, as was the custom, in the church, to be removed to Fort Conway for the service of the infantry; and, disappointed at Campbell's retrograde movement, pointed out to him that a small party of the enemy occupied the redoubt at La Platte Roque, not far distant, and urged him to attack them. Campbell, in consequence of the recent order, at first hesitated, then refused to comply. The spirited member of the church-militant appealed to the second in command, Lieutenant Robinson, offering to indemnify him in the event of his losing his commission for disobedience of orders. During the discussion information was brought of Peirson's movements, revealing the true state of affairs, which at once decided Campbell, who, telling off his men into two parties, ordered Robinson with the one to attack the battery on one point, whilst he proceeded to assail it on another. Robinson was first on the ground, and when within twelve paces of the French, summoned them to surrender, the reply was a volley of musketry, which killed and wounded fourteen of his men. He instantly returned the fire, and without giving the enemy time to bring their artillery into play, charged with the bayonet and carried the post, just as the other party was coming up.

The following is an extract from Corbet's official return, published in the London Gazette of the 14th of January:—

"The highest commendations are given to the good conduct, bravery, and resolution of the officers and men, both of the regulars and militia."

The Return of the killed and wounded of his Majesty's troops and militia in the attack against the French in the island of Jersey, January 6th, 1781, after enumerating the officers and rank and file, *hors de combat*, in the above affairs, gives a total:—

"*Regulars*—One officer, eleven rank and file, killed. One sergeant, thirty-five rank and file, wounded.—N.B. Captain Charlton, of the Royal Artillery, wounded while prisoner.

"*Militia*—Four rank and file, killed; three officers, twenty-six rank and file, wounded. The names of the officers killed and wounded are: 95th regiment, Major Francis Peirson, killed; East regiment of Militia, Lieutenants Godfrey and Aubin, Ensign Poignant, wounded. Mr. Thomas Lemprière, aide-de-camp, Mr. Amice Lemprière, merchant, wounded."

The loss of the enemy, not then correctly ascertained, was afterwards estimated at seventy-eight killed and seventy-four wounded; the remainder were all made prisoners, and within a few days sent over to Plymouth. Considering that the encounter occupied little more than half an hour, it is pretty evident that the struggle must have been severe.

Corbet, in his report, gives his own version of the affair; it is correct as far as it goes, but contains no personal reminiscences. This modesty on his part not being deemed satisfactory to the government, he was summoned to England, tried by a court-martial, found guilty of the whole charge exhibited against him, and adjudged to be superseded in his commission of lieutenant-governor of Jersey.[*]

De Rullecourt's remains were interred in the cemetery of St. Heliers, Peirson's, in a vault within the church, over which a handsome monument attests, that "He fell bravely fighting at the head of the British and island troops, in the flower of his age, and in the moment of victory."[†]

Soon after the signing of the capitulation a cutter, called in those days a scout, had been dispatched to Guernsey with the startling announcement that the French were in possession of Jersey, and might be expected to invade the neighbouring island in the course of the ensuing day. We find a memorandum in the journal of an officer serving in the militia, to the following effect:—

"January 6th, 1781.—News that Jersey is attacked by the French, who have actually landed;—great alarm here. The militia under arms all night."

The express arrived in Guernsey late in the afternoon, and the Hon. Paulus Æmilius Irving, lieutenant-governor, an active and experienced officer, instantly proceeded to adopt measures for putting the place in a posture of defence. Orders are at once dispatched to outposts and signal-stations, and in a short time beacons flare on every prominent point. Minute-guns respond from battery to battery around the coast; alarm-bells, from castle and church-tower, echo and re-echo with discordant clang, amid the increasing gloom of a winter evening. The braying trumpet announces the proclamation of martial law, summary punishment, according to the articles of war, henceforth awaits the slightest infraction of military discipline.

Few eyes but those of unconscious infancy were closed in sleep that night in the quaint old town of St. Peter's. As a substitute for public lamps, not yet adopted, every window in the narrow streets is lighted up by the terrified inmates to facilitate the movements of the mustering troops. All is bustle and anxiety; drums beat to arms in all directions, soldiers hurry to the rendezvous; staff officers and mounted orderlies dash impetuously between head-quarters and out-stations, armourers are overwhelmed with firelocks, swords and other weapons, to be put in order for deadly strife; surgeons repair some to their respective corps, others to the general hospital to prepare instruments and dressings; everything, in short, betokens the approach of a bloody conflict. In every dwelling, mansion as well as cottage, men are to be seen hastily arming, combining brief but tender adieu, with earnest directions for the removal of the sick and helpless beyond immediate reach of cannon-shot.

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[*] Dodsley's Annual Register, June, 1781.

[†] An admirable picture by Copley, engraved by Heath, commemorates the conflict in the square, and preserves portraits of the principal actors in the scene, most of whom have now dropped off. A likeness of one of the latest survivors appears in a recent number of the "Illustrated London News." Elie Jean Filleul, a humble village tailor, and also a sergeant in the East Regiment of Militia, participated in the combat of January 1781. In August 1851, whilst looking on at the target practice of the grandsons and great-grandsons of his contemporaries, o took a musket from the hands of one of the young men and sent its bullet rough the bull's-eye—a tolerable feat for a centenarian—a few months before death.

At length every able-bodied man is at his post, and warlike sounds are only heard in the distance; the tumult in the town is succeeded by comparative tranquillity, more painfully tantalizing than the previous noisy excitement. None remain but women and aged men, and helpless frightened children; the former, striving against infirmity, convey the more cumbrous valuables to places of fancied security—the latter repressing their varied emotions of fear and tenderness, bury their plate and jewels; every woman capable of handling a needle is employed in stitching guineas into girdles, but no thought of personal adornment lightens her task. And so the night is spent.

As morning dawns innumerable telescopes sweep the southern line of the horizon; straining eyes take note of every curtain of mist, apprehensive that its dispersion may reveal the dreaded presence of a hostile fleet. At length, as the noontide rays of a January sun feebly illumine the gray cliffs of Jersey, a white sail appears upon the intervening field of water—a solitary vessel happily—crowds rush to the strand, to them the progress of the bark seems tardy; nevertheless, she rapidly cleaves wave after wave, favoured by wind, tide, and good news; and when hope and fear are equal in the balance, she anchors, flags displayed from stern to mast-head, from mast to stern, imply joyful tidings; they soon spread far and wide along the shore. The excitement of delight, more vociferous than that of fear, bursts forth from every mouth; cheer succeeds cheer; the bells ring out a joyous peal; the drums and fifes sound merrily; martial-law is repealed; the troops are disbanded; each militiaman returns to the bosom of his family, and as soon as greetings and mutual congratulations and other circumstances permit, resumes the habits and avocations of the peaceful citizen.

Many eye-witnesses of these transactions still survive, from whose personal recollections the foregoing details are collected and arranged, but in no degree amplified. Half a century ago the invasion of the one island, and the alarm excited in the other, furnished ample themes for fire-side stories and nursery tales; these constituting the mental nutriment of early youth, it is no wonder that military emulation should still prevail among the islanders.

During the remainder of the war no more attacks were made by the French upon any of the islands. Their previous efforts having been exclusively directed towards Jersey, tended to secure the sister island from invasion. The militia of Guernsey, therefore, had happily been denied the opportunity of encountering a foreign foe; nevertheless, the ready assistance they afforded to the troops of the line in repressing a serious internal disturbance, leaves little doubt on the mind that they would have equally determined against an external enemy.

In the winter of 1783, the battalion companies of the 104th regiment, amounting to five hundred men, all Irish, quartered in the citadel, after committing various depredations on the inhabitants, especially the peasantry, and other breaches of discipline, broke forth early in the spring into open mutiny, refusing to perform garrison duty, on the pretext that it was unnecessary in peace time, and insisting on their barrack gates not being closed at night. Governor Irving, who continued in command, agreed to certain concessions in order to appease them, but as concession, under such circumstances, only tends to foster rebellion, the mutineers became the more daring in their demands, which being refused, they drove their officers out of the fort by firing upon them in the messroom, appointed commanders of their own, mounted guard, beat regularly to arms, threatened to sally forth and pillage the town and country for supplies, and, in short, established themselves as complete masters of the citadel.

The news of these alarming proceedings was reported in the town about eight o'clock on the evening of the 24th of March, and excited as much commotion as the news of the Jersey affair. Minute guns were fired, alarm bells rung, and the whole community flew at once to arms. Anxiety was increased by the apprehension that the 18th, or Royal Irish, the only other regiment in garrison, would either refuse to act, or join the mutineers. It is recorded, to their honour, that although fellow-countrymen of the rebels, they remained staunch to a man. Their conduct was afterwards rewarded by the distribution of one hundred guineas among the privates by the states of the island.

The governor, on the evening in question, at the head of this corps, of the royal and native artillery, and the regiment of town militia, marched, without beat of drum, at eleven o'clock at night, and proceeded to invest Fort George, the stronghold of the insurgents. The other militia regiments were in the meantime mustered, and ordered to hold themselves in readiness to advance at a moment's notice to support the rest.

The 18th, with the flank companies of the militia, four field-pieces, and a couple of howitzers, were extended in line under cover of a fence, about one hundred yards distant from the lines of the fort; four battalion companies of the town regiment took possession of the avenues, whilst the four others formed a small body of reserve. These dispositions being made, a summons was dispatched to the fort by the governor, but the rebels obstinately refusing to surrender, some straggling shots were exchanged between the opposite parties. Conferences continued some time longer, but whilst the governor was in the field, engaged in parley with the delegates, a party of the rebels sallied beyond the walls, and commenced an ill-directed fire on the troops, which was returned, but with no effect on either side. The artillery, hitherto in rear of the 18th, were now pushed forward, and the reserve ordered to occupy a commanding eminence. As day broke the insurgents found themselves completely invested, and, hearing that the rest of the militia force had been ordered to advance against them, thought it most expedient to come to terms; and, accordingly, marching out of the fort, they piled their arms and surrendered at discretion. Owing to the judicious arrangements of the governor, and the steady conduct of the troops, an affair, which might have led to very serious consequences, was terminated without loss of life, or even bloodshed, on either side.

After this no event of consequence occurred; the militia continued to perform their duty in a manner which elicited the entire approbation of each successive lieutenant-governor appointed by the crown.

The following extract from a general order issued by Sir John Doyle after an inspection of the militia in the year 1810, bears testimony to the estimation in which the native troops were held by that brave and experienced campaigner: — "It must give pleasure," observed the general, "to every loyal person present on the field-day, to see that, if the public service should reduce the troops of the line in garrison, there would be no cause for despondency, in the event of an attack, when such an efficient force of native soldiery could be brought forward to repel the invader's attempt."

These remarks, however just and flattering they may have been at a time when steam navigation was in its earliest infancy, are totally inapplicable to the present; for, although peace has made no further change than progressive improvement in the discipline of the militia, although their military zeal is unabated, and although their numbers are increased — the difference in the style of warfare, affording, as it does, extraordinary facilities for conveying and disembarking troops, renders it impossible for the native soldiery, without large reinforcements of regulars, to prevent a landing in the first place, or, in the second, to oppose the regular troops of an invading army in the open field. The result must be their being driven, more or less rapidly, into the citadels, wherein, it is true, they would in all likelihood maintain themselves until the arrival of succour; but, in the mean time, the defenceless inhabitants of the town and country would be exposed to the exactions and outrages of an incensed enemy.

These evils might, to a certain extent, be averted, if the militia, instead of being almost exclusively confined to battalion manœuvres, were equipped as *chasseurs*, and armed with the long-range rifle, a weapon admirably adapted for people who, from frequent practice, and other causes, are, with few exceptions, excellent marksmen. In addition to these measures, the formation of permanent entrenched camps, increase of coast fortifications, and improvement in roads of communication, would, in the opinion of experienced judges, render a smaller amount of troops of the line necessary, and again place the militia in the position contemplated by Sir John Doyle.

As returns of the effective strength of the native regiments are regularly transmitted at stated times to the Home Office, it will be unnecessary to enter into details; whether these returns have received the consideration they merit from former cabinets is a question still unresolved.

Those who read the foregoing sketch aright will perceive that the militia men of the Anglo-Norman isles are by no means "in peace a charge, in war a weak defence." The charge is restricted to occasional equipment, as to the defence, those of Jersey especially have been tested, and the French might truly say, *ils ont fait leurs preuves*. In consideration of their services and their long-tried royalty and fidelity to the English crown, King William the Fourth was induced to confer on the whole of the militia of the islands the distinguishing title of ROYAL; on the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which the gallant Peirson fell.

FIELD-PREACHING.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The cassock'd priest's grave homily
You rightly deem claims reverence ;
For me, I own the heresy,
Field-preaching has more eloquence.

A budding leaf, a blade of grass,
A ripple on the stream, a reed,
A beam or shadow that may pass
To me with holiest unction plead.

And therefore sometimes I am found,
While close cathedral walls on you,
Where breeze and bird are chanting round,
Where blossoms sparkle with the dew.

Or when within the pillar'd fane
You view the decorated tomb,
Where effigy and record vain
Adorn with pomp the common doom :

Some rural haunt displays to me
Affecting types of life's decline,
The barren field, the naked tree,
And many a grave and solemn sign.

And as the woodland path I tread,
Where late the new-blown flowers were gay,
Where now the wither'd leaves are spread,
Wise teachers meet me on the way.

Say not I break Divine commands !
Say not I shun the house of prayer !
There is a house not made with hands,
And there are hearts that worship there !

JULIA DAY.

THE FATHER OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.*

SIMULTANEOUSLY with his volume on Corneille, M. Guizot has published a corresponding essay on Shakspeare. This also, is a "rifaccimento," or enlarged copy of an earlier treatise on the same subject, given to the world in 1821, as an introduction to the French translation of Shakspeare's complete works, of which he had then undertaken the office of editor. His edition is based on an antecedent one by Le Tourneur, commenced in 1776 and finished in 1781. Le Tourneur's translation is in prose, extending through twenty volumes in quarto;† as nearly literal as possible, and occasionally absurd enough to gladden the heart of the bitterest anti-gallican who might wish to hunt out an opportunity of scoffing at the pretensions of our lively neighbours, as regards their power of transfusing the peculiarities of English idiom into their own language. The phraseology invented for the monster Caliban, the grammatical confusions of Dogberry, the humour of Falstaff and his companions, are too essentially indigenous to retain their vigour when engrafted on a foreign soil. They become like pictures damaged by repairs, and defaced by retouching; so that the depth and colouring have faded into a meagre outline. But Le Tourneur, though dull and uninspired, was at least honest and laborious, endeavouring to render, with the strict fidelity of truth, what he was unable to convey with the brilliancy of reflected genius. If he wanted the power to embellish, his distortions arose from mistake or incompetence, rather than from malice prepense. It was not so with Voltaire, who either was, or pretended to be, shocked and disgusted at the irregular flights of Shakspeare's discursive imagination. He had brought himself up in a conviction that the classical unities of Aristotle and the French school, were indispensable, hallowed, and infallible. That any departure from them was ignorance, and any encouragement of such violation, barbarism. He denounced the noblest master-pieces of the great English dramatist, as "monstrous farces;" and dissected "Hamlet" in an ingenious anatomy, of which it is difficult to say, whether wit or falsehood, is the leading characteristic. It has been charged on him, and not without foundation, that he purposely depreciated and misrepresented Shakspeare, to deter his countrymen from reading his productions, and thus be enabled to reserve to himself an untrodden field, in which he could pillage at pleasure, and without detection. That he copied from Shakspeare, is more evident than that he either understood or improved him. Of this "Le mort de Cesar" may be quoted as a good illustrative example.

Although quite conversant with the English language, which he could write with tolerable elegance, Voltaire was too much trammelled by early opinions and national prejudices, to understand or tolerate the lofty, unfettered fancy, which spurned restraint, soaring above established rules, and creating new ones. On this subject, as on many others, the brilliant infidel wrote more rapidly than he thought profoundly. His effervescence overlaid his judgment. With quick and dazzling abilities, his knowledge derived from study was shallow and sophistical. Dr. Johnson described

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* Shakspeare and his Times. By M. Guizot. London, 8vo. 1852.

† There was a subsequent edition in thirteen volumes, 8vo.

him justly, as "vir acerrimi ingenii, sed p
learning was all on the surface. A gilded c
neath. Ready wit joined to intrepidity of as
mand advocates and carry popularity; but t
this basis often breaks down under cross-exami
tive than solid, shadowy rather than substan
Shakspeare have been repeatedly combated a
more ably than in a volume by Mrs. Monta
fashionable celebrity of her day, and foundress
In her house, that fair and frigid sisterhoo
assemblies. The laws of the society admitted
ries, as well as elderly ladies of both sexes.
rests either with the beautiful and fascinatin
erudite naturalist, Benjamin Stillingfleet, who
their legs, remarkable by wearing cerulean in
Boswell, Stillingfleet was in such request at th
accident he was absent, there was a general
nothing without the *blue stockings*." * And
generic. Mrs. Montague's work appeared first i
six editions, and may be selected from a pyr
emendation, as one of the few corner stones of

Before the complete translation by Le
Shakspeare had been *done* into French, by dif
in a collection in eight volumes, by De La P
"Le Théâtre Anglois." The first four volumes
The plays selected being "Othello," the th
Sixth," "Richard the Third," "Hamlet," "
"Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "
"Merry Wives of Windsor." This effort ex
and is seldom, if ever, mentioned or referred
subsequent writers. Between 1769 and 1792,
mutilations and *fricassees* of "Hamlet," "Ro
Lear," "Macbeth," "Jean sans Terre," and "
ceived with favour by the Parisian pit, who
they saw "*le divin* Shakspeare," in full glory,
actor were called in to embellish these incongr
Except from the titles, and an occasional resem
it would be difficult to recognize the source fron
The genius of Talma, seconded by Mesdemoi
nois, obtained for them an ephemeral credit
dwindled away with time, improved knowledg
We have long accorded to the French, undisp
prieties of stage costume. Their Roman toga
have superseded those of John Kemble, so long
as models of historic research *in re vestiariâ*, b
theless, we saw Talma, with our own eyes, ena
François (1815) in a green doublet or tunic trim
loons, and Hessian boots. But no doubt he coul
for thus clothing a Celtic thane co-existent wit

To M. Guizot must be ascribed the merit
critic and annotator who has faithfully expound

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* See Miss Hannah More's poem entitled "Bas
most eminent personages who were members of this

out clearly wherein the strength of our great dramatic poet lies, and through what peculiar channels it is developed. In this study the German writers have far excelled, as well as preceded, the French; and by some enthusiasts, who are easily satisfied, and caûght by novelty, are declared to have gone beyond ourselves. They are said to understand and appreciate Shakspeare, better and more thoroughly in Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden, than we do in London, Dublin, or Edinburgh. Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" is often set forward as containing the truest and best analysis of "Hamlet" which has ever been written. "It may be so," as old Lear replies to the Duke of Albany, but we are "free to confess" we are not among the convinced. The translations of Wieland, Esschenbourg, Schlegel, and Tieck, have been bepraised as superior to the original. Let us imagine, if we can, an exotic interpreter expressing the thoughts of Shakspeare with more truth and vigour than he was capable of doing himself.

In German literature, Shakspearean essays are highly esteemed. The body of miscellaneous criticism by Schiller, Lessing, the two Schlegels, Horn, Ulrici, Tieck, Schick, and other authors of established repute, has, by the estimate of many judges, cast into the shade, the more bulky and ponderous lucubrations of the Uptons, Heaths, Greys, Tyrwhitts, Warburtons, Edwardses, Richardsons, Drakes, Douces, Coleridges, and Chalmerses, of English controversial celebrity. If two-thirds, at least, of the entire mass, foreign and domestic, could be either lost or forgotten, we are profane or ungrateful enough to think the poet would be a gainer, his readers would have a better chance of understanding his supposed obscure passages, and he would express his satisfaction visibly, if such communications from the dead to the living are ever permitted. Never was author so smothered up under attempts at elucidation. That the German literati, and educated classes among the German public, admire and feel the genius of Shakspeare, we "powerfully and potently believe;" but they are accustomed to think so long and debate so gravely on the plainest questions, that they become bewildered by sheer waste of reflection. They refine and sublimate on the most self-evident hypotheses until they lose sight of them altogether; imagine some recondite philosophy which never crossed the imagination of the writer, elicit important discoveries which evaporate in nothing, and float perpetually, as Lord Byron says,

> "Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation."

According to the eccentric, but clear-headed satirist, this is an agreeable voyage enough, but then he adds:

> "But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?
> Your wise men don't know much of navigation;
> And swimming long in the abyss of thought
> Is apt to tire;"—

by which he implies — and we heartily concur with him — that obvious definitions are generally correct, and that it is wiser, as well as more comfortable, in nine cases out of ten, to adopt simple reasoning than to toil after obscurities.

All the German criticism we have ever read, on Shakspeare, appears to us, without exception, to be deeply coloured by the bias of national character. A desire to create occult meanings where none exist; an endeavour to mystify and transcendentalize into a subtle metaphysician, the clearest, the simplest, the most intelligible, and the most healthy spirit that ever drew inspiration from the font of nature. Above all other writers, we think Shakspeare invariably selected the easiest expressions to convey his thoughts, the plainest language in which to clothe his boundless imagery. Harmonious in versification, nervous and varied in style, but never weakened by inflation or redundancy. We are neither offended by the pedantry of the schools nor the assumptive perplexity of deep learning. Where a sentence occurs, not easily explained, the difficulty often rises from an accidental typographical error, or from the misuse or absence of punctuation; faults which originate in the carelessness of printers and editors, but are not justly chargeable on the author. With powers of imagination never equalled, Shakspeare is essentially the poet of reality, and of every-day reality. He does not deal in heroes and heroines of romance, but in the men and women of actual life. His characters are distinct and identical. They are never repeated. *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Richard the Third*, are only to be met with in the plays which bear their names. His Romans speak and act like veritable types of the age and country they represent. We recognize among them no *petits maîtres* of the court of Louis the Fourteenth, no dreamy mystics from Göttingen or Jena. The classical worthies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, represent one nation, and a single, though numerous family. They are unmistakable Parisians, in language, manner, and sentiment. In the German drama, the leading character, the *protagonista* of the scene, embodies an abstract idea, a system of philosophy, a scheme of politics, a metaphysical argument, or a general compound of inductive science. People who cannot exactly understand this, are astonished, and believe because they are puzzled.

One of the most desirable helps in the study of Shakspeare, is an edition without explanatory notes. It is as healthy and invigorating as the practice of the doctor who trusts to nature and cures without physic. We scarcely know whether to smile or grieve when we find the manly sense of Dr. Johnson lending itself to the solemn absurdity of Warburton, in these words: "This is a noble emendation, which almost elevates the critic to the rank of the author."

Where the principles of taste and rules of composition are so diametrically opposed as in the dramatic schools of England, France, and Germany, it becomes difficult to follow out a comparison. Each is marked by distinct features, which appear not to be derived from the other. M. Guizot is fully aware of this, and argues with much ability and acute judgment to show how, why, and in what there is such an impassable gulf of division between the genius of Shakspeare and that of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. "At the present day," he says, "all controversy regarding Shakspeare's genius and glory has come to an end. No one ventures any longer to dispute them; but a greater question has arisen, namely, whether Shakspeare's dramatic system is not far superior to that of Voltaire? This question I do not presume to decide. I merely say that it is now open for discussion. We have been led to it by the onward progress of ideas. I shall endeavour to point out the causes which have brought it about; but at present I merely insist on the fact itself, and deduce from it one simple consequence, that literary criticism has changed its ground, and can no longer remain restricted to the limits within which it was formerly confined." These limits are broken through, or rather, are effaced by the general spread of knowledge, which has unclasped for all the leaves of many volumes, until now hermetically sealed up, or purposely misrepresented. Little more than a century has passed since Voltaire wrote that Shakspeare was a rude, unlettered barbarian, his dramas coarse, vulgar, and unnatural. His opinion was received with favour, and adopted in France. It was even considered by the public of the day as mild and qualified, rather than extreme. But "the whirligig of time brings in its revenges," as Shakspeare himself says, in one of his expressive aphorisms.

In 1852 M. Guizot, a writer whose mind is more enlarged and less clouded by prejudice than that of Voltaire, thus delivers himself in a condensed and elegant analysis:—"No one has ever combined, in an equal degree with Shakspeare, the double character of an impartial observer and a man of profound sensibility. Superior to all by his reason, and accessible to all by sympathy, he sees nothing without judging it, and he judges it because he feels it. Could any one who did not detest *Iago*, have penetrated, as Shakspeare has done, into the recesses of his execrable character? To the horror with which he regards the criminal must be ascribed the terrible energy of the language which he puts into his mouth. Who could make us tremble as much as *Lady Macbeth* herself, at the action for which she prepares with so little fear? But when it becomes needful to express pity or tenderness, the unrestraint of love, the extravagance of maternal apprehension, or the stern and deep grief of manly affection, then the observer may quit his post, and the judge his tribunal. Shakspeare himself develops all the abundance of his nature, and gives expression to those familiar feelings of his soul which are set in motion by the slightest contact with his imagination. Women, children, old men,—who has described them with such truthfulness as he? Where has the ingenuousness of requited affection given birth to a purer flower than *Desdemona*? Has old age, when shamefully deserted, and driven to madness by the weakness of senility and the violence of grief, ever given utterance to more pathetic lamentations than in 'King Lear?' Who has not felt his heart assailed by all the emotions of anguish which childhood can inspire, on beholding the scene in which *Hubert*, in performance of his promise to *King John*, is about to burn out the eyes of young Arthur! And if this barbarous project were carried into execution, who could endure it? But, in such a case, Shakspeare would not have described the scene. There is an excess of grief in presence of which he pauses; he takes pity on himself, and repels impressions too powerful to be borne. Scarcely does he permit *Juliet* to utter any words between *Romeo's* death and her own; *Macduff* is silent after the massacre of his wife and children, and *Constance* dies before we are allowed to behold the death of *Arthur*. *Othello* alone approaches the whole of his sufferings without mitigation; but his misfortune was so horrible when he was ignorant of it, that the impression which he receives from it, after the discovery of his error, becomes almost a consolation."

The last passage, relative to *Othello*, is a little obscure, but M. Guizot does full justice to the power of individuality by which all Shakspeare's characters are so peculiarly identified. In glancing through the little information which laborious research has been enabled to glean of the incidents in Shakspeare's life, while novelty in actual facts was not to be looked for, M. Guizot has accompanied his sketch by original thoughts and reflections, which will be read with interest, and exemplify the diligence and profound study he has bestowed on his subject. On the departure of our great poet, from what are known as the classical unities, he writes with much clearness and critical discernment. We select the following extract, in which a great deal of truth is condensed in a few sentences of comprehensive meaning:—" *Unity of impression*, that prime secret of dramatic art, was the soul of Shakspeare's great conceptions, and the instinctive object of his assiduous labour, just as it is the end of all the rules invented by all systems. The exclusive partisans of the classic system believed that it was impossible to attain unity of impression except by means of what are called the three unities. Shakspeare attained it by other means. If the legitimacy of these means were recognised, it would greatly diminish the importance hitherto attributed to certain forms and rules, which are evidently invested with an abusive authority, if art, in order to accomplish its designs, does not meet the restrictions which they impose upon it, and which often deprive it of a portion of its wealth." We know not where to look for a clearer explanation or a better defence of Shakspeare's licence, his apparent disregard of rules, than is contained in this passage. No matter how constantly he varies the scene, or extends the period of action embraced by his subject; the character, passion, or event, he proposes to illustrate, stands out as one and indivisible, uniform and consistent, cohering in all its parts, and producing on the minds of readers and spectators, an unbroken *unity of impression;* carried through every scene, every speech, and every incident, from the moment when the curtain rises to commence the action, until it falls on the catastrophe. This high intellectual observance of unity in purpose, is of an order much superior to the technical punctilios of time and place, which, says M. Guizot, " have often been most preposterously founded upon a pretended necessity of satisfying the reason by accommodating the duration of the real action to that of the theatrical representation; as if the reason could consent to believe that, during the interval of a few minutes between the acts, the persons of the drama had passed from evening to morning without having slept, or from morning to evening without having eaten; and as if it were more easy to take three hours for a day, than for a week, or even for a month! When *Claudius* and *Laertes* have agreed together upon the duel in which *Hamlet* is to be slain, between that moment and the consummation of their plans, we care little to know whether two hours or a week have elapsed." These and other similar passages by which they are accompanied, are conclusive as to the writer's opinion against the old-fashioned classical unities, so long and so tenaciously upheld by all French authorities. M. Guizot winds up his remarks on this anxiously contested point by observing that the image of the old system will still exist in the enduring works of its votaries, but can never be produced again under the present and probable future state of society. Poetry, and above all, dramatic poetry, will modify itself to the change of times, of manners, and of convictions. The new system which the ever varying course of human events will produce, will be liberal and free, but still regulated by fixed principles and established laws. It will certainly not be the system of Corneille and Racine, and may not be an exact reflection of that of Shakspeare; but Shakspeare's system will most probably furnish the ground-plans on which unborn genius will hereafter erect stately edifices.

M. Guizot, in his able *resumé* of Shakspeare's life, lays little stress on the question so much disputed of his want or possession of early scholastic education. What he says on the subject inclines to the general opinion that his acquirements were limited to the knowledge he could obtain up to the age of fifteen, at a country grammar-school. Not enough to enable him to compete with Ben Jonson, and others who had carried academic honours, but more than sufficient to rescue him from the charge of total ignorance, which his works refute by internal evidence in almost every line. If, as Dr. Farmer so sedulously endeavoured to prove, he knew no language but English, whence came the Latin, French, and Italian quotations, with the endless imagery drawn from the ancient classics, so profusely scattered through his pages? Are they interpolated by others, or did he insert them without knowing what they meant? M. Guizot adopts a medium conclusion, which solves the mystery and meets both sides of the argument. He says that Shakspeare acquired the elements of a liberal education, which are quite sufficient to free the mind of a superior man from the awkwardness of ignorance, and to put him in possession of those forms which he will need for the suitable expression of his thoughts. We are a little surprised that so acute a reasoner should give credit to the assertion of Aubrey, that Shakspeare, in his early youth, practised as a butcher's assistant. "When he killed a calf," says the credulous compiler of the "Miscellanies," "he could do it in a high style, and make a speech." This circumstance, according to M. Guizot, verifies the anecdote, and does not permit us to doubt its correctness, while it reveals the poetic imagination of the embryo dramatist. "Who cannot catch a glimpse," he asks, "in this story of the tragic poet, inspired by the sight of death even in an animal, and striving to render it imposing or pathetic? Who cannot picture to himself the scholar of thirteen or fourteen years of age, with his head full of his first literary attainments, and his mind impressed, perhaps, by some theatrical performance, elevating, in poetic transport, the animal about to fall beneath his axe to the dignity of a victim, or perhaps even to that of a tyrant?" We cannot follow this train of argument,—the story rests on no evidence better than gossip, and we look upon it as an empty fabrication.

Our author also repeats, and evidently believes the tale related by Washington Irving, in his chapter of the "Sketch-Book," describing a visit to Stratford-on-Avon; in which he tells how the aged sexton informed him that once when the grave adjoining that of Shakspeare was unclosed to receive a new tenant, an aperture was made which laid open the mortal resting-place of the poet. He looked in timidly, and saw "nothing but dust,"—the dust of the great departed. The grandson of that ancient functionary informed the writer of this notice, not many years after the anecdote appeared in print, that it had no foundation in reality. The grave alluded to was never opened during his grandfather's life, nor did he ever say he had looked on what it was impossible his eye could behold. There is not, neither has there been for two centuries a vacant space on either side of Shakspeare's grave. The vaults adjacent have always been occupied by members of his family, none of whom survived him forty years.

We are not disposed to quarrel with M. Guizot for his eulogium on Garrick, as a restorer of Shakspeare, or to question the varied excellence of that great actor in his stage delineations. In the latter capacity, we believe he has never been equalled, and in the former he proved a valuable pioneer, although it is difficult to forgive him for transforming the "Tempest" and the "Midsummer's Night's Dream" into operas; for squeezing that magnificent bilogy, "The Winter's Tale," into a dramatic pastoral, and cutting down "The Taming of the Shrew" into a farce. His laboured scene between *Romeo* and *Juliet*, after he has swallowed the poison, is a weakened departure from the natural truth of the original; his dying speech for *Macbeth* an ill-timed and inappropriate interpolation; and his alterations of "Hamlet" a memorable instance of experience negatived by personal vanity. The severer standard of modern taste and more accurate criticism, while it renders full justice to the reputation of Garrick, both as actor and manager, rejects altogether his supposed improvements of Shakspeare, as strange examples of defective judgment. John Kemble, Macready, Charles Kean, and Phelps, have all evinced a truer appreciation of the great original in their more faithful restorations. Those who wish to understand thoroughly the extent to which Shakspeare was travestied in the seventeenth, and the early part of the eighteenth centuries, should spare a few hours for the reading-room in the British Museum, and glance over the now forgotten mummeries with which the public were regaled as genuine or improved Shakspeare, by Dryden, Davenant, Crowne, Ravenscroft, Shadwell, Tate, Dennis, Gildon, and the two Cibbers. Colley's cento, called "Richard the Third," must be excepted from the list, as the Curate and Barber preserved Amadis of Gaul from the conflagration of Don Quixote's pernicious library. It is in truth a most ingenious specimen of well-mixed compilation, and his own gratuitous addenda, clearly better than those of Garrick in his adapted dramas. The play is a good, telling, effective play, and will keep the stage when all the other alterations are banished. Where will the actor be found sufficiently enthusiastic to sacrifice on the altar of Shakspeare that unrivalled burst—"Off with his head,—so much for Buckingham!" We have lived to see the traditionary waistcoats of the Gravedigger abolished, and we may perhaps live to behold the ghost of Banquo visible only to the mind's eye of his murderer; but we have faith in the immortality of the present acting version of "Richard the Third,"* which we prophesy will descend to our great-grandchildren as it has been handed down to us.

A considerable portion of M. Guizot's volume is occupied by separate notices of six of Shakspeare's most celebrated tragedies, seven historical dramas, and three comedies. The critical part contains many just and original views. "Macbeth" and "Othello" are pronounced superior to "Hamlet," but to these three the palm of precedence is awarded. The historical analyses embrace an enumeration of the original sources from whence the plots of the different plays were derived. This part of the subject is more familiar to English than to French readers, from the numerous publications in which it has been discussed, but we are not aware that any of them have been translated before. Much will present itself to our neighbours as new, with which, on this side of the Channel, we are already well acquainted. In treating of "Romeo and Juliet," M. Guizot does not seem to be aware that the story is not to be found for the first time in the history of Girolamo della Corte, nor in the earlier novel of

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* Mr. Macready, many years before he was a manager, acted Richard the Third, at Covent Garden, after the text of Shakspeare; but the attempt was coldly received and seldom repeated. Among his many splendid restorations, in after times, he never again selected this play.

Luigi da Porto. It may be traced back to a collection (of which the first edition appeared in 1476), entitled, "Novelle di Masuccio Salernitano." * Masuccio fixes the locality at Sienna, not Verona; the names are different, and, of course, there is no mention of family feuds between Montagues and Capulets. The story of Masuccio, although essentially the same, varies in its catastrophe. The bride, Gianozza, recovers from her lethargy, produced by the same means as that of Juliet, and instigated by the same cause, to avoid a forced marriage. She goes in search of Mariotto, her husband, who has been sentenced to perpetual banishment, on pain of death, for killing another young gentleman in a quarrel. The lover returns suddenly on hearing that his bride is dead, that he may die with her. He is recognized, seized, and beheaded, in virtue of his sentence. Gianozza returns at this moment, and dies of grief on the body of Mariotto. From this short synopsis, it is as clear as the sun that the story came in regular descent down from Masuccio to Luigi da Porto, and so became, in the next generation or so, incorporated into the veritable history of Verona by Girolamo della Corte. The worthy historian goes on to assure his readers, that he had often seen the tomb of Juliet, which was shown to him by his uncle. This tomb is still exhibited by the local cicerone as the second lion in that ancient city, inferior only to the ruins of the great Roman Amphitheatre. We have no reason to suppose that Shakspeare ever saw the novel of Masuccio. His play is taken from Luigi da Porto, through the medium of Arthur Brooke's insipid translation. Not that he was unable to read the original, but that he has differed from it in the essential point of making Romeo die before Juliet awakens, whereas in the novel of Da Porto, he does not die until after he has witnessed her restoration to life, and has had a scene of sorrowful farewell with her. This no doubt furnished Garrick with the idea of his improvement on Shakspeare.

The remarks of M. Guizot throughout are fair and unprejudiced. With our exalted notions of the unapproachable superiority of Shakspeare, we may shrink from any attempt at comparison between him and the methodical Corneille, or the still more systematic Voltaire. Both the great French writers had genius of no common order, vigour of mind, and strength of language, while their powers were confined within a close boundary of scholastic technicalities, beyond which they sought not to escape. Shakspeare knew none of these restraints, and would have broken through all and many more had they been imposed upon him. But there are still some canons of criticism which deny to the most exalted genius a total independence of rules, and there are critics of such disciplined taste that they consider the absence of glaring or offensive defects, more than an atonement for the deficiency of those transcendant flights which leave competition or parallel at an immeasurable distance. In dealing with Corneille and the contemporary dramatists of France, M. Guizot was upon his own ground, conscious of his strength, and intrenched behind formidable resources, which he was able to wield and call into play with the mastery of familiar practice. In venturing within the realm of Shakspeare, he advances boldly into a foreign land, surrounded on every side by controversial objections, and sure to be met in front and on each flank by preconceived ideas not easily subverted.

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* So called from Salerno, the place of his residence. Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial Shakspeare," is the only English commentator who has named Masuccio as the legitimate father of the story.

With excellent tact and judgment he has extricated himself from all difficulties, and has given us a volume which we may place on the shelves of our libraries with unmingled satisfaction. Of the two, we prefer his essay on Shakspeare to his essay on Corneille. Here perhaps we are biassed by national partiality, and may consider that the superior grandeur of the subject inspired the commentator with superior energy for the occasion.

Incorporated with the present work, is a very interesting paper "On 'Othello' and Dramatic Art in France," written by the Duke de Broglie, and first printed in the "Revue Française," in January, 1830. The review of "Othello," particularly that part which embraces the character and proceedings of *Iago*, is well deserving the study of the inquiring reader. The whole forms an apposite and agreeable pendant to the subject-matter with which it is associated. The translator, we presume, to be the same to whom the public is indebted for "Corneille and his Times." We observe the same perspicuous style and careful revision which obtained such well deserved praise on the publication of the corresponding volume.

THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.

THE sixpence is broken,—and each takes a part,
Amidst vows of eternal love,
And each swears the token to wear next the heart,
Which never can faithless prove!
An ancient custom the act allows,
But I hear superstition allege,
Alas! 'tis awful for lovers' vows
To commence with a *broken pledge!*

M. A. B.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE LA MARCK.

"I SHALL not here attempt to enter into full particulars concerning Mirabeau's plan, a detailed account of it will be found among the other materials; it would be somewhat difficult to form a decided opinion with regard to this vast scheme. To many persons it would seem almost impossible to be carried out, but it must be borne in mind, that Mirabeau imagined that he was to be the chief engine in working out this plan, the soul of the undertaking, that he was to guide the movements of the immense machine; the merit of the conception could only be proved when it was brought into play; unfortunately the death of the author put an end to the whole project, and when the master spirit was removed the machine became useless and fell to pieces. It will be observed that Mirabeau did not admit alike to his confidence, all the deputies whom it was desirable for the Court to bring over to its side; this precaution was rather remarkable, and will serve to show the degree of confidence which he placed in their respective opinions. They were all distinguished men, quite capable of perceiving the faults which many among them had committed, or allowed to be committed; they repented of them, and would have wished to repair them, but *amour propre*, and even fear, prevented them from doing so. Besides, the political sentiments of some of them were very dissimilar; these disagreements gave birth, in many cases, to feelings of animosity, and it would have been impossible to establish such harmony as to enable them to cooperate in the great work of the restoration of royal authority. The precaution which was taken with regard to Barnave, who was never to meet the other deputies at M. de Montmorin's, will appear very striking. This young man, who had only just left college, was nothing but a provincial lawyer; was much sought after in Paris by the most remarkable men of the revolutionary party; for instance, by the Duke d'Aiguillon, the Duke de la Rochefoucault, by Laborde de Méréville, the eldest son of a rich French banker, and, like him, a deputy in the Assembly, and even by the old Duchess d'Enville's society, which was entirely composed of philosopher-reformers. He had been *fêted* and flattered by these persons, who were so much above himself in condition; above all, he had become the intimate friend of the Duke d'Aiguillon, and also of the Messieurs Lameth and of M. Laborde: these last mentioned persons had made him the partaker of all their pleasures and of their political intrigues, for here his superior talents rendered him very useful to them. But it may be observed, that when Barnave was left to follow his natural impulses, he no longer appeared to be a radical; the manner in which he exerted himself to preserve St. Domingo to France, sufficiently proves that his real opinions were not so revolutionary as was imagined. Before Mirabeau recommended him to the Court, as being likely to save it, he (Barnave), had not separated himself from his friends, but he had already ceased to depend on them. He had seen M. de Montmorin privately, and had been well received by him. M. de Montmorin informed Mirabeau of this interview, who, in consequence, became thoroughly confirmed in his opinion respecting the use to which Barnave might be turned, and thus it was that he was selected with a view of being employed as an agent in carrying out Mirabeau's vast plan.

"It will be necessary for me to say a few words concerning three other persons who also figured in this plan. These three persons were MM. Talon, De Semonville, and Duquesnoy. Mirabeau had mentioned MM. Talon and De Semonville as being badly disposed to the Court, in several documents, which he forwarded to the King. They were on terms of great intimacy with La Fayette, and by their manœuvres assisted him in supporting his authority; this was quite enough to make Mirabeau distrust them. I do not know whether La Fayette would not yield to some one or other of their claims, or whether they discovered that he was gradually losing popularity; but this is very certain, that they all left him and proceeded to enlist themselves under other banners.

"Towards the end of the month of October, 1790 (I think it was about that time), I was exceedingly surprised one morning to receive a visit from M. Talon and M. Duquesnoy, a member of the National Assembly, and to learn that they had come on the part of M. de Montmorin, to propose to Mirabeau that he should form a coalition with him (M. de Montmorin); they added that La Fayette was to be entirely left out in this coalition. I listened quietly to all that was said, and only observed in return, that I should take care to inform those persons of their propositions who were immediately concerned in them. I accordingly spoke at once to the Queen on the subject, and also wrote respecting the same matter to M. de Mercy, with whom I kept up a regular correspondence. Neither of them offered the slightest objection to the contemplated association, so they only referred to Mirabeau and M. de Montmorin, to ascertain whether they agreed to this coalition. Mirabeau was called upon then to decide whether the offer should be accepted; it was accepted, but upon certain conditions. MM. de Mirabeau and de Montmorin placed too little confidence in MM. Talon and de Semonville, to put them in possession of the principal secrets of their coalition; but, on the other hand, they thought they might be made useful; in short, it was better that they should be friends than enemies in the then state of affairs.

"M. Talon had been the King's attorney-general in the vicinity of the Châtelet de Paris, which position brought him into the best society; he had a large fortune, sought for the highest posts, and exerted all his influence with a view of being appointed Keeper of the Seals. At a time when intrigue was so actively going forward, M. Talon was not a man whose offers of assistance could be repulsed with impunity.

"M. de Semonville, who was a *conseiller* in parliament before the Revolution, the principles of which he afterwards so ardently embraced, had originally, as I have before mentioned, formed a close intimacy with La Fayette; he was a shrewd, active, and very intelligent man, well calculated for intrigue, which he thoroughly enjoyed, independently of the advantages which it brought him: he might be made a useful agent, but as an enemy he was decidedly dangerous.

"M. Duquesnoy was a solicitor and deputy of the Assembly for the bailiwick of Nancy; he was also a man of great energy, and not without talent nor address. Soon after the opening of the Assembly, he appeared to be a thorough Republican, but he afterwards changed his opinions.

"Such were the men who were employed towards the end of 1790, as principal agents in carrying out the vast plan which Mirabeau had conceived; what part they took in the first stage of working out this plan, may be gathered from some papers among the rest of the materials. Circumstances occur in politics, when one is compelled to act as one would in the ordinary affairs of life; thus, if after employing an agent, or any instrument whatever, we discover that he does not fulfil our purpose, that he is no longer useful to us in any way, or that he may become dangerous, we get rid of him, and have nothing more to do with him. Such was Mirabeau's idea when speaking of the Constituent Assembly, of that famous Assembly which had furnished him with so many opportunities for developing his talent; he perceived from the nature of the deliberations and proceedings of this Assembly, that the overthrow of the kingdom, the massacre of the King, Queen, and children must necessarily result. 'Yes, they will drag their bodies along the pavement,' was the horrible prediction to which he continually alluded. He had sworn to protect this unfortunate family; what, then, was to be done with this Assembly, which could and ought to save the monarch and the monarchy, and which was gradually succeeding in ruining both? It must be dissolved, and in order to bring about its dissolution, it must be rendered obnoxious to those persons with whom it had hitherto been in such high favour.

"Such was the project which Mirabeau formed towards the close of his life, and the plan, of which I have just spoken, sets forth the means by which he proposed to accomplish his purpose. This plan was communicated to M. Montmorin at the beginning of January 1791, and preparations were being made for putting it in execution; in a posterior document, dated the 21st of January, 1791, some additional means for effectually carrying it out, were mentioned. Mirabeau speaks, also, in this document, of the advantage which might be derived from the measures proposed by the Assembly at this period against the clergy and against religion. There was a certain degree of Machiavellism, perhaps, displayed in this last-named document; but even if this is the case, it appears to me quite justifiable, when employed with a view of establishing order and justice. The course which Mirabeau advised in the document in question, would, probably, have had the desired effect with a really religious nation, the counsel, however, which was offered in this document was never followed.

"After all the particulars which I have just related, it will be no difficult matter to comprehend the nature of the *Comité Autrichien*, which, at a later period, created such a sensation; in reality, this *comité*, since so they chose to call it, was only composed of the Count de Mercy and myself. It was not, therefore, altogether an invention of the Revolutionists: certainly, in this sense, it may be said to have had its existence, only there was a mistake with regard to the period of its existence, and also with regard to the end which it had in view. This association really took place in 1790, and it was not till 1792, that it was condemned by those who made the motion of the 10th of August; but at that time the Count de Mercy had been absent from France two years, and I at least a year. But the end which this *comité* had in view will be thoroughly understood when the circumstances which I have previously related are borne in mind, and more fully still, when reference is made to Mirabeau's notes to the Court, and to the other papers, among which they will be found: we occupied ourselves neither with Austria, nor with its interests, in this pretended *comité*. I do not hesitate to say, that the Count de Mercy's departure from France in the month of September, 1790, was a most unlucky occurrence, considering the relations which had been established between the Court and the Count de Mirabeau. M. de Mercy, who had resided twenty-four years at the Court of France, had inspired the King and Queen with the greatest confidence in him, more as a man, perhaps, than as an ambassador. He fully believed that Mirabeau might be of the greatest service in securing the welfare of France, and the Royal Family; I think then, that if he had remained in Paris, he might have held powerful influence over the Court, and might have made it feel, that to ask advice and not to follow it, and to go forward to-day only to retreat to-morrow, was the sure way never to reach the desired goal. Neither I nor the Archbishop of Toulouse possessed this influence. I frankly confess it, too, I am not at all surprised that the unfortunate Queen, on finding that such different advice was showered upon her on all sides, should hesitate very frequently before giving the preference to that which was offered her by the man of whom she had already had so much reason to complain.

The absence of the Count de Mercy was felt more and more every day; I had always been in the habit of consulting him when he was in Paris; but now I lacked his assistance, and my letters could not say all that was necessary to be said; he was much occupied, too, with his sovereign's private affairs; the state of the Low Countries at this time absorbed the whole of his attention, and did not permit him to enter fully into all that we had undertaken in Paris. Besides, prudence rendered it necessary for him to write all his letters in cipher, and they could only be short; while I was necessarily anxious to ascertain all that he thought of the subject under discussion, in order to rectify and support my own opinion. At a distance he approved of many things, which, if he could have looked into with care, he would possibly have condemned: if he had been on the spot, he might have been more able to comprehend the consequence of such a step. When I communicated Mirabeau's vast plan to him, he spoke very highly of the conception, but stated at the same time, that he thought it would be extremely difficult to carry it out.

" If sometimes the proceedings of the Assembly alarmed me exceedingly, I felt fresh hopes awaken in me, when I saw the Count de Montmorin, upon whom I had not much depended, warmly exert himself in endeavouring to work out our different plans; he acted with perfect frankness; and Mirabeau, who was always difficult to please, generally expressed himself well satisfied with him. They had long conversations with each other nearly every day, and I fully believed that these conversations would be productive of good."

" M. Talon assured me, also, that in consequence of his skilful management, he had been able to work upon the inclinations of the people of Paris, with the happiest effect. It is pleasant to believe sometimes what one wishes; and accordingly I thought I perceived that the city was less disturbed, and that several of the newspapers had become less mischievous in their tendency; in short, I gave myself up to hope, and endeavoured to inspire the Queen with the same feeling; but, alas! these fresh hopes were of short duration, and great uneasiness replaced them. A failure had attended one of the most important objects which we had desired to effect: notwithstanding every exertion, La Fayette had succeeded in peopling the new ministry with his own creatures. M. Dupontail, one of his most devoted friends, had become minister of war; even the Lameth party had contrived to get one of their own people into the Cabinet; this was M. Duport du Tertre, who was appointed keeper of the seals: he was a lawyer, of no great intelligence—was extremely feeble-minded, and incapable of acting by himself; and therefore, in fact, he could only be the speaking-trumpet of the Lameth party. This was literally the way to ruin the monarchy, to confide its defence and preservation to the care of men who for eighteen months past had done all in their power to cause its overthrow.

"For some few years past the Queen had been the object of the vilest calumny which wickedness and envy could contrive to conjure up against her; as this was perseveringly circulated, a portion of the public ended by believing it, and stupidly credited the atrocious stories which were spread in relation to this unfortunate Princess. After the reforming of the ministry, M. de Montmorin, who was the only one of the former ministers who remained in office, was also the only one who dared in council to undertake the Queen's defence, and then he did not undertake it with becoming energy. He had a long conversation one day with his colleague, the keeper of the seals, concerning the continued threats by which the Queen was pursued; the rioters, finding themselves unable to assassinate her on the 6th of October, 1789, did not conceal the project which they entertained of renewing this attempt. When M. de Montmorin inquired if the perpetration of so horrible a crime would be allowed, Duport du Tertre replied coldly, that he would not lend himself to a murder, but that he would not say the same thing with regard to bringing the Queen to trial. 'What!' exclaimed M. de Montmorin, 'you, who are one of the King's ministers, would you consent to such a piece of infamy?' 'But,' answered the other, 'suppose there is no alternative?'

"While the King was surrounded by such ministers, those who had forced them upon him, in order to deprive him of all defence, poured out their cruel accusations against the Queen. It has often been said, and not without reason, perhaps, that the too-famous affair of the necklace, which was so badly conducted by the government, was in reality the prelude of the Revolution; and that which most serves to prove it, is the effort which was made at the beginning of the year 1791 to revive this abominable intrigue—this intrigue which had already been the means of doing so much mischief to the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette. The woman Lamotte, who had taken refuge in England just after the trial, returned secretly to Paris during the latter part of the year 1790; and it was natural to imagine, that as she was branded with infamy in consequence of the degrading sentence passed upon her, though never carried into execution, that she received encouragement to return from that party which so unrelentingly pursued the Queen, inasmuch as they believed that she possessed the required energy of character to disconcert all their wicked plots; this, at least, was Mirabeau's opinion.

"After using every means in their power to terrify the Court and the Royalists of the Assembly, this same party was anxious to bring this woman Lamotte to the bar of the Assembly, she would there have protested that she was innocent, and she would then have been placed in the light of a victim, who was sacrificed to the Queen's vengeance; while she (the Queen) herself was the real criminal, and so a demand would be made that the case should be subjected to a fresh trial. Thus the Queen would be brought before the new tribunal, only just organized, and would have there been tried, as understood by the keeper of the seals. Mirabeau it was who informed the Court of this abominable plot; but, though this intrigue was brewed in the dark, it soon became generally known in Paris, and formed the chief topic of conversation. La Fayette ought not from his position to have remained a mere spectator, nor to have patiently awaited the issue of events; his duty, as head of the police, was to have taken steps for this woman Lamotte's arrest; but he satisfied himself with requesting that he might be empowered to do so. The necessary steps were taken, or, perhaps, were not taken, for seizing this woman; but the party who had brought her forward had sufficient time to return her to the place whence she came.

"I do not remember any piece of infamy, even in these times so fertile in every kind of wickedness, which so enraged Mirabeau as this abominable plot; he was in a perfect storm of rage, and he seemed to grow still more energetic. 'I will snatch this unfortunate Queen from her executioners,' cried he, 'or I will die in the struggle;' and, in fact, from this moment he forgot all his former precautions for preserving his popularity, and mounted the breach at once boldly and fearlessly to attack the enemies of monarchy. This may be more particularly remarked when the question arose in the Assembly, concerning a law to be passed against emigrants. For some time past the members on the right side of the Assembly had observed Mirabeau with attention; it was suspected that he held relations with the Court, still it was not certainly known. He was no longer interrupted on this side when he spoke; all the groans came, on the contrary, from the left side; on this side were seated about thirty or forty persons who almost always ruled the Assembly, and succeeded in getting those measures passed which so materially contributed to the destruction of Royalty; it was this party which desired that a law should be passed against the emigrants.

"This fatal measure was brought before the *Comité de Constitution*, who made Chapelier their organ. He proposed an impracticable scheme, declaring that the *Comité* had found it impossible to suggest anything concerning this project which did not infringe the principles of the Constitution. Mirabeau, who was called upon to give his opinion, replied by reading a letter which he had formerly addressed to the King of Prussia on his accession. In this letter he advised the King to allow his people perfect freedom to quit his dominions or to remain in them, as this was the best way of inspiring them with the love of their country. This letter was read before Chapelier's plan.

"'And this then,' said Mirabeau after reading the letter, 'is my opinion respecting the motion. The National Assembly, the report of the *Comité* of the Constitution being heard, in consideration that a law against the emigrants is found to be incompatible with the principles of the Constitution, the Assembly has determined that the measure shall not be read.' This motion was withdrawn, and Chapelier then read his plan, which suggested the most abominable and arbitrary regulations.*

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* In this plan Chapelier proposed to establish a commission composed of three persons, who should be furnished with unlimited power. No Frenchman was to

The author, who had already begun to entertain better thoughts since he had communicated with M. de Montmorin, had perhaps only brought forward this motion with a view of having it rejected. After this measure was read before the Assembly, Mirabeau rose and exclaimed with indignation, 'It is proved from the experience of all time that even with the most despotic regulations such laws could never be passed, simply because it was impossible to execute them. If you frame a law against the emigrants, I swear to you I will have nothing to do with the proceeding.'

"This declaration, which was made with all the imposing energy of a great orator excited great murmurs at the farthest end of the left side. Rewbell and Merlin demanded with much vehemence that the measure should be passed; an old man, called Goupil, not less violent than Rewbell and Merlin, complained of what he called Mirabeau's dictation. Mirabeau laughed and ridiculed him: the groans on the left side recommenced.

"'I demand that these thirty voices may be silent,' shouted Mirabeau, while he cast a contemptuous glance at those who had interrupted him. Silence was restored and it was determined that the question should be brought before the various committees. 'I also demand,' said Mirabeau, 'that a decree shall be passed which shall forbid all meetings from this time till the expiration of the adjournment.'

"One, however, did take place, and the same day too, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The excuse which was made was that the Château de Vincennes required some repairs, and that this meeting was consequently necessary. The greatest alarm prevailed in the Tuilleries when the news of this insurrection was received, for it was imagined that the same scenes which were acted on the 5th and 6th of October would be repeated. Gentlemen hurried in from all quarters to defend the King, he thanked them, but said he did not need their assistance. He even asked them to give up their arms, which, accordingly, were deposited in closets. On La Fayette's return from the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he had suppressed the insurrection, he conducted himself in such a manner as to cause the bitterest reproaches to be showered down upon him by the Royalists; he had the closets opened which contained the arms and distributed them to the National Guard. This proceeding, to which Mirabeau alludes in one of his notes, but which he did not fully explain, was one of the most dangerous blows which La Fayette ever gave to the monarchy, for he sought to hold up to contempt and to the persecution of the populace those men who had come to defend their King against assassins. I do not know whether it was he who christened them the 'Chevaliers du Poignard;' but this title was ever afterwards bestowed on these gentlemen who proceeded to the Tuileries, and to the nobility in general. The Jacobins also so named the nobility in their clubs and in all public places.

"The Count de Mirabeau, who felt fresh energy in consequence of his association with M. de Montmorin, had drawn up and completed his above-mentioned plan; it will be found dated the 23rd of December, 1790, and headed 'Aperçu sur la Situation de la France et les Moyens de concilier la Liberté Publique avec l'Autorité Royale." In the latter

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be allowed to quit the kingdom without the consent of this triumvirate, and severe penalties were to be endured by the absent if they did not return on being recalled.

part of this document it will be observed that he expresses himself with great vehemence when speaking of his sinister predictions concerning the future which awaited France and the Royal Family. When I placed this document in the Queen's hands, I read the last few pages of it to her myself, and they naturally produced a great impression on her mind; but it was not so easy to move the King. I afterwards learnt that he considered there was much exaggeration in the picture which Mirabeau had drawn of the dangers which awaited him: he did not really quite understand his situation, and though he carefully read all that related to Charles the First of England, such was his resignation, or perhaps his apathy, that this kind of reading did not incite him to act with the least decision or vigour. However, by continually returning to the charge, we succeeded in inducing the King to adopt Mirabeau's plan as a whole and in all its details. He consented also to the project of quitting Paris with all the Royal Family; but at the same time he maintained that if he agreed to have recourse to this last measure, he should only consider that by this means he should be more at liberty and better able to address the nation in the voice of reason and with fatherly advice; but not for any consideration would he be induced to leave France. When it was once decided that the King should quit Paris, it was necessary to determine whither he should bend his steps. Fontainebleau was now quite out of the question as well as any other town equally exposed, for in case of need it would be quite impossible to raise up means of defence. It was therefore essential that he should remove to a fortified town and at the same time to a spot where he could promptly raise troops in order to avoid being taken by surprise. To carry this out effectually it would be necessary to choose one of the towns on the northern or eastern frontier, since here were to be found fortresses as well as the army. First, a discussion took place as to whether one of the fortified towns of the department du Nord should be selected, but this portion was under the command of the Count de Rochambeau, and the King who had a clear perception, though he acted weakly, had not the slightest confidence in this general. He had served in the American war, and the King said he had returned thoroughly impregnated with the republican notions which had so completely taken possession of this country, that he was not a man of much intelligence, and that he was entirely devoted to La Fayette, who did just what he liked with him. The King declared, therefore, that he was not adapted to his purpose; it then occurred to him that the Marquis de Bouillé, who commanded in Lorraine and resided at Metz, would be the most fitting person: the King had previously had some communication with him.

"The Marquis de Bouillé possessed a very high reputation; he was a good soldier, brave, and incapable of abandoning the King in the midst of the dangers which surrounded him. He was not so exclusive in his opinions with regard to the government as it has often been said; he had always deemed that some reforms were necessary in the administration, and respecting an amelioration in the system of political government, his idea was that a form of Constitution, somewhat similar to that of England, would be desirable. The King was well aware of M. de Bouillé's views, but this did not prevent him from fixing upon this officer as being the most worthy of his confidence, which is another proof that Louis the Sixteenth was sincerely attached to a constitutional form of government. But it was essential to make quite sure of M. de Bouillé's intentions; the King consequently proposed that I should go to Metz in order to have some conversation with him. I accepted the commission, and the King gave me a short letter for M. de Bouillé, which he had himself written and sealed with his private seal. In this letter the King told him that I possessed his entire confidence, and that the General might fully rely on all that I said on his (the King's) part. In order not to awaken any suspicions concerning the object of my journey, I made an excuse for it by arranging to accompany my sister, the Princess Starhemberg, to Strasburg. She had paid me a visit in Paris and was returning to Vienna, where she resided.

"We reached Metz at the beginning of February, 1791; and there we remained only three or four hours. I proceeded to M. de Bouillé's, and as I was anxious not to enter abruptly upon the confidential subject which brought me to him, I began by giving him a letter which was ostensibly from the King, but which was really written by M. de Montmorin—the draught of it may be found among the rest of the materials in my possession. I here transcribe this letter; the King's confidential note remained in Bouillé's hands.

"'I eagerly seize the opportunity, Monsieur, which the Count de la Marck's journey to Metz affords me, to again assure you how well satisfied I am with the service which you have rendered me in the difficult circumstances in which we are now placed. I can only call upon you to conduct yourself as you have hitherto done, and you may for ever depend upon my gratitude and esteem. (Signed) Louis.'

"After M. de Bouillé had read this letter, which was not of a nature to enlighten him fully concerning the purpose of my mission, he appeared to hesitate as to the language he should adopt. My well-known relations with the Count de Mirabeau caused him to entertain a feeling of mistrust; and besides, he had already been informed of my journey to Metz by La Fayette, who had warned him against me. La Fayette told him that he soon intended to send the Duke de Biron to him, and with him he (M. de Bouillé) could converse with perfect confidence respecting the events of the day. M. de Bouillé replied with some embarrassment to my first overtures.

"'I do not know what they want of me,' said he, 'but it is quite clear that I cannot oppose the general will of the nation; my duty is to serve it, and that is all that I can and all that I ought to do. The Count d'Artois has questioned me, too, on this head, and I made him precisely the same answer and in thus acting I obey the King.'

"'It is said that he is not entirely at liberty, it is not for me to inquire into the matter. What I have to propose to you is not a counter-revolution,' replied I, 'but to beg your assistance in restoring the King to liberty, and thus to place him in a state to govern, and to give him the means of securing the happiness of his country by establishing order and rational liberty, for this is what the Assembly will not or cannot do, owing to the position in which it is placed, being surrounded and ruled by a set of factious persons who will not permit it to exercise independence in its deliberations. Even you, as a mere citizen, must surely be dissatisfied with the present state of things, and I have paid you this visit expressly to chat over some particulars with you which it would not be so well to write.' I then gave him the King's confidential letter, and made him thoroughly acquainted with the relations into which the Court had entered, and with those also which existed between M. de Montmorin and Mirabeau, I then informed him of the object of these relations and of the plan which the latter had formed to remove the King from Paris, both for his own welfare and for that of the monarchy. M. de Bouillé directly changed his tone, he told me at once that he thought Mirabeau was the man, of all others, who could best serve the King, by striving to change the public opinion of Paris and the provinces. He exhibited considerable displeasure at the proceedings of the National Assembly, which had completely disorganized the civil and military administration, without substituting improvements of any kind; he spoke with much indignation of M. de La Fayette's conduct, and confessed at length that he was quite disgusted with his personal position, that he was thinking of resigning his command, for he was scarcely obeyed, of quitting France, and of seeking to enlist in the service of Russia or of Sweden. When he mentioned the troops who were placed under his orders, he said that the spirit of Revolution had completely gangrened them, and that there were only a few regiments of cavalry upon whom it was possible to depend; that the army in general was in such a state, that it could be bought by anybody who could afford to hire it—yes, even if the Count d'Artois were to be the hirer; that it would sell its services, in short, at least this was what was openly discussed by the chief part of the soldiery. He considered that the *Corps Administratifs* in the departments in which he exercised command were in a state of tolerable discipline, and that they were much discontented at the progress of events. He thought that if they could be rallied and made to act in consort, that it would be quite possible, if their strength was thus increased and their resolution strengthened, to determine them to declare against the Assembly. M. de Bouillé said, in short, that in spite of the feeling of disgust which he then experienced, he would be patient if he thought that his services might become useful to the King, and he begged me to assure his Majesty that he was entirely devoted to him, and was ready to execute any orders which he might transmit him.

"As I was leaving him, I begged him to reflect well on all that we had discussed, in order that he might, on my return from Strasbourg, be ready to communicate to me any fresh plans which might, if carried out, be conducive to the King's welfare. I remained two days in Strasbourg in order to note the spirit which animated the city; everybody seemed to be in a perfect state of delirium, committees for political discussion were started by the troops, the officers inspired less respect than the municipal functionaries, and even they were not strictly obeyed; in some it was a perfect state of anarchy. When I returned to Metz, on my way back from Strasbourg, and revisited M. de Bouillé, he began by telling me that my journey had already created a sensation in Paris, where it was supposed that the purpose of my visit was to attach him to the Queen's party, which had already secured Mirabeau. M. de Bouillé then told me that my departure from the capital had brought him a letter of at least four pages from M. de La Fayette, in which he was anxious to prove that the labours of the Assembly were nearly at an end, that anarchy would soon cease, and that tranquillity would be again restored.

"'I replied,' added M. de Bouillé, 'that he had so often said the same thing without its being realized, that I no longer believed him; that, at one period, it only depended upon him to restore order, but as he had not seized this opportunity, it was no longer possible for him to do so.'

"I saw clearly, from all that M. de Bouillé said, that he was far from being one of La Fayette's partizans, as was generally believed, though a sentence in one of his letters was frequently quoted, in which he recommended his wife and children to the care of La Fayette, but this was only a piece of irony, as M. de Bouillé assured me on this occasion. M. de Bouillé's reflections during my absence corresponded very well with the plans which were formed in Paris, and almost rendered further explanation on my part unnecessary. Mirabeau was the man upon whom he most depended; he would write to the King: he asked me how the King stood with regard to his ministers. I entered fully into details, and he expressed much indignation against M. Duportail, Minister of War, whom he thought even more devoted to the Jacobins than to La Fayette. He mentioned the generals, the officers, and the regiments, to be employed, if the King determined on leaving Paris and surrounding himself with a part of the army; he concluded by renewing his protestations of devotion to the King's person, but added that no time must be lost in employing the troops under his command, for, harassed as he was by the minister of war, he would soon lose all influence over that portion of the army under his command.

"I set out for Paris, and as soon as I arrived I gave a detailed account to the King and Queen of my conversations with M. de Bouillé, and of all that I observed during my journey. Mirabeau, to whom I also related everything, was inspired with fresh courage, and was already preparing in his mind the proclamations which the King was to make to the Nation when he should be at liberty. If these proclamations did not produce the effects which he expected, it would be essential to precipitate a civil war, according to his opinion, which, though an extreme measure, was nevertheless calculated to bring back health in its train. He was much flattered at M. de Bouillé's opinion of him, and immediately prepared to act in concert with him.

"From the commencement of the month of October, it will be observed that the project of removing the King and Queen from Paris continually occupied us, the more the Revolution progressed, the more the danger increased, It was consequently necessary to set out at once, or finally to yield. Mirabeau was anxious that Louis the Sixteenth should leave Paris publicly, and that was M. de Bouillé's opinion; a short journey to Compeigne, which, if desirable, could afterwards be changed into one of greater length, seemed to us the best course to be adopted. When once the King was out of Paris, petitions would undoubtedly be sent to him from all parts of France demanding the restoration of order; those parts of France in which Royalist opinions prevailed would coalesce, and the Assembly itself would be obliged to make the loudly called-for changes in the Constitution, or else the King would convoke another Legislative Assembly, and the pernicious influence of the clubs would not be allowed to exert any effect in the election of its members. All these various possibilities had been carefully weighed by Mirabeau, and if the King could be saved, it could only be by such means; but this unfortunate monarch would not have it so, he gave himself up to that indecision and inactivity of character which fixed his doom.

"While we were exerting our last effo
the National Assembly, or rather the wi
every kind of intrigue to hurry Franc
government. Those who wished to suc
their project, began in some degree to
séance of the Assembly, which took place
A constitutional law relating to the rege
sion; I was not present upon this occasio
alarmed at what was going forward, tha
note even from the Assembly:—

"'We are in the greatest danger. Re
the principle of election, that is to say
that is to say, to overthrow the monarchy.
sought so much before to conciliate the As
so eagerly as upon this occasion, and his p
have never been so really alarmed as to-
propose my measure to-morrow; I shall e
adjournment, by criticising the motion, by
that it enters upon, and predetermines larg
would certainly not be passed, but I shall
ment. Send immediately for Pellenc; l
all its bearings; beg him carefully to seel
liberty which will result from it. Let h
He must only make notes; but these n
into details to allow of my speaking wit
understands the groundwork of my prin
catch a glimpse. Let us strive to gain
I think many persons are desirous to re
sure. If I can only succeed in getting
Pellenc with me into the country, where
into play. Rest assured, my dear Count,
danger which threatens us; it is very gr
frivolous nation! With regard to this q
are on the Abbé Sieyes' side.'

"I wrote immediately to Mirabeau, an
that though the deliberation which was
one of the greatest importance, even s
anticipated was the consequence, ruin wou
than the King. The question was settle
23rd of March, Mirabeau began to discus
with his usual talent and vigour. It was
by right and deed to the nearest relatio
was the principle upheld by Mirabeau.
Never had he displayed so much activity
Jacobins' club, endeavouring to moderat
their leaders; or in the Assembly, where
ful eloquence, still possessed considerable
song of the swan, which would soon be h

"A few days before his last illness, of
some severe symptoms, he proposed a
mines. This question had been prepar
request, had been for some time occupi
proprietor of large mines in France, wa

question; and it was out of friendship to me, who had so much labour on his hands, undertook to bring forward and support this measure in the Assembly. He had previously been ignorant of all matters concerning the legislation of the mines; it was too barren a subject to interest him. However, from the mere information supplied by M. Pellence, he answered all the objections which were offered, gave all the required explanations with the most admirable precision.

" This report of the mines, to which frequent allusion has been made, is undoubtedly one of the greatest proofs of his genius and clearness of perception. He had also prepared another report on the subject of Succession, which was read in the Assembly after his death by the Bishop of Autun. Unhappily, this was his last labour, for he became seriously ill on the 27th of March, 1791. Though Mirabeau had naturally a very strong constitution, I never knew him to enjoy good health the whole time I was intimate with him. The persecution he had endured, his frequent and long imprisonment, as well as his father's injustice, all conspired to sour his disposition, and his mind reacted on his body. He had had the jaundice at the first opening of the Assembly, and never entirely recovered from its effects. Shortly afterwards he suffered from an affection of the eyes, of which he could not only never get rid, but which gradually increased; his left eye was so much inflamed that it was thought he would lose the sight of it. Other disorders also began to develope themselves, and he suffered severely from the stone colic; in short, mischievous symptoms succeeded each other without interruption. All this made him retire within himself, and predict the near approach of his death. He spoke to me sometimes concerning his presentiments on this head; and it was upon these occasions that he more particularly expressed his regret at the faults of his youth, especially with regard to the harm which they had done to himself and to his country, for he was fully aware of his own power, and of his political importance, and I think nobody will accuse him of presumption for this just appreciation of himself.

" While he who had undertaken the salvation of his country and his King was approaching his last hour, the precursory signs of the coming destruction of the monarchy began to multiply. On the 27th of March tidings were received of a terrible insurrection which had broken out at St. Domingo: a French regiment, which had been despatched to this island to establish order, had assassinated its colonel. This event was followed by other disorders; and at length a general massacre of the colonists took place. All this was evidently the result of the false measures adopted by the Assembly respecting the colonies.

" On the 28th of March the people of Paris, stimulated by their habitual leaders, pursued the constitutional Royalists; among whom were Clermont, Tonnerre, Malonet, deputies, and M. de Fontanes, a literary man; but they were not the exclusive partizans of the *ancien régime;* they had formed a club for the purpose of propagating their principles, and the people assailed the house where they held their meetings, so that they barely escaped being slaughtered. From this period the Jacobins gained the ascendancy. Whereas Mirabeau had been able alone to balance their power, and was perfectly right in making the remark which was attributed to him in his last moments: —' With me the mourning for the monarchy I carry away; after my death those who revel in faction will quarrel over the remnants.'

"Cabanis, the celebrated physician, who attended Mirabeau in his last illness, and to whom he was much attached, without, however, making him the confidant of his political plans, says, in an account which he has given of this last illness, that Mirabeau might possibly have said something of a similar nature before his death with regard to public affairs, but declared that there was much exaggeration in the previously quoted phrase. I was not with the sick man when he pronounced these words, but they were so conformable to the opinions and ideas which I have so frequently heard him express, that I have not the slightest doubt as to their correctness. I am not surprised, however, that Cabanis should have endeavoured to cast some suspicion on their truthfulness, since only a short time after Mirabeau's death he joined the Republican party.

"Cabanis in another passage of this account remarks, — 'On the morning of the 2nd of April, Mirabeau, as soon as the day dawned, requested to have his windows opened, and then observed, "My good friend, I shall die to-day; when one has come to this pass, there is but one thing to do, and that is to perfume and crown oneself with flowers, to lull oneself with soft music, in order to enter agreeably upon that sleep from which one never awakens." Then he called his valet,— "Come, prepare to shave and wash me, and to perform my complete toilet."'

"If Mirabeau did not utter these words in a moment of delirium, I am very much inclined to think that the notion of being crowned with flowers, and of listening to a concert before death, was a fine philosophic dream of his physician's, and I am of opinion that the mention of this circumstance was altogether unnecessary as far as Mirabeau's glory was concerned. I was certainly not near him when he made this remark. If some few inaccuracies of Cabanis's account are removed, it will be observed that he was enthusiastically attached to Mirabeau, and perhaps has involuntarily altered some facts to give vent, as he proceeds, to his political and philosophical opinions. I make this remark without the slightest ill-feeling, for if my name is mentioned several times in Cabanis's narration, I have no reason to complain of the manner in which he speaks of me.

"Mirabeau's illness soon took a fatal turn; he had spoken in the Assembly, as will be remembered, at the *séance* of the 27th of March; on the 28th he kept his bed the whole day. On the morning of the 29th, Cabanis thought him better, but towards the night of that same day he became decidedly worse; I scarcely left him, for he liked to have me near him, and expressed this feeling to me in the warmest terms. Among the rest of the materials will be found notes from the Archbishop of Toulouse and M. de Montmorin, which serve to prove how much interested the King and Queen were about his state, as well as all those who had held intimate relations with him. These notes and other messages which I received from divers quarters, all advised me not to neglect the proper precautions concerning the papers which Mirabeau would leave after his death. I felt myself the importance of these precautions, and the necessity of sheltering the persons who would be compromised, if any written traces were found of the relations which existed between the Court and Mirabeau. I required no warning on this head, as I should have felt sure of the course which I ought to pursue in this case, inasmuch as all kinds of people came to the invalid's house.

"The agents of La Fayette and the Jacobins might continually be seen prowling about, and they would not have allowed any opportunity to escape, in order to obtain proofs for accusation. But the most untiring of all our *surveillants* was M. de Semonville, who, either from fear of being compromised himself by Mirabeau's papers, or from the desire of procuring materials which would afford him fresh means of intrigue, scarcely ever quitted the house. I could not enter it or leave it without meeting him in my path; he watched and noted everything, and chatted with all the servants. I saw clearly that there was no time to be lost; I therefore resolved to broach the matter to Mirabeau, however delicate the question was to treat. His head was wonderfully clear, except when he was under the influence of delirium, and this was seldom the case; even when he could no longer speak, he retained sufficient physical and moral power to put down his ideas in writing. Three days before his death, on seeing that he was rather more calm than he had been latterly, though he knew that there was little hope of his recovery, I was on the point of alluding to the question of his papers, when he anticipated what I was going to say. 'My good friend,' observed he, 'I have many papers in my possession which would compromise several people, you among the number, and those persons more especially whom I have been so anxious to rescue from the dangers which threatened them. It would be, perhaps, more prudent to destroy these papers, but I confess that I cannot make up my mind to this step, for these papers will offer to posterity a complete justification of my past conduct; on them the honour of my memory depends; could you not carry these papers away, and place them out of the reach of our enemies, of those enemies who, even at the present moment, might turn them to bad purpose by deceiving the public? But promise me that these papers shall one day be published, and that your friendship shall assist in clearing my memory.'

"I promised him directly that I would undertake what he wished, and with the more readiness because I quite shared his feelings on this head, as indeed I had always shared them from the commencement of our intimacy; this answer seemed to comfort him exceedingly, and he then entered into particulars concerning the manner of collecting these papers. I sent for his secretary, M. Pellenc, whom he committed to my care after his death; we collected the papers, and after burning a great many of less interest, I carried the rest home in the evening, taking care to use the greatest precaution in order not to meet anybody. Notwithstanding our scrupulous attention when sorting these papers, we burnt some of great importance, in consequence of the agitation and distress with which we performed this task.

"I cannot omit mentioning here a circumstance, which occurred the same day on which I took Mirabeau's papers away; but I must first give a preliminary explanation. In the course of the year 1790, that is nine or ten months before Mirabeau's death, we were talking one day on various subjects, when suddenly we began speaking of heroic deaths. This furnished Mirabeau with a text, upon which he discoursed with all his accustomed fire and eloquence; and he alluded with much power and emphasis to the most dramatic deaths of antiquity and modern times; then I, as I always did in such cases, as well, perhaps, from conviction as from feeling my inferiority by the side of his eloquent outpouring, took the opposite side to his view of the question. I endeavoured to remove some of the merit which is usually attached to an heroic death, by maintaining that they were sometimes the result of mere affectation and pride. With regard to myself, I observed that I thought those deaths most glorious, which I had witnessed on the field of battle and in the hospitals, where sick soldiers of obscure origin preserved perfect calmness, did not even express the least regret at quitting life, and only asked to have their position changed, in order that they might suffer less and die more readily.

"'There is a great deal of truth in what you have just said,' replied Mirabeau; and then we spoke of other subjects.

"I had quite forgotten this conversation, but on my returning to Mirabeau, the day that I carried away his papers, and seating myself by the chimney-piece in his bed-room, he called me to him. I rose and went close to his bedside, he held out his hand to me, and pressing it in his own, he said, 'My dear *connoisseur in heroic deaths*, are you satisfied?' Though by nature I am not easily moved, as he uttered those words I could scarcely restrain my tears; he perceived this, and immediately began speaking in the kindest and most touching manne of our friendship and of his gratitude to me. I cannot repeat here all the friendly things which he said to me; supposing that modesty did not call upon me for reserve, I should find considerable difficulty in giving an adequate idea of the energy and loftiness of his mind, of th warmth and enthusiasm with which he endeavoured to show his attachment to me. As I have before said, it was necessary to know Mirabeau intimately in order to do justice to his good and noble qualities and to comprehend all that was attractive and interesting in his character. Notwithstanding the difference of our dispositions and even of ou opinions, there was an indescribable charm about him which exercised, may almost say, an involuntary influence over me; this influence wa experienced by all those with whom he was particularly intimate. O his death-bed he had the consolation of feeling that he had man friends; those who had held affectionate intercourse with him, alway retained a warm recollection of him, for example, two Englishmen, wh were brothers, and very distinguished men, and who had been muc attached to him during his life-time, never forgot his memory, an always spoke of him with the greatest emotion. I allude to the tw Elliots, the eldest, who was known first as Sir Gilbert Elliot, and afte wards as bearing the title of Lord Minto, the other as Mr. Elliot. have letters of both in my possession, which were written after Mir beau's death, and in which he is mentioned in terms of the greate affection; it is well known that the English too in general are not ver demonstrative in their friendship.

"When Mirabeau was making his will, he told me that it was perfectl true that he had left some fortune behind him, but that so many la suits were going forward with respect to his money, that the executio of his will would be indefinitely delayed; 'there are, however, som persons,' added he, 'upon whom I should be glad to bestow somethin immediately, to show them at once that I have borne them in mind. begged him to arrange these matters as he liked, and that my frien ship for him would make me feel pleasure in carrying out his request He completed his will, and named in it several legacies which he desire might be discharged without delay, and mentioned M. Frochot and me his executors. Just before his death, Mirabeau suffered the mo agonizing torment; he breathed his last in my arms on the 2nd of April, 1791, at half-past eight in the morning. As I imagined, that suspicions of his being poisoned might be circulated abroad, on account of the apparent shortness of his illness, to those who did not know that he had been long in a bad state of health, I was determined to use every precaution to shelter those persons from responsibility who had nursed him in his last moments. I had his body opened and invited the most distingushed physicians to be present at the examination, among the number was Vicq d'Azyr: they unanimously agreed that there was not the slightest trace of poison.

"I quitted Paris at the beginning of the month of October, 1791, after the Count de Montmorin, and I had agreed to keep up a mutual correspondence as long as this should be practicable. Accordingly, I received through his medium several letters which I have preserved, and which, with the rest of the materials, I destine for publication. These letters are written by M. de Montmorin's daughter and by Madame la Comtesse de Beaumont, to whom we had confided the secret of our correspondence. I sojourned for a few weeks at my estate of Raismes, and then joined M. de Mercy at Brussels. I worked for him in his study at his most secret correspondence, and in all matters of importance in which he was employed he placed unlimited confidence in me. For a short time I visited Frankfort with a view of being present at the coronation of the Emperor Francis, my new sovereign, who succeeded his father, the Emperor Leopold, in 1792. After this ceremony I returned again to the Low Countries.

"In 1794 the Count de Mercy received an order to set out for England on a mission of some importance; he was obliged to travel through Holland, because the French had become entirely masters of the Austrian Low Countries. He had been very seriously ill before he started, but he felt so much zeal concerning the purpose of his journey, that he did not wait for his recovery. He was much indisposed when he embarked at Helvoetsluys on the 13th of August, 1794,—grew still more ill when he reached England, and died a few days after his arrival in London, without having taken any steps relative to his mission. When the news was received at Vienna, I was summoned immediately by the Baron Thugut to his presence; on my arrival at Vienna, the Baron and afterwards the Emperor himself, informed me that I should soon be actively employed, in right of my rank, as Major-General. I had known the Baron Thugut formerly at Brussels: he used often to come to my father's house, and I then became intimate with him; he was a man of some intelligence, and, notwithstanding the difference of our age, he sought my society and seemed to find pleasure in it; besides, he was fond of conversing with me about France, for which country he had a great predilection. He gave me a warm welcome when I arrived in Vienna towards the end of 1794.

"In the month of April, 1795, the Baron Thugut informed me that the Emperor had decided on sending me upon an extraordinary mission to the Court of Spain instead of employing me in the army, as here he thought I could be of more service. My journey to the Court of Spain was undertaken for the purpose of encouraging the military operations of that country against the south of France in conjunction with the Austrian army, which was commanded by General de Vins, who was to enter France by the Italian frontier. I left Vienna at the beginning of May, 1795, with an order to proceed first to the Austrian head-quarters in Italy, to consult with General de Vins concerning my mission to Madrid. The Emperor, who saw me before I set out, directed me to go through Verona, in order to see Monsieur Count de Provence, who had retired there, and to assure him that the Emperor remained faithfully attached to his cause, and still determined to maintain it. On reaching Verona I visited Monsieur, upon whom the title of Regent was bestowed by those around him, and delivered the Emperor's message: the audience lasted two hours, and, considering the importance of the events which agitated Europe, I thought it was of a very trifling nature; Monsieur was under the influence of the greatest illusions, and did not see things as they were but as he wished them to be. After I quitted him I pursued my route with as little delay as possible, and found General de Vins at his head-quarters; I stayed three days with him and consulted him according to the verbal instructions which I had received at Vienna; I informed him also of the purpose of my journey to Spain. I then proceeded to Genoa, where Baron Thugut told me that I should receive the latest information which arrived, concerning the deliberations of the Court of Madrid. A few days after I had been in Genoa, I received news that peace had been signed between France and Spain. I wrote immediately to Baron Thugut to tell him that I had resolved on my own responsibility not to embark for Spain, and that I should await fresh orders at Genoa. Thugut replied that I had acted very judiciously, and begged me to remain some time longer at Genoa, and to send him particulars of all that I observed concerning this Republic, and the proceedings of the Austrian armies; and thus it was that I stayed several months at Genoa.

"The success of the French army at the commencement of the year 1796, induced me to think that I might probably find myself at length detained in Genoa, and as I had received no fresh orders, and the mission which I had been on the point of undertaking was now purposeless, by the very fact of the retreat of the Austrian army and by the blockade of Genoa, I determined to visit Switzerland. I stopped first at Zurich, and there, after mature reflection, I resolved to quit active service; I remained two years in Switzerland, but my health was very indifferent; the wounds which I had received had produced a serious chest complaint. Some time afterwards I returned to Vienna where I fixed my residence after having lost all my fortune, and having nothing upon which to depend but my half-pay as Major-General; it was at this time that the notion occurred to me of dotting down my recollections, which at this point I find it desirable to bring to a close."

MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

WELLINGTON, WEBSTER, GIOBERTI.

England, Italy, and the United States have buried in the same month each their greatest man. The hero of England expired at the close of a long career, well filled, without a wish left unaccomplished for himself and his country. The American had as little to be discontented with in his country's fate, as in the influence which he permanently had upon it; his disappointments were merely confined to himself. In his seventieth year, Webster was thought unworthy of the presidency of the Union, and an unknown man was preferred to him. That was the disease of which he died. Yet the fall of the American statesman was not so inconsolable. He had ruled his country as minister, if not as nominal chief of the executive. He was her first orator, her first man. And the American nation followed the obsequies of Webster, as England did those of Wellington.

But the Italian, poor Gioberti, equally eloquent with Webster, almost equally revered as Wellington, went to the tomb without any consolatory reflection. None of his schemes for the regeneration of his country had succeeded. His political philosophy scarcely survived him. Worldly statesmen mocked him; and the people who had once welcomed him with acclamations as a liberator, and an intellectual hero, would now scarcely raise their voices, if they were permitted to do so, so deeply has the heart of Italy sunk within it.

I had met and conversed with Webster. Gioberti I knew. His was, perhaps, the most unpromising head and person that could have ever power to attract popular admiration, as the head of a state or of a school. He was fair, fat, white, and short. His head, like his trunk, was compressed and protuberant. Crooked limbs, puny stomach, a face broader than it was long, showing a great latitude of flabby cheek, eyes far asunder, like those of the east of Europe. To the back of the short, thick neck, behind attach the black mantle of the *abaté*, and you have, perhaps, one of the most ungainly quiddities of a man that ever sprouted into fame. With these he was timid, quiet, reserved, until he got assurance that you were likely to be a devout listener, one that would receive inspiration, and listen to the stream of spoken wisdom, and then he would burst forth into one of those long and sublime talks, which are recorded of Coleridge.

The circumstances attending my first interview with Gioberti are characteristic enough. It is not long since, and he was, of course, far advanced in fame. My letters were from an old and intimate friend of his, and were directed to the "Ambassador of his Sardinian Majesty," which post Gioberti then filled. I drove to the embassy, unaware that, as was often the case with more than one court in those troublous times, there were two embassies and two ambassadors. I, unfortunately, drove to the wrong one, at least so far wrong, that it was not the ambassador, Gioberti, but the ambassador of the old school, marquis or count of something. The letters were addressed to "Vincenzo Gioberti, Ambassador," et cetera. The rival envoy, with pretended short sight and genuine diplomacy, opened the letter, and possessed himself of its contents, ere he thought of explaining or excusing the mistake. I shall say no more respecting this circumstance, which not a little amused, and fortunately did not annoy, Gioberti.

My first conversation with Gioberti was naturally about common topics and actual prospects. The battle of Novara was over, and to every rational observer it was plain, that Piedmont and its dynasty had nothing to expect beyond toleration from Austria. Gioberti, however, had not abandoned the hope that, although the Italians have failed to beat the double eagle out of Italy, it might still be possible to argue and persuade Austria out of Lombardy. The bare idea filled me with uncontrollable disposition to laughter. But Gioberti was serious. He actually believed that talking and writing could do everything—make a liberal of Radetski, and a humane gentleman of Haynau. Gioberti's exposition of these opinions gave me a good idea of his philosophy and humanity, but as a diplomatist he seemed singularly out of place.

The ideas of Gioberti are well known; at least, they were familiar to the public in 1847 and 1848, and highly popular they were everywhere, as long as Pius the Ninth preserved his character and consistency as a liberal prince. His belief was, that Italy could only be saved from foreign dominion, and blessed with domestic freedom, by the instrumentality of a liberal pontiff, and by enlisting religion, with all its resources and hierarchy, in the development of popular freedom. Christianity, Gioberti maintained with much truth, was the source of all modern liberalism. A legislative assembly, composed of provincial delegates, chosen by their religious constituents,—these were first invented in the church, and were the origin of representative government. This principle of election, found impracticable to be carried fully out, was counterbalanced by an admixture of appointments from authority, and in a wise combination of those principles consisted the solidity of both church and the civil power. There was no system into which the popular element and the lowly class so fully entered, so that at all times the people had the sympathies of the clergy, and *vice versâ*. Their talent was so filtered and essayed in it, that ruling personages and minds were the intellectual pick and choice of society. It was impossible that such a system, rightly administered, could be other than liberal. And had Pius the Ninth taken Gioberti for his minister, he would, at least, have made a fair trial. Instead of this, he chose De Rossi, who merely sought to apply constitutionalism as understood in France, to a set of men, and a state of things, utterly incapable of it. As constitutional minister of Piedmont, Gioberti was out of place; whereas, as minister of a liberal pope, of a pontiff determined to ally the Roman Catholic church with popular progress and free institutions, he might have achieved wonders, and perhaps succeeded.

Previous to the Italian movement, Gioberti, banished from Piedmont, being that strange fish, a liberal ecclesiastic, or, at least, a liberal *abaté*, had taken refuge in Belgium, at the universities of which country he professed, and lectured, and lived for seven or eight years. He here found, or thought he found, Roman Catholicism perfectly consonant with liberal progress, and he maintained, that even ultra-montanism was so. These ideas, thus matured, he brought back. This is not the place or the time to discuss them; but one may be allowed to say, that if he produced in ecclesiastical Rome the liberty that is enjoyed in the Catholic universities of Belgium, he would clearly by this alone have revolutionized the studies and the minds of a class of Italians, who had hitherto remained strangers to the onward current of thoughts and things. The Pope, however, an amiable and timid man, would not even see Gioberti, of whose popularity he was jealous, and of whose system he was afraid. And he thus deprived himself of the counsels and countenance of the only Italian, perhaps, capable of giving him strength by both, of the only man, whom the voice of the country associated with Pius the Ninth in their aspirations; we might almost add, in their adoration.

But if Pius the Ninth were to blame for not making and consulting friends, Gioberti was undermining his own influence by raising it enemies on every side. It was his idea, to attack the Eclectics on the one hand, and the Jesuits on the other. He had made acquaintance with both in Paris and in Belgium. And surely even a religious and liberal professor might have shown indulgence to the school of Cousin, which sought to reconcile religion and philosophy, and to wean the French from Voltaire and materialism by the creation of at least a spiritual philosophy. But Gioberti would tolerate nothing of the kind. He attacked the Pantheists, as he styled them, in a virulent essay, whilst with almost the same pen he denounced the Jesuits, as the corruptors of morals and the betrayers of religious feeling to the interests of absolutism. He thus arrayed against him the young and the old, the prelates and the students, the monk and the philosopher, trusting to a wide public, who indeed for a long time had given him a sincere and strenuous support.

It by no means follows, that because Gioberti failed, that his ideas were impracticable and unsuitable to his age. On the contrary, however we of a highly civilized-political nation may smile at his theories, there was still much in them that wonderfully suited the Italians, subdued their intelligence and commanded their sympathies. Whatever we may think, there are a great many good, generous and devout people in Italy, mostly men not averse to freedom, but with a great horror of revolution and extremes. The hearts of all these Gioberti won by his alliance of religion and liberalism, kindling the hearts of quiet, civil, and industrious people to enthusiam. Well managed and conducted at one moment, all Italy would have marched against the Austrians with the same *élan* as the French showed in 1793, and in all probability with the same success. But Charles Albert trusted to strategy, and Pius the Ninth trembled at the popular spirit. And when it was seen that Italy could not be elevated by sovereign decrees, and without a popular rising, the Pope preferred flinging himself into the arms of his old enemy, Austria.

Gioberti at least had a bold and a bright thought, nobly conceived and courageously proposed, but which ended by completely compromising his reputation with the liberal party, and sheared him of all popular influence. He was then in the Cabinet of Turin, and there he proposed to march the Piedmontese away at once to Florence and to Rome, to rescue the Grand Duke and the Pope from the hands of the extreme party, and restore them to power once more on the basis of a moderately liberal or reform system. His argument was, that France and Austria would infallibly do this, if Piedmont did not; and it was for an Italian state to take upon it the duty and the odium, in order to spare Italy another subjugation to foreign troops and foreign dictation. The plan was considered hazardous and ambiguous, as likely to offend all parties; and in truth there was much to object to it. The Cabinet rejected it, and Gioberti withdrew, his day of statesmanship over, to his old philosophic life, or to some idle diplomatic duty or other, in which I found him.

It is difficult to imagine any one more in contrast with the orator and politician of North Italy, than the orator and politician of the Northern States of the American Union, Daniel Webster. Him also I knew in Paris, which he visited when General Cass was ambassador. He was a thick-set, burly man, of the O'Connell breed, a genuine countenance for a bluster, one would say, and bespeaking more force than taste. In this it is known that Webster's frame misrepresented him, for though he wanted not force, still he was never wanting in delicacy or taste, or refinement of feeling; though certainly no one would have read either statesman or orator written in his countenance, however bright his eye and animated his features. His whole frame was too Herculean.

Nothing, indeed, could be more unlike what he has since turned out, than Webster's host at the time, the American ambassador, General Cass. His was a ruddy, smooth countenance, surmounted by as smooth a wig. He might have topped both with a Pennsylvania beaver and been in keeping. The tone and converse of Cass were in harmony with his demure appearance. He was all courtesy and amenity; lived with the English like a brother. If it had been told or foretold, that of the two men, Webster and Cass, one was to be the Mars, the very god of war with England, whilst the other was to keep the Temple of Janus closed by force, and struggle for peace between England and America, an observer of that day would infallibly have set down Webster as the provoking and warlike spirit, Cass as the arbiter, the negotiator and the peace-maker. The contrary, as we know, proved the fact. The smug, sly, meek-faced Cass, blew all the coals of American sensibility into incandescence, whilst Webster emptied buckets of water from the Hudson upon every fire.

With them both at the time was Livingston, who had been ambassador in Paris, but was removed from having given offence to Louis Philippe in the matter of the French debt to America. But poor Livingston was then but the ghost of his former self, a bag of bones, sadly carved, and surmounted by a death's head, or at least by a counteaance, on which the ravages of eighty years were visible. Livingston was fidgety and said little, but seldom indulging in any expressions of opinion, which were, however, received with the utmost deference, and even with political respect. The Americans are stigmatized as rude, and as treating even their Presidents in her Presidential halls with more than manly freedom. I can speak but of Americans in Europe, and I own that I have been struck with none of their characteristics more, than by the profound respect they pay to whatsoever personage of their nation lays claim to eminence from intellect.

No one, who mingled in that society in Paris at that time, doubted that Webster would one day be President of the United States, except Cass, indeed, who openly pointed out the sad truth, that reluctance of the American people to award first place to men who had acquired their fame by either the tongue or the pen. Were the intellectual classes of society, indeed, entrusted with the choice of the President of the republic, no doubt such men as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, would not have been passed over. But the people ignore the writer, and do not even recognize the orator, whilst the swordsman of the most paltry and ambiguous reputation wins at once their suffrages. Jefferson and Adams no doubt held the Presidency. But the commonalty have since acquired far more favour and confidence to follow their instincts. And when these uncontrollably prevail, it is not to intellectual idols that they offer the great homage of their suffrage. After all, it is, perhaps, an ordination of providence, that intellectual eminence and regal power shall not go together. And as the education of one born to hereditary power rarely developes first class intelligence, so that other, the popular source of sovereignty, is fraught with prejudices and instincts, which lead to the same award and similar results. The same remedy in such cases is found and applied; when a Tyler, a Taylor, a Fillmore, reach the Presidential chair, or a Louis the Thirteenth finds himself on a throne, then a Webster, an Everett, or a Richelieu, are called from the pursuits of learning, or of a profession,

"To govern men and guide the state."

But even thus, a man has reached an age of intellectual decline before he has attained the zenith of political fame. In fact, there are too many different fields in which the struggle for eminence and power in America has to be carried on. First rank has to be won, first in the provincial states, and then the more difficult task remains of arriving with it at Washington. And when it is won at Washington, the votes of the whole American population are far from secured. Washington is no metropolis. Of what passes there, little is known throughout the Union, save the results. There are few or no reports of speeches, and when these are once made, are little circulated and less read. An orator is known in his own State, and in Congress, whilst he is yet unknown to the large interminable public. To win the ear and attachment of this body would require an ubiquity and exertion, facilitated to be sure, by the invention of steam, but perhaps counteracted in as great degree by the immense extension of territory and population, which has taken place since steam invention. The American Republic is, in fact, too vast for the sway of mind, just as Paris is too large for the political genius, that is prized in Paris, to be even known in the provinces. Lamartine and Thiers are Parisian great men. Whilst Louis Napoleon, no great man *per se* in Paris, is a giant in the provinces.

Webster was bred an advocate. Another disadvantage in America is, that advocates belong to provincial bars, and when they are promoted from the bar to the legislature, they still remain State advocates. Their pursuit is advocacy, not statesmanship. And this was Webster's defect. He was at the bar the advocate of the party who gave him the brief. In politics or Congress, he was long the advocate of Massachusets. He looked to what was the feeling of Massachusets, what the interest, what the vote. Thus, when Webster first raised his voice and wielded his pen in Congress, New England and her ports were peculiarly enraged with England for interfering with American trade, and marring those hopes, which the New Englander had entertained of carrying on the trade of the world as neutrals, whilst England was engaged in war. None more zealous in the cause than Webster, his voice stirred the national susceptibilities, and he became the hero of the day. Later, the New England States no longer saw advantage in naval warfare with England. The magnates, at least, wisely saw that peace was prosperity, war an anachronism. Webster was again their orator and their politician. But he was no longer in the popular vein. He won reputation with the wise, but lost it with the mob. His settling the Maine boundary question charmed the senate, but disgusted the groundlings. Then, at one time, Massachusets was for free trade, and against protection. Webster was its organ, and thundered in their cause. Ten years later Massachusets had built factories, and was filled with engines, spinning jennies, and operatives. The State was for protection then, and abhorred free trade. Here again Webster was its organ. To elucidate this it must, in truth, though in reluctance, be added, that Webster, prodigal as he was through life, and even embarrassed, lived on the pecuniary contributions of the merchants of Boston, and thus may be said not to have had an opinion of his own. He pleaded no doubt, like O'Connell, that he had abandoned a lucrative practice at the bar, and at the call of these very Bostonians, he had embarked in the profession of politics. The excuse was more complete for O'Connell than for Webster. It did not lower him as a New Englander, but it certainly did lower him as an American statesman, bound, if he accepted office, to consider largely and impartially the interests of the Union. No American statesman, indeed, did this more conscientiously than Webster. But still the reproach remained, and the cause of it was flagrant, past doubt or contradiction.

There was one question on which Webster's later lukewarmness proved fatal to his ambition. His opinion of slavery could not be doubted. As a New Englander, not of modern date, but as a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, the representation of Massachusets and of the Puritans could never regard slavery with anything but horror. But slavery to an individual of the American public, and the slavery question to one who has raised himself to an American statesman are very different things. The unjust lot of a great portion of humanity affects the one, but the dissolution of the Union and the annihilation of American power and the American Union but too justly alarms the other. Not to tolerate slavery is not to tolerate the Union, and to entail upon it a civil war. Here Webster agreed with Clay, and the result was that famous bill, introduced by the one and abetted by the other, against which Mrs. Beecher Stowe hasd irected the tremendous artillery of her popular dialogue. Her book must have been a sore blow to Webster.

Nothing is more remarkable in Webster, and indeed in the New England orators and writers, than that lofty and classic purity of style, which so wonderfully contrasts with the turbid and inflated jargon which passes current in parlance and in the press. A little more of this and there will be two languages in America, the written and the spoken, that of the highly educated and that of the ignorant and reckless; far from having the tendency of the English language at home, which is always to be modified by the tone, the tenor, the taste of conversation. Thus we have become universally "plain and unadorned" in oratory and in essay. A metaphor is as little indulged in as a quotation. The American prosers are still looking to Addison, whilst we are a century and a half removed from him. And it is possible that at a future day we may have recourse to American authors, as the latest model of the classic style of our common tongue.

We commenced this brief notice by the remark, that three great countries in the world were engaged in the obsequies of their three greatest men. Italy has just buried its great political philosopher, Gioberti; America, its orator and statesman, Webster; England, its greatest general. Why is the general so much the more prized, and the possession of him most honoured and most envied in a country? For it will be allowed by every one, that the people of the United States would rather have one hero than a hundred statesmen, one Alexander than a hundred Demostheneses. And Italy would barter a whole wilderness of philosophers for one successful captain. Is this really, as some people are but too apt to argue in our day, that the world admires vulgar butchery and slaying rather than the exercise of the great civic and administrative virtues? I do not believe in any theory so degrading. It is not the spilling of blood that the world admires, but it respects the great result, the final and decisive mode of obtaining it, and the extreme rarity of the many combinations which go to form a military hero. We are much accustomed to harangue against military ambition, and to lament when in certain cases peace or war is abandoned to the decision or caprice of an individual; but no individual can decree a war, and no general can lead it, at least to aught but failure, if both it and he do not represent a national sentiment, and if the banner which he unfurls is not one to which a great nation can look and rally. If war requires one mind to lead, that mind can do little without a thousand hearts to follow. The conqueror, therefore, becomes the expression and sentiment of thousands, and when that, after the anxiety of a long, a hard and a doubtful struggle, becomes at last triumphant, the chief, the hero and the symbol of it, of course eclipses in his fame any other fame that an individual can create or earn for himself. I see no reason, therefore, why the great statesman should be jealous at seeing the great captain carry away a meed of renown, far superior to any civilian one. And the fact, I think, may be accounted for in a way that is simple and at the same time honourable to humanity, instead of assuming that men love blood, and blindly worship those who spill it, and who illustrate themselves by large sacrifices of their fellow men.

No,—the admiration of England for Wellington is not a thirst for war, or a love of bloodshed. Neither is the reverence of the Frenchman for the memory of Napoleon a worship of military egotism. In neither case can the sentiments merely be vulgar ones, of having made England superior to the rest of the world, or France the dominatrix of Europe. It is the idea which the conqueror symbolized that made him be revered; this was national independence, and freedom from either a foreign political yoke, or a domestic social inequality; that was the principle that Napoleon represented; and Wellington represented one still more noble in maintaining the freedom and independence of this glorious island, and showing its capability to cope with the world, and rise not only unscathed, but triumphant from a quarter of a century's struggle with it.

I feel quite confident, that no man ever wore a sword or commanded in a battle-field who was more alive to the great cause for which he fought, or who was more fully aware of the great interests he defended, than the Duke of Wellington. I, therefore, do look upon it as no inconsiderable humbug to say, that poor, simple, modest, soldier, he was influenced by no higher motive than duty. The duty of a soldier is considered that of obeying orders, and not flinching from peril or pain, without any professed inquiry into the interest at stake, or the paramount aim of the piece of which he makes a part. The idea of duty is literally inexplicable in such a man as the Duke of Wellington. And though it has been largely predicated of him, in prose and in verse, I cannot but think that this attempt to undersize a great man, is as false as it is futile. Wellington, indeed, never wrote the word glory in his despatches to Downing-street, or in the documents that were to come before a British public, and simply because he knew that public. Napoleon, on the contrary, stuffed his bulletins with the glory of France and of the Grand Army, and for precisely the same reason that Wellington did not employ them, viz., that he knew the people whom he addressed.

Among the many tributes to the Duke of Wellington in poetry and prose, that which conveys the liveliest picture, is Mrs. Norton's well-known lines, describing him precisely as he appeared in a ball-room, concert-room, and drawing-room. He frequented them all, with his lovely daughter-in-law upon his arm, never pleading age for refusing an invitation. The querulousness of the morning had altogether passed away from the Duke at his dinner-hour, and his evening's greeting was as cordial and good-natured, as his morning's were distant and morose. D'Orsay's portrait gives the best idēa of the bowed frame, and sideways upward look. Though his step might be less firm, and his figure bowed, yet there was not a symptom of caducity about him. His limbs retained their symmetry, and his eye its expression to the last; so unlike Talleyrand, who seemed to have elephant's legs within his stockings, so awful when they tottered, and whose gigantic features seemed only kept from collapse by the pile of his interminable cravat. Few wore their years more nobly than the Duke. He was decorous and successful even in his last battle with time.

A THOUGHT.

Two mighty Warriors side by side,
The worthiest of a Nation's pride,
Lie couch'd in Death beneath the pile—
The noblest rear'd in Britain's isle!

The last great words that History's page
Allots to one—from age to age
The world's undying praise to claim—
Bade "Duty" be each Briton's aim.

The other died without a word;
But future History shall record
His *life*—and they who read shall own
His rival's glorious bidding *done!*

A. W. C.

HOW GREAT BRITAIN ESTRANGED AMERICA.*

Mr. Bancroft entitles this volume " Epoch the Second—How Great Britain estranged America." Such a subject does not seem at first sight very inviting for the contemplation of Englishmen. It is the record of the most discreditable and disastrous portion of our national career—yet it is one, which we must not turn away from. It is full of useful warnings for our present conduct, as well as suggestive of bitter regrets for England's policy in days gone by. We still have colonies equalling, or rather, surpassing in value those possessions of North America, which our ancestors alienated between 1763 and 1783. Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, and the Canadas, are teeming with the same hardy and high-spirited race, that erected the United States of America from our dependencies to our rivals. There is a painful similarity between the tales of colonial discontents, and complaints of imperial mismanagement, that now continually reach us, and those that reached our ancestors eighty years ago from New England, Virginia, and the sister settlements. We are, in fact, called on to solve the problem, which baffled English statesmen of the last century. It is a problem that will continually recur, so long as this, or any other great nation founds colonies of her own stock, which thrive in their new homes. Political dependency will always be odious to man, especially to man of the energetic and independent Anglo-Saxon race. As subject-states grow stronger, they will always endeavour to shake off dominant tutelage, and obtain full liberty and equality. This does not necessarily imply separation. On the contrary, it may best be effected by drawing the cords of union still closer, and by blending the imperial and the dependent states into one body, with equal privileges and equal duties. To know the right time and the right manner of doing this;—to win gratitude by freely accorded grants, and not to provoke contempt by extorted concessions,—constitutes the true science of ruling and preserving a vast and a composite empire.

This volume of Mr. Bancroft's contains by far the fullest and the clearest account, that we have yet seen, of the conduct, by which English statesmen, acting in a spirit directly the reverse of that which we have indicated, irritated America into hatred, and at the same time inspired her with audacity. It is, therefore, a volume which deserves our careful study; but it has also other and more pleasing claims on our attention. It opens with an admirable description of the state of the European continent, and of England and its dependencies immediately after the peace of Paris in 1763. That is the epoch which many historians, foreign as well as English, have looked on as the culminating point of Great Britain's prosperity and glory. It is, therefore, an epoch, on which every student of modern history, even without reference to the closely following American war, must naturally pause to reflect. Mr. Bancroft's sketches of the condition of Prussia, Russia, Austria, the German Empire, the Netherlands, and Spain, at this crisis are spirited and just. But the two chapters on the state of England and its dependencies in 1763, are, in our judgment, the gems of the work. Besides the discriminating knowledge, and the graphic vividness of description which they display, they show a sympathetic affection towards the old country with its old English virtues, and even its old English prejudices, which it is peculiarly gratifying to recognize in one, who is so worthy a representative of our Anglo-American kinsmen, as Mr. Bancroft.

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* History of the American Revolution, by George Bancroft. Vol. ii.

This description has already been largely quoted and deservedly praised by English critics; and we, therefore, forbear to insert it here. We pass on to advert to another merit of this work, as bearing upon strictly English history. We mean the full light which it throws on the origin of that movement in favour of Parliamentary Reform, which achieved its first great success within our own recollection, and still seems heaving towards further advances. It is very interesting to trace in these pages, how, when the assertors of the right of the English Parliament to tax America met the objection of America not being represented in the English Parliament by referring to the equally unrepresented state of Manchester and Birmingham, they raised the spirit of Manchester and Birmingham, and other similarly populous and unenfranchised places, to demand representatives, and to denounce the rotten boroughs and those who trafficked therein. Mr. Bancroft attaches just importance to the memorable debates, in which the English Houses of Lords and Commons resolved, in 1766, that the English Parliament had a right to tax America. In the doctrines, that there were laid down by the leaders of the great parliamentary majorities, by the Rockingham Whigs, as well as by Grenville and his partizans, a new school of English Tories found its principles and its formularies of faith. A new popular party in Great Britain arose simultaneously, as the natural and necessary antagonist of Toryism in this new phase. The greatest opponents of the claims of America foresaw the possibility of this; but they thought that by crushing the American heresy (as they deemed it) of taxation without representation being tyranny, they should prevent the risk of its becoming the creed of Englishmen also. Lord Mansfield scornfully remarked to the House of Peers: "There can be no doubt, my lords, but that the inhabitants of the colonies are as much represented in Parliament as the greatest part of the people in England are represented; among nine millions of whom there are eight who have no votes in electing members of Parliament. Every objection, therefore, to the dependency of the colonies upon Parliament, which arises to it upon the ground of representation, goes to the whole present constitution of Great Britain; and I suppose it is not meant to new-model that too."

Such was the tone that then pleased the Peers of England. In the House of Commons the same feeling prevailed. We will lay before our readers the remarks of Mr. Bancroft on the debate in the Commons in February 1766, when Burke joined Grenville, Yorke, Blackstone, and Wedderburne, in arguing for England's unlimited supremacy,—when it was contended—

> "That representation was not the basis of the authority of Parliament; that its legislative power was an absolute trust; that the kingdom and colonies were one empire; that the colonies enjoyed the opportunity of taxing themselves, as an indulgence; that the exemption from taxation, when conceded to the Counties Palatine, Chester, Durham, and Lancaster, or Wales, or Ireland, or the clergy, was exceptional; that duties and impositions, taxes and subsidies, were all one; and as kingdom and colonies were one body, Parliament had the right to bind the colonies by taxes and impositions, alike internal and external, in all cases whatsoever.
>
> "So the watches of the long winter's night wore away, and at about four o'clock

in the morning, when the question was called, less than ten voices, some said five, or four, some said but three, spoke out in the minority; and the resolution passed for England's right to do what the Treasury pleased with three millions of freemen in America. The Americans were henceforward excisable and taxable at the mercy of Parliament. Grenville stood acquitted and sustained; the rightfulness of his policy was affirmed; and he was judged to have proceeded in conformity with the constitution.

"Thus did Edmund Burke and the Rockingham Ministry, on that night, lead Mansfield, Northington, and the gentlemen of the long robe, to found the new Tory party of England, and recover legality for its position, stealing it away from the party that hitherto, under the Revolution, had possessed it exclusively. It was decided as a question of law, that irresponsible taxation was not a tyranny, but a vested right; that Parliament held power, not as a representative body, but in absolute trust. Under the decision, no option was left to the colonies but extreme resistance, or unconditional submission. It had grown to be a fact, that the House of Commons was no longer responsible to the people; and this night it was held to be the law, that it never had been, and was not responsible; that the doctrine of representation was not in the Bill of Rights. The Tory party, with George III. at its head, accepted from Burke and Rockingham the creed which Grenville claimed to be the whiggism of the Revolution of 1688, and Mansfield the British Constitution of his times.

"In England, it was all over with the Middle Age. There was to be no more Jacobitism, no more need for legitimacy at home, no more union of the Catholic Church and the sceptre. The new Toryism was the child of modern civilisation. It carried its pedigree no further back than the Revolution of 1688, and was but a coalition of the King and the aristocracy upon the basis of the established law. By law the House of Hanover held the throne; by law the English Church was established, with a prayer-book and a creed as authorized by Parliament, and with such bishops as the Crown gave leave to choose; by law the Catholics and Dissenters were disfranchised, and none but conformers to the worship of the legal Church could hold office, or sit in the Legislature; by law the House of Commons was lifted above responsibility to the people; by law the colonies were 'bound' to be taxed at mercy. The Tory party took the law as it stood, and set itself against reform. Henceforward its leaders and lights were to be found, not among the gallant descendants of ancient houses; not among the representatives of mediæval traditions. It was a new party, of which the leaders and expounders were to be new men. The moneyed interest, so firmly opposed to the legitimacy and aristocracy of the Middle Age, was to become its ally. Mansfield was its impersonation, and would transmit it, through Thurlow and Wedderburn, to Eldon.

"It is the office of the law to decide questions of possession. The just judge is appointed to be the conservator of society. Woe hangs over the land where the absolute principles of private law are applied to questions of public law; and the effort is made to bar the progress of the undying race by the despotic rules which ascertain the rights of property of evanescent mortals. Humanity smiled at the parchment chains which the lawyers threw around it, even though those chains were protected by a coalition of the army, the navy, the halls of justice, a corrupt Parliament, and the Crown. The new Tory party created a new opposition. The non-electors of Great-Britain were to become as little content with virtual representation as the colonists. Even while Mansfield was speaking, the press of London gave to the world a very sensible production, showing the equity and practicability of a more equal representation throughout the whole British dominions;* and also a scheme † for a general Parliament, to which every part of the British dominions should send one member for every twenty thousand of its inhabitants."

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* Monthly Review for Feb. 1766, vol. xxxiv. p. 155.

† An Account of a Conference on the Occurrences in America, in a letter to a friend, 1766, pp. 38—40.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO T

It is desirable to call things by their right r
the real value of undertakings of *professed* pub
we may not be led to make efforts, and perh
pursuit of shadows. For instance, it is considere
persons of influence and station to promote grea
masquerades, fancy balls, &c. for "*encourageme*

But the system is one entirely founded on fal

The benefit to trade, in these particular cases
the expenditure of large sums of money in orc
fancy refreshments, and, above all, in fine dress

This certainly encourages some classes of tr
that it is to the detriment of others.

There are, however, two ways in which a r
on a given object may be very desirable. Fir
anything of public or private and lasting advan
hospital, or other useful institution; or for last
provement, such as books, furniture, &c.

Or, secondly, even if of a temporary nature, w
trade or profession under temporary distress,
support. Neither of these can be shown to h
case now under consideration. On the first pl
quent effects, nothing could be so utterly worthl

The lights, music, and refreshments, with th
injurious to health, while what may be call
article, *dress* (being quite distinct from clothin
the lowest scale of public or private utility
lowest order of that lowest genus *clothing*, is ar
classes of society, dress is so to those above n
different degrees of durability and use; but
ephemeral, and after its application to the c
converted, by the most thrifty and ingenious
one-tenth of the value of its original cost,—thu
private worth beyond the day, it goes to pure v

There are greatly wanting, therefore, in thi
sites to constitute an expenditure deserving of e

With regard to the second consideration, nan
porting those classes engaged in trade that he
peculiar favour, the result will hardly be more

The principal of these will be the leading d
females, by whom by far the larger portion of th
their work-people will gain a little temporary
hard work at extra hours, and the benefit ma
the manufacturers and retailers of the silks an
gloves, fans, and other articles.

We would leave any one to judge whether
raged, is precisely what may be deemed so ess
that it should be afforded to the sacrifice of t
benefit of the more ordinary expenditure.

INDEX

TO THE THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME.

A.

Adam Graeme, 121.
Adventures of a First Season, 609.
Agatha Beaufort, 121.
Alfred the Great, 99.
Alison (Sir Archibald, Bart.), Memoir of, 1.
Amateur Demagogues: a True Account of a Foolish Frolic, 153.
America (Rambles and Scrambles in North and South), 405.
Amy Paul, 125.
Ancients (Some Notions of the), 17.
Anecdote of William Holmes, Esq. M.P., 15.
Architect (The Life of an),—My "Apprenticehood," &c.—A Mingled Yarn,—A Pair of Odd Fish,—Early Reminiscences, Artistic, Theatrical, and Literary,—Visit to Italy, by an Architect, 25, 177, 291, 364, 479, 625.
Autobiography of Alexandre Dumas, 471.

B.

Ballad of Sir John Franklin, 5.
Bancroft's History of the American Revotion, Vol. II., 681.
"Basil" and "Esmond," 576.
Beatrice by Miss Sinclair, 567.
Belle of the Village, 349.
Blondelle, 348.
Blue and White Niles (A Visit to the), 57.
Brazil, Lines on, 624.
British Museum (The Reading-room of the), 527.
Burgess (Dr.) on Climate of Italy, 319.
Burmese War (How we talked about the), 461.

C.

Cadets and Writers, 328.
Camillus and Wellington, 434.
Canadian Herd-boy (The), 192.
Canadian Sketches, 300, 381.
Canadian Life,—Jeanie Burns, 143.
Case of M. Libri (The), 107.
Chancery Lawyer (The Loves of a), 399.
Constance Tyrrell, 348.
Corners of my Library,—City Poets and Pageants,—Elkanah Settle, 444, 497.
Cornish Capitalist's hint for an Exchange (The), 280.
Coronation of the Emperor of Hayti, 117.
Creasy's (Professor) Unsuccessful Great Men: No. VI. Montcalm, 133.

D.

Day (A) at Mayence, 619.
Day (Julia), In Memoriâ, 553.
Demagogues (Amateur); a True Account of a Foolish Frolic, 153.
Drama (The Father of the French), 89.
Dumas (Autobiography of Alexandre), 471.
Dunoyer (Madame), Popular French Authoresses of the Seventeenth Century, 273.

E.

Encouragement to Trade, 684.
England (To), 8.
England (The Outposts of),—The Channel Islands, 487, 633.
Enigma, by M. A. B., 374.
"Esmond" and "Basil," 576.
Eta's Harmony of the Universe, 380.

Eta's Sabbath Stillness in the Country, 460.
Eva, Daughter of Fergus More, 120.

F.

Family Trip (A) to the Sea-side, 310.
Father (The) of the English Drama, 645.
Father (The) of the French Drama, 89.
Field-Preaching, 644.
Filia Dolorosa, 116.
Fox's (L. B.) Irish Pattern, 410.
Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, 256.
Franklin (A Ballad of Sir John), 5.

G.

Gilfillan's Literary Portraits, 346.
Gioberti, Wellington, Webster, 673.
Glory, The Tomb of, 575.
Guizot's Shakspeare and his Times, 645.

H.

Hardinge (Lord), 452.
Harmony of the Universe, by Eta, 380.
Hayti (Coronation of the Emperor of), 117.
Heiress (A Race for an), 193.
Heiress, The, of Rhuddlan; a Welsh Legend, 599.
Henry Lord Langdale (The Right Hon.), Master of the Rolls, 241.
Herd-boy (The Canadian), 192.
Holmes (W.), Anecdote of, 15.
How Great Britain estranged America, 681.
How we talked about the Burmese War, 461.

I.

In Memoriâ, by Julia Day, 553.
Irish Pattern (An), by Loftus Bushe Fox, 410.
Italy (Dr. Burgess on Climate of), 319.
Italy (The Valetudinarian in), 319.

J.

Jack Sepoy, 77.
Jeanie Burns,—Canadian Life, 143.
Jeffrey (Memoir of Francis Lord), 127.
Julia, 586.

K.

Kelly O'Dwyer, 123.

L.

Langdale (The Right Hon. Henry Lord), Master of the Rolls, 241.
Library (Corners of my),—City Poets and Pageants,—Elkanah Settle, 444, 497.
Libri (M.), The Case of, 107.
Life of an Architect (The), My "Apprenticeship," &c.—A Mingled Yarn,—A Pair of Odd Fish,—Early Reminiscences, Artistic, Theatrical, and Literary,—Visit to Italy, by an Architect, 25, 177, 291, 364, 479, 625.
Lines to Miss Mitford, 336.
LITERATURE:—Gilfillan's Literary Portraits, 346;—Sutherland's Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Straits, 347;—Constance Tyrrell, 348;—Blondelle, a Story of the Day, 348;—The Belle of the Village, 349;—The Lost Inheritance, 350.
Lord Hardinge, 452.
Lost Inheritance, 350.
Loves (The) of a Chancery Lawyer, 399.

M.

M. A. B.'s Retort, 234; Enigma, 374; The Pledge of Love, 654.
Man of the World (Reminiscences of a),—The Man of the World in the South of Europe, 257, 436, 544, 673.
Marck (Memoirs of Count de la), 213, 337, 426, 554, 655.
Marie de Medicis, 103.
Mary Seaham, 124.
Mayence, A Day at, 619.
Medicis (Marie de), 103.
Memoirs of Count de la Marck, 213, 337, 426, 554, 655.
Memoir of Francis Lord Jeffrey, 127.
Memoir of Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. 1.
Metzis (Quentin), 375.
Mitford (Lines to Miss), 336.
Mitford (Miss), My Portrait, 327.
My Portrait, Mary Russell Mitford, 327.

N.

Napata (Three Days at), the Ancient Capital of Ethiopia, 195.
Napoleon (Fall of); or, Paris in 1814. By an Eye-witness, 9.
New Novels of the Season, 121.
Nine o'Clock, 222.

O.

Old Travellers (Tours with), 250.
Orsini (Princess), 390.
Ortenau (A Peasant's Wedding in the), 421.

Out of Town, 532.
Outposts (The) of England,—The Channel Islands, 487, 633.

P.

Pagan Saxondom (Remains of), 570.
Paris in 1814, on the Fall of Napoleon, by an Eye-witness, 9.
Pauli's (Dr.) Alfred the Great, 99.
Peasant's Wedding (A) in the Ortenau, 421.
Pledge (The) of Love, 654.
Popular French Authoresses of the Seventeenth Century, — Madame Dunoyer, 273.
Port Wine and Port Wine drinkers, 515.
Princess Orsini, 390.

Q.

Quentin Metzis, 375.

R.

Race for an Heiress, 193.
Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America, 405.
Rats, oh! 161.
Reading-room of the British Museum (The), 527.
Remains of Pagan Saxondom, 570.
Reminiscences of a Man of the World,—The Man of the World in the South of Europe, 257, 436, 544.
Retort (The), by M. A. B., 234.
Romer's (Mrs.) Filia Dolorosa, 116.
Rhuddlan, The Heiress of, a Welsh Legend, 599.

S.

Sabbath Stillness in the Country, by Eta, 460.
Saddlebags (The); or, The Bridle Roads of Spain, 235, 281, 351, 502, 587.
Salzkammergut (Summer Excursions through the) in Upper Austria, with Visits to Salzburg and the Baths of Bad Gastein, 37, 202.
Scrapes and Escapes of Tom Baggs, 48.
Sea-side (A Family Trip to the), 310.
Season, Adventures of a First, 609.
Sforza (Francesco), Duke of Milan, 256.
Sinclair's (Miss) "Beatrice," 567.
Sketches (Canadian), 300, 381.
Some Notions of the Ancients, 17.
Spain (The Saddlebags; or, The Bridle Roads of), 235, 281, 351, 502, 587.
Summer Excursions through the Saltzkammergut, in Upper Austria, with Visits to Saltzburg and the Baths of Bad Gastein, 37, 202.
Sutherland's Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Straits, 347.

T.

Thought, A, 680.
Three Days at Napata, the ancient Capital of Ethiopia, 185.
To England, 8.
Tom Baggs (The Scrapes and Escapes of), 48.
Tomb, The, of Glory, 575.
Tours with Old Travellers, 250.
Trade, Encouragement to, 684.
Trollope's (Mrs.) "Uncle Walter," 568.

U.

"Uncle Walter," by Mrs. Trollope, 568.
Unsuccessful Great Men: — No. VI. Montcalm, 133.

V.

Valetudinarian (The) in Italy, 319.
Visit to the Blue and White Niles, 57.

W.

Webster, Daniel, 571, 673.
Wellington and Camillus, 434.
Wellington, Webster, Gioberti, 673.
Wine, Port, and Port Wine drinkers, 515.
Woman's Life, 132.
Woman's Love, 126.
Writers and Cadets, 328.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., . . *to face page* 1
„ Francis Lord Jeffrey, ... 127
„ the Right Hon. Lord Langdale, ... 241
„ Daniel Webster, ... 571

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